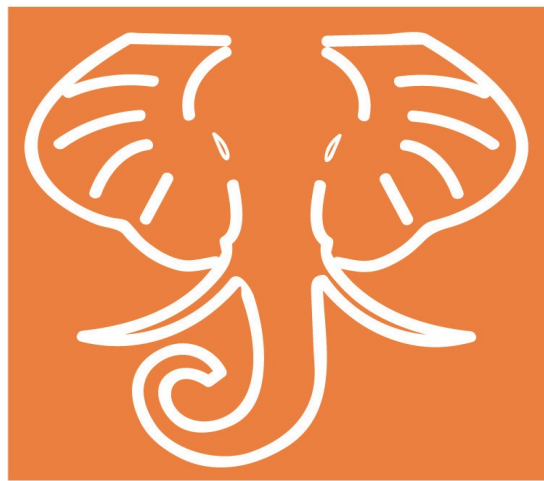


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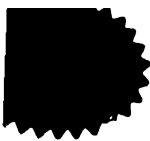
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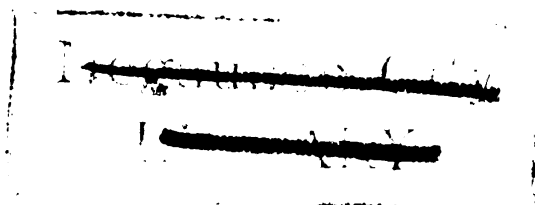
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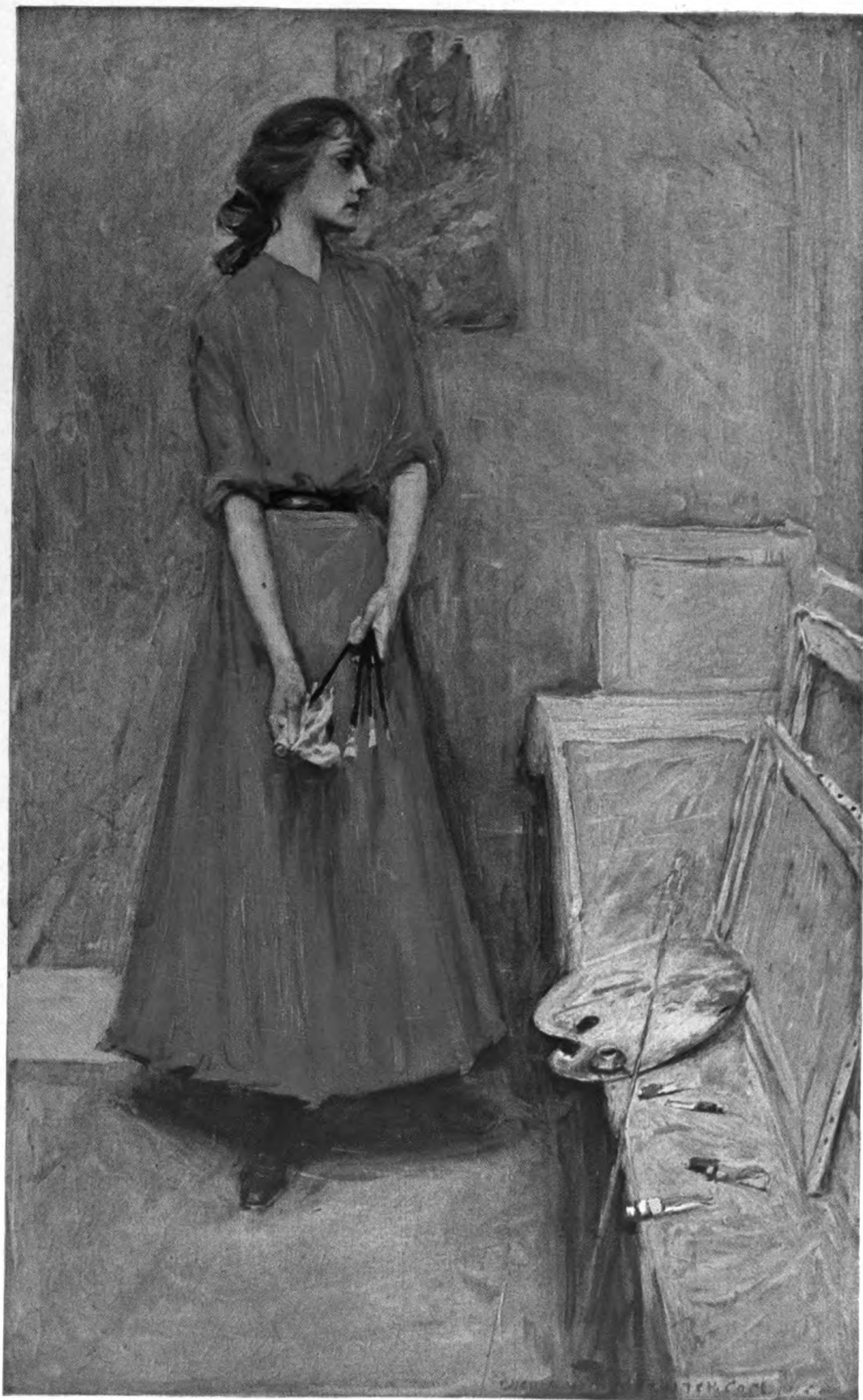


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## MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. CXI

JUNE, 1905

No. DCLXI

### The Conquest of Canaan

A NOVEL

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

#### CHAPTER I

##### ENTER CHORUS

**A** DRY snow had fallen steadily throughout the still night, so that, when a cold upper wind cleared the sky gloriously in the morning, the incongruous Indiana town shone in a white harmony—roof, ledge, and earth as evenly covered as by moonlight. There was no thaw: only where the line of factories followed the big bend of the frozen river, their distant chimneys like exclamation points on a blank page, was there a first threat against the supreme whiteness. The wind passed quickly and on high; the shouting of the school-children had ceased at nine o'clock with pitiful suddenness; no sleigh-bells laughed out on the air; and the muffling of the thoroughfares wrought an unaccustomed peace like that of Sunday. This was the phenomenon which afforded the opening of the morning debate of the sages in the wide windows of "The National House."

Only such unfortunates as have so far failed to visit Canaan do not know that the "National House" is on the Main Street side of the Court-House Square, and has the advantage of being within two minutes' walk of the railway station, which is in plain sight of the windows—an inestimable benefit to the conversation of the aged men who occupied these windows on this white morn-

ing, even as they were wont in summer to hold against all comers the cane-seated chairs on the pavement under the awning outside.

Mr. Jonas Tabor, who had sold his hardware business magnificently (not magnificently for his nephew, the purchaser) some ten years before, was usually, in spite of the fact that he remained a bachelor at seventy-nine, the last to settle down with the other sages, although invariably the first by half an hour to reach the hotel, which he always entered by a side door. This was because he did not believe in the treating system.

It was Mr. Eskew Arp, only seventy, but already a thoroughly capable cynic, who discovered the sinister intention behind the weather of this particular morning. Mr. Arp had not begun life so sourly; as a youth he had been proud of his given name, which had come to him through his mother's family, who had made it honorable, but many years of explanations that Eskew did not indicate his initials had lowered his opinion of the intelligence and morality of the race.

The malevolence of his voice and manner this morning, therefore, when he shook his finger at the town beyond the windows, and exclaimed, with a bitter laugh, "Look at it!" was no surprise to his companions. "Jest look at it! I tell ye the devil is mighty smart! Ha, ha! Mighty smart!"

Through custom it was the duty of

Squire Buckalew (Justice of the Peace in 'Fifty-nine) to be the first to take up Mr. Arp. The others looked to him for it. Therefore he asked, sharply:

"What's the devil got to do with snow?"

"Everything to do with it, sir!" Mr. Arp retorted. "It's plain as day to anybody with eyes and sense!"

"Then I wish you'd p'int it out, if you've got either," said Buckalew.

"By the Almighty, Squire," Mr. Arp turned in his chair with sudden heat, "if I'd lived as long as you—"

"You have," interrupted the other, stung. "Twelve years ago!"

"If I'd lived as long as you," Mr. Arp repeated, unwincingly, in a louder voice, "and had follered Satan's trail as long as you have, and yet couldn't recognize it when I see it, I'd git converted and vote Prohibitionist! I say, here's a town of nearly thirty thousand inhabitants, every last one of 'em—men, women, and children—selfish and cowardly and sinful, if you could see their innermost natures; a town of the ugliest and worst-built houses in the world; and the devil paints it up to look like a heaven of peace and purity and sanctified spirits. Snowfall like this would of made Lot turn the angel out-of-doors, and say that the old home was good enough for him!"

It was the quietest of the party who now took up the opposition—Roger Tabor, a very thin old man, with a clean-shaven face, almost as white as his hair, and melancholy, gentle gray eyes very unlike those of his brother Jonas, which were dark and sharp and button-bright. (It was to Roger's son that Jonas had so magnificently sold the hardware business.) Roger was known in Canaan as "the artist"; there had never been another of his profession in the place, and the town knew not the word "painter," except in application to the useful artisan who is subject to lead-poisoning. There was no indication of his profession in the attire of Mr. Tabor, unless the too apparent age of his black felt hat and a neat patch at the elbow of his shiny old brown overcoat might have been taken as symbols of the sacrifice to his muse which his life had been. He was not a constant attendant of the conclave, and when he

came it was usually to listen: indeed, he spoke so seldom that at the sound of his voice they all turned to him with some surprise.

"I suppose," he began, "that Eskew means the devil is behind all beautiful things."

"Ugly ones, too!" said Mr. Arp.

"Then if he is behind the ugly things, too," said Roger, "we have to take him either way, so let's be glad of the beauty for its own sake. Eskew says this is a wicked town. It may be—I don't know. He says it's badly built; perhaps it is; but it doesn't seem to me to be ugly in itself. I don't know what its real self is, because it wears so many aspects. God keeps painting it all the time. It is never twice the same picture; not even two snowfalls are just alike, nor the days that follow them; no more than two moonlight nights are alike; no more than two misty sunsets are alike—the color and even the form of the town you call ugly are a matter of the season of the year, and of the time of day, and of the light and air. The ugly town is like an endless gallery that you can walk through, from year-end to year-end, never seeing the same canvas twice, no matter how much you may want to—There's the pathos of it! And isn't it the same with people? With the characters of all of us, just as it is with our faces? No face remains the same for two successive days—"

"It *don't*?" Colonel Fliteroft (colonel in the war with Mexico) interrupted, with an explosive and rueful incredulity. "Well, I'd like to—" Second thoughts came to him almost immediately, and, as much out of gallantry as through discretion, fearing that he might be taken as thinking of one at home, he relapsed into silence.

Not so with the others. It was as if a firecracker had been dropped into a sleeping poultry-yard. Least of all could Mr. Arp contain himself. At the top of his voice (necessarily) he agreed with Roger—who presently stole away—that faces changed, but not only from day to day, and not because of light and air and such things: faces changed from hour to hour, he shouted, and from minute to minute, through the hideous stimulus of hypocrisy!

Mr. Arp's voice had risen to an acrid triumphancy, when it suddenly faltered, relapsed to a murmur, and then to a stricken silence, as a tall, fat man of overpowering aspect irascibly threw open the outer door, near by, and crossed the lobby to the clerk's desk. An awe fell upon the sages with this advent. They were hushed, and after a movement in their chairs, with a strange effect of huddling, sat disconcerted and attentive, like schoolboys at the entrance of the master.

The personage had a big, fat, pink face and a heavily undershot jaw, what whitish beard he wore following his double chin somewhat after the manner displayed in the portraits of Henry the Eighth. His eyes, very bright under puffed upper lids, were intolerant and insultingly penetrating, despite their small size. Their irritability held a kind of hotness, and yet the personage exuded frost, not of the weather, all about him. You could not imagine man or angel daring to greet this being genially—sooner throw a kiss to Mount Pilatus!

"Mr. Brown," he said, with ponderous hostility, in a bull bass, to the clerk—the kind of voice which would have made an express-train leave the track and go round the other way—"Do you hear me?"

"Oh yes, Judge," the clerk replied, swiftly, in tones as unlike those which he used for strange transients as a collector's voice in his lady-love's ear is unlike that which he propels at delinquents.

"Do you see that snow?" asked the personage, threateningly.

"Yes, Judge." Mr. Brown essayed a placative smile. "Yes, indeed, Judge Pike."

"Has your employer, the manager of this hotel, seen that snow?" pursued the personage, with a gesture of unspeakably solemn menace.

"Yes, sir. I think so. Yes, sir."

"Do you think he fully understands that I am the proprietor of this building?"

"Certainly, Judge, cer—"

"You will inform him that I do not intend to be discommoded by his negligence as I pass to my offices. Tell him from me that unless he keeps the side-

walks in front of this hotel clear of snow I will cancel his lease. Their present condition is outrageous. Do you understand me? Outrageous! Do you hear?"

"Yes, Judge, I do so!" answered the clerk, hoarse with respect. "I'll see to it this minute, Judge Pike."

"You had better!" The personage turned himself about and began a grim progress toward the door by which he had entered, his eyes fixing themselves angrily upon the conclave by the window.

Colonel Fliteroft essayed a smile, a faltering one.

"Fine weather, Judge Pike," he said, hopefully.

There was no response of any kind. The undershot jaw became still more undershot and the intolerant eyes more intolerant. The personage made his opinion of the group disconcertingly plain, and the old boys understood that he knew them for a worthless lot of senile loafers, as great a nuisance in his building as was the snow without; and much too evident was his unspoken threat to see that the manager cleared them out of there before long.

He nodded curtly to the only man of substance among them, Jonas Tabor, and shut the door behind him with majestic insult. He was Canaan's millionaire.

He was of those dynamic creatures who leave the haunting impression of their wills behind them, like the tails of Bo-Peep's sheep, like the evil dead men have done; he left his intolerant image in the ether for a long time after he had gone, to confront and confound the aged men and hold them in deferential and humiliated silence. Each of them was mysteriously lowered in his own estimation, and knew that he had been made to seem futile and foolish in the eyes of his fellows. They were all conscious, too, that the clerk had been acutely receptive of Judge Pike's reading of them; that he was reviving from his own squelchedness through the later snubbing of the Colonel; also, that he might farther seek to recover his poise by an attack on them for cluttering up the office.

Naturally, Jonas Tabor was the first to speak. "Judge Pike's lookin' mighty well," he said, admiringly.

"Yes, he is," ventured Squire Buckalew, with deference; "mighty well."

"Yes, sir," echoed Peter Bradbury, "mighty well."

"He's a great man," wheezed Uncle Joe Davey; "a great man, Judge Martin Pike, a great man!"

"I expect he has considerable on his mind," said the Colonel, who had grown very red. "I noticed that he hardly seemed to see us."

"Yes, sir," Mr. Bradbury corroborated, with an attempt at an amused laugh; "I noticed it too. Of course a man with all his cares and interests *must* git absent-minded now and then."

"Of course he does," said the Colonel. "A man with all his responsibilities."

"Yes, that's so," came a chorus of the brethren, finding comfort and reassurance as their voices and spirits began to recover from the blight.

"There's a party at the Judge's tonight," said Mr. Bradbury; "kind of a ball Mamie Pike's givin' for the young folks. Quite a doin's, I hear."

"That's another thing that's ruining Canaan," Mr. Arp declared morosely. "These entertainments they have nowadays. Spend all the money out-of-town—band from Indianapolis, chicken salad and darky waiters from Chicago! And what I want to know is: What's this town goin' to do about the nigger question?"

"What about it?" asked Mr. Davey, belligerently. "*What* about it?"

"What about it?" Mr. Arp mocked, fiercely. "You'd *better* say what about it!"

"Well, *what*?" maintained Mr. Davey, steadfastly.

"I'll bet there ain't any less than four thousand niggers in Canaan to-day!" Mr. Arp hammered the floor with his stick. "Every last one of 'em criminals, and more comin' in on every train!"

"No such a thing!" said Squire Buckalew, living up to his bounden duty. "You look down the street. There's the ten-forty-five comin' in now. I'll bet you a straight five-cent Peek-a-Boo cigar there ain't ary nigger on the whole train, except the sleepin'-car porters."

"What kind of a way to argue is that?" demanded Mr. Arp, hotly. "Bet-tin' ain't proof, is it? Besides, that's the through express from the East. I meant trains from the South."

"You didn't *say* so!" retorted Bucka-

lew, triumphantly. "Stick to your bet, Eskew, stick to your bet!"

"*My* bet!" cried the outraged Eskew. "Who offered to bet?"

"You did," replied the Squire, with perfect assurance and sincerity. The others supported him in the heartiest spirit of on-with-the-dance, and war and joy were unconfined.

A decrepit hack or two, a couple of old-fashioned surreys and a few "cut-unders" drove by, bearing the newly arrived and their valises; the hotel omnibus depositing several commercial travellers at the door. A solitary figure came from the station on foot, and when it appeared within fair range of the window, Uncle Joe Davey, who had but hovered on the flanks of the combat, first removed his spectacles and wiped them, as though distrusting the vision they offered him; then, replacing them, scanned anew the approaching figure and uttered a smothered cry.

"My Lord A'mighty!" he gasped. "What's this? Look there!"

They looked. A truce came involuntarily, and they sat in paralytic silence as the figure made its stately and sensational progress along Main Street.

Not only the aged men were smitten. Men shovelling snow from the pavements stopped suddenly in their labors; two women, talking busily on a door-step, were stilled and remained in frozen attitudes as it passed; a grocer's clerk, crossing the pavement, carrying a heavily laden basket to his delivery-wagon, halted half-way as the figure came near, and then, making a pivot of his heels as it went by, behaved toward it as does the magnetic needle to the pole.

It was that of a tall gentleman, cheerfully, though somewhat with *ennui*, enduring his nineteenth winter. His long and slender face he wore smiling beneath an accurately cut plaster of dark hair cornicing his forehead, a fashion followed by many youths of that year. This perfect bang was shown under a round black hat whose rim was so small as almost to be not there at all; and the head was supported by a waxy white sea-wall of collar, rising three inches above the blue billows of a puffed cravat, upon which floated a large hollow pearl. His ulster, sporting a big cape at the shoul-



"WHAT'S THIS?" HE GASPED. "LOOK THERE!"

LUCIUS WELCHOTT IN "THE GAZETTE"

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinhardt



ders and a tasselled hood over the cape, was of a rough Scotch cloth, patterned in faint gray-and-white squares the size of baggage-checks, and it was so long that the skirts trailed in the snow. His legs were lost in the accurately creased, voluminous garments that were the tailor's canny reaction from the tight trousers with which the 'Eighties had begun: they were, in color, a palish russet, broadly striped with gray, and in size surpassed the milder spirit of fashion so far that they permitted a liberal knee-action to take place almost without superficial effect. Upon his feet glistened long shoes, shaped, save for the heels, like sharp racing-shells; these were partially protected by tan-colored low gaiters with flat, shiny brown buttons. In one hand the youth swung a bone-handled walking-stick, perhaps an inch and a half in diameter; the other carried a yellow leather banjo-case, upon the outer side of which glittered the embossed silver initials "E. B." He was smoking, but walked with his head up, making use, however, of a gait at that time new to Canaan—a seeming superbly irresponsible lounge engendering much motion of the shoulders, producing an effect of carelessness combined with independence—an effect which the innocent have been known to hail as an unconscious one.

He looked about him as he came, smilingly, with an expression of princely amusement,—as an elderly cabinet minister, say, strolling about a village where he had spent some months in his youth—a hamlet which he had then thought large and imposing, but which, being revisited after years of glory in the metropolis, appeals to his whimsy and his pity. The youth's glance at the court-house unmistakably said: "Ah, I recall that odd little box. I thought it quite large in the days before I became what I am now, and I dare say the good townfolk still think it an imposing structure!" With everything in sight he deigned to be amused, especially with the old faces in the National House windows. To these he waved his stick with airy graciousness.

"My soul!" said Mr. Davey. "It seems to know some of us!"

"Yes," agreed Mr. Arp, his voice recovered, "and *I* know *it*!"

"You do?" exclaimed the Colonel.

"I do, and so do you. It's Fanny Loudon's boy 'Gene, come home for his Christmas holidays."

"By George! you're right," cried Flitcroft. "I recognize him now."

"But what's the matter with him?" asked Mr. Bradbury, eagerly. "Has he joined some patent-medicine troupe?"

"Not a bit," replied Eskew. "He went East to college last fall."

"Do they *make* the boys wear them clothes?" persisted Bradbury. "Is it some kind of a uniform?"

"I don't care what it is," said Jonas Tabor. "If I was Henry Loudon, I wouldn't let him wear it around here."

"Oh, you wouldn't, wouldn't you, Jonas?" Mr. Arp employed the accents of sarcasm. "I'd like to see Henry Loudon try to interfere with 'Gene Bantry. Fanny'd lock the old fool up in the cellar!"

The lofty vision lurched out of view.

"I reckon," said the Colonel, leaning forward to see the last of it,—*"I reckon Henry Loudon's about the saddest case of abused stepfather I ever saw."*

"It's his own fault," said Mr. Arp, *"twice* not havin' sense enough not to marry! Him with a son of his own, too!"

"Yes," assented the Colonel, "marryin' a widow with a son of *her* own, and *that* widow *Fanny*!"

"Wasn't it just the same with her first husband—Bantry?" Mr. Davey asked, not for information, as he immediately answered himself. "You bet it was! Didn't she always rule the roost? Yes, she did! She made a god of 'Gene from the day he was born. Bantry's house was run for him like Loudon's is now."

"And look," exclaimed Mr. Arp, with satisfaction, "at the way he's turned out!"

"He ain't turned out at all yet; he's too young," said Buckalew. "Besides, clothes don't make the man!"

"Wasn't he smokin' a cigareet!" cried Eskew, triumphantly. This was final.

"It's a pity Henry Loudon can't do something for his own son," said Mr. Bradbury. "Why doesn't he send *him* away to college?"

"Fanny won't let him," chuckled Mr. Arp, malevolently. "Takes all their spare change to keep 'Gene there in



style. *I don't blame her. 'Gene certainly acts the fool, but that Joe Loudens is the orneriest boy I ever saw in a ornery worldful!"*

"He always was kind of mischeevous," admitted Buckalew. "I don't think he's mean, though, and it does seem kind of not just right that Joe's father's money—Bantry didn't leave anything to speak of—has to go keepin' 'Gene on the fat of the land, with Joe gittin' up at half past four to carry papers, and him goin' on nineteen years old."

"T's all he's fit for!" exclaimed Eskew. "He's low down, I tell ye! Ain't it only last week Judge Pike caught him shootin' craps with Pike's nigger driver and some other nigger hired men in the alley back of Pike's barn!"

Mr. Schindlinger, the retired grocer, one of the silent members, corroborated Eskew's information. "I heert dot, too," he gave forth, in his fat voice. "Ent he blays dominoes putty often in der room back off Louie Farbach's tsaloon. I see him myself. Putty often. Blayin' fer a leedle money—mit loafers! Loafers!"

"Pretty outlook for the Loudens!" said Eskew Arp, much pleased. "One boy a plum fool and dressed like it—the other gone to the dogs already!"

"What could you expect Joe to be?" retorted Squire Buckalew. "What chance has he ever had? As long as I can remember, Fanny's made him fetch and carry for 'Gene. 'Gene's had everything, all the fancy clothes, all the pocket-money—and now college!"

"You ever hear that boy Joe talk politics?" asked Uncle Joe Davey, crossing a cough with a chuckle. "His head's so full of schemes for running this town, and the State too, it's a wonder it don't bust! Henry Loudens told me he's seen Joe set around and study by the hour how to save three million dollars for the State in two years."

"And the best he can do for himself," added Eskew, "is deliverin' the *Morning Tocsin* on a second-hand Star bicycle and gamblin' with niggers and riffraff! None of the nice young folks invite him to their doin's any more."

"That's because he's got so shabby he quit goin' with 'em," said Buckalew.

"No, it ain't," snapped Mr. Arp. "It's

because he's so low-down! He's no more'n a town outcast. There ain't ary one of the girls 'll have a thing to do with him, except that rip-rarin' tomboy next door to Loudens', and the others don't have much to do with *her*, neither, I can tell ye! That Arie Tabor—"

Colonel Flitcroft caught him surreptitiously by the arm. "'*Sh!* Eskew," he whispered. "Look out what you're sayin'!"

"You needn't mind me," Jonas Tabor spoke up, crisply. "I washed my hands of all responsibility for Roger's branch of the family long ago. Never was one of 'em had the energy or brains to make a decent livin', beginning with Roger; not one worth his salt! I set Roger's son up in business, and all the return he ever made me was to go into bankruptcy and take to drink, till he died a sot, like his wife did of shame. I done all I could when I handed him over my store, and I never expect to lift a finger for 'em again. Ariel Tabor's my grand-niece, but she don't act like it, and you can say anything you like about her for what I care! The last time I spoke to her was a year and a half ago, and I don't reckon I'll ever trouble to again."

"How was that, Jonas?" quickly inquired Mr. Davey, who, being the oldest of the party, was the most curious. "What happened?"

"She was out in the street, up on that high bicycle of Joe Loudens'. He was teachin' her to ride, and she was settin' on it like a man does. I stopped and told her she wasn't respectable! Sixteen years old, going on seventeen!"

"What did she say?"

"Laughed," said Jonas, his voice becoming louder as the recital of his wrongs renewed their sting in his soul. "Laughed!"

"What did you do?"

"I went up to her and told her she wasn't a decent girl and shook the wheel." Mr. Tabor illustrated by seizing the lapels of Joe Davey and shaking him. "I told her if her grandfather had any spunk she'd git an old-fashioned hiding for behaving that way! And I shook the wheel again." Here Mr. Tabor, forgetting, in the wrath incited by the recollection, that he had not to do with an inanimate object, swung the gasping and helpless Mr.

Davey rapidly back and forth in his chair. "I shook it good and hard!"

"What did she do then?" asked Peter Bradbury.

"Fell off on me," replied Jonas, violently. "On purpose!"

"I wisht she'd killed ye," said Mr. Davey, in a choking voice, as, released, he sank back in his chair.

"On purpose!" repeated Jonas. "And smashed a new straw hat I hadn't had three months! All to pieces! So it couldn't be fixed!"

"And then what?" pursued Bradbury.

"She ran," replied Jonas, bitterly. "Ran! And Joe Loudon—Joe Loudon—" He paused and gulped.

"What did he do?" Peter leaned forward in his chair eagerly.

The narrator of the outrage gulped again, and opened and shut his mouth before responding.

"He said if I didn't pay for a broken spoke on his wheel he'd have to sue me!"

No one inquired if Jonas had paid, and Jonas said no more. The recollection of his wrongs, together with the illustrative violence offered to Mr. Davey, had been too much for him. He sank back, panting, in his chair, his hands fluttering nervously over his heart, and closed his eyes.

"I wonder why," ruminated Mr. Bradbury,—"I wonder why 'Gene Bantry walked up from the deepo. Don't seem much like his style. Should think he'd of rode up in a hack."

"Sho!" said Uncle Joe Davey, his breath recovered. "He wanted to walk up past Judge Pike's, to see if there wasn't a show of Mamie's bein' at the window, and give her a chance to look at that college uniform and banjo-box and new walk of his."

Mr. Arp had begun to show signs of uneasiness.

"I'd like mighty well to know," he said, shifting round in his chair, "if there's anybody here that's be'n able to answer the question I *put* yesterday, just before we went home. You all tried to, but I didn't hear anything I could consider anyways near even a fair argument."

"Who tried to?" asked Buckalew, sharply, sitting up straight. "What question?"

"What proof can you bring me," began Mr. Arp, deliberately, "that we folks, modernly, ain't more degenerate than the ancient Romans?"

## CHAPTER II

### A RESCUE

MAIN STREET, already muffled by the snow, added to its quietude a frozen hush where the wonder-bearing youth pursued his course along its white, straight way. None was there in whom impertinence overmastered astonishment, or who recovered from the sight in time to jeer with effect; no "Trab's Boy" gathered courage to enact in the thoroughfare a scene of mockery and of joy. Leaving business at a temporary standstill behind him, Mr. Bantry swept his long coat steadily over the snow and soon emerged upon that part of the street where the mart gave way to the home. The comfortable houses stood pleasantly back from the street, with plenty of lawn and shrubbery about them; and often, along the picket fences, the laden branches of small cedars, bending low with their burden, showered the young man's swinging shoulders glitteringly as he brushed by.

And now that expression he wore—the indulgent amusement of a man of the world—began to disintegrate and show signs of change. It became finely grave, as of a high conventionality, lofty, assured and mannered, as he approached the Pike Mansion. (The remotest stranger must at once perceive that the Canaan papers could not have called it otherwise without pain.)

It was a big, smooth-stone-faced house, product of the 'Seventies, frowning under an outrageously insistent Mansard, capped by a cupola, and staring out of long windows overtopped with "ornamental" slabs. Two cast-iron deer, painted death-gray, twins of the same mould, stood on opposite sides of the front walk, their backs toward it and each other, their bodies in profile to the street, their necks bent, however, so that they gazed upon the passer-by—yet gazed without emotion. Two large, calm dogs guarded the top of the steps leading to the front door; they also were twins and of the same

interesting metal, though honored beyond the deer by coats of black paint and shellac. It was to be remarked that these dogs were of no distinguishable species or breed, yet they were unmistakably dogs; the dullest must have recognized them as such at a glance, which was, perhaps, enough. It was a hideous house, important-looking, cold, yet harshly aggressive, a house whose exterior provoked a shuddering guess of the brass lambrequins and plush fringes within; a solid house, obviously—nay, blatantly—the residence of the principal citizen, whom it had grown to resemble, as is the impish habit of houses; and it sat in the middle of its flat acre of snowy lawn like a rich, fat man enraged and sitting straight up in bed to swear.

And yet there was one charming thing about this ugly house. Some workmen were enclosing a large side-porch with heavy canvas, evidently for festal purposes. Looking out from between two strips of the canvas was the rosy and delicate face of a pretty girl, smiling upon Eugene Bantry as he passed. It was an obviously pretty face, all the youth and prettiness there for your very first glance; elaborately pretty, like the splendid profusion of hair about and above it—amber-colored hair, upon which so much time had been spent that a circle of large, round curls rose above the mass of it like golden bubbles tipping a coronet.

The girl's fingers were pressed thoughtfully against her chin as Eugene strode into view; immediately her eyes widened and brightened. He swung along the fence with the handsomest appearance of unconsciousness, until he reached a point nearly opposite her. Then he turned his head, as if haphazardly, and met her eyes. At once she threw out her hand toward him, waving him a greeting—a gesture which, as her fingers had been near her lips, was a little like throwing a kiss. He crooked an elbow and with a one-two-three military movement removed his small-brimmed hat, extended it to full arm's length at the shoulder-level, returned it to his head with Life-Guard precision. This was also new to Canaan. He was letting Mamie Pike have it all at once.

The impression was as large as he could

have desired. She remained at the opening in the canvas and watched him until he wagged his shoulders round the next corner and disappeared into a cross-street. As for Eugene, he was calm with a great calm, and very red.

He had not covered a great distance, however, before his gravity was replaced by his former smiling look of the landed gentleman amused by the innocent pastimes of the peasants, though there was no one in sight but a woman sweeping some snow from the front steps of a cottage, and she, not perceiving him, retired indoors without knowing her loss. He had come to a thinly built part of the town, the perfect quiet of which made the sound he heard, as he opened the picket gate of his own home, all the more startling. It was a scream—loud, frantic, and terror-stricken.

Eugene stopped, with the gate half open.

Out of the winter skeleton of a grape-arbor at one side of the four-square brick house a brown-faced girl of seventeen precipitated herself through the air in the midst of a shower of torn cardboard which she threw before her as she leaped. She lit upon her toes and headed for the gate at top speed, pursued by a pale young man whose thin arms strove spasmodically to reach her. Scattering snow behind them, hair flying, the pair sped on like two tattered branches before a high wind; for, as they came nearer Eugene (of whom, in the tensivity of their flight, they took no note), it was to be seen that both were so shabbily dressed as to be almost ragged. There was a brown patch upon the girl's faded skirt at the knee; the shortness of the garment indicating its age to be something over three years, as well as permitting the knowledge to become more general than befitting that her cotton stockings had been clumsily darned in several places. Her pursuer was in as evil case: his trousers displayed a tendency to fringedness at pocket and heel; his coat, blowing open as he ran, threw pennants of torn lining to the breeze, and made it too plain that there were but three buttons on his waistcoat.

The girl ran beautifully, but a fleetier foot was behind her, and though she dodged and evaded like a creature of the

woods, the reaching hand fell upon the loose sleeve of her red blouse, nor fell lightly. She gave a wrench of frenzy; the antique blouse refused the strain; parted at the shoulder seam so thoroughly that the whole sleeve came away,—but not to its owner's release, for she had been brought round by the jerk, so that, agile as she had shown herself, the pursuer threw an arm about her neck, before she could twist away, and held her.

There was a sharp struggle, as short as it was fierce. Neither of these extraordinary wrestlers spoke. They fought. Victory hung in the balance for perhaps four seconds; then the girl was thrown heavily upon her back, in such a turmoil of snow that she seemed to be the mere nucleus of a white comet. She struggled to get up, plying knee and elbow with a very anguish of determination; but her opponent held her, pinioned both her wrists with one hand, and with the other rubbed great handfuls of snow into her face, sparing neither mouth nor eyes.

"You will!" he cried. "You will tear up my pictures! A dirty trick, and you get washed for it!"

Half suffocated, choking, gasping, she still fought on, squirming and kicking with such spirit that the pair of them appeared to the beholder like figures of mist writhing in a fountain of snow.

More violence was to mar the peace of morning. Unexpectedly attacked from the rear, the conqueror was seized by the nape of the neck and one wrist, and jerked to his feet, simultaneously receiving a succession of kicks from his assailant. Prompted by an entirely natural curiosity, he essayed to turn his head to see who this might be, but a twist of his forearm and the pressure of strong fingers under his ear constrained him to remain as he was; therefore, abandoning resistance, and, oddly enough, accepting without comment the indication that his captor desired to remain for the moment incognito, he resorted calmly to explanations.

"She tore up a picture of mine," he said, receiving the punishment without apparent emotion. "She seemed to think because she'd drawn it herself she had a right to."

There was a slight whimsical droop at the corner of his mouth as he spoke,

which might have been thought characteristic of him. He was an odd-looking boy, not ill-made, though very thin and not tall. His pallor was clear and even, as though constitutional; the features were delicate, almost childlike, but they were very slightly distorted, through nervous habit, to an expression at once wistful and humorous; one eyebrow was a shade higher than the other, one side of the mouth slightly drawn down; the eyelids twitched a little, habitually; the fine blue eyes themselves were almost comically reproachful—the look of a puppy who thinks you would not have beaten him if you had known what was in his heart. All of this was in the quality of his voice, too, as he said to his invisible captor, with an air of detachment from any personal feeling:

"What peculiar shoes you wear! I don't think I ever felt any so pointed before!"

The rescuing knight took no thought of offering to help the persecuted damsel to arise; instead, he tightened his grip upon the prisoner's neck until, perforce, water—not tears—started from the latter's eyes.

"You miserable little muff," said the conqueror, "what the devil do you mean, making this scene on our front lawn?"

"Why, it's Eugene!" exclaimed the helpless one. "They didn't expect you till to-night. When did you get in?"

"Just in time to give you a lesson, my buck," replied Bantry, grimly. "In good time for that, my playful stepbrother!"

He began to twist the other's wrist—a treatment of bone and ligament in the application of which school-boys and even Freshmen are often adept. Eugene made the torture acute and seemed to enjoy the work. Suddenly—without any manner of warning—he received an astounding blow upon the left ear, which half-stunned him for the moment, and sent his hat flying and himself reeling, so great was the surprise and shock of it. It was not a slap, not an open-handed push, nothing like it, but a fierce, well-delivered blow from a clenched fist with the shoulder behind it, and it was the girl who had given it.

"Don't you dare to touch Joe!" she cried, passionately. "Don't you lay a finger on him."

Furious and red, he staggered round to look at her.

"You wretched little wildcat, what do you mean by that!" he broke out.

"Don't you touch Joe!" she panted. "Don't you—" Her breath caught and there was a break in her voice as she faced him. She could not finish the repetition of that cry, "Don't you touch Joe!"

But there was no break in the spirit, that passion of protection which had dealt the blow. Both boys looked at her, something aghast.

She stood before them, trembling with rage and shivering with cold in the sudden wind which had come up. Her hair had fallen and blew across her streaming face in brown witch-wisps; one of the ill-darned stockings had come down and hung about her shoe in folds full of snow; the arm which had lost its sleeve was bare and wet; thin as the arm of a growing boy, it shook convulsively, and was red from shoulder to clenched fist. She was covered with snow. Mists of white drift blew across her, mercifully half veiling her.

Eugene recovered himself. He swung round upon his heel, restored his hat to his head with precision, picked up his stick and touched the banjo-case with it.

"Carry that into the house," he said, indifferently, to his stepbrother.

"Don't you do it!" said the girl, hotly, between her chattering teeth.

Eugene turned toward her, wearing the sharp edge of a smile. Not removing his eyes from her face, he produced with deliberation a flat silver box from a pocket, took therefrom a cigarette, replaced the box, extracted a smaller silver box from another pocket, shook out of it a match, slowly lit the cigarette—this in a splendid silence, which he finally broke to say languidly, but with particular distinctness,

"Ariel Tabor, go home!"

The girl's teeth stopped chattering, her lips remaining parted; she shook the hair out of her eyes and stared at him as if she did not understand, but Joe Loudon, who had picked up the banjo-case obediently, burst into cheerful laughter.

"That's it, 'Gene," he cried, gayly. "That's the way to talk to her!"

"Stow it, you young cub," replied

Eugene, not turning to him. "Do you think I'm trying to be amusing?"

"I don't know what you mean by 'stow it,'" Joe began, "but if—"

"I mean," interrupted the other, not relaxing his faintly smiling stare at the girl,— "I mean that Ariel Tabor is to go home. Really, we can't have this kind of thing occurring upon our front lawn!"

The flush upon her wet cheeks deepened and became dark; even her arm grew redder as she gazed back at him. In his eyes was patent his complete realization of the figure she cut, of this bare arm, of the strewn hair, of the fallen stocking, of the ragged shoulder of her blouse, of her patched short skirt, of the whole dishevelled little figure. He was the master of the house, and he was sending her home as ill-behaved children are sent home by neighbors.

The immobile, amused superiority of this proprietor of silver boxes, this wearer of strange and brilliant garments, became slightly intensified as he pointed to the fallen sleeve, a rag of red and snow, lying near her feet.

"You might take that with you?" he said, interrogatively.

Her gaze had not wandered in meeting his, but at this her eyelashes began to wink uncontrollably, her chin to tremble. She bent over the sleeve and picked it up, before Joe Loudon, who had started toward her, could do it for her. Then turning, her head still bent so that her face was hidden from both of them, she ran out of the gate.

"Do go!" Joe called after her, vehemently. "Go! Just to show what a fool you are to think 'Gene's in earnest!"

He would have followed, but his stepbrother caught him by the arm. "Don't stop her," said Eugene. "Can't you tell when I *am* in earnest, you bally muff!"

"I know you are," returned the other, in a low voice. "I didn't want her to think so for your sake."

"Thousands of thanks!" said Eugene, airily. "You are a wise young judge! She couldn't stay—in *that* state, could she? I sent her for her own good."

"She could have gone in the house and your mother might have loaned her a jacket," returned Joe, swallowing. "You had no business to make her go out in the street like that!"

Eugene laughed. "There isn't a soul in sight—and there, she's all right now. She's home."

Ariel had run along the fence until she came to the next gate, which opened upon a walk leading to a shabby, meandering old house of one story, with a very long, low porch, once painted white, running the full length of the front. Ariel sprang upon the porch and disappeared within the house.

Joe stood looking after her, his eye-lashes winking as had hers. "You oughtn't to have treated her that way," he said, huskily.

Eugene laughed again. "How were you treating her when I came up? You bully her all you want to yourself, but nobody else must say even a fatherly word to her!"

"That wasn't bullying," explained Joe. "We fight all the time."

"*Mais oui!*" assented Eugene. "I fancy!"

"What?" said the other, blankly.

"Pick up that banjo-case again and come on," commanded Mr. Bantry, tartly. "Where's the mater?"

Joe stared at him. "Where's what?"

"The mater!" was the frowning reply.

"Oh yes, I know!" said Joe, looking at his stepbrother curiously. "I've seen it in stories. She's up-stairs. You'll be a surprise. You're wearing lots of clothes, 'Gene."

"I suppose it will seem so to Canaan," returned the other, weariedly. "Governor feeling fit?"

"I never saw him," Joe replied; then caught himself. "Oh, I see what you mean! Yes, he's all right."

They had come into the hall, and Eugene was removing the long coat, while his stepbrother looked at him thoughtfully.

"'Gene," asked the latter, in a softened voice, "have you seen Mamie Pike yet?"

"You will find, my young friend," responded Mr. Bantry, "if you ever go about much, outside of Canaan, that ladies' names are not supposed to be mentioned indiscriminately."

"It's only," said Joe, "that I wanted to say that there's a dance at their house to-night. I suppose you'll be going?"

"Certainly. Are you?"

Both knew that the question was needless; but Joe answered gently:

"Oh no, of course not." He leaned over and fumbled with one foot as if to fasten a loose shoe-string. "She wouldn't be very likely to ask me."

"Well, what about it?"

"Only that—that Arie Tabor's going."

"Indeed!" Eugene paused on the stairs, which he had begun to ascend. "Very interesting."

"I thought," continued Joe, hopefully, straightening up to look at him, "that maybe you'd dance with her. I don't believe many will ask her—I'm afraid they won't—and if you would, even only once, it would kind of make up for"—he faltered—"for out there," he finished, nodding his head in the direction of the gate.

If Eugene vouchsafed any reply, it was lost in a loud, shrill cry from above, as a small, intensely nervous-looking woman in blue silk ran half-way down the stairs to meet him and caught him tearfully in her arms.

"Dear old mater!" said Eugene.

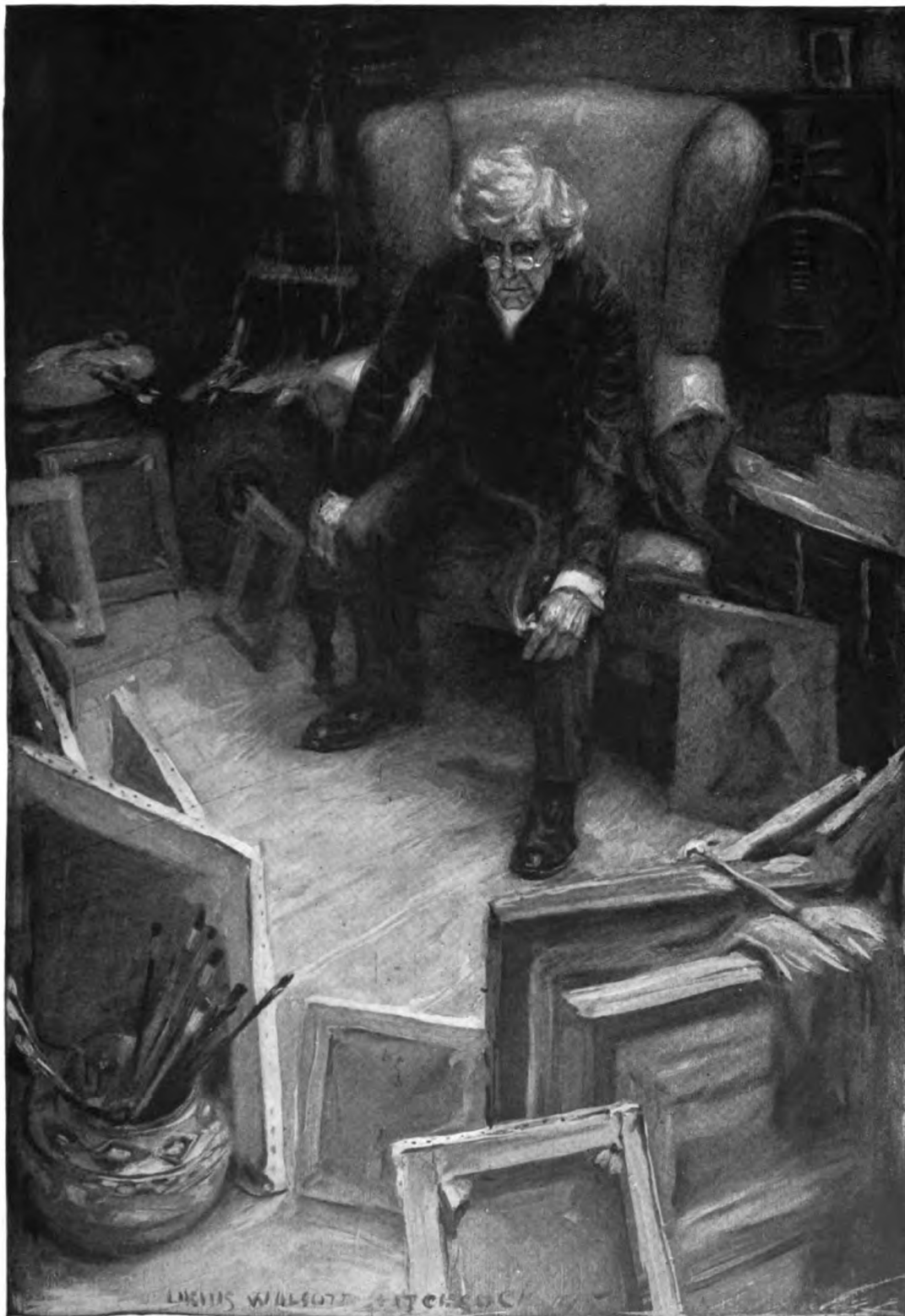
Joe went out of the front door quickly.

## CHAPTER III

### OLD HOPES

THE door which Ariel had entered opened upon a narrow hall, and down this she ran to her own room, passing, with head averted, the entrance to the broad, low-ceilinged chamber that had served Roger Tabor as a studio for almost fifty years. He was sitting there now, in a hopeless and disconsolate attitude, with his back toward the double doors, which were open, and had been open since their hinges had begun to give way, when Ariel was a child. Hearing her step, he called her name but did not turn; and receiving no answer, sighed faintly as he heard her own door close upon her.

Then, as his eyes wandered about the many canvases which leaned against the dingy walls, he sighed again. Usually they showed the brown backs, but to-day he had turned them all to face outward. Twilight, sunset, moonlight (the court-house in moonlight), dawn, morning, noon (Main Street at noon), high summer, first spring, red autumn, midwinter,



HE WAS SITTING THERE—HOPELESS, DISCONSOLATE







—all were there, illimitably detailed, worked to a smoothness like a glaze, and all lovingly done with unthinkable labor.

And there were "Italian Flower-Sellers," damsels with careful hair, two figures together, one blonde, the other as brunette as lampblack, the blonde—in pink satin and blue slippers—leaning against a pillar and smiling over the golden coins for which she had exchanged her posies; the brunette seated at her feet, weeping upon an unsold bouquet. There were red-sashed "Fisher Lads" wading with butterfly-nets on their shoulders; there was a "Tying the Ribbon on Pussy's Neck"; there were portraits in oil and petrifications in crayon, done as hard and tight as the purses of those who had refused to accept them, leaving them upon their maker's hands because the likeness had failed.

After a time the old man got up, went to his easel near a window, and sighing again, began patiently to work upon one of these failures—a portrait, in oil, of a savage old lady, which he was doing from a photograph. The expression of the mouth and the shape of the nose had not pleased her descendants and the beneficiaries under the will, and it was upon the images of these features that Roger labored. He leaned far forward, with his face close to the canvas, holding his brushes after the Spencerian fashion, working steadily through the afternoon, and, when the light grew dimmer, leaning closer to his canvas to see. When it had become almost dark in the room, he lit a student-lamp with a green glass shade, and placing it upon a table beside him, continued to paint. Ariel's voice interrupted him at last.

"It's quitting-time, grandfather," she called, gently, from the doorway behind him.

He sank back in his chair, conscious for the first time how tired he had grown. "I suppose so," he said, "though it seemed to me that I was just getting my hand in." His eyes brightened for a moment. "I declare, I believe I've caught it a great deal better. Come and look, Ariel. Doesn't it seem to you that I'm getting it? Those pearly shadows in the flesh—"

"I'm sure of it. Those people ought to be very proud to have it." She came

to him quietly, took the palette and brushes from his hands and began to clean them, standing in the shadow behind him. "It's too good for them."

"I wonder if it is," he said, slowly, leaning forward and curving his hands about his eyes so as to shut off everything from his view except the canvas. "I wonder if it is!" he repeated. Then his hands dropped sadly in his lap, and he sank back again with infinite weariness. "No, no, it isn't! I always think they're good when I've just finished them. I've been fooled that way all my life. They don't look the same afterward."

"They're always beautiful," she said, softly.

"Ah, ah!" he sighed.

"Now, Roger!" she cried, with cheerful sharpness, continuing her work.

"I know," he said, with a plaintive laugh,—*"I know. Sometimes I think that all my reward has been in the few minutes I've had just after finishing them. During those few minutes I seem to see in them all that I wanted to put in them; I see it because what I've been trying to express is still so warm in my own eyes that I seem to have put it on the canvas where I wanted it."*

"But you do," she said. "You do get it there."

"No," he murmured, in return. "I never did. I got out some of the old ones when I came in this morning, some that I hadn't looked at for years, and it's the same with them. You can do it much better yourself—your sketches show it."

"No, no!" she protested, quickly.

"Yes, they do; and I wondered if it was only because you were young. But those I did when I was young are almost the same as the ones I paint now. I haven't learned much. There hasn't been any one to show me! And you can't learn from print, never! Yet I've grown in what I see—grown so that the world is full of beauty to me that I never dreamed of seeing when I began. But I can't paint it—I can't get it on the canvas. Ah, I think I might have known how better if I hadn't had to teach myself, if I could only have seen how some of the other fellows did their work. If I'd ever saved money to get away from Canaan—if I could have gone away from it and come back knowing how to paint it

—if I could have got to Paris for just one month! *Paris*—for just one month!”

“Perhaps we will; you can’t tell what *may* happen.” It was always her reply to this cry of his.

“*Paris*—for just one month!” he repeated, with infinite wistfulness, and then realizing what an old, old cry it was with him, he shook his head, impatiently sniffing out a laugh at himself, rose and went pottering about among the canvases, returning their faces to the wall, and railing at them mutteringly.

“Whatever took me into it, I don’t know. I might have done something useful. But I couldn’t bring myself ever to consider doing anything else—I couldn’t bear ever to think of it! Lord forgive me, I even tried to encourage your father to paint. Perhaps he might as well, poor boy, as to have put all he’d made into buying Jonas out. Ah me! There you go, ‘Flower-Girls’! Turn your silly faces to the wall and smile and cry there till I’m gone and somebody throws you on a bonfire. *I’ll* never look at you again.” He paused, with the canvas half turned. “And yet,” he went on, reflectively, “a man promised me thirty-five dollars for that picture once. I painted it to order, but he went away before I finished it, and never answered the letters I wrote him about it. I wish I had the money now—perhaps we could have more than two meals a day.”

“We don’t need more,” said Ariel, scraping the palette attentively. “It’s healthier with only breakfast and supper. I think I’d rather have a new dress than dinner.”

“I dare say you would,” the old man mused. “You’re young—you’re young. What were you doing all this afternoon, child?”

“In my room, trying to make over mamma’s wedding-dress for to-night.”

“To-night?”

“Mamie Pike invited me to a dance at their house.”

“Very well; I’m glad you’re going to be gay,” he said, not seeing the faintly bitter smile that came to her face.

“I don’t think I’ll be very gay,” she answered. “I don’t know why I go—nobody ever asks me to dance.”

“Why not?” he asked, with an old man’s astonishment.

“I don’t know. Perhaps it’s because I don’t dress very well.” Then, as he made a sorrowful gesture, she cut him off before he could speak. “Oh, it isn’t altogether because we’re poor; it’s more I don’t know how to wear what I’ve got, the way some girls do. I never cared much and—well, *I’m* not worrying, Roger! And I think I’ve done a good deal with mamma’s dress. It’s a very grand dress. I wonder I never thought of wearing it until to-day. I may be”—she laughed and blushed—“I may be the belle of the ball—who knows!”

“You’ll want me to walk over with you and come for you afterwards, I expect.”

“Only to take me. It may be late when I come away—if a good many *should* ask me to dance, for once! Of course I could come home alone. But Joe Loudens is going to sort of hang around outside, and he’ll meet me at the gate and see me safe home.”

“Oh!” he exclaimed, blankly.

“Isn’t it all right?” she asked.

“I think I’d better come for you,” he answered, gently. “The truth is, I—I think you’d better not be with Joe Loudens a great deal.”

“Why?”

“Well, he doesn’t seem a vicious boy to me, but I’m afraid he’s getting rather a bad name, my dear.”

“He’s not getting one,” she said, gravely. “He’s already got one. He’s had a bad name in Canaan for a long while. It grew in the first place out of shabbiness and mischief, but it did grow; and if people keep on giving him a bad name the time will come when he’ll live up to it. He’s not any worse than I am, and I guess my own name isn’t too good—for a girl. And yet, so far, there’s nothing against him, except his bad name.”

“I’m afraid there is,” said Roger. “It doesn’t look very well for a young man of his age to be doing no better than delivering papers.”

“It gives him time to study law,” she answered, quickly. “If he clerked all day in a store, he couldn’t.”

“I didn’t know he was studying now. I thought I’d heard that he was in a lawyer’s office for a few weeks last year, and was turned out for setting fire to it with a pipe—”

“It was an accident,” she interposed.

"But some pretty important papers were burned, and after that none of the other lawyers would have him."

"He's not in an office," she admitted. "I didn't mean that. But he studies a great deal. He goes to the courts all the time they're in session, and he's bought some books of his own."

"Well—perhaps," he assented; "but they say he gambles and drinks, and that last week Judge Pike threatened to have him arrested for throwing dice with some negroes behind the Judge's stable."

"What of it? I'm about the only nice person in town that will have anything to do with him—and nobody except you thinks I'm very nice!"

"Ariel! Ariel!"

"I know all about his gambling with darkies," she continued, excitedly, her voice rising, "and I know that he goes to saloons, and that he's an intimate friend of half the riffraff in town; and I know the reason for it, too, because he's told me. He wants to know them, to understand them; and he says some day they'll make him a power, and then he can help them!"

The old man laughed helplessly. "But I can't let him bring you home, my dear."

She came to him slowly and laid her hands upon his shoulders. Grandfather and granddaughter were nearly of the same height, and she looked squarely into his eyes. "Then you must say it is because you want to come for me, not because I mustn't come with Joe."

"But I think it is a little because you mustn't come with Joe," he answered, "especially from the Pikes'. Don't you see that it mightn't be well for Joe himself, if the Judge should happen to see him? I understand he warned the boy to keep away from the neighborhood entirely or he would have him locked up for dice-throwing. The Judge is a very influential man, you know, and as determined in matters like this as he is irritable."

"Oh, if you put it on that ground," the girl replied, her eyes softening, "I think you'd better come for me yourself."

"Very well, I put it on that ground," he returned, smiling upon her.

"Then I'll send Joe word and get supper," she said, kissing him.

It was the supper hour not only for

them but everywhere in Canaan, and the cold air of the streets bore up and down and round corners the smell of things frying. The dining-room windows of all the houses threw bright patches on the snow of the side-yards; the windows of other rooms, except those of the kitchens, were dark; for the rule of the place was Puritanical in thrift, as in all things; and the good housekeepers disputed every record of the meters with unhappy gas-collectors.

There was no better housekeeper in town than Mrs. Loudon, nor a thriftier, but hers was one of the few houses in Canaan, that evening, which showed bright lights in the front rooms while the family were at supper. It was proof of the agitation caused by the arrival of Eugene that she forgot to turn out the gas in her parlor, and in the chamber she called a library, on her way to the evening meal.

That might not have been thought a cheerful feast for Joe Loudon. The fatted calf was upon the board, but it had not been provided for the prodigal, who, in this case, was the brother that had stayed at home: the fête was given for the good brother, who had been in strange lands, and the good one had found much honor in his wanderings, as he carelessly let it appear. Mrs. Loudon brightened inexpressibly whenever Eugene spoke of himself, and consequently she glowed most of the time. Her husband—a heavy, melancholy, silent man with a grizzled beard and no mustache—lowered at Joe throughout the meal, but appeared to take a strange comfort in his stepson's elegance and polish. Eugene wore new evening clothes and was lustrous to eye and ear.

Joe escaped as soon as he could, though not before the count of his later sins had been set before Eugene in detail, in mass, and in all of their depth, breadth, and thickness. His father spoke but once, after nodding heavily to confirm all points of Mrs. Loudon's recital.

"You better use any influence you've got with your brother," he said to Eugene, "to make him come to time. I can't do anything with him. If he gets in trouble, he needn't come to me! I'll never help him again. I'm tired of it!"

Eugene glanced twinklingly at the out-

cast. "I didn't know he was such a roarer as all that!" he said, lightly, not taking Joe as of enough consequence to be treated as a sinner.

This encouraged Mrs. Loudon to pathos upon the subject of her shame before other women when Joe happened to be mentioned, and the supper was finished with the topic. Joe slipped away through the kitchen, sneakily, and climbed the back fence. In the alley he lit a cheap cigarette, and thrusting his hands into his pockets and shivering violently—for he had no overcoat,—walked away singing to himself "A Spanish cavalier stood in his retreat," his teeth affording an appropriate but involuntary castanet accompaniment.

His movements throughout the earlier part of that evening are of somewhat uncertain report. It is known that he made a partial payment of forty-five cents at a second-hand book store for a number of volumes—*Grindstaff on Torts* and some others—which he had negotiated on the instalment system; it is also believed that he won twenty-eight cents playing seven-up in the little room behind Louie Farbach's bar; but these things are of little import compared to the established fact that at eleven o'clock he was one of the ball guests at the Pike Mansion. He took no active part in the festivities, nor was he one of the dancers: his was, on the contrary, the rôle of an observer. He lay stretched at full length upon the floor of the enclosed porch (one of the strips of canvas was later found to have been loosened), wedged between the outer railing and a row of palms in green tubs. The position he occupied was somewhat too draughty to have been recommended by a physician, but he commanded, between the leaves of the screening palms, an excellent view of the room nearest the porch. A long window, open, afforded communication between this room, one of those used for dancing, and the dim bower which had been made of the veranda, whither flirtatious couples made their way between the dances.

It was not to play the eavesdropper upon any of these that the uninvited Joe had come. He was not there to listen, and it is possible that had the curtains of other windows afforded him the chance to

behold the dance he might not have risked the dangers of his present position. He had not the slightest interest in the whispered coqueties that he heard; he watched only to catch now and then, over the shoulders of the dancers, a fitful glimpse of a pretty head that flitted across the window—the amber hair of Mamie Pike. He shivered in the draughts; and the floor of the porch was cement, painful to elbow and knee, the space where he lay cramped and narrow; but the golden bubbles of her hair, the shimmer of her dainty pink dress, and the fluffy wave of her lace scarf as she crossed and recrossed in a waltz, left him, apparently, in no discontent. He watched with parted lips, his pale cheeks reddening whenever those fair glimpses were his. At last she came out to the veranda with Eugene and sat upon a little divan, so close to Joe that, daring wildly in the shadow, he reached out a trembling hand and let his fingers rest upon the end of her scarf, which had fallen from her shoulders and touched the floor. She sat with her back to him, as did Eugene.

"You have changed, I think, since last summer," he heard her say, reflectively.

"For the worse, *ma chérie*?" Joe's expression might have been worth seeing when Eugene said "*ma chérie*," for it was known in the Loudon household that Mr. Bantry had failed to pass his examination in the French language.

"No," she answered. "But you have seen so much and accomplished so much since then. You have become so polished and so—" She paused, and then continued, "But perhaps I'd better not say it; you might be offended."

"No. I want you to say it," he returned confidently, and his confidence was fully justified, for she said:

"Well, then, I mean that you have become so thoroughly a man of the world. Now I've said it! You *are* offended—aren't you?"

"Not at all, not at all," replied Mr. Bantry, preventing by a masterful effort his pleasure from showing in his face. "Though I suppose you mean to imply that I'm rather wicked."

"Oh no," said Mamie, with profound admiration, "not exactly wicked."

"University life is fast nowadays,"

Eugene admitted. "It's difficult not to be drawn into it!"

"And I suppose you look down on poor little Canaan now and everybody in it!"

"Oh no," he laughed, indulgently. "Not at all, not at all! I find it very amusing."

"All of it?"

"Not you," he answered, becoming very grave.

"Honestly—*don't* you?" Her young voice trembled a little.

"Honestly—indeed—truly—" Eugene leaned very close to her and the words were barely audible. "You *know* I don't!"

"Then I'm—glad!" she whispered, and Joe saw his stepbrother touch her hand, but she rose quickly. "There's the music," she cried, happily. "It's a waltz, and it's *yours*!"

Joe heard her little high heels tapping gayly toward the window, returning with-

in, followed by the heavier tread of Eugene, but he did not watch them go.

He lay on his back, with the hand that had touched Mamie's scarf pressed across his closed eyes.

The music of that waltz was of the old-fashioned swingingly sorrowful sort, and it would be hard to say how long it was after that before the boy could hear the air played without a recurrence of the bitterness of that moment. The rhythmical pathos of the violins was in such accord with a faint sound of weeping which he heard near him, presently, that for a little while he believed this sound to be part of the music and part of himself. Then it became more distinct, and he raised himself on one elbow to look about.

Very close to him, sitting upon the divan in the shadow, was a girl wearing a dress of beautiful silk. She was crying softly, her face in her hands.

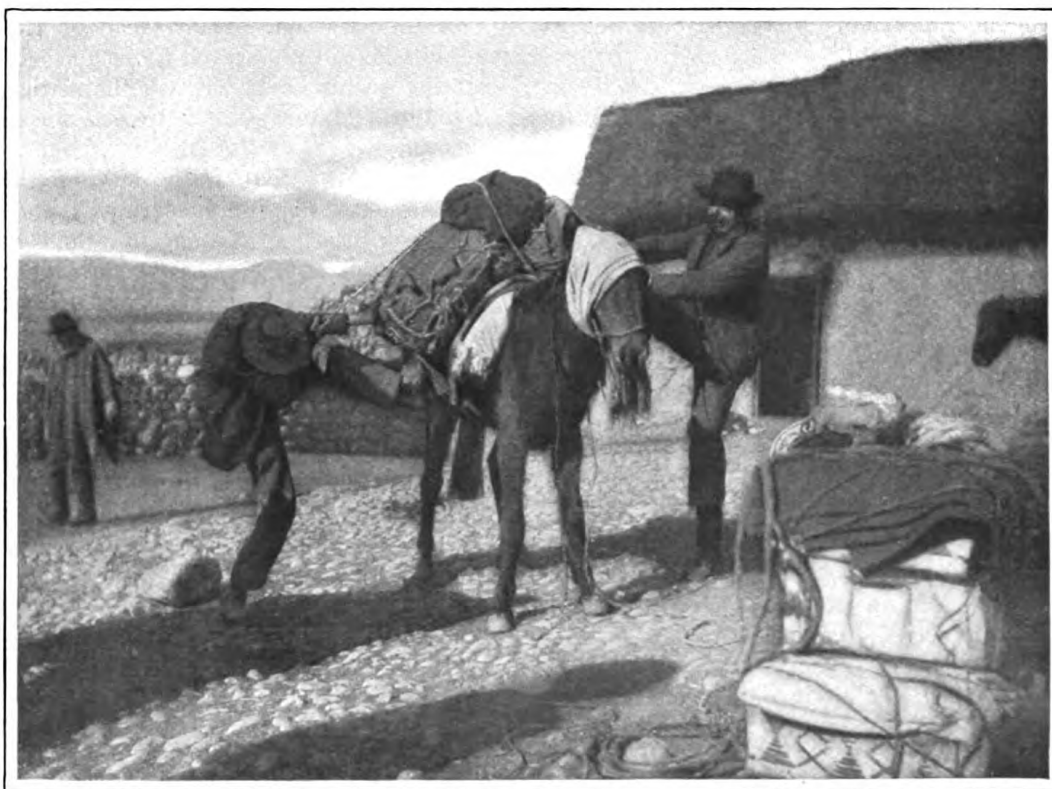
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## Azrael

BY ROBERT GILBERT WELSH

THE angels in high places  
 Who minister to us,  
 Reflect God's smile,—their faces  
 Are luminous,  
 Save one whose face is hidden,  
 (The Prophet saith,)  
 The unwelcome, the unbidden,  
 Azrael, Angel of Death.  
 And yet that veiled face, I know  
 Is lit with pitying eyes,  
 Like those faint stars, the first to glow  
 Through cloudy winter skies.

That they may never tire,  
 Angels, by God's decree,  
 Bear wings of snow and fire,—  
 Passion and purity,  
 Save one, all unavailing,  
 (The Prophet saith,)  
 His wings are gray and trailing,  
 Azrael, Angel of Death.  
 And yet the souls that Azrael brings  
 Across the dark and cold,  
 Look up beneath those folded wings  
 And find them lined with gold



PACKING THE MULES AT DAYBREAK

## Across the Highlands of the World

BY CHARLES JOHNSON POST

IT was just a month since I disembarked at the desolate Peruvian port of Quileca and followed the pack-train one hundred and four miles across the desert to the railroad at San José. Five days later, on the weekly train from Arequipa, we reached Lake Titicaca; a night on the steamer *Coya* from Puno to Guaqui, and then a narrow-gauge railroad and stage-coach landed us in La Paz. At La Paz a fortnight was spent collecting supplies and organizing the outfit that was to take us into the unknown interior of South America, over the Andes, and across the continent out into the Atlantic by way of the Amazon. Food-supplies for weeks, tentage, machetes, and tools had been sent off ahead when we had been able to get pack-mules,

and now with the last and most valuable part of our cargo we were to follow. In La Paz we left the last vestiges of civilization—the plazas and the crowds of Paris-gowned Bolivian society that attended the biweekly concerts of the military bands; the hotels, the restaurants, the pleasant evenings at the club, and the gay life of the capital.

Before us stretched the long, undulating level of the high table-land, quivering in the atmospheric distances and sparkling in the crisp sunlight and the cool morning air of the high altitude. Low banks of cumulus clouds faded into the line of the horizon, and above them rose the ragged blue silhouette of the last and most easterly range of the Andes. Beyond—on the farther side was the



montaña for which I was bound; to the northeast, something over a hundred miles ahead, was the glisten of the white, snow-covered slopes of the giant Mount Sorata. We had halted at the edge of the mesa beside the rough cairn which the Indians of Bolivia build at the crest of every mountain trail in accordance with an old superstition, and to which, out of deference to their Christian conversion, they now add a small cross of twigs. Below us we could see the road up which we had just climbed winding and twisting down the steep sides of the mesa into La Paz. Ten days to the south, over rough mule-trails, was Sucre, the old capital.

Already—for we had started at sunrise—the road below was filled with the long lines of llama-trains crawling to the city, each beast with its load of fifty pounds lashed to its back, an absurd mincing gait, long wagging neck, and a startled affectation of timidity at each familiar object on the trail. For a few moments we rest while the arriero tightens a cinch here and there and lashes securely in place a shifted load, then we follow in behind our line of pack-animals and start out into the long flat distance. The lines of llama and burro trains grow fewer and fewer, and finally disappear altogether; occasionally a solitary Aymara passes us on foot, his hat humbly carried in his hand, and with a guttural, "Tata, asqui uru churutam"—"Father, a good day to thee." We cross a dozen arroyos that reveal themselves suddenly as great cracks in the bare plain, and through the bottom of which, at this season of the year, there is generally the trickle of a tiny stream of water. Often

in the shelter of the arroyo is the camp of an Indian family leisurely awaiting until to-morrow to make their way to the market. Presently even these signs of life disappear, and we are alone on the high plateau. In the thin cool air sounds carry for miles. The tinkle of the bell-mare is like a brazen gong, and the soft pad of the hoofs on the earth and their click against the loose stones in the trail rise with a sharp distinctness. We are thirteen thousand feet above the level of the sea. We ride on ahead and out of the dust of our train.

At Cocuta we breakfast. This is the "tambo," or the hotel, of the Indians of the high plains. They are scattered at intervals along all the trails of the Bolivian interior. Cocuta proved to be a high mud wall, loopholed and battlemented, that enclosed a few rough mud buildings, a massive gate, and a smaller enclosure into which animals might be driven. It is the headquarters of two bands of ladrones that infest the mesa, and both of which I afterward met under most unpleasant circumstances. It is modelled on the lines of an old Spanish

citadel, and for much the same protective purposes. The cho-lo—half-breed—haciendado comes forward to welcome us, his heavy rowelled spurs clanking on the ground, and a cartridge-belt and gun showing beneath his coat. For breakfast he would cook for us some eggs and "lomititas"—a fried filet of beef. These were served on



CAIRN WITH CROSS OF TWIGS

a mud table built like an altar at one side of the room, while we sat on the farther side on a mud bench that ran along the wall. There were no windows in the room, only an empty doorway that opened into the corral, and from over

the mud partition that separated us from the next room the thin acrid smoke from the fire of llama dung floated freely.

While at breakfast we had an opportunity of observing the methods of administering discipline in these lone places. The cholo haciendado came into the room and took down from the wall a heavy rawhide whip. Stepping just outside, he called over one of the Indians who were lounging against the sunny side of the corral, and spoke a few words to him sharply in the Aymara tongue. The Indian took off his hat and knelt silently on the ground. Thereupon the cholo counted out six lashes as he coiled the heavy thong over the shoulders of the kneeling Aymara. The pain must have been severe, but the Indian never lost his stolidity, and when the last stroke was counted out he got up sheepishly without a word and walked off and rejoined his companions, who had been impassive witnesses of his punishment.

From Cocuta we left the main trail and started out over what is known as the inside trail to the village of Sorata. It is a distinctly dangerous trail, for the Aymaras living in that section of the country are known to resent intrusion into their territory, and are hostile toward all strangers. The slings, their chief weapon, are braided from llama wool, and they use stones of about the size of a large lemon.

That night we camped in another tambo similar to the one at Cocuta. During the day the air had been soft and balmy, although hardly warm, and

with the fresh suggestion of a mild spring. After sunset it changed at once to a thin bitter coldness, while a shrill wind seemed to penetrate every corner of the hut and every crevice in the blankets.

It was a relief when we were awakened the next morning, and with a little brisk exercise loosened up the chilled stiffness of our joints. In the dim half-light of the dawn we blundered around, throwing the saddle with numbed hands on the mule that with unerring instinct the arriero led up to us as the one we had ridden the day before. In the gray light they all looked alike. A few moments' delay, while we brewed a thin cup of tea over an alcohol flame, and we were off.

Over the mesa was heavy frost, like light, freshly fallen snow. The sun slowly rose, the biting cold of the night disappeared, the soft covering of the

frost was succeeded by the dull brown of the mesa, and we plodded on through the balmy spring of the day before. This was to be the long day. It would be after dark before we would reach the next tambo. A few miles from the tambo where we had slept we rode through herds of thousands of llamas wandering over the plain at will, nibbling at the sparse patches of the wiry bunch-grass. Sometimes scattered among them were their herders, playing on their shrill Indian flutes, or spinning wool on a top-like distaff as they kept a sullen eye upon the passing gringo cavalcade. Then the little mud huts of the Indians appeared in the distance, and closing in, we rode through a thickly settled farming com-



A SOLITARY AYMARA PASSES US ON FOOT





munity. Little Indian children sat on guard over the tiny patches of cultivated ground, keeping off the herds from the newly sprouted grain, while near them and apparently also under their care a few thin, agile-looking pigs rooted busily in the earth. Here and there an Indian would be busy in some late ploughing, with a pair of bulls yoked by the horns to a crooked stick that scratched a narrow streak in the soil. His wives followed, and harrowed the field by breaking the clods of earth with stones lashed to a stick with strips of rawhide. By this primitive process perhaps half an acre could be tilled in a day. Occasionally a gaunt Indian dog would rush savagely at our train, but invariably halted safely out of range of the arriero's lash. Then for hours would stretch the unvaried monotony of the long, level mesa, interminable in its distances and monotonous in its flatness. It was oppressive in its very vastness.

At sunset the wind again blew up strong and cold. Tiny particles of sand stung our faces, and out over the plain a score of "dust devils"—remolinos—chased each other in erratic courses. The mountains had crept closer, and, until long after the sun had set, there remained on their snow-capped heights the cold yellow gleam from the sun's last rays. Mount Sorata lay directly ahead to the north. The sharp outlines of its crest, over twenty miles in length and ending in the high peak of Illampu, over twenty-six thousand feet above the sea, was plainly outlined against the cold sky. To our right was the mountain of Huayna-Potosi, but slightly less in height. Small in the distance behind us sank Illimani, and connecting these three points was the low, ragged line of the last range of the Andes—a jagged, snow-capped wall that guards the rich basin of the interior of South America.

For two hours we rode through the darkness, until we found ourselves riding between low mud walls that lined the trail on either side; beyond them the dim shadows of mud huts announced the presence of an Indian village. It was in this village that we were to sleep. The arriero rode into a corral at one side of the trail. In the litter about the corral were the forms of sleeping In-

dians, who paid not the slightest attention to us as we picked our way among them. A few shaggy burros nibbled at the cebada that was strewn about, and a couple of Indians raised themselves sleepily and grunted to the arriero. He turned to us and explained that the place was full and that they had told him that we must camp elsewhere for the night. Against the farther side of the corral was a mud hut, and we dismounted, and by the aid of a match took one look inside. The place was choked with sleeping Indians, and, despite the open door, the air was foul inside. We slept outside.

The day had been hard and exhausting, and it seemed as if we had but just settled fairly to sleep when we were awakened into broad daylight by the arriero. For a hundred yards we rode between the low mud walls of the night before, then the trail began to rise slowly up into the hills of the pass over into Sorata. The long monotonous levels had disappeared in the darkness of the night before, and were succeeded in the daylight by long rolling hills, on which there remained hardly the vestige of a trail. Close by, to our right and almost in its shadow, arose the great peak of Illampu. The wind from its snow-fields blew directly in our faces, and although the sun was shining brightly, it was bitter cold. Steadily the trail grew sharper and more abrupt. In places it followed the steep sides of narrow gorges and cañons. Over each crest that we passed was the cairn built of the stones thrown there by the centuries of Indians that had passed this way. Some had been recently decorated with offerings of flowers, and often in the crevices we could see the propitiatory offerings of coca and tobacco to the god of this particular place. At fourteen thousand feet we rode through the ruins of an old Indian city that bears the marks of occupation at a time probably long prior to the period of the Aymaras. There were still remaining the perfect traces of the streets and houses and their divisions into rooms. The earth with which they had been chinked had long since disappeared, and nothing was left but the huge boulders and stones. Some of the boulders, that had been rolled into position for what had evidently been the



A TYPICAL ARRIERO

more important houses, were over thirty tons in weight.

At a height of fifteen thousand feet and just before reaching the summit of the pass we arrived at the small Indian village of Wailata, where we halted for breakfast. In this village are the real highlanders of the Andes, the makers of the chalonga and chuño that can only be prepared in the extreme cold of the high altitudes. They differ slightly in dress from the Aymaras of the high plains and the lower levels, but their chief distinction in the eyes of the gringo is the accentuation of the squalor and filth in themselves and their habitations. Personal sanitation is apparently unknown, and the years of greasy, smoke-begrimed encrustations that characterized those with whom we came in contact defied description. The village of Wailata is composed of perhaps twenty small mud huts, smaller than those on the plains we had passed, and with tiny slits for doors that they might be protected from the penetrating cold. There are two forlorn trees in the village, a great rarity, and were apparently a dwarfed and stunted variety of some apple.

At Wailata we joined the main trail

again, and from here on it was clearly defined. It rose at an easy grade for a mile or so, and at frequent intervals we passed windbreaks of piled stones, in the shelter of which sat Indians making and testing their flutes. The summit of the pass we reached about noon. It is a little over sixteen thousand feet above sea-level, and is marked with a huge cairn much larger than an Indian hut.

There was the usual cross of twigs at its crest, and in the interstices were many offerings of flowers, coca leaves, and tobacco. From this point one obtains the closest and finest view of Mount Sorata to be had from any place on the trail. The peak of Illampu seems but a few miles away. The glaciers and snow-fields, and the jagged patches of black rock that crop out in long ridges along the crest, are in full view. In between, separating us from its slopes, is a gorge four thousand feet deep, where forms the brook of Sorata, that is one of the head waters of the Rio Madeira. At the summit of this pass we are on the great divide of South America, at a point from which the water runs both ways. We can see and trace the path that Sir Martin Conway attempted in



RIDING ALONG THE SIDES OF CAVERNOUS GULLIES

1900, in order to scale the summit. The little shoulder below the crest of Illampu is plainly visible, and so clear is the air that it seems as if we could almost outline the cañon in the snow that finally defeated him.

From this pass the trail drops sharply down among the mountains on the farther side. Almost at a step we have passed from the monotonous levels of the plains to the rugged picturesqueness of the greatest range of mountains in the world. A sheer distance of a thousand feet is nothing; they are four and five times that. We ride along the sides of gullies whose great depths are lost in the faint blue tinge of distance to the bottom. There are seldom cliffs, but there are the steep declivities down whose sides a slip would be as fatal as a sheer fall. The trail clings to the winding sides of the spurs or zigzags abruptly down the shoulders of the hills to the lower levels. Above, on the higher levels of the pass, all vegetation had disappeared save thin moss and lichen. Now we are down again to where the wiry bunch-grass begins to show. It grows thicker by degrees until it spreads as a rich pasture, its green smoothness dotted with tiny flowers, among which a few hardy mountain-sheep are grazing. From the valley below us come up the thin strains of the shepherd's flute. In a half-hour,

more of the mud huts of the Indians begin to reappear. The air is soft and balmy, and under the spur we are following the icy winds from Sorata blow harmlessly over our heads.

We round a corner of the valley, and beyond, far below us, looms the town of Sorata. From this distance the red tile roofs, the soft blue, green, and yellow of its stuccoed walls, look indescribably fresh and grateful. A closer inspection will probably dissipate this impression; it will be squalid and dirty, the river-stone paving of its street will be deep in the accumulation of filth, dirty Indian children will swarm in them with mangy dogs and bedraggled ducks, the gay frescos of its walls will peel in ragged patches, revealing the 'dobe of their base, and the tile roofs will be cracked and broken. But from the heights at this distance and in the warm glow of the afternoon sun it looks like a dainty fairy village glistening in a magic splendor against the Titanic setting of the Andes.

In Sorata we found the rest of our outfit that had been sent on ahead. From here we will rise over the third and last of the Andean range, over a pass nineteen thousand feet above sea-level. Then a sharp drop down into the basin of the interior, where we will be in the navigable waters of the upper Madeira River and among "los barbaros."

# Rosemary for Remembrance

BY MARIE MANNING

TO those who had been acquainted with it under Mehitabel's administration, the house itself seemed to have a word to say regarding Ira's second marriage. Formerly it had been the model house of the neighborhood—the parlor never opened except for funerals or a pastoral visit. The family wash, impeccable as to color and general state of repair, might have been seen beating the air with impotent arms and legs every Monday morning at an hour when the average housekeeper is still dreaming of the horrors of wash-day.

That the present Mrs. Ira would never kill herself with housework, as her predecessor had done, was the verdict of the neighbors. Beyond an eagerness to dispose of the old-fashioned furniture that had exacted such care from the late Mehitabel, and with the proceeds to invest in brand-new Lares and Penates of plush and polished oak, the second Mrs. Ira took life very easily. She had been a seamstress from the adjacent town of Skipton Center, where they understood the value of "watered" plush and brass nails better than they did in the country. From time to time the summer people called on the bride to bargain over a bit of flowing-blue or a splint-bottomed chair, and while never losing sight of a bargain, she made no apology for her preference for the distinctly modern.

Her latest customer—an energetic woman with a nose that seemed constantly to sniff bargains—had finally bought the Staffordshire candlestick, the purchase being effected only after innumerable encounters, in which neither side showed the inclination to yield one jot or tittle.

"Well, what do you want for that rocker?"

"Guess you might take it along for one seventy-five."

Indifference now became a fine art with the buyer, the chair was so uncon-

ditional a bargain. But the trained haggler, placing her goal farther and farther beyond the bounds of human possibility, was not content. Stooping to examine the chair, she saw that the seat presented a mottled appearance where the paint was missing in patches; this she seized upon to offer a smaller amount. But the very cause that had deprived the chair of its coat of paint undoubtedly contributed to its value—not to the bride, certainly, but to people who liked old furniture with histories attached.

"Iry's first had her stroke in that chair,—had it Friday, and they couldn't git her up no way; Sunday she died, and when they pulled her out the paint come too." She displayed the missing paint with the pride of a merchant exhibiting a hall-mark. But the customer began to count out the change for the Staffordshire candlestick.

"I got somethin' I'll sell real cheap; makes a han'some parlor ornament, but I can't bear to see it 'round." Mrs. Ira indicated the space between the two front windows, now occupied by a coffin-plate wreathed in wax flowers, covered with glass, and framed in black wood. "It come off Iry's first. It's han'some, you can see, but it makes me kinder nervous to hev it 'round. 'F I died, Iry'd hev his third—'tain't no use sayin' he wouldn't."

The story of the proffered coffin-plate made the rounds of the summer colony, and from thence it penetrated to the living-room of Mrs. Joshua Bigges, sister to the late Mehitabel. The news was brought by Amanda Mather, the neighborhood seamstress, who was regarded as a sort of peripatetic Doomsday Book of unabridged capacity and personal annotations.

Amanda had come primarily to the Bigges family to "lighten their mourn-in'" for the late Mehitabel, whose family had purposely prolonged their "first black" till after Ira's second marriage.



as a mute and eloquent expression of their feelings.

"Land's sakes! Hitty, d'you hear that? Emmeline Perch wants to sell your aunt's coffin-plate—frame, wreath, an' all—for a dollar! Why, the wreath alone cost us two seventy-five over to Skipton Center, an' it must hev cost Iry three or four dollars to git it embammed an' framed when his grief was fresh and flowin', not countin' the price of the plate, that was triple silvered." Mrs. Joshua Bigges's recital of the facts to her daughter, who had just come into the room to consult with Amanda about the advisability of putting heliotrope bands on her black China silk, would possibly have left an outsider in doubt as to which affected her the more deeply, the outrage of the proceeding viewed sentimentally, or the financial un wisdom of selling a mourning-wreath at one-tenth its value.

The daughter was a tall slender girl with a droop to her red lips and an air of chronic repression. Had Skipton Center appreciated the picturesque, Mehitabel would have had an artistic value; but as it was, her red hair and fragility were regarded but temperately.

"Hitty Bigges wouldn't be so bad-lookin' if 'twa'n't for her hair an' the way she hunches," Amanda had asserted from farmhouse to farmhouse. "'Tain't no satisfaction to sew for her. I've fit that girl like an apple fits its skin, an' the nex' thing you know she's shrivelled right up in her basque, an' it looks all puckery, same's if she was roasted."

The girl, on hearing the incident of the wreath, looked in a puzzled way from her mother to the ambulant source of all knowledge. It took her several moments to grasp the enormity of the news; then she said: "It's a wonder Aunt Hitty don't haunt 'em: I would!" She was of an age when only the sentimental aspects of the case appealed to her. The relation between profit and loss as exemplified between the cost and the subsequent offer of the wreath passed without comment.

"Mehitabel Bigges," said her mother, sternly, "never let me hear you say anything like that again; first thing you know folks 'll say that my pore sister has taken to ha'ntin' the earth, which is a dreadful thing to be said 'bout a deceased member of any family. Let alone

which, it will injure the value of that house, which comes to you on the death of Iry, by your aunt's will."

Mrs. Joshua caught herself up sharply. Not often was she betrayed into discussing family events before a stranger, especially Amanda. But that night, when the seamstress was safely ensconced in the second-best spare room, Mrs. Joshua put on her wrapper and felt slippers, and taking up her bedroom candle, crept to her daughter's room for a secret conclave. She would not have dared to do this, knowing that Amanda would interpret a midnight confidence as a confession of anxiety over family affairs, had she not heard sounds coming from the second-best spare room that must be construed as the sleep of the just and those who keep their mouths open.

Mehitabel had not been asleep. She sat up in bed at the approach of her mother, one heavy braid of red hair thrown across her bosom, her eyes opening and shutting at the sudden appearance of the light.

"What d'you think of that?" demanded Mrs. Joshua, in a whisper. They had made no reference to "it" for eight hours, but there was no reason to be more specific.

"Something ought to be done," assented Mehitabel, vaguely.

"That's what I say, something ought to be done. 'F it comes to that, th' wreath b'longs to us, as we presented it; you wrote the card yourself,—'Condolences to the B'reaved Husband from th' Surviving Sister an' Niece.' Dun'no' but 'bout the easiest way would be to walk right in and git it; Emmeline Perch is forever gaddin'."

"Mother!" protested the girl. "You wouldn't!" But Mrs. Joshua merely tossed her head to imply that the expedient held no terrors for her. She represented a militant type that the more pliable nature of her daughter found difficult to understand.

"Sh-sh!" she commanded. "Has Amanda quit snorin'?" They huddled together, breathless. "I wouldn't have her ketch us for a new black silk." Amanda kept them in suspense for some crucial moments and then resumed operations.

"Ah!" breathed Mrs. Joshua, "there she is at it again, like a fog-horn."



Half-tone plate engraved by Frank E. Pettit

"'SH-SH! . . . I WOULDN'T HAVE HER KETCH US FOR A NEW BLACK SILK"



"Of course we could buy in Aunt Hitty's wreath an' plate, mother; I've been thinking of that right along."

This suggestion was considered too feeble-minded by Mrs. Joshua to warrant an immediate reply. She sniffed contemptuously before defining her policy. "You was thinking that, was you? Well, no money of mine is going to help pay for a plush parlor set for Emmeline Perch. Your pore aunt Hitty has passed out o' this mess; 'tain't goin' to do her no good, whoever gits her wreath an' plate."

"This ought to be a terrible warning to girls," continued Mrs. Joshua, who had only been waiting the psychological moment to introduce a moral. "Ira was possessed about Hitty when they was courting, and she ain't real good an' cold 'fore he up an' marries, an' lets that Emmeline Perch offer her wreath an' plate for a dollar. Girls can't be too careful 'bout the men they marry."

Mehitabel's mouth drooped as she turned from the searching glance. Three months before, she had given up Lemuel Ames at the instigation of this masterful parent, and this had been sufficient, the girl thought, to prevent a constant recurrence to the broken engagement in the light of a deliverance. Lemuel had been a clerk in a hardware store at Skipton Center for five years, which in itself would seem to confer a patent of "steadiness"—the quality primarily demanded by Mrs. Joshua in a son-in-law. But unfortunately for the flowering of his romance, Lemuel had a sense of humor; or, as Mehitabel's mother expressed it, "he talked comical," which seemed a highly dangerous innovation to introduce into a family that had never had any shortcomings of this kind to its discredit. The girl had given him back his ring and the red plush photograph-album that had looked so well on the marble-topped centre-table, and had resigned herself to the inevitable with never an outward sign. Lemuel's disappointment took a reckless form. With the money he had been saving for the past three years to go to housekeeping, he bought a "fast horse" and buggy.

Rumor said he was "waiting on" a girl in New York, and Mehitabel would hide for hours behind the lace curtains in the sitting-room in the dread hope

of seeing Lemuel drive past with her metropolitan rival; but he was always alone, driving his fast horse furiously.

"Well, I dun'no' as settin' here gassin's goin' to git back your aunt Hitty's wreath an' plate any sooner," Mrs. Joshua remarked, when the hope of beguiling her daughter into some confidence respecting her feelings for Lemuel had quite expended itself.

"I dun'no' as it will," assented Mehitabel, who craved the grateful darkness as a cover for possible tears. Mrs. Joshua awaited the next blast of slumber from the second-best bedroom, and under cover of its volley beat a hasty retreat.

About a week later, on a certain moonless evening that afforded ample scope for things clandestine, Mrs. Joshua, with a manner that hinted at nothing less than regicide, told her daughter to take off the white dress she was wearing and put on something black.

Their goal was the house of Ira and Emmeline Perch, his wife. Even in the darkness it was quite apparent to the seeing eye that a new order of things had been introduced by "Iry's second." The blinds were up and at a convivial angle. The bride and groom were spending the evening in the parlor; worse than this, Ira was smoking, a leg thrown across the arm of the best chair. The conspirators had some difficulty in restraining exclamations of horror as they peeped through the window, actual witnesses of this sacrilege.

"Mother!" exclaimed Mehitabel, in a whisper, "Aunt Hitty's wreath an' plate have gone!"

"It's a wonder to me the house ain't struck by lightning! What hev they got in its place?" inquired Mrs. Joshua, overcome with curiosity, indignation, and short-sightedness.

"They hev got one of them lions with iron bars put over the glass to look like a cage—they be the very latest things in art, Mandy Mather says."

"For the land's sake! Well, you just watch 'em; somethin's bound to happen as a judgment on such goin's on."

"She is makin' a yoke out of ribbon an' cat-stitchin'," faithfully reported the lookout.

"Then she be still takin' in dress-makin' on the sly," commented Mrs.



"SOMETHIN'S BOUND TO HAPPEN AS A JUDGMENT ON SUCH GOIN'S ON"

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Joshua. "She'd never put an openwork yoke over that old scrag-neck o' hern. What be your uncle Iry a-doin'?"

"He's readin' to her out of a paper—"

"He was always possessed to read out loud; nearly drove your aunt Hitty wild. Would come into the kitchen when she was tryin' a cake with a straw an' want to read her a piece out of the paper."

"Emmeline Perch seems to like it," commented the watch.

"She was always triflin'—"

Some movement from within caused the lookout to give the alarm. "Here, mother, mind the step; Emmeline is folding up her sewin'; they'll ketch us if we don't hurry."

"Well," exclaimed Mrs. Joshua, when they had gained a place of safety and watched the shutters being fastened, "I'd never suppose that folks who kept house like that 'd bother to fasten it nights." She drew from the pocket of her petticoat a large iron key, which she displayed to her daughter in significant silence. Mehitabel shivered slightly and glanced toward the house opposite.

"Does it fit?" she inquired, feebly.

"It b'longs to it; your aunt Hitty had a present'ment that something 'd go wrong after she was taken, so she give me this key to kinder keep 'n eye on Iry."

"Mother," said Mehitabel, when some moments had passed, "you're not goin' into their house, be you?"

"Mehitabel, I just hate that white-livered way you have of shiverin' an' askin' questions; you git it from y'r father an' not from the Bengers, that's always had grit enough an' some to lend. Yes, I be goin' into that house to hunt for your aunt Hitty's wreath an' plate soon as I'm sure they're asleep. If they've taken it out of the sittin'-room, it must be in the dinin'-room or the south chamber; 'tain't likely they hev got it in their room to ha'nt 'em, is it?" Mrs. Joshua, like some vengeful allegorical figure, stood, key in hand, waiting to fall upon the house opposite.

The moon kept dark, the katyids shrilled, the night wind whispered of graveyard things. At length Mrs. Joshua arose and indicated her policy.

"You set where you be. If I want you, I'll come to the door and beckon." The allegorical figure sneaked across the road,

opened the door, and entered the house with a courage worthy of her late boasting. Mehitabel, crouching in the shadow of the hedge, shivered.

Mrs. Joshua felt her way along the hall and entered the lately defiled sitting-room. The air was close and heavy with the fumes of Ira's pipe and of the lamp, whose wick had not been turned down after it had been extinguished. These evidences of housekeeping entered into lightly and without due consideration had all the charms of a scandal to Ira's sister-in-law once removed. She sniffed the bouquet of them, and drew a sleuth-like finger across various pieces of furniture, and was rewarded with dust. So keen was her enjoyment of these discoveries that she had been in the house quite ten minutes before the primary object of her quest occurred to her.

"Well, I never!" she exclaimed, holding the scrap of candle close to the picture that served as an understudy to the late Mehitabel's framed coffin-plate—a lion with iron bars across the glass to simulate a cage. "This may be the latest in art, as Mandy Mather says. Likewise it is the very latest in men. A lion in place of his pore wife that saved nigh on to two thousand dollars for him!"

Carefully shading her candle, she crept to the dining-room, but there was no trace of the wreath and plate. She was rewarded, however, by a private view of the uncleared supper-table in all the fulness of its barmecidal conviviality. She rummaged through cupboards and closets, growing more and more reckless as each nook and corner failed to produce the object of her quest. The south chamber yielded nothing more satisfactory than evidences of bad housekeeping, and Mrs. Joshua turned toward the kitchen with something akin to discouragement. But the wreath was not there, the only object of art being a soap advertisement representing a tramp joyously discovering a cake of the soap thus heralded. She was leaving the kitchen, when the temptation to see how the bride kept her tinware-closet—always an object of pride with the late Mehitabel—overcame her. Opening the door, with her characteristic freedom of movement, the entire gamut of pots and pans, casually thrust there by the bride from time to time, crashed for-

ward in one thunderous bang of orchestration. Mrs. Joshua was within a decade of the limit of the age of man, as defined by the psalmist, but a witness of her exit would not have believed this possible.

The wretched Mehitabel, who had lost all count of time, dumbly waiting in the hedge opposite, sprang up as the pots and pans crashed fortissimo. A moment later her mother appeared at the door and began to canter down the road, brisk as a two-year-old. Mrs. Joshua never glanced toward the hedge where she had bidden her wait, but Mehitabel did not tarry for an invitation. She overtook her mother, and neck to neck they gained the lane that led to their own premises.

"Couldn't you find it?" breathlessly inquired the girl, as they gained the shelter of their own porch.

"D'you think I'd hev come away 'ith-out it if I could? To hear you talk, any one 'd think I went there a-visitin'. Rip them heliotrope bands off your black Chiny silk fust thing in the morning, and we'll have Mandy Mather back to replace 'em with black an' white, an' I'll find out where that wreath an' plate have went."

But Amanda Mather, oracle and seamstress, could throw no light on the missing wreath, though she felt keenly the ignominy of being unable to furnish the desired information.

At this turn of events Mrs. Joshua lost heart and began to feel the need of swamproot. All the Bengers had great faith in the remedy; the first Mrs. Ira had just finished her twenty-seventh bottle when called to her final account.

"Seems like I can't sleep nights thinkin' of your aunt Hitty's wreath an' plate decoratin' some fash'nable New York parlor. Oh, don't tell me; I know them townfolks; they be just crazy over things they buy 'round here."

"Guess I'd better get you a dozen bottles of swamproot to begin with, mother." Mehitabel, arrayed in Amanda's latest creation, was about to walk the three miles to Skipton Center to invest in the family's favorite remedy.

"An', Hitty, don't be s' white-livered; 'f any one wants to give you a lift t' Skipton Center, you just take it; otherwise you'll hev to hev them twelve bottles of swamproot sent by express. I declare,

trouble never comes singly; fust, 'twas your aunt Hitty that was took, an' the week followin' the gray mare that we'd had since before you was born." Mrs. Joshua, in urging her daughter to avail herself of any courtesy of the road, was not without strategy. Hiram Pollock, though old enough to have been Mehitabel's father, was a man after Mrs. Joshua's own heart. Half an hour before, she had seen him driving his sedate mare—he had no fast horse—in the direction of Skipton Center, and she hoped that her daughter might encounter him in that mart of trade.

Mehitabel had accomplished half the journey, when she discovered, in the cloud of dust sweeping toward her from the adjacent hill, not Hiram of parental choice, but Lemuel of individual fancy—Lemuel, whom rumor had accredited with being in New York on an errand sentimental.

The rejected of Mrs. Joshua pulled up with a staccato jerk of the reins that added greatly to the drama of the situation, but there his inspiration as a hero and rejected lover stopped. He longed for the gift of gallant speech; but so inbred was the quality of New England self-restraint that he confined himself to "Good ev'nin', Hitty; nice weather we're havin'," and this in quite the same tone that he would have said to a customer, "Did you say a pound of nails?"

Mehitabel answered in the same tone: "Good ev'nin', Lem. Yes, 'tis a nice ev'nin'." And yet to both of them the situation was not without the crucial element. "Heard you was in New York," said Mehitabel, not without a terrifying sense of what this implied.

"Heard you wasn't," he answered, in dashing village repartee; then, seeing the troubled look on her face at the equivocal nature of his reply, he added promptly: "No, I ain't ben to Noo York, Hitty; Skipton Center's good enough for me. Guess you'd better git in an' let me drive you." He made room for her on the seat as the first movement in a persuasive pantomime.

With a diabolical perversity, Mehitabel remembered the injunction of her mother: "Don't be s' white-livered; 'f any one wants to give you a lift to Skipton Center, you just take it." The blood of the Biggeses, subservient so long to Ben-

ger rule, experienced a moment of potential freedom. Then this weaker element, unaccustomed to decisions of any kind, wavered, while the iron hand of the Benger prompted her to say, as she turned from her lover, "Well, I guess I must be goin'."

"Well, I guess you must be goin' to git right in here." And Lemuel sprang from the buggy and plied her with a multitude of masterful attentions. It was this determined action on his part that settled matters. No Bigges could withstand the cloak and panoply of authority; it was merely a question of who was wearing them at the time. And Mehitabel stepped into the buggy and forgot everything in the joy of driving with Lemuel behind the "fast horse." She confided that her errand was swamproot—a dozen bottles of it.

"'Bout how many does she calc'late to take when she feels real poorly, if she has twelve to begin with? I s'pose she does take it,—or does she bathe in it, or fill the cistern with it? Or mebbe she's thinkin' of settin' up a swamproot-fountain in the front dooryard?"

"Lem!" protested Mehitabel; but it was delightful to hear his "comical" talk again. The trouble with her mother, she told him, was the missing wreath an' plate—that Mrs. Joshua couldn't sleep for thinking of Aunt Hitty's emblem decorating the parlor of some fashionable and unfeeling New-Yorker, who had not even known her.

"She needn't fret herself; Noo-Yorkers shy clear off from undertakers' novelties. No; there's nothin' 'quaint' nor 'picturesque' 'bout a framed coffin-plate, and them's the worms the early cottager is up huntin'."

"Law-me-suz! Lem, you ought to see the stuff they buy; 'tain't half so handsome 's Aunt Hitty's wreath an' plate."

"Why, I sell them people goods every day in the week. Got a load of truck settin' out in the yard this minute, waitin' for a spell o' rain to turn 'em into antiques, but there ain't no sacred-to-the-memory goods among 'em. Gee-ap!" he adjured the "fast horse." "Why, a woman come into the store the other day—a real bon-ton,—and she asked what that old rusty anvil was we keep outside for a sign. She was wearin' a consignment

of veils, and she had a pair of specs fitted to a stick 'bout a foot long. That kind is so dead easy, makes you feel like you was robbin' a poor-box. 'That, miss,' sez I, 'is an antique that money couldn't buy; it's th' identical anvil that George Washington used to shoe his own charger. on the eve of Valley Forge.' Well, she got th' anvil an' I got the cash; there's still a little trifle comin' to her in the way of experience."

"It don't sound fair dealin' to me."

"Why, you can't help them Noo-Yorkers from holdin' up themselves at the mention of an antique."

"Lem, I be awful scairt to let you drive that swamproot an' me back to mother," Mehitabel confessed, as they stopped before the red and green lights of the Skipton Center apothecary.

"Don't you fret; I got somethin' that 'll make your mother digest me all right. You hold the lines an' I'll get the swamproot. Then I got to run up the street an' go in the store for a minute."

Mehitabel leisurely drove the fast horse from the apothecary's to the hardware emporium where Lemuel was employed, and waited for him to join her. She had no suspicion as to the object of his errand, and when he reappeared with her aunt Mehitabel's framed and wreathed coffin-plate, her conflicting emotions found tears their only expression.

"Heard 'bout it bein' offered for sale, and knowin' what a store you set on your aunt Hitty, I bought it in."

"'S awful good of you, Lem, an' I know mother 'll be real pleased. I ain't a bit scairt to go hum with you now."

Mrs. Joshua was rocking herself on the front porch, when she heard the sound of approaching hoofs. "Land's sakes! but I didn't think that old horse o' Hi Pollock's hed s' much ginger."

"Lem, I be too scairt. Lem, I be too scairt to go in." The voice of Mehitabel could be heard wailing in the darkness; but Lemuel walked straight up the garden path, bearing the mortuary peace-offering in his hand.

"Lem! Lem Ames!" Mrs. Joshua began; but seeing the wreath, her manner changed. "Why, I take this real kind of you, Lemuel. Land's sakes! look at the dirt on that frame! Hitty, stop shakin' like a fool an' go for a duster."

# The Standard of Usage

BY THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY

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IN his *Life of Story*, Mr. Henry James mentions the presence of the sculptor at a dinner given in London by the critic and essayist John Forster. During the course of it the talk chanced to turn upon a letter from Hampden to Sir John Elliot which had been read. The peculiar beauty of its expression apparently struck all present. Story observed that the English language seemed no longer to have its old elegance. This remark led to an outburst from the host. "As soon," said Forster, "as grammar is printed in any language, it begins to go. The Greeks had no grammar when their best works were written, and the decline of style began with the appearance of one."

Forster has not been the only one to take this view, nor was he the first to give it utterance. Extravagantly stated as it is, there is in it a certain element of truth. The early authors of a tongue have in their minds no thought of possible censure from any linguistic critic. Every one does what is right in his own eyes, restrained, so far as he is restrained, only by that sense of propriety which genius possesses as its birthright, and great talents frequently acquire. But in later times, when grammars and manuals of usage have come to abound, there is frequent consultation of them, or rather, a constant dread of violating rules which they have promulgated. Such a method of proceeding is not conducive to the best results in the matter of expression. When men think not so much of what they want to say as of how they are going to say it, what they write is fairly certain to lose something of the freshness which springs from unconsciousness. No one can be expected to speak with ease when before his mind looms constantly the prospect of possible criticism of the words and constructions he has employed. If grammar, or what he considers grammar, prevents him from resorting to

usages to which he sees no objection, it has in one way been harmful if in another way it has been helpful. Correctness may have been secured, but spontaneity is gone. The rules laid down for the writer's guidance may be desirable, but they are likewise depressing. He thinks of himself as under the charge of a paternal government, and he is not happy; for our race, in its linguistic as well as in its political activity, bears with impatience the sense of feeling itself governed.

Such a result would be sure to follow, were grammars and manuals of usage absolutely trustworthy. But no such statement can be made of most of them, if, indeed, of any. It is an unfortunate fact that since the middle of the eighteenth century, when works of this nature first began to be much in evidence and to exert distinct influence, far the larger proportion of them have been produced by men who had little acquaintance with the practice of the best writers and even less with the history and development of grammatical forms and constructions. Their lack of this knowledge led them frequently to put in its place assertions based not upon what usage really is, but upon what in their opinion it ought to be. They evolved or adopted artificial rules for the government of expression. By these they tested the correctness of whatever was written, and proclaimed their own superiority to the great authors of our speech by pointing out the numerous violations of them into which such authors had been unhappily betrayed. As these rules were copied and repeated by others, a fictitious standard of propriety was set up in numerous instances and is largely responsible for many of the current misconceptions which now prevail as to what is grammatical.

It is no infrequent remark that in these latter days there exists a distinct tendency towards lawlessness in usage, a dis-

tinct indisposition to defer to authority. We are told that the language of the man in the street is held up as the all-sufficient standard. If this statement were ever true, it was never less true than now. There might have been apparent justification for an assertion of this sort in the great creative Elizabethan period. Then no restraints upon expression seem to have been recognized outside of the taste or knowledge of the writer. As a consequence, the loosest language of conversation was reproduced with fidelity in the speech of the drama, then the principal national literature. But nothing of this freedom is found now. A constant supervision over speech is exercised by the amateur champions of propriety who are ensconced at every fireside. In colleges and academies and high schools an army of instructors, assumed to be experts, are regularly engaged in holding in check any attempt to indulge in real or supposed lawlessness.

It is not, therefore, from the quarter of license that any danger to our speech arises. If peril exist at all, it comes from the ignorant formalism and affected precision which wage perpetual war with the high-honored idioms of our tongue, or array themselves in hostility to its natural development. That this, so far as it is effective, is a positive injury to the language was pointed out several years ago by a scholar who, in consequence of the study he had given to the usage of the great writers, was enabled to speak on this subject with an authority to which few have attained. He was discussing the remarks of certain critics who had professed to consider as inaccurate and ungrammatical the preterite *wended* in the locution "he wended his way." "It is by such lessons as these," he continued, "that the unreflecting and uninquiring are misled into eschewing, as if they were wrong, words and phrases which are perfectly right." If there is any revolt against the authority of such guides, equally blind and presumptuous, if there is any lack of deference to the rules they seek to impose, it is a condition of things to be welcomed and not to be deplored.

Obviously it is idle to discuss questions of usage unless some general principles can be established in accordance with which the correctness or incorrectness of

particular expressions can be tested. If these do not exist, or if they cannot be ascertained, opinion as to the propriety of particular words or grammatical constructions will necessarily vary with the tastes or prejudices of the writer or speaker. If this be not supported by adequate knowledge, it will ordinarily be little more than the expression of personal feeling. A particular individual dislikes a particular word or phrase. That is one of the best of reasons why he should not employ it himself; it is not a very cogent reason for inducing others to follow his example. There are, of course, many offences against good usage that cultivated men everywhere will condemn without hesitation. These, however, are not the ones that cause embarrassment. Every writer is constantly confronted with the denunciation of words and locutions which he not only hears in the speech of those he meets daily, but finds employed in the works of men regarded by all as authorities. If he himself has made no study of the usage thus condemned, if he recognizes that he is not in a position to decide the matter for himself—and few men have either the leisure or the opportunity to gain the special knowledge requisite for that purpose,—it is inevitable that he should be left in a state of perplexity and consequent indecision.

Assertions as to what is proper or improper in speech are now, indeed, encountered everywhere. They naturally form a constituent part of grammars. They furnish the sole contents of some manuals. They turn up in most unexpected places in books and periodicals of every sort. It is a subject upon which every one feels himself competent to lay down the law. It has now become practically impossible for any writer so to express himself that he shall not run foul of the convictions of some person who has fixed upon the employment of a particular word or construction as his test of correctness of usage. Should any person seriously set out to observe every one of the various and varying utterances put forth for his guidance by all the members of this volunteer army of guardians of the speech, he would in process of time find himself without any language to use whatever. Just as in *The*



*Old Curiosity Shop* Dick Swiveller's approaches to the Strand were cut off in succession by the creation of new creditors in different streets, so the writer's avenues to expression would be closed one by one, and he would finally be compelled to resort to the most tortuous and roundabout devices to convey the simplest meaning.

Can, therefore, any general principles be found which will put us in a position to reach in any given case conclusions independent of our personal prejudices or prepossessions? One there certainly is which, until lately at least, has been always accepted without question. In the form in which it is familiar to us it was stated about two thousand years ago by Horace in his treatise on the Poetic Art. There he tells us that words which are now disused shall be revived; and words which are now held in honor shall disappear. Then he adds the remark which has become almost a commonplace:

Si volet usus,  
Quem penes arbitrium est et jus et norma  
loquendi.

Usage, therefore, according to the dictum of Horace, is the deciding authority, the binding law, the rightful rule of speech.

But a further question at once arises. Usage, it may be conceded, is the standard of speech. But whose usage? Certainly not the usage of this man or that man indifferently. Horace, in laying down his dictum, could not have been thinking of the general body of his fellow countrymen. These spoke the Latin of the camps and the market-place. Much of what they said would have sounded to his ears as barbarous; some of it would in all probability have been absolutely unintelligible. But if he did not mean these, of whom was he speaking? The answer is so evident that hardly anything can be more surprising than the doubt which has been entertained and expressed of its exact nature. Clearly, what Horace had in mind was the usage of the best speakers and writers. It was that, and that only, which in his eyes constituted the standard of propriety. The acceptance by such men of a new word or locution, no matter from what source coming, gave it established cur-

rency; their employment of a grammatical form gave it the stamp of authority. The *usus* of Horace was, in consequence, precisely the same as that which Quintillian called later the *consensus eruditorum*—the agreement of the cultivated. Good usage, in short, is the usage of the intellectually good.

The dictum of Horace has hardly been called in question for most of the two thousand years which have elapsed since its utterance. But of late attempts have occasionally been made to dispute its correctness. Many of these have come from those who evidently did not comprehend what the poet meant by *usus*. They have, consequently, imputed to Horace something which Horace never had in mind. But denials there have been of his assertion by certain persons to whom it is hardly possible to attribute this lack of knowledge. These have been put forth in books which in some cases still continue to have a fairly respectable sale. The remarks made by the writers of these works show, however, that it is much easier, as it is altogether more common, to content one's self with a general denial of the truth of the poet's declaration than to find any substitute to take its place. Authority there surely must be somewhere; otherwise there would be a reign of license in which each man, no matter how incompetent, would be a law unto himself. If usage, therefore, is not the standard of speech, it is reasonable to ask, What is? If the best speakers and writers are not guides, to what quarter can we repair in cases of doubt or difficulty?

Let us take up the consideration of the two most loudly trumpeted substitutes which are to furnish us a higher law for propriety of speech than can be found in usage. The first of these, we are told, consists in the principles of universal grammar. In them is lodged the supreme authority. What are these principles of universal grammar, it is natural to ask. They can hardly be anything else than rules based upon practices which all languages agree in observing. But if there be such, we come back for their establishment to the usage of those who speak these various tongues. Consequently, whenever in them usage differs, as in a variety of ways it does, we must

either deny in a given case the general applicability of the particular principle, or insist upon deciding the grammatical propriety of the practice of one tongue or of one set of tongues by the practice of an alien or of alien tongues. To put this matter in as clear a light as possible, let us consider an illustration furnished by one of the most ardent upholders of universal grammar as the final arbiter. "No amount of wisdom," says he, "can excuse the use of a really singular noun with a plural verb, or the reverse."

This has certainly a reasonable look. If any example can be adduced which will justify the establishment of this theoretical standard of propriety, none is likely to be found more satisfactory than the one just given. But at once there arises the thought that in the Greek language—by many deemed the most perfect instrument of expression that mankind has ever known—the plural nominative of the neuter noun had pretty generally its verb in the singular. How does the advocate of the law higher than usage meet this violation of his principles of universal grammar? He does not meet it; he calmly evades it. He assures us that the Greek neuter plural may be looked upon as a collective. But if this be so, it must be because usage has come to deem it as such; for it cannot be so in the nature of things. Furthermore, if the privilege of thus regarding it be conceded to the Greek, it must also be conceded to the English or to any other tongue, if its users prefer to look upon it in such a light. The imputed authority of universal grammar consequently breaks down in its chosen illustration. Nor are we here at the end of our difficulties in the very example under discussion. In modern Greek the construction in question no longer exists. Even in ancient Greek it occurs much less frequently in the Epic dialect than in the Attic. What, then, are we to think of these vaunted principles of universal grammar which allow a construction to be proper at one period or in one speech, and at another period or in another speech declare it to be improper? As a matter of fact, it will be found that in every instance selected to illustrate the impossibility of usage overriding grammar, it is usage that has to be evoked in

order to justify the apparent violation of grammar which has taken place.

Still another standard has been set up which has the distinction of being much more confidently proclaimed than clearly defined. Here are the words of one of its promulgators. "The truth is," says Richard Grant White, "that the authority of general usage, or even of the usage of great writers, is not absolute in language. There is a misuse of words which can be justified by no authority, however great, by no usage, however general." The utterer of this dictum did not make any definite announcement of the standard which was to take its place. As near, however, as can be gathered from various passages in his writings, the guide he had in mind was reason. Under its benign direction, we are told that "rude, clumsy, and insufficiently worked-out forms of speech, sometimes mistakenly honored under the name of idioms," tend more and more to disappear.

Unfortunately for the guide here designated, reason in the intellectual world is very much like conscience in the moral; the same fact will lead two men to draw exactly opposite conclusions. The dictates of each ought, of course, to be obeyed by the individual; it is quite another thing to seek to impose them upon the conduct of others. In morals an unenlightened conscience often induces its owner to condemn the acts of those far better than himself. Worse than that, it sometimes leads him to commit acts in themselves essentially wicked. So in the matter of language an unenlightened reason constantly leads men to condemn words and constructions used by those far superior to them in knowledge and taste and ability.

But even where ignorance does not prevail, any so-called standard, such as reason, fails us when it is most needed. Two persons, each of a high degree of intelligence, are often found disagreeing as to the propriety of employing particular words or constructions. Their knowledge may be the same; it is their judgments which vary. In the conflict between the reasoning powers of two equally cultivated men who is to decide? The only way that can properly be taken—it may be added, it is the only way that ever is taken—to settle the dispute is by

an appeal to authority. That, of course, is nothing more than the reason of the best speakers and writers exhibited in their practice. Here once again we come back to usage, as the standard of speech. It invariably turns up as the final court of appeal. Whatever road we set out to take, we find ourselves traveling in this one at last.

There has never really been the slightest ground for disputing this dictum of Horace when rightly understood. It embodies nothing more than the result of universal experience. There are modifications, or rather explanations, to which it is subject; but its general truth cannot be successfully questioned. The standard of speech is therefore the usage of the cultivated. Such men are the absolute dictators of language. They are the lawgivers whose edicts it is the duty of the grammarian to record. What they agree upon is correct; what they shun it is expedient to shun, even if not wrong in itself to employ. Words coined by those outside of the class to which these men belong do not pass into the language as a constituent part of it until sanctioned by their approbation and use. Their authority, both as regards the reception or rejection of locutions of any sort, is final. The purist may protest against their employment of certain words or constructions. He may declare these opposed to reason, contrary to the analogies of the language, or tending to destroy distinctions which should be maintained. If they heed his remonstrances, well and good. If they disregard them, he mistakes his position when he pretends to sit in judgment upon the decisions of his masters.

The establishment of this dictum, with the limitation of its meaning, leads directly to another conclusion. Good usage is not something to be evolved from one's own consciousness, or to be deduced by some process of reasoning; it is something to be ascertained. It must be learned just as language itself is learned. Furthermore, there is no short cut to its acquisition. Grammars may in some instances help us; in some instances they do help us, but in others they sometimes do just the reverse. But in no case can they ever be appealed to as final authorities. There is one way and but one way of at-

taining to the end desired as a theoretical accomplishment, and fortunately it is a course open to every one. Knowledge of good usage can be acquired only by associating in life with the best speakers or in literature with the best writers. The latter resource is always available. It is the practice and consent of the great authors that determine correctness of speech, and their pages are accessible to all. If they differ among themselves about details, choice is allowable until a general agreement settles upon one mode of expression as preferable to another or to any others proposed.

So much for the general principle. But there is a still further limitation of the sense of Horace's dictum. When we say that usage is the standard of speech, we mean not merely good usage, but present good usage. Neither the grammar nor the vocabulary of one age is precisely the vocabulary or grammar of another. The language of a later period may not vary much from the language of an earlier one, but it will vary somewhat. It is not necessarily better or worse; it is simply different. The fact that the good usage of one generation may be distinctly improper usage in a generation which follows is frequently exemplified in the meanings given to individual words, and sometimes in the words themselves. This we all accept as a matter of course. But the same statement can be made just as truly of grammatical forms and constructions. In the case of these the variations between different periods do not impress themselves so much upon our attention because they are comparatively few. Still they occur. Ignorance of this fact or indifference to it has often led to the denunciation of the writers of the past as being guilty of solecisms or barbarisms, when they have done nothing more than conform to the usage of their own time. If such criticism be accepted as just, we in turn shall be left at the mercy of our descendants. We shall be reproached for employing words in senses they do not approve, or for resorting to forms and constructions which they have ceased to look upon as correct. If we recognize that whatever is in usage is right, we must be prepared to go a step further and concede that whatever was was right.

# A Working Basis

BY ABBY MEGUIRE ROACH

WHY she married him her friends wondered at the time. Those she made later wondered more. Before long she caught herself wondering. Yes, she had seen it beforehand, more or less. But she had seen other things as well: he had developed unevenly, unexpectedly, if logically. There had been common tastes—which grew obsolete or secondary. As the momentum of what she believed and hoped of him ran down with them both, he crystallized into the man he was, and no doubt virtually had always been.

It was bad enough to have to ask for money, but to have it counted out to you, to be questioned about it like a child, was worse.

"I don't understand," she said in the first months of their marriage. "Are you afraid I won't be judicious, responsible? Mightn't you try before judging?"

"Judicious? Responsible?" He pinched her cheek. (Judith was five feet nine and sweetly sober of mien.) "There are no feminines or diminutives of those words, my dear."

She stepped back. "But with more freedom I could manage better, Sam."

"Manage?"—jocularly. "That is your long suit, isn't it? You feel equal to managing all of us? Could even give me pointers on the business, eh?"

"Why not?" she asked, quietly.

Sam, feet apart, hands in pockets, looked her over with the smile one has for a dignified kitten. "I won't trouble you, my dear. I manage this family." With his pleasantries a lower note struck—and jangled.

"But that isn't the point. I want—"

"Really? You always do. Don't bother to tell me what. If you got this you'd be wanting something else, so what's the use of the expense merely to change the object?" He chuckled at her baffled silence.

"I can't answer when you're like that.

But—but, Sam! It isn't fair!" Still she supposed that relevant.

However, money was not the chief thing. He could manage. Let it go.

Having properly impressed her, nothing made Sam feel larger than to bring her a set of pearl-handled knives,—when she had wanted a dollar for kitchen tins. His extravagances were not always generousities. Once, after she had turned her winter-before-last suit and patched new seats into the boy's flannel drawers, because "times were hard," he bought a brace of blooded hunting-dogs.

Next day she opened an account at a department store.

With the promptness of the first of the month and the sureness of death the bill came. Sam had expressed himself unchecked before she turned in the doorway. "If you will go over it," she said, with all her rehearsal unable, after all, to imitate his nonchalance, "you will find nothing unnecessary. I think there is nothing there for the dogs."

But her cannon-ball affected him no more than a leaf an elephant; he did not know he was hit. It was always so.

In his cool way, however, Sam had all the cumulative jealousy of the primitive male for his long primacy. Some weeks later, when Judith ordered an overcoat for Sam junior sent home on approval, she found the store had been instructed to give her no credit.

She got out, with burning face and heart, without the article. Her first impulse was to shrink from a blow.

But at table that night she recounted her experience: "The very courteous gentleman who informed me of your predicament happened to be a cousin of Mr. Banks, of Head and Banks. (They supply your grain, I believe?) Mrs. Howe (isn't it R. E. Howe who is president of the Newcomb Club?) was at my elbow. The salesgirl has Sam junior's Sunday-school class. Doubtless it will interest

them all to know you are in such straits you can't clothe your children."

Ah! She had touched his vulnerable point? Instantly she was swept by compunction, by impulses to make amends, to him, to their love. Their love! That delicate wild thing she kept in a warm, moist, sheltered place, and forbore to look at for yellowing leaves.

Like the battle of Blenheim, it was a famous victory, but what good came of it at last? The overcoat came home, to be sure, with cap and shoes besides. But she was too gallant to press her advantage. Besides, she still looked for him to take a hint.

He did, after his own fashion. "You ought to see Judith here," he laughed to a caller, "practising her kindergarten methods on me." His imperturbability was at once a boast and a slight.

"He doesn't mean it," she apologized, later, protecting herself by defending him. "You know how men are; the best of them a bit stupid about some things. They don't mean to hurt you. You know it, but you can't help crying."

"Oh, I understand!" (That any one should sympathize with her! It was not so much her vanity that suffered as her precious regard for him, her pride in their marriage.) "Nobody minds little things like that against such devotion and constancy. Why, he talks of you all the time, Judith; of your style, your housekeeping. You are his pet boast. He says you can do more with less than anybody he ever saw." And then Judith laughed.

They were all articles of the creed she herself repeated—and doubted more and more. Faithful enough. He never came or went without the customary kiss. When he had typhoid fever, no one might be near him but her, until her exhaustion could no longer be concealed, when he fretted about her—until he fretted himself back into high temperature and had a relapse.

So, run down as she was, she hid it, kept up, went on alone, adding to the score of her inevitable day of reckoning, after the old heroic-criminal woman-way.

She had begun with ideas of their saving together for a purpose; but, not allowed to plan, she must use every opportunity to provide against future

stricture; besides, Sam's arbitrary and unregulated spending made her poor little economies both futile and unfair.

"I know nothing about your business. How can I tell if I spend too much?"

"Make your mind easy; I'll keep you posted," he laughed. *He* was not bothering about dangerous ground.

"Doubtless,"—dryly. "But if I spend too little?"

"Not you."

He did mean it! He didn't care! The half-truth fanned the slow fire growing within her into sudden flame. Judith turned, stammering over the dammed rush of replies.

"My dear, my dear!" he deprecated, amused. "How easily you lose your temper lately, every time there is a discussion of expenses! Why excite yourself?" Why, indeed? Anger put her at a disadvantage, and making her half wrong, half made him right. "I don't say I particularly blame you, but you see for yourself you don't keep your balance, and it's mistaken kindness to tempt any woman's natural feminine weakness for luxury and display."

The retorts were so obvious they were hopeless. She stood looking at him.

His eyebrows lifted; he shrugged his shoulders, went out, and forgot.

Why any of it, indeed? There was no bridge of speech between alien minds. Their life was a continual game of cross-questions and silly answers. Their natures were antipodal; he had the faults that annoyed her most; his virtues were those least compensating.

Was her dream of influencing the children a superstition too, then?

The children! They slipped the house whenever possible; avoided their father with an almost physical effect of dodging an expected blow; when with him, watched his mood to forestall with hasty attention or divert with strained wit, with timorous hilarity when he proved com plaisant. The possibilities for harm to them were numberless. She and Sam were losing the children, and the children were losing everything.

For years they had been a physical and mental outlet for her nature. That love had no question of reciprocity or merit. She had always been willing for them. Only it seemed to her all the rest of love

should come first. It occurred to her ironically how happy her marriage would have been without her husband.

What was his love worth? It was only taxation—taxation without representation. Had either of them any real love left?

Suddenly she stood on the brink of black emptiness. To live without love; her whole nature, every life-habit, changed! *Oh, no, no, no!* So the cold water sets the suicide struggling for shore.

Dear, dear! This would not do. Her nerves were getting the best of her; she was losing her own dignity and sweetness—was on the verge of a breakdown.

But to say so would be to invoke doctors, pointless questions, futile drugs, and a period of acute affection from Sam—affection that took the form chiefly of expecting it of her.

At times Judith thought of death as an escape, but she thought of no other as being any more in her own hands; like so many people, she quoted the Episcopal marriage-service as equal authority with the Bible. She was too live to droop and break as some do. She had not made herself the one armor that would have been effective—her own shell. Friction that does not callous, forms a sore. Her love, her utmost self, ached like an exposed nerve. She had not dreamed one's whole being could be so alive to suffering. She must be alone, to get a hand on herself and things again.

At table one night she wanted them all to know she was going away, for several months perhaps, leaving her cousin Anne in charge. It was all arranged.

The amazing innovation surprised Sam into speechlessness.

Judith had had few vacations. There had always been the babies, of course. And Sam's consent had always been so hard to get. His first impulse about everything was to refuse, contradict, begrudge. Then certainly he mustn't be too easily convinced. After that he always moped through her preparations; counted and recounted the cost, and at the last perhaps gave her a handsome new bag when her old one was particularly convenient, and he had supplied only half she had asked for clothes; would hardly tell her good-by for deso-

late devotion; tracked her with letters full of loneliness, ailments, discomforts. When she had cut short her plans and hurried back, a bit quiet and unresponsive perhaps, "How truly gracious your unselfishness is, my dear!" he observed. "If it comes so hard to show me a little consideration, you would really better keep doing your own way."

"I never do my own way."

"No? Whose then? I fail to recognize the brand."

"That's the trouble. I might as well stop trying."

Now, she could not delay for, nor endure, the conventional comedy.

Since he asked her no questions, she hastened to explain: "I want to rest absolutely. Not even to write letters. You need not bother to, either. Anne will let me know if I am needed. And if I need anything, you will be sure to hear."

"Oh, sure." Sam was recovering.

But he couldn't think she would really go, in that way at least. He thought he knew one good reason why not. Yet, vaguely on guard against her capacity for surprise, he did not risk the satire of asking her plans. To the last Judith hoped he would shame her a little by offering the money; and against his utter disregard her indignation rose slowly, steadily, deepening, widening, drowning out every other feeling for him.

When, after their final breakfast, he kissed her good-by as for the morning only, she took her jewelry and silver, mementos of his self-indulgence in generosity, and pawned them, mailing him the tickets from the station where she piloted herself alone.

She spent a month (in her rest-cure!), writing and destroying letters to him. There was no alternation of moods now. Nor was she seeking a solution of the problem; there was only one.

At last a letter seemed to do: "It cannot hurt you to read, as much as me to write. But it must come. I can see now it has always been coming. Things cannot go on as they are. We are unable to improve them together. I will cast no blame. Perhaps some other woman would have called out a different side of you, or would have minded things less. It is enough that we do not belong together, because we are



Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

THAT LOVE HAD NO QUESTION OF RECIPROCITY OR MERIT

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we and cannot change. We are not only ruining each other's happiness—that is already irrevocable,—we are ruining each other, and the children, and their futures. It is a question of the least wrong. And I am not coming back.

"I want the children, all of them. But if you insist, you take Sam junior and I the girls—and the baby, of course, at least for the present. And you shall provide for us proportionately. There is no use pretending independence; I have given my strength and all the accomplishments I had to you and them. And there is no sense in the mock-heroics that I don't want your money. It isn't your money; it's ours, everything we have. I have borne your children, and saved and kept house and served and nursed for you and them. If you want to divide equally now, I will take that as my share forever. But we can't escape the fact that we have been married and have the children."

She could get an answer in two days.

But it did not come in two days, nor two weeks, nor three; while she burned herself out waiting.

Moreover, her funds were running low. She had waves of the nausea of defeat, fevers of the desperation of the last stand.

Then it occurred to her. Her armor had always been defensive. She had never stooped to neutralize his alkali with acid. But there was one weapon of offence she occasionally used. She wrote: "I am drawing on you to-day through your First National for a hundred and fifty. You will honor it, I think. And if I do not hear from you in a day or two I shall have Judge Harwood call on you as my attorney."

The answer came promptly enough:—"My dear child, I couldn't make out what had struck you, so I hoped you would just feel better after blowing off steam and would get over your fit of nerves. Besides, I have nothing to say except to quote yourself: 'We can't escape the fact that we are married and have the children.' I know you too well to be afraid of your throwing off all obligations like that. It is impossible to fancy you airing our privacies." Bait? or a goad? Oh yes, he counted on her "womanly qualities"—

but with no idea of masculine emulation! "If you need advice, think what either of our mothers would say." Her mother! Judith could hear her, "His doing wrong cannot make it right for you to," with logic so unanswerable one forgot to question its relevance. And his! Judith held her partly accountable; some women absolutely fostered tyranny. Their mothers, poor things! Occasionally their fathers were different, but so occasionally that now the times were. "This sudden mood strikes me as very remarkable. After all I have done—twelve years of grind to keep you from the brunt of the world; and now . . . ! My dear child, do you realize that there are husbands with violent tempers, husbands who drink and gamble and worse?"

"I honored your draft. Do not try it again. And I advise you to use it to come home. We will have Dr. Hunter give you a tonic, and you will find you have fewer morbid fancies occupied with your duties. I shall look for you the end of the week." Surely Sam was moved quite out of himself, that he had no lashes of laughter for her. But the next was more in character: "Bridget threatens to leave. She does not work well under Anne. The children are not manageable under her, either. Little Judith is sallow and fretful. I suspect Anne gives her sweets between meals. I saw a moth flying in my closet to-day. . . ."

Judith pushed the letter away, fidgeted, yet smiled. How well they knew each other. And they used it only to sting and bully! Surely it could be put to better purpose. Had she tried *everything*? Had Sam fully understood? Sometimes she thought her early excuses had hurt too much for her to admit their truth; much of his unkindness was not intentional, only stupid; slow sympathy, dull sensibility; he did not suffer, nor comprehend, like a savage or a child. If the possibility of separation was new to her, would not he never have thought of it at all? But now, might he not see? Was not his unwonted self-defence itself admission of new enlightenment and approachability?

She sat long in the increasing dusk. Exhausted with struggle, loneliness was on her, crying need of the children, re-

turn to the consideration of many things. Admitting that at times it was right to break everything, wrong not to, it was at least the last resort. Love, of course, was over irrevocably; but were there not some things worth saving? Could not she and Sam find some working basis?

What had made their being together most intolerable to her was their persistence in the religion of a vanished god in whose empty ceremonies alone they could now take part together. Of the sacred image nothing was left but the feet of clay. Freed of that desecration, she could cure or endure everything else; her obligations, moreover, would hardly conflict at all.

Looking back at the pressures of nature, society, events, Sam's persistence, she wondered at times if, from the beginning, she had been any more responsible for her marriage than for the color of her hair. There were many such explanations for Sam, too. Not that they made her like him any better, feel him any more akin. But it was true that between the fatalities of heredity and environment that "slight particular difference" that makes the self had but short tether for action and reaction. Oh, she could be generous enough to him if he did not have to be part of herself!

She got up, lit the gas, shutting out the stars, and wrote: "I am coming back to make one more and one last effort. *Won't you?*" If he would only try!

Sam met her with the magnanimity of forgiveness, the consciousness of kind forgetting. Her redeemed valuables were all in place. Everything should be the same, in spite of— And she put the back of her hand against his lips!

When he dressed for dinner the salvage of the three balls, the spoils of war, were piled in his bureau drawer.

Still he hoped better for the roses by her plate. She had the maid carry them out, explaining in her absence, "No gifts, please, Sam. Substitutes will not do any longer."

Sam played with his fork, smiling, with lips only. How shockingly she showed suffering. Separation had made her appearance unfamiliar; he thought the change all recent. He took pains to compliment the immediate improvement

in the pastry, to give her the servants' money unreminded as soon as they were alone.

How characteristic! Judith thought, wearily, letting the bills lie where he laid them.

"That's one of the things for us to settle, Sam," she said, in her new freedom and self-respect discarding the familiar little diplomacies by which she was used to soothe, prepare, manage, the lord of the hearth. "I am not going to ask for money in the future, nor depend on what you happen to give." The manner was a simple statement of fact. "You must make me an allowance through your bookkeeper."

Sam was lounging through his cigar. "So that's it? Still?" He smiled confidentially at the smoke, puffing it from his lower lip. "As accurately as I can recollect, my dear, I have told you seven thousand and three times that I am not on a salary, and don't know from month to month what I will make."

How unchanged everything was! Her determination stiffened. "But you know what you have made. Base it on the year before. Or have a written statement mailed me every month, and file my signature at the bank."

Not quite unchanged; for Sam took the cigar from his mouth and turned slowly to look at her. If he had taken her return for capitulation and had met it according to his code, things were not fitting in. "Really, my dear! Really! What next? Evidently I have never done you justice; you have positive genius in the game—of monopoly; first thing, *I'll be begging from you.*"

Well, why not, as fairly? and why should he think better of her than of himself? But it was too old to go over again. For a breath she waited to see her further way. She had not planned this as the issue, but the moment was obviously crucial, and offered what, in international politics already awry, would constitute a good technical opportunity. If her mirage of regeneration, her hope of an understanding, perhaps even her love, had flung up any last afterglow in this home-coming, it was over now. Indeed, now it seemed an old grief, the present but confirmation concerning a lover ten years lost at sea. She



"JUDITH! JUDITH!" HE BEGGED

saw the whole man now clearly, the balance of her accusations and excuses; he had neither the modern spirit of equality, nor the medieval quixotism of honor and chivalry; appeal merely stirred the elemental tyranny of strength and masculinity, held as a "divine right"; weakness tempted an instinctive cruelty, half unconscious, half defiant.

It was Sam who spoke first, abruptly, not laughing. Sam who was never angry, was angry now. "I never have understood you in some ways. How a woman like you can forever bring money between us! How you got tainted with this modern female anarchy! You seem to forget that *I* made the money, it is *mine*. There is bound to be discussion; I never knew any one so determined to have everything his own way. All the same," the defence rested its case, "it takes two to quarrel, and," generously, "I won't."

No, his defence was only admission of conscious weakness. He was afraid—of the solution she had discarded. She did not go back to it now. But now she saw the way, the only way, to accomplish reconstruction.

Judith looked at him steadily. Her voice was deadly quiet. "I am sure I have made myself quite plain. We will never discuss this again. You can let me know in the morning which arrangement you choose."

They faced each other with level eyes.

And Sam's shifted.

He never had real nerve, she realized; they didn't—that kind. How had she managed to love him so long?

Late that night he knocked at her door with a formal proposition: Would that do?—dumbly. She changed a point or two: *That* would do, and signified good night. Sam, looking at her face, turned away from it, hesitated, turned back, broke. Fear increased his admiration, and, to do him justice, the fear was not wholly for conventions and comforts; the man had certain broad moralities and loyalties. A reflex muscular action had set in to regain what he had lost. "Judith! Judith!" he begged.

Her raised hand stopped him. "You are too late, Sam." She sounded tired and sad.

"My dear, you mustn't get the idea that I don't love you still."

"Love has nothing to do with it any more. Besides, it is never any use to talk of love without justice."

He went out, dazed and aggrieved. He had always thought they got along as well as most people. *He* had not been cherishing grudges.

Womanlike, having met the emergency gallantly, after it was all over Judith collapsed. The day of reckoning for which she had so long been running up an account was on her. But the growing assurance rallied her, that her going away and her coming back were equally means to her success in failure.

The reality of their marriage could not have been saved. But they had the children; and to the children was restored much of what their father had largely spoiled in the first place, and she nearly forfeited in the second. For the fact was that Sam did better; the despot is always a moral coward, and always something of the slave to a master. Moreover, her growing invulnerability to hurt through him set, in large measure, the attitude of the household; everybody was more comfortable. She discounted his opinions and complaints; but, in considering the welfare of the greatest number, she sacrificed as little as possible his individual comforts. His interests she studied. And for the rest, she let him go his way and went hers.

Life is a perfect equation: if something is added or subtracted, something is subtracted or added, so long as there is life. Judith got her poise again in time, as strong natures do after any death; with some fibres weakened past mending, gray, but calm. If his side of her nature was stunted, she seemed to blossom all the more richly in other ways. She loved her children in proportion as she had suffered and worked for them. After her domestic years, like so many women, she took fresh start, physically and mentally. Her executive ability found public outlet. She could admit friends again. Freedom from the corrosion of antagonism was happiness. Without the struggle to keep that love which must ask so much of its object, she could give Sam more of that altruism which asks nothing.

## “The Lovers,” by Frans Hals

ART with the Dutch painters of the seventeenth century was always portraiture—the exact likeness of things, scenes from every-day life rendered with loving accuracy. And of this domestic portraiture in which Holland found delight, Hals was the forerunner; Metsu, Vermeer, Terburg, all the little masters, came after him. The picture in the collection of Mr. P. A. B. Widener is one of this artist's few genre subjects, and bears the date 1648, when Hals was in the full maturity of his powers. In fact, no immature apprentice work of this painter is known. All his canvases show trained observation and consummate knowledge, but in none does he reveal himself the poet or dreamer. Here as elsewhere he is more interested in the outward appearance of things than in the emotional suggestion of his subject. From first to last he remained the craftsman recording the actual, and unconcerned with those mysterious half-discovered things—intimations of the spirit. The modelling of flesh, the play of light on silk or metal, the fall of a collar or the folds of a sleeve or a gown—these are the things which he did with a dash, a brilliancy, a facility, unsurpassed in the whole range of painting. The crisp touches of his brush are always in the right place to produce the effect aimed at. His work often seems like an improvisation, with all the delight in it which that term suggests. Nothing seems to be arranged; he is not mortgaged to a scheme to be worked out to show the artist, but is only striving to tell the truth about visible things. In doing this he shows not only his own personal traits, but reflects the peculiarities of Dutch character—its patience, force, persistence, and lack of imagination.

W. STANTON HOWARD.



"THE LOVERS," BY FRANS HALS

*Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting*

# Finding the Frigate "Philadelphia"

BY CHARLES WELLINGTON FURLONG

With Pictures by the Author

EASTWARD from where the coastline of Tunis drops back to the south, where the immovable rocks of the mighty Atlas give way to the shifting sand-hills of the Sahk-ra, and the blue waters of the Mediterranean roll in over lines of ragged teethlike reefs, lapping its yellow-red sand, lies Tripoli of Barbary. On the eastern end of her water-front, formerly a long line of fortifications, rises the Pasha's castle, its thick walls towering over the harbor some ninety feet above their sea-washed foundations.

By the courtesy of the Muchia, Redjed Pasha, commander-in-chief of the Turkish forces in the State of Tripoli, I saw something of the interior of this ancient pile, which encloses within its walls a little village of its own. Passing from large open courts of elaborately colored tiles, through labyrinthine secret ways to the prison, I mounted to its high terraced ramparts. Rounding over me the great dome of unbroken blue stretched away to meet the darker mirror surface of water.

To the northeast, parallel to the shore, reaches a dangerous line of rocks, now poking their jagged surfaces through the dark blue of the bay, now disappearing under its waters. It was on these hidden, crusted tops, three miles east of the harbor entrance, that the grating keel of the United States frigate *Philadelphia* first warned Captain Bainbridge and his crew that they were aground. The guns having been hove overboard, her defenceless condition compelled her surrender that afternoon, October 31, 1803.

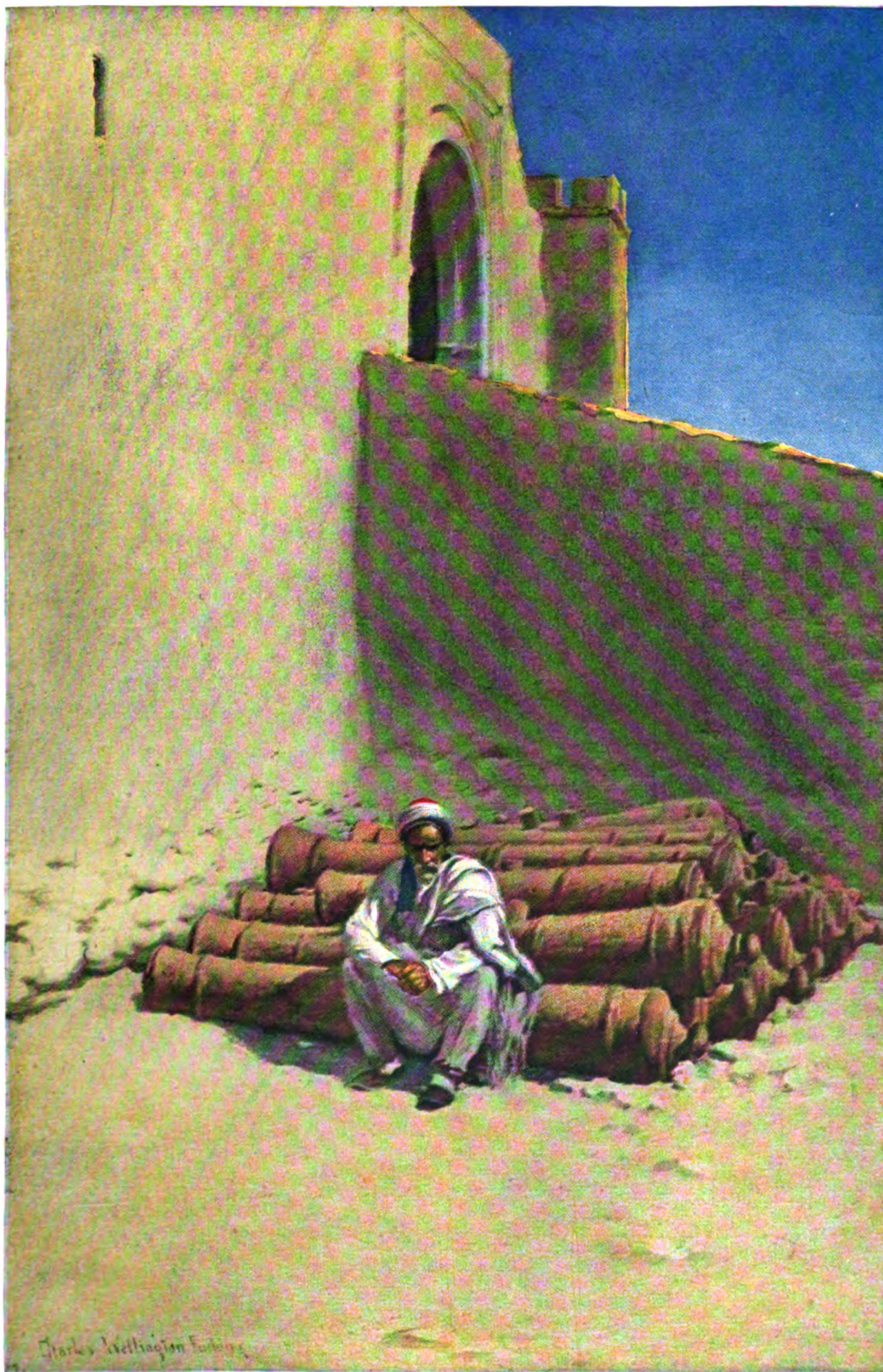
Much of my time in Tripoli during the summer of 1904 was spent in efforts to obtain data relating to the capture and destruction of the *Philadelphia* by Lieutenant Decatur in command of the ketch *Intrepid*,—not only for its local significance, but also with a view to locating the wreck. I questioned representatives of the European governments in the town, waded through countless

files of official documents, dusty consular reports, and private journals, but for many weeks my search proved fruitless. Hearing finally that in the *dibri-amim* (local records) of the Jewish synagogue, an attaché of the French consulate had once found certain valuable historical data, I determined, if possible, to investigate these archives. Consequently, a meeting with Rabbi Mordicai Kohen, librarian of the synagogue, was arranged by the acting British consul, Mr. Alfred Dickson.

On July 14, in company with Tayar, a young interpreter, I found the Rabbi buried in a pile of old books in the library of the synagogue. Touching his hand to his forehead, he welcomed us; then brought from a dark corner a musty old book on magic and science, and a glass sphere on which he had pasted paper continents. These proved to be his two greatest treasures, which he exhibited with all the unconcealed glee and pride of a child. Then, drawing from a shelf a small volume and a manuscript, he led the way to the British consulate, where, in company with Mr. Dickson, we seated ourselves about a table in a cool north room, and the Rabbi proceeded to decipher the brief facts.

He had donned his best attire, consisting of a pair of yellow slippers, an underlayer of loose Oriental trousers, and several vests, covered by a dilapidated European overcoat which he wore only on occasion. Surmounting all this was his greasy fez, wrapped in a tightly twisted blue turban, which he removed only on occasion and never unwound; turban and fez by force of habit had become a sort of composite capital which adorned his partially bald head. His deep-set brown eyes cast furtive glances from time to time, as with a hissing intake of breath and repeated crackings of his knuckles, he read first from the small volume, then from the manuscript.





See page 54

"THESE OLD GUNS THREW THEIR IRON BALLS AT THE AMERICAN FRIGATE"





The book proved to be a modern Turkish publication in Arabic, entitled *A History of Tripoli in the West*, and briefly mentioned the circumstance of the burning of an American war-ship in the harbor. The manuscript was a local history compiled by himself from the papers and journals of an old rabbi, Abram Halfoom, who had lived in Tripoli most of his life, and died in Jerusalem some eighty years ago. It contained information covering the period of our war with Tripoli, and revealed a few new details concerning the *Philadelphia*. Transmitted through three interpreters, I failed to get at the real Hebraic point of view of the writer. It briefly stated, however, that Yussuf Pasha was a very hard ruler, had equipped a number of corsairs, and that the crews of captured vessels were sold like sheep. His captains, Zurrig, Dghées, Trez, Romani, and El-Mograbi, set sail from Tripoli and shortly sighted an American vessel. Zurrig left the others and daringly approached the ship, annoying her purposely to decoy her across the shoals. She stranded, but fired on the other vessels until her ammunition gave out, whereupon the Moslems pillaged her. The American consul\* was very much disheartened, and tried to conclude arrangements similar to those recently made between the Pasha and the Swedish consul; but such an enormous tribute was demanded that no terms could be reached, so by order of the Pasha the vessel was burned.† From time to time the corsairs brought in several American merchantmen. Soon the American squadron arrived, blockaded the harbor for twenty days and bombarded the Tripolitans, who returned their fire and did great damage.

Such were the first gleanings of my quest for local traditions concerning this event which made such a profound impression in both Europe and America.

\* Rabbi Halfoom evidently mistook Mr. Nissen for the American consul, but we had none at that time. Mr. Nissen was the Danish consul, and voluntarily acted as agent for the American prisoners, and happened to occupy the house formerly used as the United States consulate.

† This, of course, was an erroneous idea. It may have been circulated through the town, particularly among the inhabitants other than Mohammedans.

But more specific results came through a chance acquaintance. During my wanderings through the maze of narrow alleys within the walls of Tripoli, I fell in with an old Arab, Hadji El-Ouachi, from whose combination of lingua Franca and broken English I gathered much information. During one drowsy siesta time, as we sat over the muddy Turkish coffee, and the wreaths of cigarette smoke curled lazily up through the quiet air of the shady spacious court of my lokanda (hostelry), I questioned him regarding the lost frigate.

El-Ouachi stimulated his recollections with a pinch of snuff.

"There is a tradition among my people," he said, "that many years ago there came to Tripoli a big American markab harbi [ship of war], and when I was young like you, sahib, one Hadji-Ali, an old man, told me that the Americans came at night and burned her in the harbor, and she sank by the lazaretto [quarantine] near the end of the Mole toward the sea."

"But are there no old men now among you who saw this ship?" I asked, by way of testing the accuracy of his knowledge.

"Lah!" He shook his head. "For that was in the days of my fathers. Then the Arabs were a strong people! But I have a friend, an old Arab, Hadji Mohammed Gabroom, whose father often told him about it. If we find him now at his coffee off the Suk-el-Turc, he may talk and tell us. Shall we go?"

Passing out into the hot glare of the early afternoon, a few minutes' walk brought us to the Suk, where, just before one enters the Zukak-el-Klsayet (Street of the Tailors), and the shops of the workers in silver and brass, we came to a small coffee-booth. Here, back in the farthest corner, wrapped in the numerous folds of his brown barracan, squatted Hadji Mohammed Gabroom, a dried-up, sinewy little old man, stroking his scraggly beard and sucking at a long pipe-stem. Looking out from under the heavy overhanging brows, almost lost in the wrinkles of his tanned, sun-parched face, a pair of black beady eyes glittered like two sand-beetles. After several salaams we drank of proffered coffee and El-Ouachi stated our mission. The fascinating little eyes glowed like live



coals as with almost a look of hatred they searched me through. For a moment the fire died out of them, and the old man seemed to lose the sense of his surroundings as though groping in the long-forgotten past. Then, in the slow, measured manner of the Arab chronicler, he spoke:

"Many times has my father told the story thus: 'In the year of the Hejira, 1218, during awasit [the second ten days of a month] of the month Rajah, my son, the sails of strange ships are seen to the north where the Khafkan and Khafikin [the eastern and western horizons] meet. The amtar [rains] have begun, the nights are cold, and few people walk abroad. In that time there comes from Bengazi way an American ship, which chases a felucca with one mast gone. The Arab Rais [captain] knows many passages through the reefs, and invites the big ship to follow where the water is shallow. Allah wills! and the big ship is aground.

"All the corsairs, feluccas, and many small boats filled with armed Arabs swarm around her, as on the Suk-el-Thalat when the market is held. The Americans fight with their small guns, and wound six of our people, but the Arabs are too many. Soon they capture the ship and bring many Nazarenes to the castle, and it is a great tarab [jubilee] in Tripoli. Yussuf Pasha puts the sahibs [officers] in a dungeon in the middle of the castle, under the terrace. The sailors are bastinadoed and driven like the black mamluks [slaves]; they are empty of wallets, apparent of poverty and destitution, with no means of sustenance save the loaves of black bread given them by their mas-

ters. In the cold water for many days these Nazarenes shovel sand from a wreck by the Suk-el-Thalat, build up the broken places in the castle, and carry heavy loads.

"The Arabs bring the big ship from the rocks of Bogaz-el-Kebir [Big Harbor], and anchor her off the fort and lazaretto. When the people loot her, from his small boat one Bushagour, an Arab sailor, sees a white thing in a big gun, and finds two bags full of silver medjedis [probably Spanish dollars]; he puts them back quickly, and when the night is black takes again this money in his boat, buries it in the sand near where lies the lazaretto, and goes back to the big ship, where he is a guard; three days after he buys unto himself two houses.

"We bring the guns of the Nazarenes from the water and make the ship look like new, and put our corsairs close around her. She lies off the castle



HADJI EL-OUACHI, THE ARAB

in the harbor many days, with the red crescent flag of our people floating over her. Those who dwell in the gardens outside the city and in the wadan [country] come and take little boats to look at her. At Ramadan they unfurl the green flag of the Prophet from the mast-head, and her guns tell the faithful that the days of fasting are over and they are to prepare for the feast of Beiram.

"Yussuf Pasha asks much money from this new nation, but Sheik Hadji Mohammed Bêt-el-Mal tells Yussuf Pasha that these American people will not let him keep the ship long. Yussuf Karamauli only laughs, and tells the Sheik he talks like a woman. Yussuf Pasha feels very safe because the town is full of armed Arabs, and all the forts and corsairs are manned, with their guns



loaded. I, my son, am stationed at the Bab-el-Bahah, and sometimes at the inner gate by the castle. I keep my best flints in my gun and leave its lock-cover in my house. We feel so safe that only ten Arabs are left to guard the big ship.

"Many days pass, and the days of Ramadan are over. In awasit of the month Dzul ca' da of the Hejira 1219, we fear an attack, for we see strange sails when the sun is high; I am a special guard at the gate of the castle. One evening, shortly after the sun has gone down in the land of the west, there is seen a ketch standing into the harbor. Her Maltese pilot says they bring goods from Malta. On her deck are American men dressed like the Maltese, and her hold is full of men. They know the gates of the city are shut and that the Rais-el-Kebir [Captain of the Port] will not give them pratique [quarantine clearance] until the morning. Long after the muezzin has called the faithful to prayer, and the city sleeps, out of the stillness of the darkness a great cry comes over the water. They attack and slay certain of our guards in the big ship, and the rest flee in fear for themselves. Then they start the devil tongues with gourds and bottles filled with spirit and oil. Suddenly flames, like the tongues of evil spirits, rise from the American ship. These Americans have wise heads: when they lose their ship, they lose it to everybody.

"Our town is soon in great confusion. Men cry aloud, our women screech, and the great cannons from the castle ramparts boom. Many think the castle is fallen. Everybody runs into the streets with his gun; some rush into the gardens at the back of the town, only to meet

many coming in from the country and Bedouin village camps. I climb on a housetop better to see this matter, and with me is old Mohammed-el-Ouayti. Soon many hundreds of people pour in from the black village at Sciara Sciut and from Tasura and Zanzour. Below us the people are rushing through under the inner gate of the Bab-el-Bahah like a great wadi [river] to the sea, and crowding to the water-front to meet the enemy.

"Together we watch the fire of the ship. She begins to burn first in the middle; then much powder explodes. The great smoke cloud spreads its wings like some evil bird over the harbor and soars to the upper regions of the darkness, its red talons always taking something from the face of the earth, which it carries toward the outer sea. The Nazarenes, fearing for themselves, turn back in flight, and we watch their ketch disappear in the darkness through the Bogaz Jeraba out to the

Middle Sea. Soon the red devil tongues make the harbor light as the day and redder than the sands of the Sahk-ra when the sun is low in the west. When the breath of Allah blows back now and again, the big tongues change their course and lick out at the castle. They make its walls and ramparts red like blood and like some monster dragon as it spits back its fire guns.

"I shall ever remember that night, my son. The whole sky, sea, and town have become contracted in my eye, and my heart is altogether troubled by the view and sight of it. For three days she burns, and the sky at night is like this brass on the handle of my khanijar [dagger]. Garflas [caravans] afar off on the desert see it—yea, even plenty of



MORDICAI KOHEN, LIBRARIAN OF THE  
SYNAGOGUE

people see it from beyond the Djebel Tarhuna, Fassato, and the farther Djebel, four days' journey as the camel travels. For many years after this she yields her iron and brass to the Arab and Maltese fisherman; for everything that is an object of search resteth not. Such is the story of the Nazarene ship. Know, then, what I tell thee, my son, and keep it in thy memory. Allah wills! Allah is great!"

The old hadji tapped the kief out of his pipe, slid off the seat into his slippers, and reefing up his skirts about him, mounted his small donkey and disappeared down the Suk.

In response to my inquiry in regard to the houses bought by Bushagour, I followed El-Ouachi as he clumped along through the Suk-el-Turc. Reaching its northern end, we passed east of the remains of the arch of Marcus Aurelius and ascended the street which follows the base of the remaining fortifications known as the Battery, between the castle and the Molehead. We soon came to an iron heap of discarded rust-eaten cannon. On one of these El-Ouachi seated himself. Above him was a simple broad expanse of sunlit wall, broken only by its arched portal and the edges of its crenelated profile vibrating in the intense heat of an African summer afternoon.

"These old guns, sahib," he said as he shifted his barracan over his left shoulder, "were on this fortress in the days of my fathers, and threw their iron balls at the American frigate as she lay off the castle here; and after she burned, some of her guns were mounted on these very walls and used against an American fleet."\*

He presently led the way a short distance up a narrow street, stopping in front of two plain-walled houses. Years of accumulated rubbish had perceptibly raised the level of their thresholds and the dirt dado of the outer walls, so that to enter, one must descend.

"These houses, sahib," he continued, "this one with the hand-print over the door to keep off the evil eye, and the one

\* The solid shot which was later brought up from the wreck of the *Philadelphia* corresponded in diameter to the bore of some of these guns, and was found in her port side forward.

next, Bushagour bought with the two bags of money. Within their walls each has a large court and good rooms. His children's children live here now, but we cannot enter, for the women are there, and these people like not the Christians. Some years ago there was a great explosion in this fortification where the powder was stored, the walls of the whole town were shaken, part of this fortress was broken in many places, houses fell and people died, but these fell not."

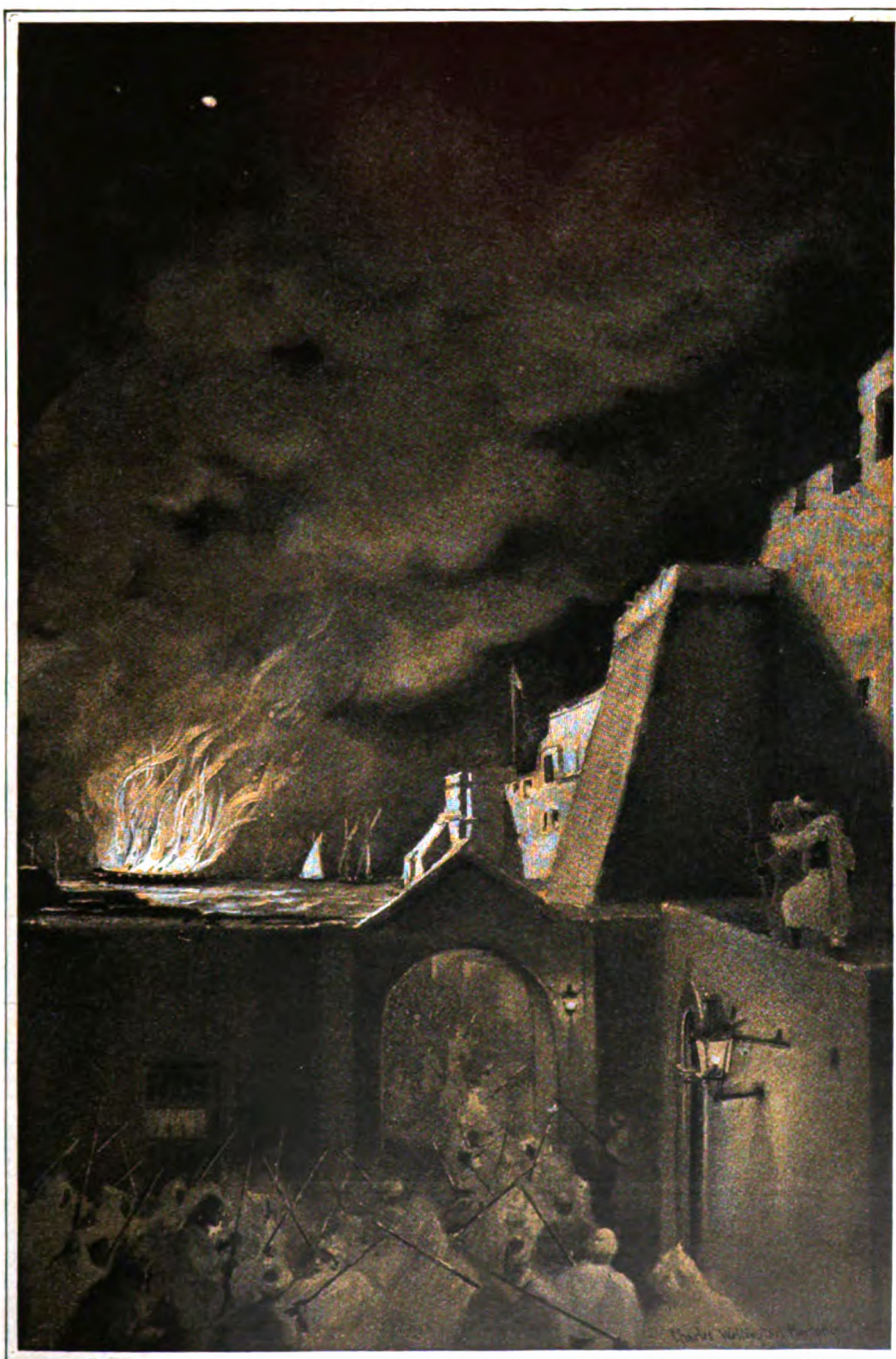
The lengthening shadows of blue-violet left here and there red-golden splashes of lingering sunlight on the western walls of houses and minarets. As we reached the Bab-el-Bahah, El-Ouachi pointed his lean, henna-stained finger in the direction of the remains of the Mole.

"*Beyond the Molehead, sahib, the tradition of my people says, the wreck of the big American corsair lies.*"\*

Following this clue, early the next morning, July 12, before the usual forenoon breeze could blur the glassy surface of the harbor, I was at the sailors' coffee-house near the boat-builders' ways, where by arrangement I met my friend Mr. William Riley, of Tripoli, and a Maltese fisherman. Equipped with grapples, lines, and a *maria* (a hollow cylinder with a glass in one end), we seated ourselves on the dirty thwarts of the clumsy craft, and were pulled to the vicinity where Arab tradition said the wreck of the frigate lay. Using the *maria*, for a light breeze had ruffled the placid surface of the water, the boat was rowed slowly over the ground, describing large spirals, as from time to time we set new starting-points. As I eagerly gazed through the clear glass into the transparent depths, all the wonders and

\* On my return to the United States I investigated the original data relating to the capture and burning of the *Philadelphia*, and further corroborated the Arab tradition from original and official sources: from reports of Commodore Preble, who issued the orders to destroy the frigate; Lieutenant Decatur and Midshipman Morris, who carried them out, and (through the courtesy of Mr. James Barnes) from the journal of William Ray, one of the imprisoned crew of the *Philadelphia*, who was in Tripoli at that time, and who assisted in trying to clear the wreck of the *Philadelphia* after she was burned.





"TOGETHER, FROM A HOUSETOP, WE WATCH THE FIRE OF THE SHIP"

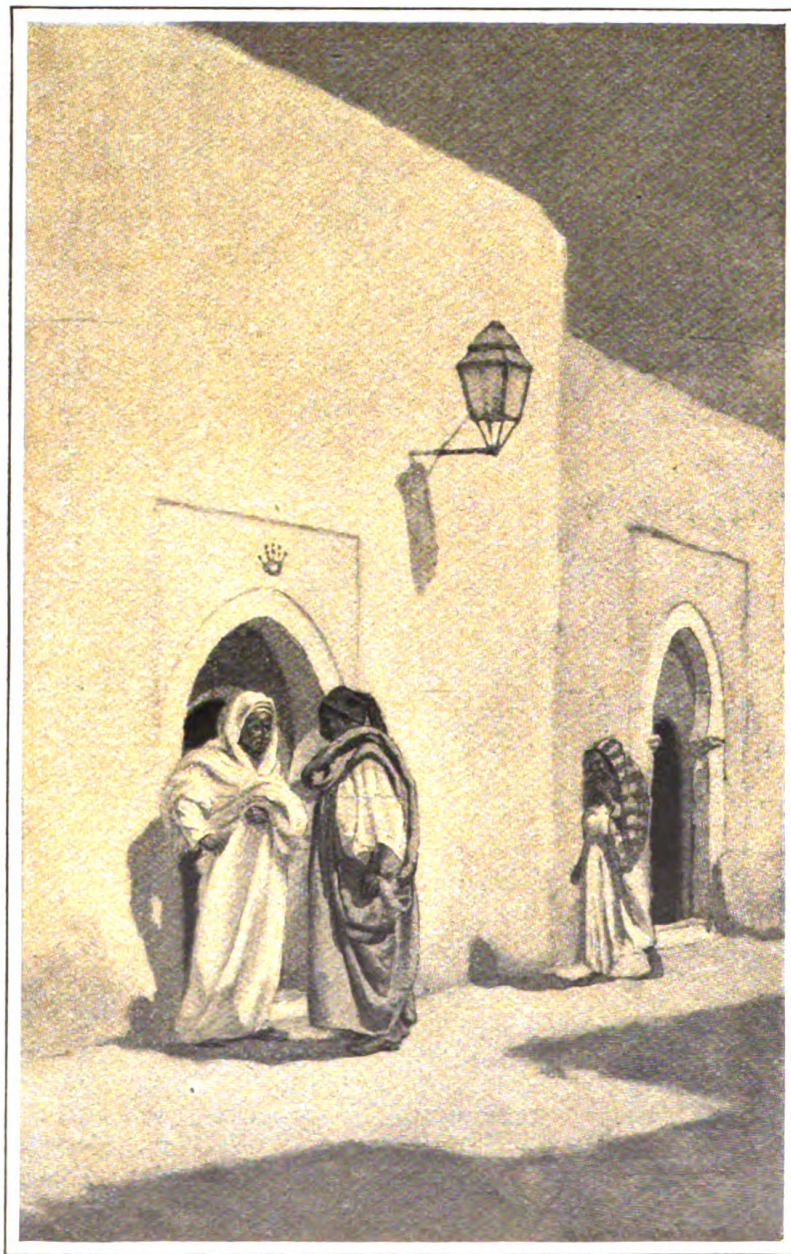


beauties of a sea garden passed beneath me; dark-violet spots of ragged rocks lost themselves in patches of light-sea-green sand, which threw into stronger

or one of the shining, iridescent fish, which, like some gorgeous spectrum, vibrated in unison with the grasses, or, turning upward its scaly side, darted like a shaft of silvery light through the green and opalescent depths far below.

In less than an hour my search was rewarded by seeing the broken ends of the great ribs of a vessel protruding through dull-colored eel-grass. I noticed that this grass seemed to follow the line of the ribs, and carefully noted its character, further to aid me in my search. Examining these closely, no doubt was left in my mind but that they belonged to a large vessel, and I ordered the boatman to let fall the anchor.

The lead gave us two and a half and three fathoms. Hastily undressing, we dived several times. Mr. Riley first succeeded in buoying the spot by going down with the line and slipping it over one of the ribs. While on bottom I carefully examined



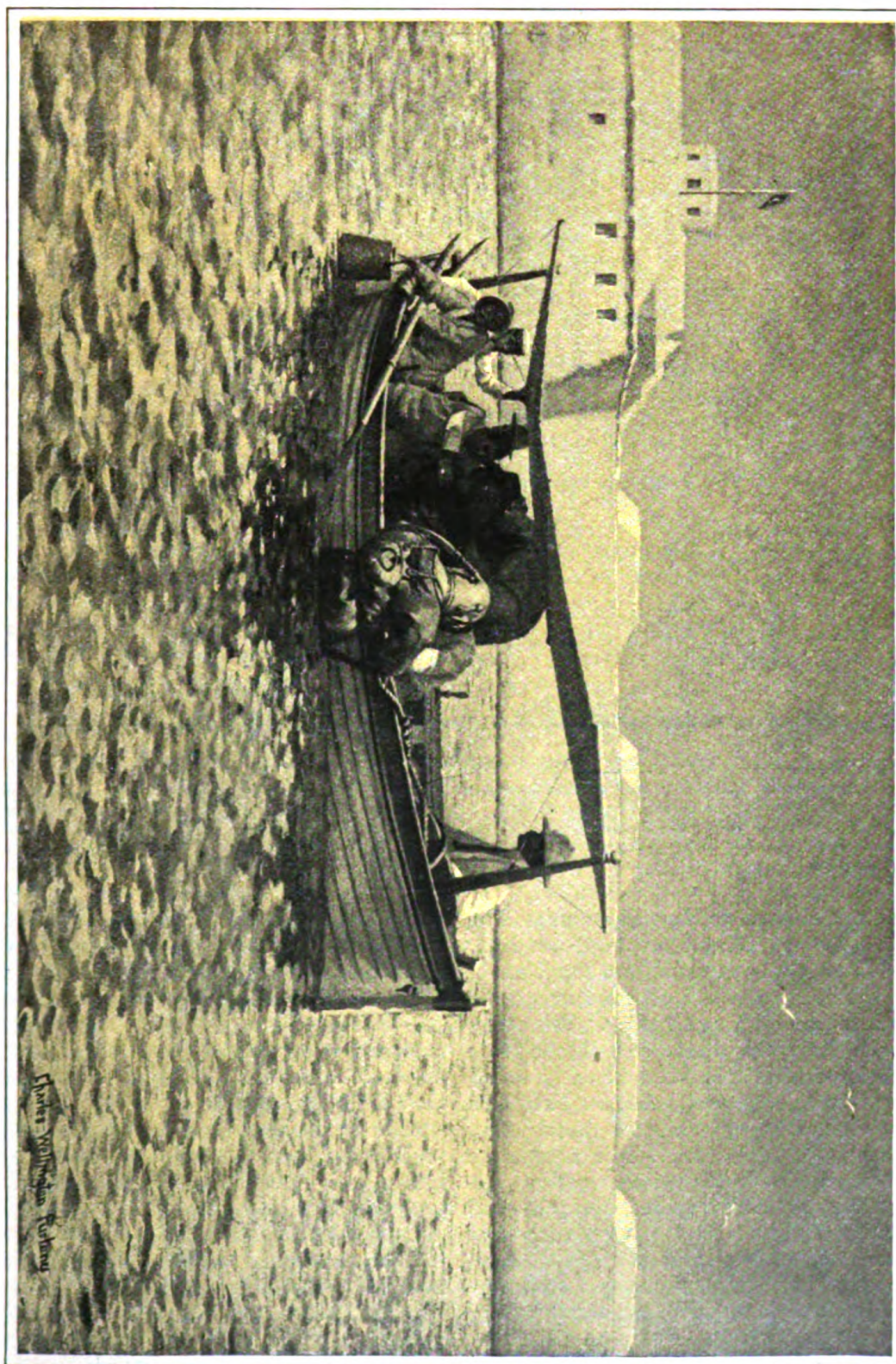
THE HOUSES BUSHAGOUR BOUGHT WITH BAGS OF MONEY FROM THE "PHILADELPHIA"

relief an occasional shell-fish or schools of delicate little sea-horses. Beautiful forms of sponges, coral, anemone, and sea-mosses opened and shut or gracefully waved, disturbed by some undercurrent

the timbers. These were honeycombed in certain parts in a peculiar way. The continual sea-swash of a century seemed to have made its inroads at the softest places, and they gave every appearance

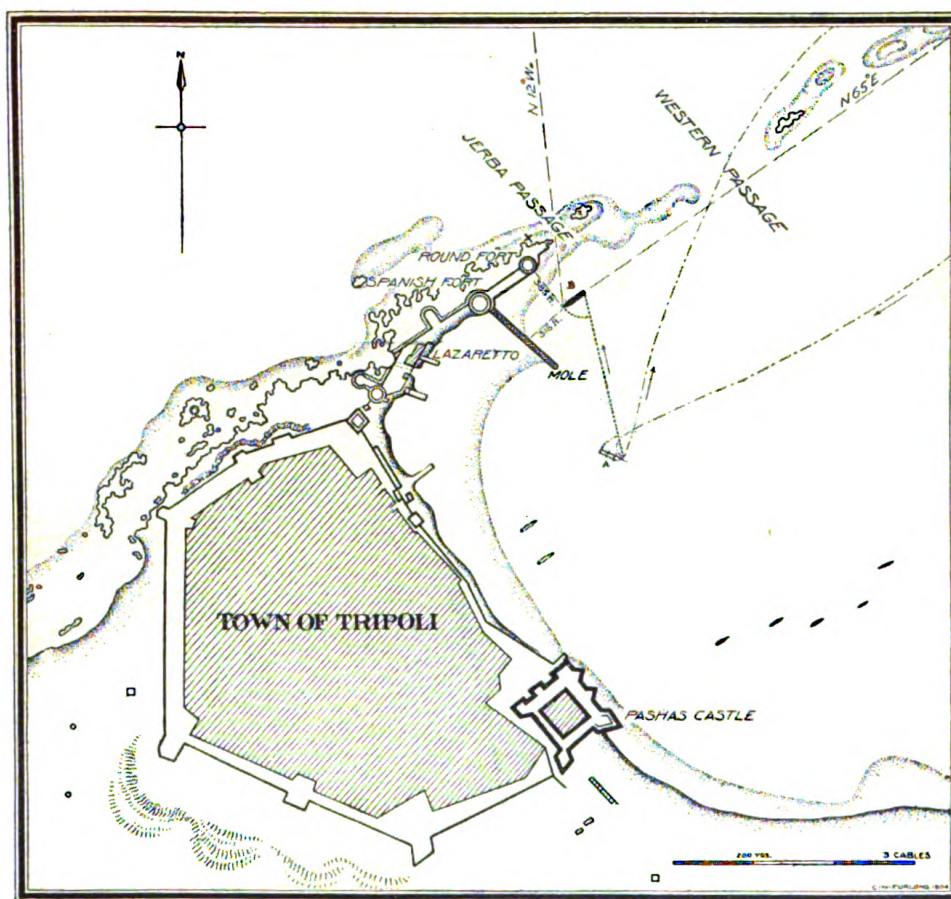


DIVERS WERE SENT DOWN TO EXAMINE THE WRECK



Charles M. Thompson





THE HARBOR OF TRIPOLI

A.—Position of the *Philadelphia* when attacked by Decatur. Dot and dash lines represent course of the *Intrepid* on entering and leaving the harbor, February 16, 1804. Heavy dotted lines indicate the *Philadelphia's* course as she drifted after being fired. B.—Present position of the wreck of the *Philadelphia*. X.—Position of the wreck of the *Intrepid* after she blew up, September 4, 1804, in attempt to enter the harbor, under Captain Somers, as a bomb-vessel.

in form of partially burned stumps. The wood seemed almost as hard as iron. Much of it was enclosed in a fossil crust, and only by repeated efforts I succeeded in breaking off a small piece. The many winds from the desert and the shifting shoals of sand had filled in and around the frigate, and her keel must have lain buried nearly two fathoms deeper than the present sea-bottom. The freshening breeze made further investigation impossible; so, after taking bearings and leaving the spot buoyed, we returned to the shore, landing amid an awaiting, curious crowd of Turks, Arabs, and blacks.

Six days later, through the courtesy and interest of the officers of the Greek war-ships *Crête* and *Paralos*, a ship's cutter and machine-boat with divers were placed at my disposal. On this second expedition my principal object was to de-

termine more carefully the size, position, and location of the wreck, which are given on the accompanying chart.

My third and last expedition was on the morning of August 3. The divers managed with pick and axe to break off pieces of her fossilized sides, and from her partly buried timbers brought to the surface an eighteen-pound cannon-ball, together with part of the wood in which it was embedded. The ball and adjoining wood were completely incrustated with an inch of fossil matter. Several other pieces of wood brought up contained iron bolts, also copper nails, which probably held down the sheeting below the water-line of her hull, and here her skeleton timbers will lie until obliterated by the desert sand-shoals and the quiet work of shell-fish and the myriad small creatures of the sea.

# Do Animals Think?

BY PETER RABBIT

TO a rabbit who lives in a brier-patch, and whose philosophy makes the world a good place, there is a pleasant cud of contemplation in the reiterated statement of a recent article in this Magazine that animals do not think.

Now, while I naturally know something about animals, and hold the tentative opinion that, in a twilight kind of way, they do think and reason, this article is not intended to establish the proposition. The difficulties are too great, and the contrary opinions are apt to be too briery. First, like Descartes and Hume and all other animals, I know chiefly what goes on in my own head; and my knowledge of what goes on in other animals' heads is an inference from their actions. If I were to judge only from a baby-show or a political ratification meeting, I would declare instantly that men do not think. So, since I must infer the mental processes of animals from their actions, I want to know a little more of what animals do; not the caged animals that are experimented on, but the wild and intelligent animals whose lives are being studied by observers. I want also to sift the enormous number of observations which have not yet found their way into the books, and which imply a kind of elementary reasoning among animals. Then there is the question of terms, which ought to be defined sharply before we argue about them. Unfortunately, thought and reason have shadowy edges and refuse to be bounded sharply by lines, like a triangle. Downward they vanish gradually into unknown depths; upward into unscaled heights. So we should only be disputing about names instead of talking pleasantly about animals. The object of this article is to suggest that the question of animal thinking is not by any means definitely settled; and first of all, for the sake of readers who are disturbed by the opinion of Mr. John Burroughs, to

point out the way by which he reaches his conclusion.

He begins with a method of proof which has at least the weight of age in its favor. He starts with a principle, or proposition, and from this deduces his facts to see whether they be true or false in the light of his principle. This method was called the Deductive, or Scholastic, System in the twelfth century, and scientists generally are now rather prejudiced in favor of the inductive method,—but that is another matter. The writer's first proposition is that animals do not think. The first fact deduced from the proposition is, that certain naturalists and writers who have seen and recorded many habits of wild animals are impostors, because the alleged habits do not correspond to the proposition. So he clears the field of objections.

I take as most suggestive of an unsafe method his illustration of the eider ducks, with which I happen to be somewhat familiar. In a book called *School of the Woods*, one of our modern naturalists records his observation of certain eiders which, contrary to their usual habits, had flown into a fresh-water pond. Upon watching them and securing one of the birds as a specimen, he found that a large salt-water mussel had closed its shell firmly upon the bird's tongue, and after much observation and inquiry came to the conclusion that the eiders had taken the mussels into fresh water to drown them, or rather to make them loosen their grip; for he found, upon experimenting, that the mussels could not live in fresh water. The writer whose conclusions we question denounces this as a fabrication; for, he says, ducks do not think. "If a duck knew enough to drown a mussel in water, he would surely know that it was easier to drown the mussel in air; for a mussel would die sooner in air than in water. The duck

could more easily get rid of him by sitting on the bank."

This would seem, to a rabbit mind, to be not so much a matter of thinking on that writer's part as of pure imagination, unfettered by the principles of elementary biology. He has evidently ignored osmosis, which is the passage of two separated liquids of different densities through an intervening membrane or partition, and which threatens the life of every disturbed mollusk. To illustrate the matter simply: Put some fresh water in a tight bladder, and, so long as it is suspended in air, not a drop of water will escape. Now suspend the bladder in a vessel of salt water, and at once the fresh water begins to pass through the membrane to mingle with the water without. Meanwhile the salt water penetrates the membrane to mingle with the fresh water within; and the process continues until a perfect osmotic balance is established.

This simple illustration suggests the case of every mussel and clam and oyster. Nature has put a pinch of salts in the mussel's body to preserve a perfect osmotic balance between the vital fluids within and the sea-water without; and so long as this balance is maintained the sea cannot penetrate the soft membranes. The moment a mussel is placed in fresh water the osmotic balance is no longer perfect; the water enters, dissolving the salts of the body, and the mussel becomes immediately sick.

A mussel will live in air without inconvenience from a few hours to a month, the time varying according to its species and the conditions of heat and moisture; and his shells, meanwhile, will hold their grip on any small object an indefinite time. In the case which will be mentioned later the mussel kept his grip on the duck's bill (in air) thirty-six hours. The same mussel placed in fresh water becomes sick in a few moments; loses all energy, and slackens his hold upon any object which he may have grasped. This is a simple matter of experimentation that any one may prove for himself.

The writer quoted in proof of his reasoning the alleged fact that "oysters are placed in fresh water to fatten," and maintains that "mussels would thrive

just as well in fresh water." To a rabbit this also appears to be the work of the unfettered imagination. Oysters are not placed in fresh water, but in the mouths of rivers open to the tides, in shallow bays, or in any other place where the water is less salt than the open ocean. Moreover, the "fattened" oysters, in which he and other eaters delight, are invariably sick oysters. When the osmotic balance is disturbed by bringing the oyster from his own bed to fresher water, the salts of the body are dissolved; much of the savor is lost, and the oyster swells and softens. In a word, he is bloated, not fattened. He is more digestible, perhaps, but also more dangerous; not because he feeds on germs, but because the germs penetrate the body with the fresh water when the osmotic balance is disturbed. The only oyster of which there can be no question is the small, healthy, well-savored oyster from his own sea bed.

In the principal natural-history magazine of the Netherlands, *De Levende Natuur*, for December, 1903, Mr. R. J. Mansholt, of Westpolder, publishes a similar observation. He found a shel-drake which had made its way from the sea to a fresh-water canal, and was acting precisely as Dr. Long described the eiders, in *School of the Woods*. He secured the bird and found that it had a large salt-water mussel clinging to its bill. The bird's progress from the sea to fresh water was a very difficult one with its heavy handicap; and at the time considerable wonder and questioning arose as to why he should make the journey. The editor of the magazine, Mr. E. Heimans, of Amsterdam, soon afterward published Dr. Long's earlier observation on the eiders, and his explanation was accepted as the only reasonable one to account for the duck's action.

So while ducks probably know nothing of osmosis, they do apparently take inconvenient salt-water mussels into the ponds to destroy them. What goes on in their heads while they are doing it is another matter, which the book in question did not attempt to answer.

All of the argument in regard to the dog that goes to the kitchen door when hungry, and begs for food without think-

ing, applies quite as well to the man as to the dog. I know one dog that— But why should I tell another dog story, since every reader has one as good or better? The dog, anyway, is not half so intelligent as his ancestor, the wild wolf. He is too much a creature of habit and dependence to warrant us in asserting too positive principles in regard to wild animals.

There is still another way, very suggestive to a rabbit mind, in which the writer applies his deductive reasoning to the question at issue. His principle in this case is, that an animal can do only what his ancestors did. This principle he assumes, rather than establishes by scientific or inductive processes. It ignores all the facts in the life of domestic animals, whose ancestors were but recently wild creatures. It ignores also the changed habits of birds and animals in the neighborhood of man's dwelling. The special case is that of a canary which had a nest in the corner of its cage. To screen the nest it tore a broad strip of paper from the mat beneath its perch and wove it among the bars of the cage. "Now," says this writer, "how could a canary tear off a strip of paper (its ancestors not being tailor-birds), and how could it weave the paper into the bars of its cage, since the canary does not belong to the weaver family?" How, indeed! My canary must be a degenerate bird whose ancestor was a tailor's goose, for he spends a good part of his time amusing himself by tearing the paper at the bottom of his cage.

This deduction, which makes it impossible for the animal to do anything which its ancestors did not do, has unexpected and fatal consequences. I am informed that the writer wears trousers, and lives on a farm, and cracks nuts with a hammer. How is that possible, since his ancestors grew fur on their own legs, and lived in trees, and cracked nuts with their teeth? "But," you say, "man is an exception." Then, according to the ancestral principle, so are his father and his grandfather and, in an endless line, all his ancestors. But, queerly enough, these ancestors are the very monkeys which his friend, Professor Thorndike, whom he quotes approvingly, shuts up in a cage, and from watching

their grimaces establishes the principle that animals do not think. Here, then, are the consequences: monkeys do not think; their descendants do not think, since a descendant can do only what his ancestors did. Now our writer, by his own theory of evolution, is one of the descendants. The conclusion is inevitable, if his proposition and his logic have any consistent value, that he belongs himself to an unthinking species.

With the monkeys we have a new departure into the realm of comparative psychology—and we must not be led away from our subject. The only points which it would seem worth while for a rabbit to mention here are these: (1) Professor Garner, who shut himself up in a cage for months in an African jungle and watched the wild monkeys and recorded their speech in a phonograph, reaches a radically different conclusion from the Columbia professor, who settled the matter in his study. (2) It is hardly a rational process of thinking to watch a caged monkey—who is a wretched and debased creature of dependence and abnormal habits—and from his action determine just what the bear will or will not do in avoiding a trap. If you tell me that cats do not think and have no affection, I will agree with you—excepting only the reader's pet cat, of which I am not so sure,—but that is no reason, to a rabbit mind, why we should not look carefully into the case of the dog that brings an injured canine companion to the doctor that healed him, and that dies freely for his master. Nor should we cease to study with an open mind the fox that fools the dog, and the wolf that outwits the fox. You men have had altogether too much classification of species by the naturalists, and too much generalization about animals of whose inner lives you know nothing. It is time now for a more particular study.

Here, perhaps, we are at the root of the matter. Such psychological principles as have thus far been announced have come from watching caged animals, which are either crazed and unnatural by fear, or are poor creatures of habit and dependence, without a fraction of their wild kindred's native wit. The principles which are set down in our natural histories are generally made by



men who are interested in scientific technicalities—such as feathers, fur, color, claws, bones, and teeth,—who are chiefly concerned in the classification of species, and who rarely follow and watch a single intelligent wild animal to find out how he lives and what he does to justify the supposition that he is capable of a little thinking.

I am, unfortunately, not familiar with Professor Thorndike's work; it is not in the rabbit's storehouse; but, from our writer's presentation, it would seem that a man in swimming goes back to elemental principles and does no thinking, but, like the animal, is lost in a bath of sense-impression. That is only partially true. It applies, perhaps, to the man's hazy impressions of the wind and the drifting clouds and the skimming swallows, about which he does no thinking; but it hardly does justice to the man's mental processes regarding the small boy who capers along the bank with the object of tying the man's shirt-sleeves into hard knots while the owner is swimming. The point is not whether animals think continually—men do not do that,—but whether upon occasion they are capable of a little thinking. I was swimming a river one day, and was carried away by the powerful current. As I swept down to the falls a rock and a bending branch offered help. I let myself go by the rock to seize upon the branch farther down-stream. Undoubtedly, although I was unaware of it at the time, there was a lightning process of thought by which I concluded that the rock offered too slippery a grip to risk it. Afterwards I could recall nothing whatever of the process of thought, but only the swift action. So in all emergencies. There are undoubtedly instantaneous processes of thinking and of reaching conclusion even when a man afterwards thinks that he has acted involuntarily. The processes of thought are sometimes too rapid to follow,—I know it seems a paradox to say that the mind cannot follow its own thinking; but a man has to deal sometimes with a subconscious self that is elusive as a spirit—and no man can say surely how far certain actions are the result of instantaneous processes of thinking, or of involuntary impulse.

So in the contention that no animal

can think without language. A man may adapt means to an end without consciously naming the means which he uses. Deaf-mutes, even when blind, have shown us that they are capable of good thinking. They have a substitute for language, to be sure; but who has told us that the animals also have not a substitute? Very much of our own thought is inexpressible; it has no words; it lies on the border between thinking and pure sense-impression. The higher animals live almost continually on this same borderland; and how far certain intelligent animals cross over from sense-impression to elementary thinking, or into something that corresponds to that instantaneous process of arriving at a conclusion which often precedes a man's unexpected action, is still a fair and unanswered question.

To a rabbit it appears that the question, if it is ever settled, will be settled neither in the study nor in the monkey's cage. The one has too much deductive and dogmatic ease; the other too much of the *bandar log*. I have seen some alleged scientists go through my brier-patch, and know how blind they can be to everything except the unimportant matter of the identification of species. I have seen, also, considerable experimentation upon animals, and the end of it all was this: *Brother, thy tail hangs down behind.* You will never get at the true mind of a rabbit by chasing him with a dog, or examining his teeth and upper lip, or shutting him up in a hutch. The Indians have already settled the question in the animal's favor; and those who live close to animals, either at home or in the woods, and who know most about them, are curiously unanimous in the Indians' opinion. Though they know no psychology, they do know what goes on in their own heads; and from the animal's actions at times they judge of a motive and a thought somewhat like that of their own early childhood. It may be that they are right. There is a twilight of thought, as well as of day, a shadowy realm stretching wide and vague between the blind sensation and the pure reason. The man gets up and goes into a house where the light is shining; the animal stays out in the twilight. That is perhaps the chief difference.



# The Dénouement

BY MARGARET CAMERON

ALL this happened so long ago that not even Cecily can object to its being told now, although there was a time when she took umbrage at the merest mention of Santa Barbara. And if one chanced to speak of the Marquis! However, the Marquis is Otis Bradford's story, and comes later.

So far as the Porters were concerned, it began late one afternoon, when Cecily called Nan up by telephone—and telephones in private houses, even about New York, were rare in those days—demanding to be amused.

"It's like the grave over here," she complained. "Ned's not coming home to dinner, Ethel's locked in her room with a headache, and Sunshine's crying comfortably over a novel which she'll neither finish nor abandon before midnight."

Ned was her cousin, at whose country house she was a guest, Ethel was his wife, and "Sunshine" was Cecily's name for the long-suffering elderly relative whose duty it was to accompany her whenever and wherever propriety might suggest the desirability of ballast. Miss Hinsdale's pleasure was chiefly derived from the perusal of lachrymose fiction; hence had her irreverent charge rechristened her "Sunshine." Cecily herself, be it said, was young, rich, and a widow. Incidentally, she was pretty.

"Come over to dinner," promptly suggested Nan. "I thought of calling you up. Tom's bringing some one home from town."

"Whom?" Cecily's tone indicated breaking clouds.

"I don't know. I wasn't here when he 'phoned, and Norah didn't understand the name."

"A man, I suppose?"

"Naturally."

"Young?"

"Presumably."

"I'll come. Heavens, what a relief! This life is killing me!"

Nan laughed and rang off. In the course of time Cecily came, limping slightly still from her sprained ankle, but arrayed in trailing clouds of hand-wrought mist.

"Gemini!" exclaimed her hostess, looking over her appreciatively. "Was it as bad as that?"

"As what?" Cecily's tone held warnings, but Nan laughed at briers. Indeed, Nan laughed at most irritations.

"You *must* have been bored, if one unknown man seemed worth all that!"

"Oh, as to that, a frock's only a frock. What's the use of hoarding 'em in trunks?" She flung this over her shoulder as they descended the stairs.

"True," acquiesced Nan, good-humoredly; "why not wear cobwebs like that every night?"

"What's the use?" discontentedly repeated Cecily.

Nan Porter was too astute a woman to uncover the curiosity she was equally human enough to feel. Therefore she probed carefully, thus:

"Well, just now, there's Ned, and Ethel, and Sunshine,—and us."

"And a lot you'd any of you care! Ned doesn't know lace from mosquito-netting—in fact, he'd probably give the preference to the latter, because there are people who find it useful; Ethel is—Ethel," with a little grimace; "Sunshine is resigned to my clothes—and me. Poor thing! It must be hard to be dependent for one's living upon propriety and resignation! You and Tom don't really care for a thing on earth except your own two aggressively love-sick selves. What's the use of my trying to settle down and live near you? Who cares?" She dropped into an ample chair on the veranda.

"Are you getting ready to flit again? You haven't been back a week."

"I might, if it weren't for the trunks. Heaven's a place where there are no



trunks! What's the use of forever packing? Oh, Nan," Cecily flung her arms over her head, "*cui bono? Cui bono?*"

Nan smiled reflectively. There had been a time, long ago, before love had rounded and amplified her life, when she, too, had cried "*Cui bono?*" She glanced curiously at her friend.

"Anybody been poking a hole in your dolly, Cecily?" she asked, in a carefully idle tone. "Or did it just spring a leak and take to scattering sawdust, all by itself?"

"How absurd you are!" resentfully cried Cecily. "My dolly's impervious, as you very well know. But what does that profit me," she cynically added, "in a world composed of sawdust? We eat it and breathe it, it seems to me. Does nothing ever happen in this place?" Nan was still reflectively smiling and did not reply. "For Heaven's sake, don't look so complacent! Your sawdust's soaked in a saccharine solution, I know, but that doesn't make it any more palatable to the rest of— Mercy! What a temper I'm in! But I'm so tired of things, Nan! Somehow, nothing has any flavor. I suppose it's partly my ankle. It's horrid to limp through the world!"

"How and when and where did you sprain that ankle? You haven't told me."

"Oh, it was simply a bit of stupidity. I fell in getting out of a vehicle—out West. It really didn't amount to much at first, but I used it too soon, and I've been lame ever since. And I'm tired! And there's nothing to do—that's worth doing! And Sunshine swims in tears all the time! And to-day, as a last straw, I broke my pet specs and am reduced to these, which I loathe!" Cecily removed her eye-glasses and squinted astigmatically while she polished them. "That's really what's the matter with me, Nan. It's the glasses. I'm always perfectly furious when I break the others and have to wear these. Nothing but agreeable masculine society soothes my savage breast then. I hope Tom's man will prove efficacious!"

"I hope he will," laughed Nan. "It's almost time for them to arrive. Tom's taken to walking up from the station at night for exercise." She arose and strolled to the opposite end of the veranda, where she stood pulling the dry leaves

from a vine. For a time neither spoke. Then said Cecily, carelessly,

"Nan, do you know this man coming up the walk with Tom?"

Mrs. Porter strolled back to the steps and looked under the trees toward the gate. "Why, it's Otis Bradford!" she cried, a note of excitement in her voice.

"Oh," said Cecily, "is it?"

"I wonder when he came back? He's been West for months."

"Has he?" Cecily arose and delicately brushed back her skirt. "Is he a great friend of yours?"

"Yes; Tom's been very fond of him for years, and we saw a lot of him in England last summer."

"Oh," said Cecily again, "did you? How interesting!" Then she laughed.

"Why?"

"'Why?' Aren't Tom's friends always interesting? I find them so."

It chanced that, as the men approached the house, Cecily was standing behind a screen of vines, and for a moment they supposed Mrs. Porter, who met them at the top of the steps, to be the sole occupant of the veranda. Nan exclaimed delightedly over Bradford's unexpected arrival, and he was still enthusiastically shaking her hand and declaring that it was like getting home, when he caught sight of the other guest, who stood, with tilted chin and level glance, surveying him. He caught his breath in the midst of a word, started toward her, and as quickly checked himself, an odd blankness in his face.

"I beg pardon," he stammered. "I—I didn't know—"

"Oh, Cecily!" Nan turned toward the young widow. "This is Tom's old friend, Mr. Bradford. Mrs. Mosgrove," she added, for his enlightenment.

"I'm always glad to meet Mr. Porter's friends," said Cecily, politely.

Bradford shot a glance at her. "I assure you, the pleasure is mine," he murmured. After which he fell to biting his mustache.

They had been seated for some time at dinner, when Nan said:

"Now, Otis, proceed. Give an account of yourself. Where have you been and what have you done? You're a worse correspondent than Cecily here."

"Is Mrs. Mosgrove dilatory about let-

ters and—telegrams—and things?" he asked.

"Oh, very! She never was known to answer anything, and she writes only when the mood moves—and that's seldom."

"That's comforting, anyway," said Bradford, looking at Cecily. For some reason she flushed slightly. "In view of my own misdemeanors, of course," he added.

"I infer that you've been away?" Mrs. Mosgrove suggested, somewhat hastily.

"Yes," he replied, still looking at her. "I've been in Los Angeles,"—he paused—"and San Francisco,"—he paused again—"and in Salt Lake City,—and Denver."

"How funny!" cried Nan. "That's exactly the route Mrs. Mosgrove has just come over. Isn't it, Cecily?"

"It's everybody's route," said she. "What a pity, Mr. Bradford, that you couldn't have started a little earlier, or I a little later. We might have met,—who knows?"

"Los Angeles and San Francisco," ruminated Nan. "Do you mean to say you've come back without going to Santa Barbara?"

Porter began to laugh. "Oh no; he went to Santa Barbara!" he exclaimed. "We were interrupted before you got to the end of that story, Otis, but it's a good one. Tell it."

Bradford looked at Cecily, who now seemed to be giving minute attention to her portion of chicken.

"No," he said, "not now."

"Oh, do!" begged Nan.

"Go on," urged his host. "They'd enjoy it. It's all about a girl and a bureau—"

"*Burro*," corrected Bradford.

"*Burro*—and a thrilling rescue, and—what else, Bradford? Tell it, man!"

"Yes, tell it," said Nan.

Otis looked at Mrs. Mosgrove. He had grown rather red.

"Oh, by all means, tell it!" she recommended, very distinctly. Her cheeks were pink and her eyes bright; her voice held inexplicable inflections. "Is it a personal adventure, Mr. Bradford?"

"It's a personal adventure," laughed Tom, "and it has some mysterious connection with Bradford's failure to go up

Pikes Peak, though just what I haven't yet discovered. He didn't get beyond Santa Barbara—and the girl—this afternoon."

"Really?" Mrs. Mosgrove readjusted her glasses that she might better observe the young man. "And did he tell you all about the—girl, Tom?"

"Well, no,—come to think of it, he didn't. I gather that she was a very spirited young person," he chuckled, "but he reserved her name—for the *dénouement*, I suppose."

"Well, don't let's begin with the *dénouement*," objected his wife. "Let's have the story first, and the rest in proper sequence."

"The *dénouement*—is not yet," said Bradford, slowly, addressing the company, but looking at Mrs. Mosgrove. "When it occurs, I'll tell you about it—perhaps."

"This sounds like a romance," said Nan.

"It is," serenely replied Otis.

"A farce?" Cecily quietly suggested.

"I earnestly hope it will not prove to be a tragedy," he retorted.

"In the mean time, are we not to hear the beginning of the story?" demanded Mrs. Porter.

"I think not—just now."

"And the identity of—the lady?" Cecily leaned a little toward him, her eyes very brilliant.

"Is—pardon me—my secret."

"Delightful!" murmured Mrs. Mosgrove, leaning back in her chair. "I begin to suspect you, Mr. Bradford, of cleverness. So few men know the value of suspense."

"H'm!" said Otis, dryly; "we should. We're so often called upon to illustrate it." She laughed.

"Then you didn't go up Pikes Peak, after all?" asked Nan.

"No; I stayed over only one train in Denver."

"You went from there to Colorado Springs, I suppose?" Cecily's eyes were still laughing.

"I did not," said Bradford, emphatically, his eyes replying in kind. "It occurred to me that I might save time by wiring to Colorado Springs, and it resulted in my not having to stop there at all."

"Oh, what a pity! I found it very interesting."

"Ah? Were you there long?" he pointedly inquired.

"Long enough to perceive various possibilities," she parried. "It's really too bad that you should have missed it!"

"I consider myself very fortunate in that," he imperturbably rejoined, "for if I had stopped there, I should not now be here."

"And then we might never have met," said Mrs. Mosgrove, gravely.

"Oh, a few days might not have been fatal, after all," he deliberated. "If you're staying with the Porters—"

"But I'm not."

"Eh?" It was less an inquiry than an ejaculation.

"I'm not." Cecily was wickedly smiling. "I'm merely here for dinner."

He turned to Nan for refutation.

"Mrs. Mosgrove is visiting her cousins, the Hinsdales, who are our neighbors," she explained.

"By the way, Otis, I want you to know Hinsdale," broke in Porter. "He'll be just the man to interest in that new company you're forming. I'll take you over there to-morrow."

Bradford looked at Cecily. It might have been thought that his glance was triumphant.

"I'm sure my cousin will be delighted to have you call upon him," she said, graciously. "I regret that I shall not be there to share his pleasure."

"Not there?" asked Nan.

"No. Don't you remember that I told you this afternoon, Nan,"—Cecily's face was the picture of guilelessness,—"*that country life had palled upon me? To-morrow Sunshine and I spread our wings and flit again.*" She refrained from even glancing at Bradford.

"Cecily!" gasped her hostess. "You don't—you *can't* mean it!"

"But I do!" The widow's mouth was mischievously mutinous. "I've decided. We're going."

"Where?"

"Oh—!" She brushed her thumbs lightly over her finger-tips and spread them wide, giving the impression of a scattering dandelion puff. "*Quien sabe?* Does that expression carry you back to southern California, Mr. Bradford?"

She darted a provocative glance at him. "I'm tired of knowing where I'm going. I just want to float with the breeze. Some day, Nan, I'll send you a line from Moscow, or Tokio, or Rio,—but I won't be there when you get it," she added, wilfully.

"But you've just come—"

"But Ned and Ethel—"

"But! But!" Cecily laughed. "Are you going to argue with me? Don't! What's the use?"

"What train do you intend taking into town?" asked Bradford, conscious that his inquiry was futile. "Won't you at least permit me the pleasure of going in with you?"

"Oh, thank you; I really don't know. We travel on either road, however the trains happen to suit our convenience, and as I haven't yet decided where I shall go, I've naturally not the slightest idea what train I shall take, nor even what station I shall start from. It's such a relief to have really good transportation facilities. Didn't you find it exceedingly irritating getting in and out of some of those small Western towns? Santa Barbara, for example, where there's no railroad at all and a steamer only once in four or five days?"

"There's a daily stage," grimly said Bradford,—"*a large, red stage, swung on leathern straps, which rivals a howdah for discomfort and a snail for leisureliness.*"

"You speak feelingly." To one who merely listened, Mrs. Mosgrove's tone had seemed full of soothing sweetness; Bradford, observing her eyes, found it maddening.

"I do," he replied. "I travelled many sleepless hours in that stage." He paused a moment, sombrely contemplating her impish amusement. Then he continued, with the utmost deliberation, "Since you are so familiar with the transportation facilities of the West—notably of Santa Barbara,"—her eyes blazed at him, and he met the volley with an answering flash,—"*possibly you would be interested in the story to which Mr. Porter has alluded.*"

"Oh, are you going to tell it, after all?" asked Nan, somewhat apprehensively. She had long since sniffed gunpowder in the air, but was still uncertain as to



Half-tone plate engraved by J. H. Grimley

HE CAUGHT SIGHT OF THE OTHER GUEST

whether it indicated sharpshooting or fireworks. In any event it would do no harm to discourage a possible breach of neutrality. She was bewildered—a state of mind in which she seldom found herself, and correspondingly uneasy.

Not so her unsuspecting spouse. Gunpowder? Nonsense! Women are always smelling smoke. He met Nan's danger signals with a puzzled stare, which ended in a chuckle.

"Go on, Otis," he said. "Tell it to 'em. Begin with the girl."

"Perhaps Mrs. Mosgrove will give me the opportunity of telling her the story to-morrow," suggested Bradford. "It's rather a long one, and Porter has already heard the first part of it. Shall we leave it until we call upon you to-morrow?" he asked her.

"Wouldn't it be wiser? Perhaps this is hardly the place or the hour—for such a *long* story;" she flashed a saucy glance at him, adding maliciously, "especially one which you admit has no *dénouement*."

"Perhaps you'll discover one," he daringly retorted. "At any rate, since you've been in Santa Barbara— By the way, I'm not at fault there? You *have* been in Santa Barbara?"

"I have." She drew in her lips whimsically.

"You will, I am sure, be interested in the story. Shall we say to-morrow, then?" She glanced up at him and then down at her plate. He watched her narrowly. "You'll be there?" he persisted. "Possibly."

"I decline to take any chances. I've never told this story—the whole of it—to any one before," he said, soberly, forcing her to meet for a moment his direct gaze. Her eyelids drooped under the ordeal. "And I want to tell it to—some one who has been in Santa Barbara."

"Well, go on! Go on!" exclaimed Porter. "Wherefore all this preamble?"

"I suppose it isn't much of a story in itself," Bradford slowly continued, "but I'll do my best," glancing at Cecily, "to keep up the suspensive interest. It's primarily about the Marquis."

"Oh, a Marquis!" said Nan.

"It's my opinion," contributed Porter, "that the Marquis is a small part of it."

"Well, anyhow, it began with the Marquis. Do you know him?" he asked Mrs. Mosgrove.

"I do not!" she replied, with a little vindictive crack of the final *t*. The corners of Bradford's eyes wrinkled in amusement.

"Ah? Too bad! The Marquis, you must know,"—he turned to Nan,—"*is a burro*. Eastern visitors to Santa Barbara usually begin by calling him, in plain English, a donkey, but time and affection soon teach the softer Spanish term to such of them as don't adopt the title bestowed upon him by the colored lady who reaps the financial benefits of his popularity. She calls him the Marquis *dee Lay-fayette*." Again he glanced at Cecily, whose chin was tilted and whose lips curved in a disdainful—one might almost have called it a contemptuous—smile. "You must have seen him," he said, "attached to the old blue dump-cart, which in its time has probably served all the lowly purposes of its kind. They've transformed it now into a sort of triumphal chariot for the children at the various hotels and boarding-houses, and every afternoon the little Marquis, decked in roses and pink ribbons, drags the big cart around the sleepy old town, youngsters hanging over its sides as blossoms hang from a vase. It's a pretty sight. You remember?"

"I remember," she coldly replied.

"One afternoon—it was about two weeks ago; the exact date doesn't matter—I happened to be standing on the court-house porch, just before dark, waiting for a friend who had gone up to his office in the building for a moment. The court-house property, running through a block, from Figueroa Street back to Anapamu, is bordered by a fringe of trees, and there are other trees in the yard,—spiky evergreen things mostly. Between the court-house and the side street—Anacapa—there's a vacant lot. Thus, any one standing on the court-house porch, as I was, may clearly see what takes place in that part of Anacapa Street, but may not himself be easily distinguishable, because of the many trees and the large pillars supporting the upper portion of the building. This, I infer, was the case on this occasion, for as I stood there, leaning against one of

the aforesaid pillars, down Anacapa Street came my friend Billy Carr, aged ten, driving the Marquis home, after an arduous day. The little burro drooped his head, and with each step, as he plodded along, the bunches of roses, hanging by ribbons from his ears, flopped to and fro. There was a vacant lot across the street, too,—and on the other corners. In fact, there are no buildings along there except one little brick cottage, where everything was quiet.

"Presently, while Billy and the Marquis were still in plain sight, up the same street came two young women, dressed in white, whom I immediately recognized as the most fascinating woman in the world and a girl who boarded at the same house with her. Just why they chose to plough up through the dust of Anacapa Street—it's about knee-high and there's no sidewalk—instead of going over to State Street is none of my business. Anyhow, there they were. I was about deciding that my friend wasn't worth waiting for, when they spied Billy and the Marquis. By the way, I should have said that they were both tall and—not attenuated. The ladies, I mean."

Astonishment and amusement were beginning to widen Nan's eyes, and she glanced at Cecily, who regarded her plate in what might have passed as bored indifference. Tom was visibly enjoying the tale.

"One of them—the most fascinating one—called out, 'Oh, Billy, will you take us home in the cart?'"

"Oh!" ejaculated Nan. Cecily's eyelids quivered ever so slightly and were still again.

"Yes," said Bradford, gravely, "that's what I thought, particularly as she had repulsed with scorn a similar suggestion from me. About ten days before, I had been indiscreet enough to ask her if she'd drive to the Mission with me in that cart. I thought it would be a lark, you know." Nan nodded. "Well, she didn't think so at all. In fact, she was very indignant, and it took me a week to make my peace,—trying every day, too. She was very severe with me. But that's what I heard—'Billy, will you take us home in the cart?' Naturally, I awaited developments with—well, with interest."

"Now, of all the worshippers at the shrine of—the most fascinating woman in the world, none was more boundlessly adoring than Billy Carr. We were very intimate, and I trust it won't be regarded as a breach of faith on my part if I tell you that he had that day confided to me his definite intention of marrying her when he grew up." The glint of a smile flitted across Mrs. Mosgrove's face and was gone. "But he wasn't one to wear his heart on his sleeve. Not Billy! So he parleyed. 'I don't b'lieve he'll turn round,' he said. The Marquis strengthened this statement by turning back his ears, and the roses swung with them." Nan laughed. "'Oh, but I'm sure *you* can make him turn around,' said the fascinating one. You see, it's evident she had met and overcome the eternal masculine before. I'd have undertaken to move the Mission if she had exhibited that confidence in me! Billy promptly conceded that 'f course he c'd make him 'f he *wanted* to, and while he was accomplishing it there was apparently some opposition entered by the other girl, for the fascinating one said—she has a beautiful, low voice, with marvellous carrying power—she said: 'Oh, pooh! There's no one to see, and if there were, who cares?' Please remember that. She said, 'If there were, who cares?'" Once more he looked at Cecily, but she refused to meet his glance.

"The other girl said they'd soil their gowns. 'Never mind; they'll wash,' said the fascinating one. The other girl was afraid they were too heavy for the Marquis, because he was such a *little* burro. 'Tell that to somebody who hasn't seen one of these animals under a pack! We're a mere feather to him. We'll sit in the back and hang our feet over, and if we meet anybody who matters, we can hop off.' So the fascinating one sprang into the cart with an energy that jerked the shafts up, and sat, as she said, hanging her feet over. 'Come on,' she said; 'don't keep the Marquis waiting.' The other girl jumped up beside her, and they called to Billy to go on. Billy passed the word along to the Marquis, but apparently the Marquis had other plans. He stood perfectly still, and the long shafts—have I said that the cart was several sizes too large for him?—



the long shafts, tipped up by the weight in the back of the cart, pointed above his ears. 'Git up!' shouted Billy. The Marquis turned back one ear and tried to rub his nose on his foreleg, but the shaft interfered with freedom of action, so he turned his head and looked reproachfully back at Billy. The fascinating one laughed. 'Make him go, Billy,' she said. 'He mustn't be humored. It's bad for men and burros to be humored. They need discipline,' she said."

Nan giggled delightedly, and Cecily shot a covert and furious glance at the narrator, who pleasantly smiled at her and continued:

"Billy leaned forward and larruped the Marquis with the ends of the reins. The Marquis took about two steps, and Billy lifted his voice in what was probably intended for a shout of triumph. Then a funny thing happened. That burro began to rise slowly, forefeet first, as if he was being lifted bodily by those tremendous shafts. When he got well up on his hind legs, Billy's pæan changed to a shriek of terror. 'Jump, girls! Jump!' he yelled. 'You're too heavy! He's going up in the air!'"

Tom and Nan shouted with laughter, and Cecily, finding herself in Rome, succeeded in emulating the Romans to the extent of contributing a weary smile. Bradford gravely waited for the merriment to die away. "That's what I did," he said, ruefully. "I laughed. The girls rolled out at the back; Billy jumped; the Marquis resumed a horizontal position, and dropped one ear out at right angles to his head, with an innocently inquiring expression that would have done credit to a diplomat; and I—I stood there and *laughed!*" His tone indicated deep disgust.

"Well, I should think you would!" gasped Nan. "What did the girls do?"

"One of them got up,—and the other one didn't. Presently it dawned on me that the fascinating one was still lying in the dust, and I stopped laughing. I ran—with my heart in my mouth. When I got near them, the other one called out, 'Oh, she's sprained her ankle!' but the fascinating one just lay there, propped up on one elbow, and her eyes were blazing, I can tell you!" Mrs. Mosgrove smiled faintly and glanced fleetingly at him.

Nan looked from one to the other. She was amused, but no longer bewildered.

"She looked up at me and demanded, '*Did you laugh?*' Well, she was alive and conscious—apparently not much hurt—and there stood Billy, and that ridiculous burro, and the old dump-cart, and to save my neck I couldn't have kept my face straight! I admitted the first charge and rendered myself liable to a second. I laughed again,—but only a little, because she groaned and dropped her head down on her arms. Then I knew I was a brute—and I think I said so; I don't remember. Anyhow, she had sprained her ankle and couldn't walk, and the quickest way to get her home seemed, to take her in the cart." Nan laughed, and he frowned at her quickly. "Oh, it wasn't a bit funny then! She was in pain, and we were a long way from her boarding-house, and she was furious with me, and didn't want me to touch her or do anything for her, and none of us had any sense, anyhow, and—it wasn't funny, I tell you! However, we finally got her into the cart—the other girl and I—and we sent Billy posthaste for a doctor, and then we started home with her through the dusk. Nobody who's never been in Santa Barbara knows what the dusk is there," he said, softly. "It's golden and amethyst and gray, all mixed up together and blended,—and it's fragrant. The night before, we had walked together in the dusk on the beach, she and I, and—somehow I thought that perhaps some day she'd let me tell her what that dusk—with her—meant to me." He looked across the table at Cecily; she had grown a little pale. Nan drew in her breath quickly and looked away.

"By Jove!" whispered Tom, not yet fully enlightened, but beginning to see.

"But there she lay, on the floor of the cart, and she wouldn't look at me nor speak to me. She said she wanted to go home, and she wanted the other girl to walk beside her every step of the way, and then she lay down in the cart and shut her eyes. So the girl walked beside the cart, and I led the burro,—and thought of all the things that I wanted to say to her." His voice was low and a little husky. "I wanted to tell her that I was a brute and knew it; I wanted to tell her that she was—what she was;

and I wanted to tell her—other things. But all I could do was to lead the burro and see that the wheels didn't jolt into chuck-holes. And that's the way we went home." He ceased speaking, and nobody stirred. Presently he resumed:

"I helped lift her out of the cart and carry her into the house. She wouldn't even say good night to me. I thought then that the sprain was a very bad one and that she was in great pain." Cecily flushed red at this point. "So I went back to the hotel and smoked—and smoked. The next morning, as soon as I decently could, I went over to her boarding-house, and—what do you suppose they told me?" He paused, looking at Nan.

"What?"

"That she had taken the steamer for San Francisco the night before."

"Gone?"

"Gone. Apparently she had recovered from the intense pain of that sprain rather quickly. Anyhow, she had stirred up the old lady who was with her, had her trunks packed in a hurry, and they had taken the north-bound steamer at midnight. Fortunately for her scheme, the boat was late."

Mrs. Mosgrove's mouth wore an aggravating, tantalizing smile.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" ejaculated Tom. This part of the story he had not heard. "What did you do?"

"Took the name of her San Francisco hotel and engaged a seat in the next north-bound stage. I'd missed that day's."

"Did you catch her?" demanded Porter.

"No! She had several hours' start, and that stage is no Flyer! I got to Frisco, to find that she'd stayed there only overnight, and had left Salt Lake City as her next mail-address. I telegraphed her, asking her to wait for me there, and took the next train east. They only run one through train a day on that road, and of course I'd missed one that day. At Salt Lake City I learned that she had remained there only over one train, but had gone to Denver. I telegraphed her at Denver, and took the next train over. Same old story. She had stayed there only a few hours and gone on to Colorado Springs. By this

time I was getting wary, and as I had lots of time before there was a train to the Springs, I wired her hotel, asking if these ladies were there. Reply came that they had been there, but had gone. I wired for their next address. They'd left none. I wired again, asking their probable destination. Clerk didn't know, but thought it was New York. Definite, isn't it?"

"And that's why you're here?" Tom was excited.

"That's why I'm here," repeated Bradford, significantly. "I really believe that's why I'm *here*." He looked again across the table at Cecily. This time she met his glance rather nervously—half pleading, half defiant.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" reiterated his friend. "If a woman gave me the slip that way, I'd let her go!"

"No, you wouldn't, Tom," quietly replied Otis, with one quick, deep glance into Cecily's baffling eyes. "Not this woman."

"Well, then, if it's as serious as that, let's find her! Who is she?" Tom was as unconscious of the undercurrent as he had earlier been of the gunpowder.

"She is—" said Bradford, and paused. Cecily opened her eyes wide and looked straight at him. Nan held her breath.

"Well?" urged Porter.

"She is—the most lovable woman in the whole wide world," said Otis, under his breath. Cecily's gaze was suddenly withdrawn.

"Yes, yes, but her name! What's her name?"

"That," said Bradford, for the second time, "is my secret."

"But don't you see, man! We may be able to help you find her! It's possible—of course, not probable, but entirely possible—that we may even know her!"

"That's not impossible," drolly admitted Bradford.

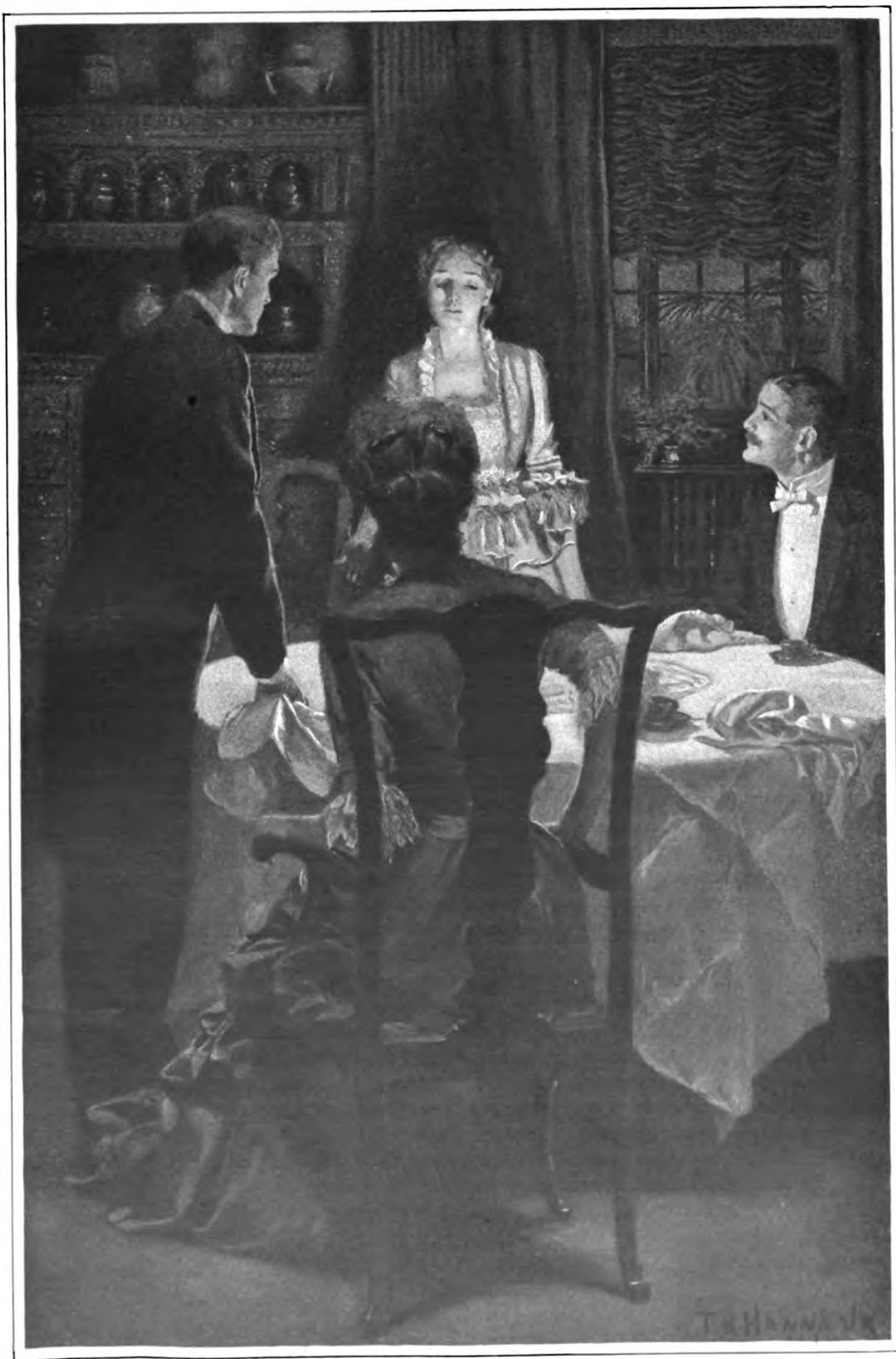
"Well, then?"

"I shall find her—if it is to be."

"Oh, fiddlesticks!" said Tom.

"What do you think about it, Mrs. Mosgrove?" suddenly asked Otis. "Do you think I shall ever find her again?"

"*Quien sabe?*" she replied, but to Bradford's ears her laugh was unnatural, and his heart leaped within him.



"PERHAPS—THEY LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER"

"You travel a great deal," he said. "You may find her for me some day. Will you let me come to-morrow and tell you who she is?"

"To-morrow?" faltered Cecily, and then, hard pressed, fell back upon quotation:

" 'Why, To-morrow I may be  
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n thousand  
Years.'

At any rate, I shall not be here."

The coffee had long since been finished, and Cecily moved suggestively, looking at Nan. But the hostess was apparently oblivious of the hour and the situation. She sat, her elbows on the table, her chin propped in her hands, looking at Bradford, over whose face a sudden shade had fallen.

"You have this to comfort you, anyway, Otis," she remarked: "She found you formidable."

"What do you mean?" he quickly asked.

"There's only one thing in the world that will make a woman run away from a man," said Nan, judiciously, "and that is fear."

"How absurd!" exclaimed Mrs. Mosgrove, flushing to her hair.

"Now," continued Mrs. Porter, ignoring Cecily's barbed glances, "let's proceed by the method of elimination. She was not afraid of physical violence from you. She was not, presumably, afraid of violence, physical or otherwise, from any other man because of you. She was not afraid of you at all; for if you had succeeded in finding her and telling her your story, she would have had only to

say 'no,' and that would have ended it. *Ergo*, she was afraid to let you tell your story, for fear of what she herself might do or feel. In other words, she was afraid she might yield."

"But why should she be afraid to yield if—if she could care for me?" puzzled the man.

"Because she's a woman, you goose!" laughed Nan. "We all hate the thought of yielding—until we've done it, and then we glory in it! You may depend upon it, as long as she runs from you, she's afraid."

"Oh," said Bradford, "I wonder if that's so? Do you think it is, Mrs. Mosgrove?"

"Not at all," protested Cecily, somewhat overfervently. "She probably runs—that is, she probably wishes not to be annoyed, and—and I should advise you to give it up."

"Never!" said Bradford, quietly. "Never until she herself tells me, in so many words, that she does not and cannot—love me. And I'm not sure that I shall give it up even then," he added. "At any rate, I've told you the story. I warned you that it had no *dénouement*, unless—have you, possibly, discovered one?"

For an instant Cecily looked across the table into eyes that told more than ever his lips could.

"Will you tell me?" he whispered.

She arose, and they all followed her example.

"I shouldn't wonder," she said, unsteadily, "if—perhaps—it will turn out to be, 'And they—lived happily—ever after.'"

## My Fairest Fair

BY J. VANCE CHENEY

THERE is, they say, no sweetest rose,  
There is no fairest face; for fancy grows  
Its own deceiver.  
But, right or wrong, what does love care?  
I say, "World over, only one's all fair,"  
And so believe her.



REPUTED PORTRAIT OF MARQUETTE  
(From oil portrait by unknown artist, discovered in  
Montreal, 1897)

## The Pleasant Life of Père Marquette

BY HENRY LOOMIS NELSON, L.H.D.

NOTWITHSTANDING its hardships, its tribulations, its premature ending—for these men would naturally most consider,—the life of Father James Marquette must be called a pleasant one.

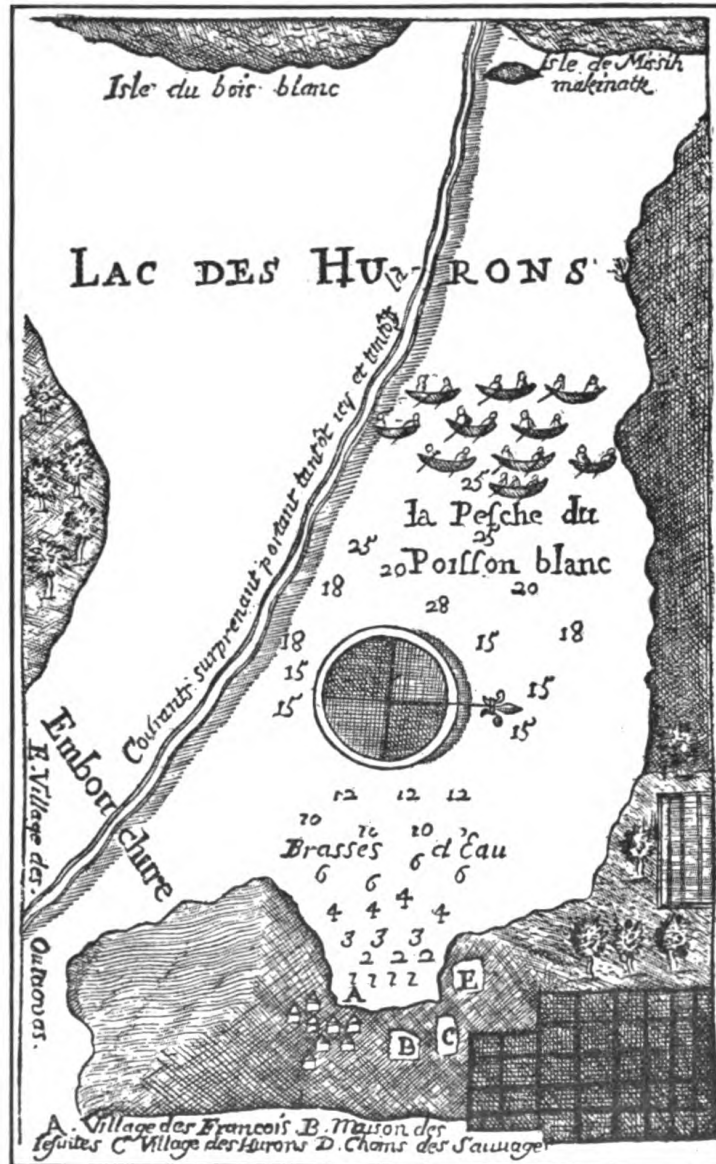
This pleasant life began in the old city of Laon, in the Department of Aisne, on the river Oise. The Marquettes were the most ancient family of this ancient city; but although they were martial people, no one gave so much lustre to the name, and no one of them ever added so much glory to the town, as this religious spirit which began its flight in the world in 1637. At the age of seventeen he was already weary of a secular life, although he had passed through it thus

far embraced and instructed by his pious mother, Rose de la Salle, whose relative, John Baptist de la Salle, founded the Brothers of the Christian Schools. He became a Jesuit. Thirsting to be a missionary, his prayers were granted. In 1666 he went to Canada, and there became a travelling missionary, teaching and preaching among the Indians who traded at Tadoussac; then, when the season of trading was finished, carrying the gospel to them wherever he might find them. He was soon sent westward, and established the mission of Sault Sainte Marie in 1668, and of Michilimackinac in 1670. At Mackinaw he built the first chapel—a chapel of logs,—and the Hurons who were there built a palisade for its de-

fence. For a time he was farther west, near to the end of Lake Superior (sometimes called Lake Baude, sometime Tracy), at La Pointe, where there is still a small Indian settlement, and near where now stands the city of Ashland, in the State of Wisconsin.

There is not now, in the days of the deepest degeneracy of the race, a more forbidding, a more wretched, a more depraved group of Indians to be found than were those with whom the French missionaries labored at La Pointe. Mostly they were the refugees who had escaped from the slaughter of the great Iroquois war which began in 1642, and which continued until the Iroquois-Hurons had been well punished for not adhering to their own kin. A remnant was there of these beaten Hurons, and with them some dejected and corrupt Algonquins who had fled to this region, whence they carried those tales of the copper-mines which had first sent Joliet to Lake Superior. Diseased and disheartened, they listened to the inspired Marquette, and at last pretended to a conversion to Christianity—which, at this late and perhaps too skeptical day, seems to have been unduly hasty. Doubtless these degraded pagans often deceived the priest, but doubtless, too, he made a strong impression upon some savage natures. His own life was so pure, his own religious faith was so deep and sincere, his friendship for the Indians was so evident and so unselfish, his own mind was so simple, that the savage nature was touched,

sometimes with religious fervor, oftener perhaps by the awe with which an obsessed mind always impresses the children of Nature.



MACKINAC IN 1688

(From Lahontan's *Nouveaux Voyages*)

His fame as a teacher spread, and the Illinois, living a thirty days' journey southwest from La Pointe, came to question him concerning his religion and his Church, and to invite him to come among them. His imagination was stirred by the stories of these visitors from the south—stories which were then appealing not only to all of Europe,



because they nourished the hope that a way to China was to be found through the network of western rivers and lakes, but which told of the existence of many nations to the south, along the river, who were waiting for the missionary of the cross. It was a time of wonderful activity with the adventurous Frenchmen—priests, traders, soldiers, and statesmen. While the English and Dutch were trading, and while the former were founding a solid empire at the south, the French were pursuing the vision of China at the north. More than a century before, the Spaniard had abandoned the Mississippi; indeed, he had never dreamed of its importance. Still, he hovered on its flanks, in Mexico on the west and in Florida on the east, and still Indians who approached its banks carried guns and knives bought of him, as Marquette and Joliet and La Salle were to learn.

In 1639 the Sieur Nicolet found the waters of the great river\* through the Fox and Wisconsin rivers. Father Jogues and Raymbout heard of it, in 1641, from the Sioux at Sault Sainte Marie. Then came the long Iroquois war, and Upper Canada was deserted by the priest and his converts for eight years of savage massacres. With peace, the missionaries returned to the vexed land, and again the mysterious great river is the most constant theme of the visiting and the gossiping Indian. Where does the river flow? Does it not open into the great China Sea? Is not the solution of the important geographical problem to be worked out by sailing down its waters? La Salle hears of it, and learns, only eventually to disregard the information, that he may reach it by the Alleghany and the Ohio, and that it will bear him to the sea. Father Allouez hears of the Indians who "live on the great river called Messipi," and writes that it "empties, as far as I can conjecture, into the sea by Virginia." Later, in 1670, the year after La Salle sailed down the Ohio to the rapids at Louisville, Allouez began to ascend Fox River, and reached Lake Winnebago. He crossed the lake, and came to another river "from a wild-oat lake"; thence he reached the marshes at the head of the Wisconsin River, which, he says, is a

\* The Algonquin word Mississippi means Great River.

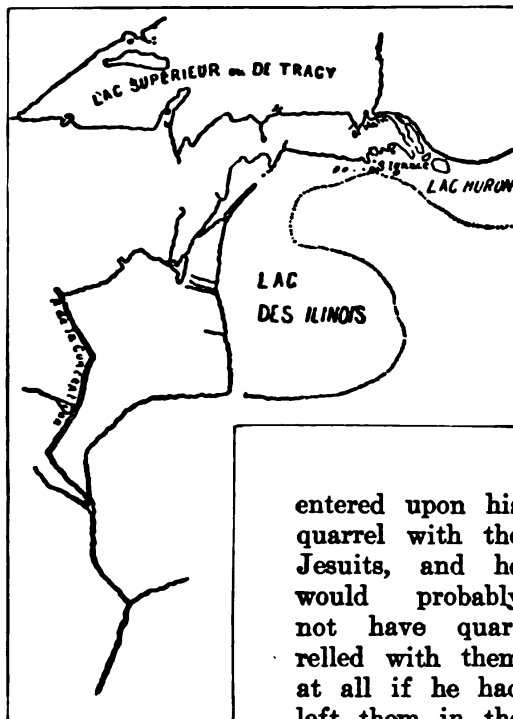
"beautiful river running southwest—without any rapid. . . . It leads to the great river named Messi-sipi, which is only six days' sail from here." This was thirty years after Nicolet had gone the same way.

Allouez alone seems to have written that the river emptied into the "sea by Virginia," and the question had come to be whether it flowed into the Gulf of Mexico, from whose waters the Spaniards had ordered all the rest of Europe, or whether it flowed into the Gulf of California—named, from a fancied resemblance of the color of the water to that of the Red Sea, the Red, or Vermilion, Sea. If the river flowed to the Gulf of Mexico, a way was then open to the colonists and commerce of France to the northwest, and, Spain put out of the way by the triumphant arms of Louis XIV., the approach to New France would no longer be by way of a river closed half the year by ice, but would be a constantly open way through a smiling and fruitful country to the land of furs. If, on the other hand, the river flowed into the Gulf of California, it did indeed flow into a sea on which one might sail to China. It was to be left to Father Marquette and his companion Joliet to answer the question, into which of the two gulfs did the great river flow?

In 1672, Colbert wrote to Talon, then near the end of his term as Intendant, that the new energy about to be infused into Canada should be directed not only to the making of New France a profitable and prosperous colony, but that it should be further manifested in efforts to reach the sea which led to China. Talon selected Louis Joliet for the enterprise of discovering the outlet of the Mississippi.

Joliet, the trader, was a native of Quebec, having been born in 1645, educated at the Jesuit college there, and being, perhaps, an officer of the college. He was an able man of sound judgment, with the courage which was needed on the frontier. He had traded and explored, and had already been employed to verify the Indian tale that copper was to be found on Lake Superior. When Talon recommended him to Frontenac, who had just come over (1672) to be Governor-General of New France, the latter employed him. He had not yet





MARQUETTE'S GENUINE MAP

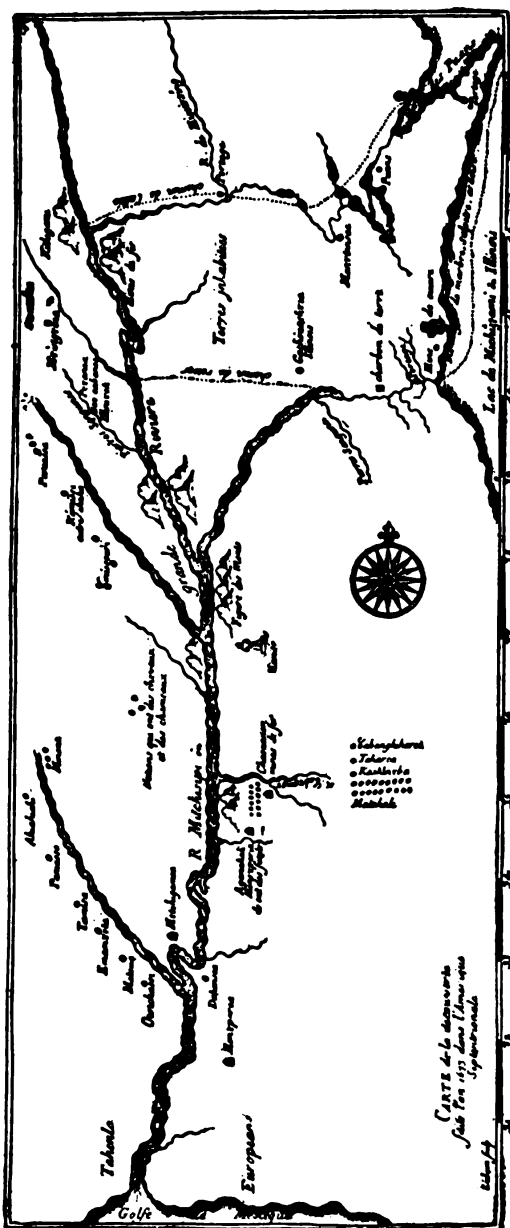
entered upon his quarrel with the Jesuits, and he would probably not have quarrelled with them at all if he had left them in the undisturbed possession of power in Canada and the countries beyond,

with their missions and trading-posts. Joliet departed to find the Southern Sea by way of the Great Lakes and the great river. At Sault Sainte Marie he met Marquette, who went with him, ecstatically thankful for this answer to his fervent prayers. The priest went as priest and missionary, not in obedience to orders from the Governor-General, whose party always disclaimed him, but instructed by his Order to carry the gospel into benighted parts.

The story of this expedition is told by Marquette. Joliet was the commander, but on his return his canoe was wrecked in the rapids above Montreal, and all his papers were lost. He afterwards made a report of the journey and sketched a map from memory, which Frontenac sent to France in 1674. Marquette's report was sent to the mission at Sault Sainte Marie, and a year later, 1675, the French government was in possession of the priest's journals, which, however, were thrust away in the archives at Paris. These were not published until 1681, when La Salle was making his effort to journey down the river. The King seems to have forgotten his eagerness to find a way to

the Southern Sea, and to have overlooked the importance of the work of his appointed agent, as he subsequently disregarded the whole vast empire which La Salle added to his crown.

Marquette tells the story of the journey from the full heart of the happy missionary. He was one of the "optimists" of his time—to employ a good word in the distorted sense of our own day; he saw no treachery or guile in his Indians, as he realized none of the hardships of his life, nor the poison of new countries, until his body succumbed to toil and



MARQUETTE'S MAP, AS GIVEN IN THÉVENOT

exposure before he had reached middle life. Even then his death in the woods where he lived was beatific. This tale of a pleasant journey, begun on the sparkling waters of the Wisconsin in the gracious month of June, embalms for us some of the beautiful legends of the Indian, and preserves for us some of his most encouraging and charming traits. Unselfishness, hospitality, religious sentiment, the recognition of the preeminent beauty of peace, were traits that appeared to Marquette when he visited savages whom others saw and have continued to see only as bloody-minded and repulsive heathen.

It was the day of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin, whom Father Marquette had always invoked when he prayed to be permitted to carry the gospel to the Indians of the Mississippi, that he received his instructions to join Joliet's expedition. In two canoes, and with five men, the adventurers set forth on the 17th of May, 1673, from Marquette's mission of St. Ignatius at Michilimackinac. Over Lake Michigan to Green Bay—or, as it was then known, the Bay of the Fetid—Marquette says they went, and that they made their "paddles play merrily over the water"; so joyously did he begin his voyage. The Indians of the Wild Oats, as the French called the water-plant, or the Wild Rice, as the English called and as we call it now, were the first whom he visited. Their canoes were pushed through the graceful heads of the grain bending above the full waters, and Marquette describes with particularity this plant, which continues to be a favorite food of the people who live in the States of the Great Lakes. The Wild Oats warned the Frenchmen of the dangers that awaited them on their journey down the great river—of the warring tribes that would kill and scalp them, of the monsters of the river who would swallow them and their canoes, of the demon that would stop them and engulf them, and of the great heat that would destroy them. It was the smiling month of June, however, and Marquette's heart was happy in the thought of his mission, happier still in the thought that he might die in carrying onward the cause of Christ. So he told the wondering Indians, and bidding them

pray for him and his cause and his party, he went on.

They sailed down the Fox River, came to Lake Winnebago, to the village of the Maskoutens, the Fire Nation, and then, through little lakes and marshes, carried and sailed their canoes to the Wisconsin. They had left the waters flowing northward and had come to those which flowed to the south. In the shallows of the Fox River their feet had been cut by the sharp rocks over which they were compelled to drag their canoes, but now they were on a broad river with a sandy bottom, whose shallows made navigation difficult, but whose beauties chiefly impressed themselves upon the mind of Marquette,—the vine-clad islands, the "fertile lands, diversified with wood, prairie, and hill. Here," he continues, "you find oaks, walnut, whitewood, and another kind of tree with branches armed with long thorns." Here they saw deer and moose in "considerable numbers." They saw what appeared to be an iron-mine. They were penetrating what was to be the beautiful State of Wisconsin. On the 17th of June they reached the Mississippi—"with a joy that I cannot express," writes Father Marquette. They entered it at the point where now stands Prairie du Chien.

Father Marquette there called the river La Conception. The name soon disappeared. The Spaniards had called it Espiritu Sancto. La Salle christened it Colbert. All gave way in the end to the persistent Indian name Mississippi, the Great River. For eight days the voyagers journeyed through a silent solitude. They encountered animals and birds of kinds new to them, but no human beings. The land became even more beautiful as the river cut its narrow way between the cliffs and the meadows of the two sides. There was no longer need of paddling, for the canoes glided gently down the stream by islands covered with beautiful trees. The game was abundant. There were "deer and moose, bustards and wingless swans—for they shed their plumes in this country." They met with the great Mississippi catfish, one of which struck Marquette's canoe so violently that he was afraid that he had run upon a snag, and that the frail bark would be dashed to pieces. The first suggestion

of neighboring human life was the painted monster on a rock, "with the head of a tiger, a pointed snout like a wildcat's, a beard and ears erect, a grayish back, and neck all black."

As they go farther south and reach a point below the place where Davenport, Iowa, now stands, the wild turkey appears, and, strangest and most exciting of all their discoveries thus far, they saw the great bison, whom the Indians called the *pisikiou*. It was the 25th of June before the Frenchmen perceived a sign of human neighborhood. Then they saw a footprint upon the shore, and following a beaten path, Marquette and Joliet came upon three Indian villages. Fearful lest their reception might not be friendly, they nevertheless announced themselves by calling out, and the Indians, no less fearful than themselves, ran forth. Then they slowly approached to meet them, bearing pipes, which they lifted towards the sun—"as if," says Marquette, "offering them to him to smoke." The two parties stood before each other in silence, when Marquette asked, "Who are you?" To which the answer came, "We are Illinois,"—which is the same as saying in English that they were men, for this is the meaning of the Indian word Illinois. Then they presented to the strangers their pipes to smoke. The pipes were the mysterious calumet, the gift of the Gitche-Manitou, the Great Spirit, for the promotion of peace among the tribes. The Illinois presented a calumet to Marquette and Joliet, and its religious significance and its prevailing power among the Indians were more than once manifested during the fortunate journey. Marquette was now among the Indians whose emissaries had visited him at La Pointe, inviting him to come among them with his divine message. They had recognized the black robe of the Jesuit, and this accounts no doubt for the friendly reception with which the travellers met. Marquette saw nothing but the better side of these Indians, of whose meaner characteristics La Salle and Tonty were soon to have experience. The imaginative priest saw only the poetry in the savage life which he now encountered; and it was well, for it gives to us a charming narrative, as it gave to Longfellow some of his beautiful verses. A great and

formal reception was held for the visitors, and the author of "Hiawatha" has translated the words of the Indian orator, as Father Marquette transcribed them, making them Hiawatha's welcome to the "Black-robe chief, the Pale-face."

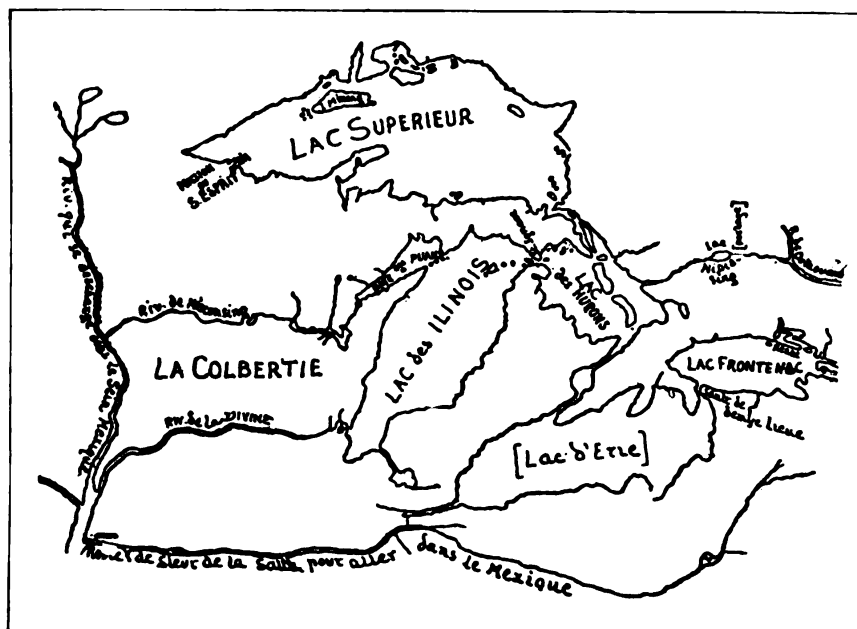
Beautiful is the sun, O strangers,  
When you come so far to see us!  
All our town in peace awaits you;  
All our doors stand open for you;  
You shall enter all our wigwams,  
For the heart's right hand we give you.

Never bloomed the earth so gayly,  
Never shone the sun so brightly,  
As to-day they shine and blossom  
When you come so far to see us!  
Never was our lake so tranquil,  
Nor so free from rocks and sand-bars;  
For your birch canoe in passing  
Has removed both rock and sand-bar!

Never before had our tobacco  
Such a sweet and pleasant flavor,  
Never the broad leaves of our corn-fields  
Were so beautiful to look on,  
As they seem to us this morning,  
When you come so far to see us!

A feast was made for the visitors, but they were under the painful necessity of refusing the dog meat which constituted the *pièce de résistance* of a native banquet. The calumet was danced, and then the sanctified pipe of red sandstone was presented to the Frenchmen.

They hastily said good-by to the Illinois about the end of June, and the voyage was continued. They passed the mouth of the river Illinois, which La Salle afterward named the Seignelay, in honor of the French minister Colbert's son. Marquette described the "frightful" high cliffs of stratified rocks, with the trees and the cactus growing out of the earthy spaces in the rocks, and the "two monsters painted on one of those rocks . . . on which the boldest Indians dare not gaze long. They are as large as a calf, with horns on the head like a deer, a fearful look, red eyes, bearded like a tiger, the face somewhat like a man's, the body covered with scales, and the tail so long that it twice makes the turn of the body, passing over the head and down between the legs, and ending at last in a fish's tail. Green, red, and a kind of



JOLIET'S LARGER MAP, 1674

black are the colors employed." Soon the Illinois with its painted monsters and its natural forts was to be made the centre of the great French empire which Frontenac and La Salle projected and made possible, but for whose establishment Louis and France were not equal.

Soon on their voyage downward they encountered the muddy and stormy waters, laden with dangerous tree trunks, of the Missouri. Perhaps this was the great whirlpool against which the friendly Illinois had warned them; at all events their canoes were twisted about, and were so banged by stumps and other missiles that the travellers were glad to get through it. Now, as did La Salle later, they sailed out of the clear waters of the upper Mississippi into waters yellowed by the Pekitanoui, or "Muddy River"—the Missouri,—for this turbulent stream discolored the Mississippi to its mouth. It was here that Marquette heard of a great geographical fact, which, however, was not certainly known until a century later. He heard that by following up this river for five or six days one would come to an easy portage over a beautiful prairie; that then one would come to a little river running southwest, thence to a lake, and thence to another river emptying into the sea. Marquette thought that this

would be the Red Sea, the Gulf of California. "I have hardly any doubt," he wrote, "that this is the Red Sea. I do not despair of one day making the discovery, if God does me this favor and grants me health, in order to be able to publish the gospel to all the nations of this new world who have so long been plunged in heathen darkness." Marquette's dream was of a truth, for from the Missouri one may reach the Platte, whose head waters interlock with those of the Colorado, and this river in turn flows into the Gulf of California. Here was an Indian tale informed by the imagination of a born explorer.

Still they went on in pleasant spirits. A thing that is strange of this compared with every other narrative of the time is that it contains no record of any quarrel between the lay captain and the priest, or, indeed, of any quarrels whatever, or of any jealousy. They passed the mouth of the Ohio—the Onaboukigou—the beautiful river. They made their way through the little bay against which the Indians, thinking that an evil Manitou dwelt there, had also warned them. But they passed safely with their frail canoes, between the rocks that rose "twenty feet high, where the whole current of the river is whirled: hurled back against that

which follows, and checked by a neighboring island, the mass of water is forced through a narrow channel."

Marquette was keenly interested in all that he saw. He was intent on testing the gifts of nature, as he was intent on making friends with and converts of the sons of men whom he met on the route. He had tasted the mineral waters of Wisconsin. He had learned the tongues of Indians until he had mastered six. He now studied the supposed iron-mines near the Ohio, and tried on his paddle the colored clays of the deposit from which the near-by Indians, the Shawnees, and their successors for many years obtained the pigments with which they decorated themselves. Leaving the beautiful river behind, they came to the land of cane. The hills and frowning rocks which Marquette had found so picturesque gave place to lowlands, on which he saw the beautiful tall green cane, growing so thick that the wild beef, as he called the bison, found it difficult to make their way through it. With the cane came the mosquitoes. Marquette even called it their country. The Indians to avoid them slept on scaffoldings of poles, under which they built a smudge, and the Frenchmen made a canopy of sails for protection from the stinging insects.

As they progressed they met some Indians—probably a party of Tuscaroras—who bore guns, and possessed axes, hoes, knives, beads, and the old-time double glass bottles which held powder. All these they had probably bought of the Spaniards in Florida. For the first time the Frenchmen were to try the mysterious power of the calumet. With timid gestures they showed it to the Indians, as the Illinois had shown it to them a month before; but, with the precaution of civilization, believing in preparation, the messenger of peace was backed by the rest of the company, who took aim with their guns lest it might turn out that a bullet might be more to the advantage of the white man than Gitche-Manitou's peace-pipe. But, says Marquette, the Indians were "as much frightened as ourselves," and so there was a feast instead of a battle.

Still farther south they met the warlike tribe of Mitchigamea. These were armed with bows, arrows, axes, war-clubs, and

bucklers. They declined at first to recognize the sacred calumet, and even sprang into the water to seize the Frenchmen's canoes; but at last some of the old men saw the mysterious emblem of peace, called off the hot-headed young warriors, and again hospitality followed hostility. The good father had soon made friends with these savages, and while he writes that he does not "know whether they understood what I told them of God and the things which concerned their salvation," he adds, with his engaging hopefulness, "It is a seed cast in the earth which must bear its fruit in season."

He had now reached the Indians who knew not winter and who had never seen snow. They were descended from the Aztecs, and as the language was a Mexican dialect, Marquette, whose lingual learning was in Algonquin and Iroquois, found it difficult to understand them. He did his best with signs and with scattered words of his own Indian vocabulary, and he never failed to preach the gospel to the tribes he encountered. Moreover, he seems never to have failed to leave behind him a pleasant impression.

Eight or ten leagues farther on the voyage southward stopped in latitude 33° 40' north. Beyond it were the mouths of the Mississippi, to be found nine years later by La Salle. In a two or three days' journey farther, Marquette and Joliet would have completed their task and have anticipated their greater successor. They were now among the Akamsea. This is the way in which Marquette spells the name of the Arkansas Indians, writing the word, of course, as it struck his ear; and so we may sympathize with the people of the modern State, who are so determined that the name shall not be pronounced as if it were a lengthened Kansas that they have enacted a statute condemning all, by inference at least, who do not say "Arkansaw." Marquette preached the gospel to these Indians, and says that they wanted him to remain to instruct them; but another entry in his narrative indicates that the good man's simplicity was sometimes played upon, for the Indians held a council in which they plotted to kill the Frenchmen for the plunder that they might obtain. Their lives would have been taken but for a friendly chief who danced the calu-

met before Marquette and presented him with the pipe.

The two, Marquette and Joliet, agreed that they had gone far enough. They had learned, or at least they wisely conjectured, that the great river flowed, not into the Gulf of California, but into the Gulf of Mexico. They believed that France should have the benefit of their discoveries. They feared that the Spaniard still roamed the Gulf of Mexico, over which he claimed exclusive jurisdiction. The Indians of Arkansas could not correct their misinformation, for they knew of Indians who were possessed of European articles bought of men like the Frenchmen, some of whom were dressed like Marquette, and who had been seen in winged canoes off the mouth of the river. These Indians were enemies of the Arkansas and kept the latter from the Spaniards, so, for aught the hosts of the Frenchmen knew, these enemies of their country would certainly be encountered if the expedition proceeded south; and if this happened, they would be killed or taken, and the fruits of the expedition would thus be lost to France. Therefore they determined to return.

They went back by the way of the Illinois River, through the Chicago River and Lake Michigan, to Green Bay. On their way they passed through the village of the Kaskaskia, and Marquette promised to return and to establish there a mission; but he was even then sick unto death. He lay ill at Green Bay until the spring of 1674, and then, feeling his strength returning, he started out to keep his promise. He got no farther than the site of Chicago; then, overtaken again by his mortal disease, he spent there another winter of his holy life—for the spiritual conquered the material. There were no outward signs of his suf-

ferings; there were no groanings from his lips: there were only prayers and cheerful words of exhortation and of hope. He was the beloved object of all the region. Wild Indian and *coureur de bois* as wild visited him for their affection for him. At last, again stronger, in the spring of 1675 he went on to Kaskaskia. He ministered for a brief time, from cabin to cabin, and he felt the joy of the priest and missionary in awakening the heathen to the truths of Christianity. Never before in the thrilling history of the Jesuit missions among the North-American Indians had so many converts been won by a single man or by a single mission. The work of the priest, however, was not to continue. Again his strength failed him, and he was taken northward by his Indian friends to die. Daily he grew weaker as they sailed up Lake Michigan, and all the way he told his companions of the speedy joy that was awaiting him. At last they bore him to a beautiful eminence on the shore of the lake. He told his companions to leave him for a time, for he needed to pray and to sleep; that he would know when death was coming and would call them. So he did, and passed out of this world into the next with prayer, seeming as if he saw the glories that awaited him.

Thus ended the pleasant life of Père Marquette. He was buried on the spot where he died; but, a year later, some Ottawa Indians carried his bones to the mission of St. Ignace at Mackinaw, and buried them under his chapel of logs. The chapel was burned, but, in 1877, an excavation of the place was made, some bones were found, and the priests, believing them to be the bones of Marquette, reburied them. Wisconsin has fittingly placed a monument to him in the Capitol at Washington.



# The House of the Terraces

BY ARTHUR COLTON

THREE terraces with gray stone balustrades went down from the great gray stone house to the river. The windows of the house shone with red and level light whenever the sun set between the two mountains beyond the river, and at night the same windows glowed from within and sent long streams of yellow light flowing across the upper terrace, around the circular fountain whose outflow slid and fell from terrace to terrace, and so out beneath the wrought-iron water-gate. But the light from the lower windows went no farther than the upper terrace. The two lower lay in the dark below.

Many kinds of sailing and steaming craft went by on the wide river—tugs dragging strings of canal-boats, black barges, pleasure-yachts with white sails, and passenger-steamers, which at night were like enormous glowworms, each carrying aloft a veering search-light. Usually, whenever the night boat went up, the vast beam of the search-light wheeled across the sky, seeming to brush the stars, and fell on the terraces. It fixed its stern blinding gaze there a moment or two, and was gone. A girl in white on the lower terrace said, "It is like the eye of God." Whenever the searching eye was turned on the terraces she would stand upright in the glare and endure it proudly, with eyes closed, arms outspread, and open hands. When it turned away, the beat of her own heart and the distant throb of the steamboat seemed to be in thrilling unison over the test and crisis passed. There remained only the noiseless flicker of the stars, the dripping of the fountain water, and the whisper of waves under the terrace, until the long-delayed splash of the steamer's swell came and climbed the masonry.

Some hours later a voice called like a trumpet down the terraces, "Silvia!" sending the girl's dreams flying like splintered glass.

She climbed slowly to the great gray house, where Miss Somers was putting the card-table away, the rector and the rector's wife departing, and Aunt Guylder sat quite handsome and solid in her chair,—who, having remarked powerfully, "If the child were not so loony she'd be more of a nuisance, to be sure," "That's what you call a providential compensation," the fat rector, Mr. Drew, began. "Now, now, my dear madam—"

"Well, I do, then, which is a deal more important."

"So it is," chuckled the fat rector, as if Aunt Guylder's blandly insolent tyrannies were a joke that never grew stale.

They were no joke to Miss Somers, Aunt Guylder's dependent and companion, poor lady, a gray-haired spinster of faded sentiments and many scruples; nor to Silvia. They left her little freedom, except the freedom of the terraces from seven till ten every evening, when whist occupied Aunt Guylder's energies. That time and place were her private kingdom. She never spoke to Aunt Guylder or Miss Somers of the night life on the terraces. The peopled world of her thoughts was solemn and her own, and seemed more vivid and vital than that wherein Aunt Guylder and the rector played whist and quarrelled for the odd points, and Miss Somers taught her algebra and French conversation. If she held her hands over her eyes and stared long enough at the wavering river, presently she seemed to make out multitudes of people moving beneath. Or if she stared at the stars and thought hard about the spaces between, presently the spaces were filled with white persons moving to and fro. Yet at the same time she knew that such things are only images of what she thought and felt, as if all waters and skies were but mirrors that reflected the panorama of one's self.

"Peter Addison," thundered Aunt



Guylder after the departing rector and wife, "was a fool and gave her a fool of a name."

"Tut, tut," said the fat rector, and took himself off, chuckling, and Silvia came in with blinking eyes, and went through the ceremonious good-night prescribed her, which ceremony Aunt Guylder watched critically, point by point, through gold-rimmed and unerring eye-glasses.

"Loony or not," was Aunt Guylder's doctrine, "she *shall* have manners."

The rector and his wife walked down the long avenue of elms that framed the approach to the Addison house from the village.

"It has always struck me, my dear," he said, "that Peter Addison left a poetic replica of himself under the guardianship of almost too military a person in his sister. Sometimes I've even thought that Silvia might be entitled to some of that—a—that providential compensation."

He went so far as to suggest, the next evening, between deals, that Silvia would not go mooning so much by herself, nor make such a kingdom of her solitude, if she had more companionship of her own age—"in particular, of the other sex." Mrs. Guylder went so far as to say "Humph!" But when Miss Somers afterward, in private, ventured sentimentally on the rector's suggestion, Mrs. Guylder expressed her mind past all mistake.

"Lydia Somers! Didn't Peter Addison leave the whole estate to Silvia? Isn't my private income just about twelve hundred dollars? Very well! I'm in no hurry to be domineered over by an impudent young man. There's no living for you out of that twelve hundred. Mind that! Very well. Silvia shall marry when I see the proper person. Very well. I'm feeling quite comfortable as I am, thank you."

"Oh, a proper person, of course!" said Miss Somers, faintly, and Mrs. Guylder surveyed her good-naturedly.

"Don't be a fool, Lydia. You know what I mean."

"Oh, of course!" still more faintly.

"Meaning you don't. Well, then, I mean manageable, directable, by proper persons."

"Oh, of course!" very faintly indeed.

A "proper person," then, meant a person directable by proper persons. It was a difficult idea. Miss Somers related the conversation and submitted her vague thoughts on the subject to the rector and his wife. They waited for Mrs. Guylder to come down to her evening whist. Were not directable young men sadly rare? The rector chuckled marvellously, and admitted that they were. He remembered in his own youth he had been, alas! not over-manageable and meek himself. He thought of one or two rather mild curates whom he knew and who rather bored him. He thought of Peter Addison, dead some fifteen years now, a widower two or three years before that, who had been under the sway of Mrs. Guylder as seaweed is swayed by the tide. He had seemed to find his sister's dominion rather agreeable to his drifting, dreamy nature. He thought of Mrs. Guylder,\* that self-centred lady who reminded him of a mahogany sideboard. Silvia was grown up now. What a slim little lily! A poetic replica of Peter Addison in respect that both maintained their own kingdoms of solitude, kingdoms described, delineated, and denounced by Mrs. Guylder as "looniness." There were a number of nice girls in the village. The rector thought he could see why Silvia declined to take interest in them. He shook his head again and shuffled the cards.

"Manageable young men are not more rare than uninteresting, Miss Somers. I'll think it over."

Silvia leaned on the old mossy balustrade hard by the water-gate. There was no moon. The night steamboat went by, the search-light wheeled and fell on the terraces, and she stood stiff and still, thinking, "Now it looks through me and sees everything." When it was gone she leaned again with throbbing heart on the balustrade.

"The things one thinks and feels," she theorized, "are the real, true things. They are things that move slowly about the world over our heads, and when one of them finds a person who's fit for that kind of thought, it drops in. They are all that really matter. So if one only thinks and feels things that drop in,



Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

SILVIA



then if none dropped in one would be quite empty. One wouldn't be much of anything. I wonder what one is, truly? Who is Silvia Addison? What is Silvia Addison all by herself?"

Eric Pendleton and four others were bringing their canoes down from the northern woods by river in the kindly September weather, pitching their tent at night wherever the twilight found them, and singing, to things in general, those familiar songs, commonly called "college songs," by which the youth of the times expresses indirectly its broad approbation of life. They made no bad music, with Eric's mellow voice for the solos—his voice that was something like himself, large, candid, serene, and accurate, but soft on the surface.

The month was nearing its end, and but some forty miles more remained of the river ere it should come to the salt-water bay and the great city thereon. The free days on wood and water were over, and sentiment ruled about the camp-fire. When Pendleton rose without speaking, and, shoving his canoe from the bank, slid away on the starlit river, the action was taken to be self-explained and started no comment. He drifted a while, smoking thoughtfully, listening to the far-away throb of the passenger-steamboat coming up the river; finally took his paddle and moved slowly toward the farther bank. A half-mile up-stream he could see the lights of a small village, and directly ahead the lights of a large house, not far from the water—a huge old stone mansion with terraces. He drew near to the black mass of the trees up-stream, and let his canoe drift with the slow current. Something white he could dimly make out above the edge of the nearest balustrade. He studied it, and concluded it was a woman in a white dress standing very still.

"It's a queer world!" he thought. "It's floating around and looking at the water and things does it. It takes you bad."

The throbbing steamboat with its three rows of lights was nearly opposite now, and swaying its search-light from shore to shore. The beam came glimmering down and rested on the terraces, which leaped into brilliant vision. In the centre

of the vision stood a girl in white, with arms and hands outstretched, closed eyes, and a pale and still face; and as suddenly it was gone again, leaving him with eyes dazzled and hands rigid on the paddle. The current had carried him past the terraces. Looking back, he could just make out the vague white shape still there. He sat motionless in the canoe for a half-hour or more, with his chin on his hands. The dark sky-line of the woods seemed to flow and change as he floated on. At last he lifted his paddle thoughtfully, worked over and up-stream to the camp and its four meditative inhabitants, and silently took his place again by the dying camp-fire, where no man stirred for his coming.

"I've concluded to quit," he said at last.

"What for?" asked one. "There are two days' paddle in it yet."

"Something occurred to me I ought to look after."

"I guess not!" The third speaker was ironical.

"Ship my canoe by train," he persisted. "It occurred to me it was a good time to quit to-night."

The sentimental campers seemed to understand this, and said no more.

In the morning, while the shreds of mist were being sucked up by the sun, two canoes went down-stream with farewell hails and flash of paddles, and Eric Pendleton in the third went up-stream and across to the village whose lights he had noted at night. He landed, pulled his canoe up on the pier, and strolled across the railroad tracks. There was a shaded village green beyond them. He looked about him with leisurely consideration. On one side was a small church, and a house beside it with smooth lawn which would be apt to belong to the minister or rector. Opposite was a house which he judged to be a hotel from its long piazzas. Thither he went, and found his judgment up to this point correct. He sat down on the sunny piazza and considered further.

Society is something like the woods, in respect to this, at least, that the following of faint trails in either calls for much that looks like instinctive guessing, but is really based on judgment, into which judgment enter all estimates of direc-

tions, slopes, the relations and the general lie of the country. Pendleton was a woodsman whose steps on a trail were ever rational and deliberate. He concluded to pump the landlord. By the offer of a cigar he enticed to the piazza that gray-haired, slow-speaking man, who turned out to be not a pump, but a spigot or faucet, flowing natural monologue. Half of the morning and half of the afternoon he flowed the history of the village of Guyldertown, the ancestry and biography of himself and wife, the concerns of Rector Drew and wife, and other village notables, including dwellers in the great gray stone house of the terraces.

"Peter Addison," he said, "never made a dollar himself. Folks died and it come to him. But Mrs. Guylder's got smartness for the family. The rector goes there playing keerds every evening with Mrs. Drew and her and Miss Somers. There's a Miss Silvia, who's a nice young lady, but acts shy. Well—are you any relation of E. E. Pendleton, the railroad man?"

"He's my father."

"That so! I guess you ain't got to work for a living, either."

"I take it you don't know my father."

"Well that's so."

"Nor me."

"That's so!"

The rest of the afternoon Eric sat considering with mild reflective eyes the rector's lawn. He considered the trail before him, and the general relations of things. Once he saw the rector himself come out and trot down the street, with his cane tapping the ground cheerfully. After supper he went down to the pier, launched the canoe, and floated down-stream slowly with the reflexes of the stars.

By the night steamboat, just gone, it should be half past seven of the clock. Silvia leaned over to watch the swells from its passage beat stormily on the masonry. They dashed through the ironwork of the water-gates and sent the white drops splashing on the steps.

"I wonder," she thought, "what one truly is? Who is Silvia Addison? The search-light might know, but it only asks things, and it never answers."

How long after this it happened she could not say. Presently, at least not long after, some one began to sing in the shadow of the trees up-stream from the terrace:

"Who is Silvia? What is she?"

She was startled, and lost the next bar, and then heard:

"Holy, wise, and fair is she.

The heavens such grace did lend her  
That adored she might be."

Something was floating out from the trees, close under the masonry—a boat,—and one darkly in it was singing there in a mellow voice, quite low, taking the runs smoothly, like flowing water:

"Is she kind as she is fair?

For beauty dwells with kindness.  
To her eyes Love doth repair  
To cure him of his blindness,  
And being cured, inhabits there."

The small, mysterious, drifting boat drifted mysteriously against the water-gate and hung there, like a bit of stray seaweed.

"Then to Silvia let us sing,

That Silvia is excelling.  
She excels each mortal thing  
Upon this dark earth dwelling.  
To her garlands let us bring."

Then it was all quiet by the water-gate for a moment. She stared breathlessly down at the oblong shadow. But when the thing began again, "Who is Silvia?" the strain was too great, and she gasped,

"Why, I am Silvia!"

"I thought you must be," said the oblong shadow. "What is she?"

"Why, I don't know!"

"You don't!" The shadow seemed surprised. "I'm going to climb this gate and find out. I'll tell you who I am. May I?"

"Why, yes!"

Part of the shadow detached itself, came up the ironwork, and swung easily over the balustrade.

"I'm Eric Pendleton," it said. "I'll strike a match so you can look at me. Now,—but maybe I'm looking queer. I don't know how to begin, because if I



HE CAME PROMPTLY AND HELD THE CANOE





don't follow this trail right I'm in a bad way." Which seemed to Silvia to imply vaguely that he was a fugitive bandit by nature and by trade.

"Why, what do you mean? How did you come here?"

"I came down the river in a canoe. It happened last night when the search-light was here. I saw you in the middle of it, and—of course you didn't know you did it, but you did. Of course you didn't mean to, but that's why I'm in a bad way."

"Why, what do you mean? I don't know who you are, not a bit!"

"I am going to tell you that."

He seated himself on the balustrade and spent a biographical fifteen minutes, marvellously candid, which drew from Silvia one or two small ripples of laughter—very small. But when he tried to draw from her something biographical in return, there appeared to be difficulties. She seemed to him somehow to be half on the wing, and liable to bolt like a humming-bird any moment. He paused and consulted himself for the next step, considering the general relations of things. He looked down at the water, and asked,

"Why don't you keep a boat down here?"

"There's never been any that I remember."

"Haven't you ever been on the river at night?"

"Why, no!"

"Haven't you wanted to?"

"Oh, I've wanted to!"

"Then we'll go now."

"But—"

"Is the gate locked?"

"Oh yes!"

"Climb down the ironwork, then. Don't you dare?"

"Of course I dare!" she said, sharply, with a sudden vigor and indignation, as surprising to herself as to any one. She jumped on the balustrade, swung to the gate, and started down the stiff iron tracteries. He came promptly and held the canoe. The canoe shot powerfully up-stream, then back again. Some instinct, forest-bred or otherwise, told him to keep near the terraces. Certainly Silvia showed no alarm. The fragile shell leaped under her, and twisted like

a cat at a turn of Eric Pendleton's wrist. Instead of any scared silence, the fragility of the situation seemed to draw her on to thrilling confidences—her autobiography, in its way as candid as his own.

"And," it concluded, "so one can have a story or a play every evening, but only till ten o'clock, when Aunt Guylder calls, and the curtain comes down quick! Because then everything is 'all to-shivered' like Sir Geraint's and the black knight's spears when they jousted."

"Ten o'clock!" said Eric. "It's quarter of, now! We'll take no risks." He shot for the water-gate, and Silvia went up it as if to the manner born. She leaned far over the balustrade and said,

"Will you be all to-shivered when Aunt Guylder calls?"

"No."

"I'm very glad."

"Good night, Silvia."

"Good night."

She turned up the terraces with a small chuckle rather new to herself in quality, marvellously resembling the rector's.

There were many evenings, rather un-resembling each other. They all began by an inquiry, in subdued song, from the shadows, "Who is Silvia?" and were mainly spent by Eric in pursuit of the answer to the question, "What is she?" Silvia watched luminous thoughts take shape in spaces between the stars, and listened to the singing, and to the water singing under the canoe.

"When I saw you first," he said one night, "you were only a white something on the balustrade, but I knew it was a girl. Then the search-light came, and I fell in a heap for half an hour."

"This is a story I read in a book," Silvia said, another night: "There was once a god Apollo, and another god named Pan, and a man named Midas."

"I've heard of them."

"Well, both the gods played and sang nicely, so there was a contest between them, and they chose Midas to say which of them did the better, and Midas thought that Pan's music was the better. Then Apollo was very sarcastic and turned Midas's ears into ass's ears."

"He was the kind that they call a

mucker," said Eric. "Nobody but a mucker takes it out of the umpire."

"Why, Eric Pendleton! The book said he was a god!"

"I don't care if it did."

"Well, the book said the moral was that Pan was the god of forest and field music, of birds and running water, and the wind in the trees; and Apollo was the god of instruments, such as harps and violins, and of the voices of human people who have learned to sing as nicely as you do. It said the people who made the story meant that anybody who didn't understand that 'art was higher than nature,' was a donkey, and ought to have long ears so people would know what he was. But this is what I thought about it: Now, of course, I suppose, Apollo 'placed his voice,' and 'breathed right,' the way the music-teacher tells you, and he sang gloriously, besides, and only the best kind of music, and it really was splendid; and Pan just blew anyhow, and howled and wheezed, like the wind, and you couldn't tell what his music was about or how it came to be so. It hadn't any measure, and was very disquieting. It set you wondering, and kept you awake nights. And then poor Pan had crooked old legs like trees with moss on them, and Apollo's legs were very long like yours, and very beautiful like marble pillars. But for all that, I don't believe but that Midas was honest. And perhaps he was right, too. Or, at least, he had a right to his opinion, hadn't he?"

"Of course he had," said Eric, absently.

"Because I've always thought the wind and water music was much better than sonatas on pianos, but then I never heard any one before sing 'Who is Silvia?' out in the dark, and now I'm very mixed. And if you were Apollo, now, and I were Midas, I don't know what I'd do, except I'd scream like a fool and say, 'You let my ears alone!'"

"I never touched them yet," said Eric, gloomily.

"The night you first came," she went on, "and sang 'Who is Silvia? What is she?' in the dark, that was just what I'd been wondering and wondering—what a person really was, and so, when it came right up from the water, I just had to find out about it."

"Sometimes a man has luck."

"What do you mean? I don't believe you've been listening."

"Yes, I have. I was thinking it was time I went around to the front door."

"What do you mean?"

"Of the house up there. I was wondering how I was going to get in that way."

"Some one would open it, if you knocked."

"What would I say if they did?"

"Oh! I don't know. Why don't you go in this side with me? Because then I could tell Aunt Guylder who you are."

"Then she'd throw me into the river, wouldn't she?"

"Oh!" Silvia thought for some time. "Perhaps she would," and said good night that evening but half audibly.

It was the middle of the next morning when he knocked at the rectory door and was ushered into the study, where the fat rector rose and looked inquiringly. He recollected having seen this young man about the village lately, and having remarked his mild-eyed largeness and aimless gait.

"My name is Eric Pendleton."

"Really?" The rector saw some amusement, but no light. "Very glad. How do you do?"

"You have heard of my father, E. E. Pendleton."

"Oh! Ah! Isn't he president of some railroad around here?"

"D. H. and C."

"Wait a bit. I've met him. A big smooth-looking man. You look precisely like him!"

"So they say."

"He looks—let me see—"

"He looks like a cow."

"Oh! — a — well, well! Perhaps so. But it's very kind of him to remember me. I shouldn't have dreamed he'd remember me."

"He doesn't, that I know of. I never heard of it. It's a coincidence. Sometimes a man has this kind of luck."

The rector's intimate chuckle was well started. He saw more amusement, but still no light.

"Ah! well—deprecating that—a—comparison of yours, you do look like him. How is he?"

"All right, I guess. I don't know. He and I fight like cats when we're together, so we look sharp and don't collide too much. But we're fond of each other, only he's mulish. So am I. We're mules, but we look like cows. But that's all right if you know about me, because it will save time, so I'll tell you the story now. I fell in love out on the river; just as if I'd capsized suddenly, there wouldn't be any doubt I was wet. I was in a canoe. It was the house by the river down-stream with three terraces, where you go to play whist with Mrs. Guylder and Miss Somers, but Silvia is out on the terraces. She climbs down that iron gate, and she can paddle now pretty well. It's being going on— Oh, I don't know, —it must be a week. We paddle all over the river in the canoe every night. I think it's time I ought to come in at the front door. There's always some time when you have to come in at the front door. Isn't there?"

The gasping rector waved his chubby hands and remonstrated. "Here, here, here! Stop it! Now won't you please begin again and go over that slowly?"

While Eric complied at length the rector held his heaving sides, and thought there was a limit beyond which amusement becomes painful. Questioned on the subject of his feelings toward Silvia, Eric was even wordy.

"So you want to come in at the front door under my auspices?" said the rector finally. "You want to be labelled 'harmless.' There now! That reminds me. You touch a difficulty. A—regarding the label. My impression was—I inferred—that you are not exactly what one would call a 'directable, manageable, and meek' young man. The fact is"—tapping the desk thoughtfully with his penholder—"Mrs. Guylder rather recently stated that she felt it her duty—to protect Silvia against unmanageable young men. Now"—tapping with the penholder—"are you a manageable young man?"

"No."

"Why, there you are! You see it wouldn't do."

"I'm a good liar," said the imperturbable young man.

"What! A—oh! I see. Well, well! A— What made you think I would be willing to guarantee to Mrs. Guylder a young man of your description?"

"Silvia thought you might."

"Oh! Ah! Ho, ho! Ha, ha! Here! Come and let my wife look at you—a—Eric. If we're going to be as intimate as all this, I'd better call you that."

"Of course."

An hour later the rector looked up from the note he was writing to Mrs. Guylder, and said to his wife, "Are you going to be 'indisposed' or 'detained' to-night?"

Mrs. Drew said "detained," and the rector wrote on: "A son of an old acquaintance to take her place. He seems to play a fair game, on the whole—a respectable game."

"Respectable game!" grumbled the rector. "Fair game! My dear, just look at the duplicity of those phrases! And at my time of life."

The search-light tender on the steamboat that night held the dazzling gaze of the great eye on the terraces longer than usual.

"Well!" he said at length. "She isn't there!"

Sylvia stood hidden by the thick wall-creepers close to one of the lower windows of the big gray house, looking in at the group about the whist-table. The rector sat facing her and saw her there, and coughed discreetly behind his hand. Miss Somers's innocent, precise, but submissive back was toward the window. Aunt Guylder's face indicated latent and possible thunder, but for the present a tentative approval of her partner, whose expression was a firm but fine blending of meek absorption in whist and awed apprehension of Aunt Guylder.

Silvia turned away, looked over the terraces at the starlit river, and sighed.

"If he does it that way, we'll never escape over the water-gate and go down the river. I wonder why he wouldn't?"

She turned back to the window, laid her cheek against the pane, and followed the sigh with a small laugh, in quality somewhat like the rector's.

"It's so beautiful, life is! But it's so funny!"

# The Problem of Consciousness

BY C. W. SALEEBY, M.D.

WITHOUT admitting the validity of either of those converse errors—as we must regard them—known as materialism and spiritualism, we may begin by assuming that, in general terms, the brain is the organ of mind. Let us therefore look at this remarkable organ. And we shall confine our attention exclusively to its surface. If you ask me what is the most wonderful of all the cosmic manifestations, I give you not the Pleiades, nor radium nor the noonday, but the gray surface of the human brain.

Technically, the gray matter which is spread out, in a thin layer—many of which superimposed would not make an inch,—upon the surface of the cerebral hemispheres, is known as the “bark of the cerebrum,” or *cortex cerebri*. And the reader needs no telling that it consists essentially of *nerve-cells*. If to these we add supporting tissue and blood and lymph vessels, the constituent tissues of the cortex are all enumerated. But we will naturally consider only the cells, which all the other structures subserve.

If we take an *average* area of the cortex—and this raises a question which it is the main purpose of this paper to consider—we find that the cells may be recognized as having an arrangement in five layers. In the most superficial of these we find small, somewhat uncharacteristic cells, whose nerve processes run but a short distance parallel to the surface, ending in relation to other superficial cells an inch or two distant. Appalling is the havoc wrought in this layer of coordinating cells by the poisons of alcoholic insanity and general paralysis. But the characteristic cells of the cortex are found mainly in the third and fourth layers. They are relatively large in size, of a very precise triangular or pyramidal shape, the apex of the pyramid being directed towards the skull. From the apex and sides of this isosceles triangle

spring a large number of branching processes, which subdivide and form a tree-like structure around the body of the cell. Hence, by an obvious derivation from the Greek, they are called *dendrites*.

Can we for a moment interrupt this anatomical account of the cell, and correlate a physiological fact therewith? There seems to be some evidence that we can: and since this is almost the only instance in which we can particularize, it must here be noted. If a sleeping dog be instantaneously killed, by some method which absolutely insures that it die before even the feeblest form of consciousness is excited, we may observe a remarkable difference in the dendrites of its cortical cells. They are found to be largely *withdrawn*—as it appears—into the cell-body. Very few branches are to be found upon them, and these do not end in the tiny expansions which are usually seen. With due reserve and absence of dogmatism we may therefore infer that perhaps the function of these dendrites—which, be it remembered, do not pass from one cell to the neighborhood of another—is *nutritive*, that during consciousness they are constantly absorbing, from the lymph in which they are bathed, a stream of food or potential chemical energy for use by the cell-body. We may tentatively and provisionally infer that the anatomical difference between consciousness and normal unconsciousness, which we call sleep, is in the extension or retraction of the dendrites of the cortical nerve-cells.

But we have not yet examined the base of the isosceles triangle which constitutes the cell-body. It yields no dendrites: but from its mid-point there emerges a single filament or process which is known by the clumsy name of the axis-cylinder process, or *Axon*. It is this all-important Axon through which the cell issues its commands. The protoplasm or living matter of the cell-body and the axon are

absolutely continuous. If the axon be divided, so that its connection with the cell-body and the contained cell-nucleus is no longer maintained, the axon, or *nerve*—for every nerve is merely a bundle of axons,—will degenerate, and will soon be resolved into nothing but a long row of dead and disconnected globules of fat. Not only so, but its severance from the axon also adversely affects the cell-body, which shows various degenerative changes thereafter. We are therefore entitled to regard the *cell plus its axon* as essentially a single structure, which we call a *neuron*, and every nervous system is essentially a collection of interwoven and interrelated *neurons*. The unit of a nervous system is a neuron, just as the unit of an organism is a cell.

Now the natural question arises as to the destination of this axon. Where is it going? This question can be precisely answered. For instance, in every part of the cortex are nerve-cells whose axons are going to other parts of the cortex, to end by dividing up into a multitude of tiny hairlike filaments which surround the body of a nerve-cell in this area. Many of the axons run from cells of one side of the brain to cells of the other side. Many of these run together, in a number of definite nerve-strands known very properly as association-tracts, each of which has its own name. Thus there is a strand which runs from each side of the front of the brain to the *opposite* side of the cerebellum—or hind-brain. Hence a persistent headache over the left eye, with other symptoms, has led the surgeon to explore the right side of the skull behind, and has frequently led to the successful removal of a cerebellar tumor—not a bad practical outcome of anatomy.

But the most interesting destination of these axons has not been named. Large numbers of them leave cortical cells, run downwards through the brain, cross over to the other side, run down the spinal cord, and end by breaking up around cells in the spinal cord distant perhaps two feet or more from their starting-place in the cortex. From the second cell in the spinal cord a new axon runs, another three feet or so, to, let us say, the muscle that moves a toe. When the toe encounters a tack, and the cells in the cortex are informed, they send an impulse through

their axons to the cells in the cord, which do likewise, and the toe is withdrawn. The path of volition thus essentially consists of an upper neuron, beginning in the cortex of one side, and a lower neuron, the servant of the first, which begins in the spinal cord, and ends in one of those elongated cells which we call a muscle-fibre, of the opposite side of the body.

This multiform nervous system of ours is yet, under normal conditions, a unity, and the muscle-fibre of a toe is really no other than the *end-organ* of a nerve of which the cortex is the master. Consciousness and its organ are not isolated matters. Their whole duty is concerned with that which is outside them.

But before we close our consideration of the nerve-cell we may inspect its interior. Scattered through the body of a typical nerve-cell are a number of minute spindle-shaped objects, which readily take up the aniline dyes of the observer, and are known as Nissl's spindles. But to this assertion that they stain readily there must be made a qualification. They stain readily only when the cell is not tired. It is a simple matter to isolate a few nerve-cells with their axons and the muscular fibres to which they run. Now if such a "nerve-muscle preparation" be stimulated by electricity for some time, and the nerve-cells be then stained in the usual way, the Nissl's spindles have practically disappeared. The obvious inference is that they consist of stores of nutriment which is used up while the nerve-cell is functioning.

As I am not at present writing a paper on the new phrenology, which has definitely located certain forms of consciousness in certain brain areas—sight at the back of the head, hearing at the side, and so forth,—I must take for granted the reader's recognition that such "cerebral localization" or "cerebral topography" is in large measure an accomplished fact. And recalling the five layers of nerve-cells and the outlines of their complexity, the reader will ask a question which I have long been asking myself: What are the minute anatomical differences between the music area and the color area, between the smell area and the motor area, and so forth? Of this we might well know more than we do, and a few years will tell us much. At present



we can say little more than that the *very large* pyramidal cell I have described is unquestionably a motor-volitional cell, and is characteristic of the motor areas of the cortex—which you may approximately cover on each side by laying your hand on your head, with the heel of the hand just in front of and above the ear, and the fingers sloping upwards and backwards to the crown of your head.

But there is another question which is really far more interesting, and which has never yet been raised, as far as I can discover—still less have any observations been made in answer to it. Physiology and anatomy tell me, for instance, that the intense musical appreciation of a friend lies in a certain spot upon his cortex, just above his left ear—my friend being right-handed. But I have another friend who does not know Isolde's Liebestod from the "Old Hundredth," let us say. He is tone-deaf. Now what I want to know is the anatomical difference between these corresponding areas in the two brains in question. Is my musical friend possessed of more cells in this area than his friend has, or are they bigger, or are they more closely connected with each other by their processes, or are they more numerous related with cells in other areas of his brain, or have they bigger blood-vessels supplying them? No one knows or has even asked.

The brains of certain famous people have been weighed: that is as far as we have gone. Cuvier and Sir James Simpson had very large brains—but many an imbecile has a brain much heavier still: so that we are hardly at the root of the matter in this rude observation. What we need is knowledge as to the *minute cell-differences* between the brain of a Beethoven and that of a luckless tone-deaf wight. I should like to be able to go to the British Museum and not merely look at the autograph of Keats and Shakespeare and the others, but peer down long rows of microscopes showing me, side by side, a section of Beethoven's music area and that of an ordinary person's music area, Turner's visual area side by side with Ruskin's and an ordinary art-critic's and a philistine's, Wren's space-perceiving area and Phidias's and a jerry-builder's. Sandow, as I have heard, once promised his body to the anatomical

museum of the University of Edinburgh. Madame Patti, they say, has bequeathed her larynx to the incomparable museum of the Royal College of Surgeons of London. But no one who knows anything about singing needs telling that Madame Patti's larynx would look very much the same as a street-singer's. What the College of Surgeons should really get is a series of sections of Madame Patti's music centre and compare that with a street-singer's. I am told that Professor Goldwin Smith has bequeathed his brain for dissection by an American professor of anatomy. But we do not want to know—when at length its powers are no longer vouchsafed us—what is the mere brute weight of Professor Goldwin Smith's brain. Nor do we want to see sections through the motor area of that brain. For sections of motor areas we will go to billiard-players, baseball-players, violinists, painters, surgeons, and others, whose motor powers are of a high order. But we want to see what are the peculiarities of the cell-structure of what are called the *silent areas* of a great writer's brain—those large areas which subserve no special sense, no motor function, nothing that can be objectively identified. Let those who desire to serve science, and who possess any special capacity, from mechanical drawing or chess to musical creation or philosophic thought, follow the example set by those I have named, and permit the psychologist to say whether and what anatomical differences are to be distinguished between the noteworthy and the mediocre brain.

But I have not yet faced *the* problem of consciousness. Yet before I attempt to formulate it, let me note that there are grades of consciousness. We cannot say that we spend our lives between sleeping and waking, as if there were no other alternatives. Just noting the existence of such states as reverie, day-dream, ecstasy, and hypnosis (with its extreme form, somnambulism), let us further observe that there is much to be said for a belief in the continuous action of the mind, even during sleep. At any rate, no one can disprove the assertion that we *forget* the mental operations of sleep, and that such operations are nevertheless proceeding. In every dream we are in-

dubitably conscious, though asleep. Not only so, but *self-consciousness*, the recognition of the ego as opposed to the non-ego, is often extremely marked in dreams. Then, again, let the hasty one who thinks that the above-noted observation on the state of the dendrites during sleep is sufficient to explain the difference between consciousness and unconsciousness—as if these words corresponded to sharply demarcated states—let him remember that anæsthesia is utterly different from sleep. The surgeon's knife will wake a sleeper, but will not disturb an anæsthetized person. Yet even in anæsthesia there may be partial consciousness—as every one knows who has dreamt whilst under the influence of laughing-gas. Furthermore, neither sleep nor anæsthesia nor hypnosis is by any means comparable with the unconsciousness of a gross lesion such as apoplexy: and in such morbid states of unconsciousness there is an infinity of grades, from the state of the patient who can be momentarily roused by a pinch, to that of the patient who can be roused only by direct sunlight entering the pupils; and finally to that of the person whom even this most searching of stimuli will not arouse.

Obviously we have no right whatever to use the terms mind and consciousness as in any way synonymous. Unconscious mind or mental action is now an indisputable fact—attested in a thousand ways. The realm of mind is vastly more extensive than that of consciousness, and the gradations of consciousness may be traced without any sharp line whatever, from that of the man who is all alert in the face of danger to that of the so-called unconscious person who will yet respond to a suitable and adequate stimulus. It is very evident that some revision of our terminology is really essential at the present stage of our knowledge.

It is when we leave all mere anatomical considerations and ask the ultimate questions—how does mind affect matter, and how does matter display mind?—that we realize our nescience. Granted the nervous mechanism I have indicated, we are not one whit the better able to answer a question for which *our very conception of cause and effect is inadequate*. We cannot conceive—though many of us think we can—of an idea moving a table,

or a table moving an idea. The difference between mind and matter is greater, immeasurably greater, than all other differences whatsoever, and our concept of causation is inadequate to conceive how the one affects the other. Four attempted solutions I must enumerate. The idealist easily solves the difficulty. There is nothing but mind, of which matter is the creature, he says. And as Hume said of Berkeley, the most consistent and logical of all idealists, "His arguments admit of no answer and produce no conviction." Then there is Huxley, who appreciates with all of us the difficulty of understanding how mind can affect matter, and therefore denies any such influence. We are conscious automata, he says, unable to affect or effect anything, consciousness being merely an *epi-phenomenon* or by-product, an interested spectator not allowed or able to join in the game. Of this theory the difficulty is that it was conceived *by a consciousness*, and then disowns its creator and source. For you will observe that in order to explain consciousness we have only the evidence and conclusions of consciousness to guide us. Similarly a man may try to lift himself by his own collar. The third solution is that affected in the academic circles of to-day. It admits that mind and matter cannot mutually interact, and therefore proclaims a *psycho-physical parallelism*: mind and matter—or consciousness and cortex, for this school knows nothing of subconscious mind—move in parallel lines, one mental state affecting another, and one neural state another; but the two lines, "though produced ever so far," never meet. Material changes, however, will cease to affect mental states when opium ceases to cause sleep, and music delight: not before. And, lastly, there is the explanation of Spinoza and Spencer, which regards mind and matter as correlated and inseparable manifestations of the Unknowable. This explanation will cease to hold the field when we learn on what other hypothesis an invisible and single cell, which would not cover the point of a lead-pencil, can receive certain salts, proteids, water, air, and light—and develop into a nervous system with its attendant organs, whence may proceed an Eroica Symphony or a *Hamlet*.

# The Turn of the Wheel

BY JENNETTE LEE

MRS. HUTTON, on a cool May morning, sat before the library fire picking out the pattern in a complicated piece of Persian embroidery. The light from the fire and the light from the French window met and crossed above her head. Now and then a figure blotted the French window, closing its light to a shadow. It was Lida, the new Swedish servant, washing the windows on the veranda. Her tall figure bent to its work with full strength. When Mrs. Hutton looked up, in the pauses of embroidery, she caught a glimpse of fire-blue eyes looking in on her mistily, and the round of a pink cheek against the light and gold hair blazing in the sun. Behind the figure stretched the tame shrubbery of the lawn. The background should have been whitened sea and jutting rocks and a flight of gulls sweeping down, and somewhere—far out—old Neptune blowing his wreathed horn.

Mrs. Hutton put down her work and beckoned to the figure. The window opened slowly and the girl stepped in. It was like the entrance to a play—the long, low window, the trim shrubbery beyond, and the girl with her strange, suggestive beauty, and the gold hair under its white cap. She might have been a princess who served for a time, and for reasons of her own, the dark, bent figure by the fire. Only her hands, swollen from the water and reddened, betrayed the peasant. She dried them deftly as she came forward, rubbing them together and brushing them softly.

Her mistress looked at her keenly, taking in the stately figure with the blue eyes and fire-crowned head. The head was lifted too high for the sun to strike it now, but the firelight ran to it in swift gleams, gilding its edge. The girl returned her mistress's look with a slow, gentle smile.

"Have you almost finished, Lida?"

"I have finished—yes—almost." She

chose her words with difficulty, punctuating them with a smile.

Her mistress gathered up the embroidery and reached for a cane that stood against the mantel. The girl moved forward swiftly, placing it in the outstretched hand. She laid an arm under the bent figure and lifted it, almost bodily, from its chair.

The woman's face relaxed subtly. She steadied herself on the cane and looked toward the window. "I am going to the garden," she said. "Bring me my garden hat and gloves and the trowel." She moved slowly forward.

The girl stood poised for a moment, then turned away to the closet and took down a wide white hat and gloves.

Her mistress looked back from the window. "Go and get the trowel and meet me at the terrace." She passed out of the window with slow dignity, her bent figure steadying itself skilfully to the cane.

At a turn of the steps she encountered the housekeeper. "I have taken Lida for my personal attendant," she said. "You will need to put some one else on to finish her work."

The housekeeper's face betrayed a moment's surprise. It effaced itself quickly. "Very well, madam."

The bent figure passed down the path.

The housekeeper's eyes followed it thoughtfully. It was the first time the mistress of the house had chosen to name an attendant from among her servants. In spite of her infirmities, she had maintained her personal independence. The result had been a jealous rivalry for the privilege of waiting on her. The new servant, Lida, had been in the house a month. But Mrs. Hutton had shown no special interest in her. This sudden choice was rather perplexing. Mrs. Gallup thought she would inspect the library windows. Their shining freshness gave her no clue.

The girl met her mistress on the terrace in the sunshine. She handed her the hat and gloves in silence. She did not offer to put on the hat for her, and she allowed her to fumble at the gloves unaided. Mrs. Hutton's face wore a look of satisfaction.

She adjusted the gloves and held out her hand to the trowel. "Bring my chair from the other walk, the low one, and put it here."

The girl moved noiselessly away. When she returned with the chair she placed it behind her mistress, who felt for it with her cane and descended slowly toward it. A strong hand under each elbow broke her weight. She looked back with a little smile. "You are my new muscles," she said, quietly. She lifted her head, snuffing the fresh air. Then she looked sharply at the golden head blazing its light to the sky. "Where is your cap?" she asked.

The girl lifted an apologetic hand to the gold. "I have taken it off—out-of-doors. Do I wear it?"

Her mistress looked at her a moment in silence. "No, you don't wear it out-of-doors. Get a hat."

The girl returned the look with a big smile, lifting her head a little. "But a hat—I do not wear it—here?" She looked about the trim place.

Her mistress smiled. "Umph! You will need it before the summer is done."

"Yes—then I get it."

"Then you get it," said her mistress, decidedly. "I shall want you out here every day."

"Every day?" The girl's face lighted. She lifted it with a quick motion and laughed. "Every day?"

"Yes."

"I shall like that."

"I know it. Bring me that flower-pot—the little one."

All the morning they worked together in the sunshine, the gold head and the muslin one moving side by side among the green things. Now and then the girl's laugh rang out, sweet as a bird-note. When her mistress needed a hand it was offered with the courtesy and readiness of an equal, yet with something childlike that made it humble.

Mrs. Hutton's old heart expanded in the sun. In the pauses of work she

leaned back in her chair, watching the glinting hair and the big, reddened hands. "I shall keep her always," she said.

It was growing dusk in the garden. The shadows in the pines were heavy. The girl lifted her head and glanced at the sky. "Time to go in," she said, slowly. "Late." She motioned toward the west.

Her mistress shook her head. "One more row. It will rain to-morrow. Put these in there—along by those we set last week."

The girl assented. She knelt by the bed, digging in the loose earth and handling the plants with deft care.

A twig snapped in the shrubbery. She stopped and listened. She stood on her feet. "I go see," she said, briefly.

When she returned the pink in her cheeks bloomed softly.

Her mistress surveyed it. "What was it?" she asked.

The girl had sunk to her knees by the bed. She looked up, twisting a spray of green in her fingers. "It was Paolo," she said, quaintly.

"What!" The sharp eyes questioned her.

She nodded slowly, her blue eyes uplifted. "Him—Paolo—" Her face was radiant. "I send him 'way."

"You 'send him away'?" The old voice fretted at the words. "And *who* is Paolo?"

"Yes—" The girl looked at her brightly. She laid one hand on the knee beside her, touching it lightly. "He is—How do you say?"

"Well, how *do* you say?" The voice was dry.

Her face lightened. She came closer, on her knees, looking up to the face. "He is—lover!" She nodded shyly. "My lover!"

"Indeed!"

"But he must not come—in—in day-time."

"I should say not." The shrewd eyes dwelt on the glowing face. "And how long have you known him—this—Paolo?"

"How long?" The brow knitted itself. "Yes—it is a month."

"You have only been here a month."

"No-o?" The word breathed softly. "I see him that night. I walk there—

by the hedge,"—she waved her hand. "He go by outside. He see me—so." She laid her hand to her chest, cutting off all but the radiant head and shoulders. "He love me," she said.

"No doubt. What is he?"

"Paolo? He is—he makes"—she moved her hand swiftly down her limbs—"dresses—for men."

"A tailor?"

She nodded raptly. "That is it—a tailor. Yes."

"It must be Riminy," said the old lady, thoughtfully, "the new man by the bridge?"

"Yes—Paolo Rimini." Her voice lingered on the strange words.

"But he is Italian. You cannot marry an Italian."

The girl's eyes grew larger. They deepened. "I tell him that—many times," she said, earnestly. She bent forward. "He always say I marry him. I think I marry him." She sighed softly.

Her mistress's face relaxed. "Oh no, you will not marry him—unless you want to." Her hand patted the big one that rested on her knee. "Tell him, Lida,"—her voice was firm,—"that he is not to come here again, or see you. Can you understand?"

The girl assented. "I tell him. I think I marry him." She looked intent-ly into the green shadows.

"Nonsense!" The word was sharp. "No one marries—unless she wants to."

The girl's eyes rested on her trustfully. "I tell him," she said, "no one marries unless she wants to." She repeated the words softly like a lesson.

Her mistress patted her hand again. The hand had become very necessary to her in the past few days. She could not spare it. Besides, the girl could not marry a tailor. "We will go in now, Lida," she said.

The girl slipped a deft hand beneath her arm, helping her to her feet. They moved slowly toward the house, stopping here and there to look at some plant or growing thing. As they neared the house the old woman looked back. A figure was moving past the hedge outside.

"You will see him again to-night, Lida,—this tailor?"

"Yes. He comes—by and by." Her

hand swept toward the horizon. "It is moon-time."

Her mistress looked to the sky. "I see. Well, when he comes—at moon-time—tell him—what I said. Don't forget it."

"I shall not forget—to come no more." She sighed softly.

The woman glanced at her. "Do you want him to come?"

She shook her head earnestly. "I do not want him. But I think he come. I think I marry him."

Her mistress laughed shortly. "Foolish girl!" She looked at her shrewdly. "Men are not like that, Lida. You will see. Tell him not to come. Tell him"—a thought shot her face swiftly—"tell him that I say it will hurt his business."

The girl nodded. "I tell him," she said, simply. "You need me—I shall not leave you."

The woman stirred a little and glanced at her sharply. There was no guile in the face looking down at her—only faith and radiant kindness. Her face relaxed beneath it. She laughed softly. "Tell him that," she said.

Two hours later, as she drew the curtain for the night, she looked down into the garden. The moon flooded it. In the centre stood two figures. They faced each other, their clasped hands swinging between them. With a slow gesture the man put her from him. He raised his hand to heaven as if taking a vow. He turned and disappeared in the shrubbery.

The old woman at the window clucked softly in her throat. "Romantic idiots!" She groped her way toward the bed, steadying herself on her cane and drawing her shawl more closely about her bent shoulders.

It was three months after the night in the garden. The pink in Lida's cheeks had softened to lighter bloom and the fire in her eye hung quenched. She drew out the chests with listless hands, spreading soft folds to the light, watching them deepen and catch the notes, each from the other, till the dim room shook with light.

It was a big room at the top of the house, where she went to and fro, doing her mistress's bidding. In a stiff chair

at one end Mrs. Hutton sat erect, directing her movements. The rain beat monotonously on the roof above them.

"That long chest—the second from the end. Draw it out." She slipped a key from the jingling bunch in her hand. "Open it and take them out."

The girl obeyed, dipping to the task with slow grace.

The old woman's eyes followed her shrewdly. "She gets thinner every day. I shall have to give in—and I *won't!*" The lean jaw squared itself. "Put them here." She tapped with her cane on the bare floor.

The girl strewed the silken fire along the boards in front of her.

The old eyes glowed. She glanced at the girl. "Pretty things," she said, indifferently.

The girl's hands moved among them, changing a line, lifting a fold, with soft touch. "I like them," she said. A little fire had crept to the blue eyes.

Her mistress nodded. "They're the real thing. That Persian piece—hand it to me." Her cane shot at the stuff. "I got it in Bombay." Her knotted fingers stroked it. "You've never been in Bombay?" She turned suddenly on the girl.

She was kneeling on the floor beside her, looking up with faithful eyes. The old woman studied them.

"You've never been in Bombay?"

"No."

"You would like it there. We'll go when I get better."

The girl fingered the stuffs beside her, absently, reaching among them. "I like it—here," she said. "You will not be better."

The old woman laughed quietly. "You tell me the truth," she said. "It is good for dull ears. Come, we will divide them." She pointed to the silks. "They go to my nieces when I am done. . . . And you tell me I shall never be better." A bitterness caught in the words, shaking them.

The girl looked up quickly. She moved on her knees to the stiff chair and put up her hand. "But I take care," she said, slowly—"always." Her voice with its tones of the sea fell soothingly with the sound of rain. "I take care of you," she repeated, simply.

The old woman moved sharply in her chair. "You won't go away—no. But you may marry him—Paolo."

The girl's eyes were steady, holding down the red in her cheek. "I think I not marry," she said.

"Why not?" The question shot at her brusquely.

She met it with clear eyes. "Yes—but—I love you—yes."

The old eyes ate her. "What for?"

"What for?" She repeated the words, puzzled.

The woman nodded slowly. "Why do you love me?"

She turned it in her mind, kneeling among the stuffs. "It is—yes—my mother was it—like you," she said at last. "I know her—like you."

The harsh head shook itself. "Don't say things like that. Keep to your truth."

Lida lifted her head a little, moving it from side to side. "I cannot say it—not your words," she said. "But in Swedish I know. You are like her—hard—hard!" She patted the knotted hand on the chair. "But here"—her fingers flitted to the sunken breast and touched it fearlessly—"here you love—you are good!"

The figure in the chair leaned to her, breathless. It straightened itself. The woman laughed shortly. "Part of it is true. I am hard." The knotted hand brushed her face. "Come, we will divide the stuff. Three piles of it. So. And put them in as I tell you." Her cane hovered above the gleaming mass, pausing here and there with sharper note.

The girl lifted them and shook them, piece by piece, holding each to the light and folding it with deft hands. Her finger-tips lingered as they ran, and the blue in her eyes deepened. The harmony of the East caught them. Once she lifted them to her mistress's face with a flitting smile. It vanished wistfully before it came. The silk in her hands was blood-red, with mystery in its depths.

"Put it here," said the woman. She pointed to the pile nearest her. It held the choicest pieces—those that the girl's touch had loved as she lifted them. "Put it here—yes—and that one, and that." The cane danced through the silk, in and out, selecting and pushing aside.



When the piles were made she looked at them with satisfaction, a grim gleam of justice in her eye. "That 'll do. Put them back in the trays—so. The bottom one I shall mark 'Alicia,' and the next 'Gardenia,' and the top one— Never mind. Put them in. I shall write the labels to-morrow. I am tired. Put them in."

The girl laid them away with careful hand. She closed the sweet-smelling lid and turned the key in its lock. She handed it to her mistress. The rain on the roof sounded a fresh note, monotonous and sweet. The key clinked to its ring. The old woman looked up, lifting a hand. The girl met it swiftly, lending her shoulder to the bent weight. The color had gone from her face, and her eye, clear and dull, held only patient love and watchfulness.

Her mistress eyed her sharply. "You liked them," she said. She had steadied herself to her cane.

The girl lifted a quick smile. It spread in little waves to her hands. She moved them softly. "Beautiful!" she said. "Like sea—like wind—like sun—"

"Umph!" The old woman had reached the window. She looked down into a gray world. The lawn lay beneath, flat and gray. "The top tray is for you," she said. She was still looking out.

The girl's breath caught a little. It slipped into a laugh, gentle and sweet. She came close to the old woman and touched her shoulder. It was a graceful gesture, full of love. "Not—for me!" She shook her head.

"Yes, for you." The tone was sharp.

"But I not—shall not—" She sought the words.

"You will have them, I tell you, when I'm gone. Come away." She turned to the door.

But the girl had put an arm about the bent shoulders, protectingly. "Wait." She said the word with slow dignity. "I tell you." She paused, her eyes fixed on the gray world outside. Suddenly, along the hedge below, a figure came into view, swift and still. The white face gleamed above the hedge and vanished. Her eyes followed it, waiting. "I love you," she said, simply; "I love him." She threw out her arm with a little gesture. "I do not want them—not

the things. I stay with you always—if I live."

Her mistress wheeled to her. The swift old eyes searched her face. "You are not ill?"

She shook her head, smiling. "No—We go down."

But the woman held her, a kind of terror in her eyes. "You won't die!"

Again the girl shook her head. There was love in the motion. "I live—if I can."

The older woman put out her hand. "You *must* live! Send for him. Marry him if you must!" The hardness in her face trembled.

The girl took it in her hands caressingly. "I send for him—yes." Her face broke into light. "But I stay—always." She bent and kissed her mistress. It was a gesture of reverence and devotion—out of the old days when men served for love.

She sat in her Bath chair among the trim-kept shrubbery. The muslin hat that protected her face from the sun deepened its shadow.

"Where *is* she?" She grumbled a little to herself and turned in her chair, pressing the electric button that stretched across the grass in flexible, trailing line to the house. Her glance followed it. But the next instant the girl burst through the shrubbery on the other side. She came across the enclosure with free, running step. She wore no hat, and the crowning hair flamed to the light as she came.

Her mistress smiled—between a frown and a laugh, half fretful. "Where have you been?"

"Chasing butterflies." She spread her hands with a swift gesture. "They are everywhere!" The hands were white and firm. The whole figure was radiant.

Her mistress took in its comeliness with slow glance. "Butterflies?" she questioned.

She nodded the golden crown, looking down to the figure in the chair with deep eyes. "Yellow ones. I take them so." She lifted something by invisible wings and stroked it lightly. She laid it to her lips with softest whiff, watching it float. "They like it," she said.

"They let you catch them?"



IN THE MOON-FLOODED GARDEN STOOD TWO FIGURES

"They let me. But they fly away." She lifted her eyes to the sky. Far in its depths two pair of wings fluttered yellow, circling softly, high and higher. . . . "They are there!" Her hands stretched up to them lightly. . . . She dropped to her knees by the shrunken figure. "You wanted me!" Self-reproach held the words.

"I wanted to know where you were." The shadow had lifted from the wrinkled lines. She studied the girl's face.

"I was not far—just there." She moved her hand toward the shrubbery.

"Alone?"

"Alone? Yes." She raised a puzzled glance. "There is no one—but you—and me."

"And Paolo," suggested the old woman, slyly.

The fire deepened a little. "He only comes—at night," she said.

"Not by day?"

"Never." The color had flushed her face.

"Doesn't he want to?"

She lifted her eyes. "Yes."

"But you tell him not to?"

She waited a minute. "He knows," she said at last.

"Knows what?" sharply.

"It might trouble you."

"If I saw him—"

"Yes."

They sat silent in the quiet circle. The girl had slipped to her knees by the chair. She leaned her head upon it, contented in the light.

"I wish you would see him."

"What?"

"See him—my lover." The words came slowly, but without hesitating. "He would like to know you."

"No doubt." The figure was erect in its chair. "I have never happened to know a tailor. . . . They are all alike, I suppose—tailors?"

"I don't know." She still spoke slowly, but her eyes had deepened. "I have not known a tailor—except Paolo. I love him."

The old woman waited. She stirred a little in her chair. "Well—well—bring him if you like."

"When?" The word breathed delight, with laughter breaking beneath.

"When you like."

"To-night?"

"I go to bed at night."

"But to-night there is a moon—"

"A moon? And what of that?"

"You could see him here." Her hand swept a gesture about them. "He comes here." The note had dropped to pleading.

"I shall meet him by moonlight—here?"

The girl nodded. She had risen to her knees. "Yes—here. You would know him then."

The woman looked at her sharply. "What is the matter? Can't he stand daylight—your lover? Is he pock-marked—or bow-legged?"

The girl's face flushed—a flying tinge. "He is himself," she said, simply. "You will see."

"Yes—I will see. I will meet him by moonlight—to-night, here." She looked about her grimly.

With a quick sigh the girl sank again beside the chair. She moved her cheek a little till it touched the knotted hand. They sat on in silence. The warm noon blazed about them, and, high above, two dim yellow wings fluttered to the light.

The girl adjusted a steamer rug, wrapping it about the shrunken knees. "So," she said. "That is better. You will be warm." She arranged the mantilla and laid her hand lightly on the draped shoulder, waiting.

Her mistress, out of folds of lace, peered forward, witchlike. Her eyes swept the shrubbery and came back to the girl's face.

It was thrown back to the light and the bared throat pulsed a little. The moon touched her radiantly, flecking clouds about her. They drifted across her face. She bent it with a quick look. Her lips parted. "Yes—he is coming." She stepped forward from the chair, crossing the lawn.

Her mistress pushed the lace from her ears with a little gesture of impatience. She sat erect. The hand resting on the cane drew itself together and her lips were a straight line. . . . A cloud passed across the moon, shutting out the garden. In its place she saw another garden, level in the light, and in it a young girl parting from her lover. His face came

back, through the years—his face as he had looked when he turned away. . . . She caught her breath a little. It had been her father's command. And she had married Samuel Hutton, of Hutton Place. . . . She was an old woman now—a rich old woman,—waiting on the kindness of her servant, on the whim of a crooked tailor. She caught her breath again. . . . "I am a romantic idiot!" she whispered, grimly.

The cloud had passed, and with it the garden of her dream. Two figures were coming across the enclosure, slowly. The man was short—shorter than Lida—and small. The old woman noted him as he came—a typical tailor, shrunken and thin. Then he approached nearer and the moonlight shone on his eyes. . . . She stirred a little in her chair.

The girl moved forward a step, her hand in his. "It is Paolo," she said,—  
"Paolo Rimini—my lover."

The old woman bent her head stiffly.

The man had dropped to one knee before her. He lifted the hand that lay in her lap and raised it to his lips. Then he stood erect before her, and again she saw his eyes.

She moved her head uneasily in its folds. The girl stepped quickly to her side, adjusting the lace with deft touch, waiting on her command.

The man had drawn back a little. There was deference in his bearing, and something else, a dignity—not resentment, the old woman reasoned swiftly, not shyness. It was, subtly, ease, the ease of one accustomed to wait on greatness. The idea pleased her fancy. She lifted a hand.

"There are no seats."

With a swift motion the girl dropped beside her on the grass. "I can sit here," she said, "and Paolo can stand. He will not mind." The note was whimsical.

He raised his head, with a smile, to meet it. "No, I do not mind. I sit all day." The voice was rich, with a hint of music running in it.

"You are a tailor?" The old woman spoke brusquely, yet with a certain lifting of the voice, unexpected to herself—as if she had said, "You are a poet?"

"Yes, madame—a tailor,"—and a good tailor, the tone added.

"And is Hutton Place a good location for a tailor? I should have fancied—"

"I ask no better, madame." He had moved a step nearer and his eyes glowed to her. She saw them through the light, eager, seeking—the eyes of a soul. The gesture that his hand made was full of courtesy and grace.

The old woman's eyes were on him sharply. A romantic charlatan would have moved his hand like that, would have stood as he was standing, . . . a romantic charlatan—or a gentleman.

"Sit down." She put out her hand. "Bring a seat. It makes me nervous to see you stand."

He dropped to the ground where he stood, with easy grace. It made her wince a little. The gentlemen of Long Island were not accustomed to fall on the grass, of moonlight nights in such easy postures. She peered at him suspiciously—at his legs. No. . . . He was straight and slim as a faun. They were not crooked.

She set her lips a little. "How long have you been in Hutton Place?"

"A year and a month, madame."

"The same as—" She moved her hand toward the girl.

He assented with a smile. "But perhaps a little longer. I did not come to stay. I was passing through. Then I saw her, one night, above the hedge. I have stayed."

"Where were you going?"

"To New York."

"You have friends there?"

"No, madame. I have no friends here—in this country."

"And in your own country—in Italy?" She had leaned forward.

"I have friends—in Italy. Yes, I hope. One has always friends—and enemies."

"But one does not leave his country for enemies, in these days."

"No, madame—except they be of his own household."

"You were not a tailor there." It was not a question. The assertion was made slowly, thoughtfully.

"No, madame, I was not a tailor—there. I was—nothing."

"I thought so." She held out her hand. He rose quickly to take it, bending above it. "I am glad to have seen you," she



"YES—BUT I HAVE GOOD NEWS," SHE SAID

said, clearly. "Come to us when you can. We shall be glad to see you."

He bent lower above the hand, lifting it to his lips. "I thank you. It is my privilege. I shall not abuse it."

"No, you will not abuse it." She watched him as he moved away through the shrubbery, a slim, lithe figure. Then she touched the girl on the shoulder. "Go with him, Lida, to the lodge gate. I will wait for you."

The girl sped away. The shrubs closed behind her. Her mistress sat with closed eyes, waiting, her figure erect and the fingers on her cane gripping it tensely. Once she breathed—a long sigh. "Yes—he will take her. I shall—"

Then the clouds burst from the moon. The girl was beside her. "Come, my mistress. You are tired. Yes. Let me put my arm—so—there. Now we will go."

But the woman stayed her. "You did right to bring him to me, Lida child."

The girl's face glowed. "Is he not fine—Paolo?"

"He is more. . . . Some day you will know. Then you will leave me."

The girl's face waited. "I shall never leave you," she said, slowly.

"Except I am dead. Well, come away—come away."

The girl came into the library swiftly. Her mistress, from her seat by the hearth, did not stir nor look up. The fire had gone out, but she sat huddled toward it, brooding. The girl crossed to her and laid a hand on her shoulder.

"Yes—but I have good news," she said.

The figure gave a little start. Then it was still. "What is it?" The voice was indifferent.

"He—my Paolo"—the words bubbled softly—"he has a letter from home. His brother dies." She tried to speak solemnly, but her face broke into a radiant look. "Now he is rich!"

"I thought as much."

The girl's eyes widened. "You knew—?"

"I didn't know—of that. I knew he was—a gentleman."

"Yes. But his brother was wicked—oh, so wicked!" She spread her hands and her eyes glowed. "But he is dead

now—yes, dead. I am glad he is dead!" She spoke with quiet unction.

Her mistress laughed—a short laugh. "You bloodthirsty creature!"

She paused with uplifted brow. "Am I that?—bloodthirsty? Yes, it may be. But—yes—he was cruel to Paolo. He would give him nothing!" She flung out her hands.

The woman's face darkened. "When do you go?"

"Paolo—he goes—next week."

"And you?"

The girl was silent. "I go—when you do not need me," she said, slowly.

"Nonsense!" She drew away the hand.

"You will go with him—your husband."

"Yes—my husband." She spoke the words with soft color. "We married this morning—at the little church. He goes. I stay with you."

"I will not have you!" The stiff shoulders trembled a little. "I have expected this. I have prepared for it. I have—my nieces."

"They do not love you." The words were quiet. They stated only a fact.

The woman stirred and held out a hand. "No, they do not love me. But what matter—for a little? I will not spoil happiness."

The girl took the hand in both her own, breathing to it softly. "But if you could go with us. There is a place for you—so beautiful"—her eyes were dreaming,— "and rooms, many rooms. You should have it as you liked—everything. And I would be there—and Paolo!" The last word was a triumph. It sang.

The old woman laughed softly. Then the tears came. When she had dried them she looked at the girl, holding her face long and steadily. . . . "You have bewitched me," she said, smoothing the loosened hair. "From the day you came I have lived in a dream. And now I shall follow you to Italy and dream again."

"To Italy—yes." The girl's breath was quick. "You will go?"

"I will go. Come away and make ready. One cannot live on Long Island alone—with no dream. Come away."

She rose from her chair, steadying herself to her cane. The girl slipped an arm about her and they passed from the room—held by the dream.





# In Summer

LONDON FILMS.—PART III

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

THE search for lodgings, which began before the season was conscious of itself, was its own reward in the pleasures it yielded to the student of human nature, and the lover of mild adventure. The belief in lodgings was a survival from an age of faith, when in the early eighteen-eighties they seemed the most commodious and desirable refuge to the outwandering American family which then first proved them. The fragmentary outwanderers who now visited London, after an absence of twenty-two years, did not take into account the fact that their apartment of long ago was the fine event of the search, prolonged for weeks, of two friends, singularly intelligent and rarely versed in London; they took it as a type, and expected to drive directly to its fellow. They drove indirectly to countless lodgings unlike it and unworthy of its memory, and it was not until after three days that they were able to fix upon a lodging that appeared the least alien to their ideal. Then, in a street not too far from Mayfair, and of the quality of poor relation to Belgravia, they set up their breathless Lares and panting Penates, and settled down with a sense of comfort that grew upon them day by day.

The place undeniably had its charm, if not its merit. The drawing-room chairs were in a proper pattern of brocade, and, though abraded at their edges and corners, were of a tasteful frame; the armchairs, covered like the sofa in a cheerful cretonne, lent the parting guest the help of an outward incline; the sofa, heaped with cushions, could not conceal a broken spring, though it braved it out with the consciousness of having been sat upon by a royal princess who had once taken tea in that lodging. But the other appointments, including a pretty writing-desk and a multitude of

china plates almost hiding the wall-paper, were unfractured, and the little dining-room was very cozy. There was, indeed, always a jagged wound in the entry wall made by some envious trunk; but there was nothing of the frowsiness, the shabbiness of many of those houses in the streets neighboring Mayfair where Americans are eager to pay twice the fee demanded in this house on the borders of Belgravia.

The Americans I am imagining had first carried on their search in those genteel regions, which could hardly have looked their best in the last moments of preparation before the season began. The house-cleaning which went on in all of them was no more hurried than the advance of the slow English spring outside, where the buds appeared after weeks of hesitation, and the leaves unfolded themselves at long leisure, and the blossoms deliberated in dreamy doubt whether they had not better stay in than come out. They were pretty nearly all of one type. A young German or Swiss—there for the language—came to the door in the coat he had not always got quite into, and then summoned from the depths below a landlord or landlady to be specific about times and terms, to show the rooms, and to conceal the extras. The entry was oftenest dim and narrow, with a mat sunk into the floor at the threshold and worn to the quick by the cleansing of numberless feet; and the indescribable frowsiness which prevailed would impart itself to the condition of widowhood dug up by the young foreigner from the basement.

Sometimes there responded to his summons a clerical, an almost episcopal presence, which was clearly that of a former butler, unctuous in manner and person from long serving. Or sometimes there would be something

much more modern, of an alert middle-age or wary youth; but in every case the lodging-keeper was skilled far beyond the lodging-seeker in the coils of bargaining, and of holding in the background unsurmised charges for electric lights, for candles, for washing, for baths, for boots, and for what-know-I, after the most explicit declarations that the preposterous first demand included everything. Nothing definite could be evolved but the fact that when the season began, or after the first of May, the rent would be doubled.

The treaty usually took place in the dishevelled drawing-room, after a round of the widely parted chambers, where frowsy beds, covered with frowsy white counterpanes, stood on frowsy carpets or yet frowsier mattings, and frowsy windows looked into frowsy courts. A vulgar modernity coexisted with a shabby antiquity in the appointments; a mouldering wall showed its damp through the smart tastelessness of recent paper; the floor reeled under a combination of pseudo-aesthetic rugs. The drawing-room expected to be the dining-room also, and breathed the inextinguishable staleness of the meals served in it. If the front windows often opened on a cheerful street, the back windows had no air but that of the sunless courts which successive architectural exigencies had crowded with projecting cupboards, closets, and lattices, above basement skylights which the sky never lighted. The passages and the stairs were never visible except after dark; even then the foot rather than the eye found the way. Yet, once settled in such a place it developed possibilities of comfort, of quiet, of seclusion, which the hardiest hopefulness could not have forecast. The meals came up and could be eaten; the coffee, which nearly all English hotels have good and nearly all English lodgings bad, could be exchanged for tea; the service was always well intentioned, and often more, and except that you paid twice as much as it was all worth, you were not so ill-used as you might have been. It is said that the whole system, if not on its last legs, is unsteady on its feet from the competition of the great numbers of large, new, reasonably cheap, and admirably managed hotels everywhere. Yet the lodging-houses remain by hundreds of thousands, almost by

millions, throughout the land, and if the English are giving them up, they are renouncing them with national deliberation.

The painting-up which the apartments, as they call themselves, undergo inside and out, in preparation for the season, is a rite to which all London bows during April as far as it can afford it. The lodging-house may restrict itself to picking out in fresh green its front door and window-frames, or perhaps reddening its area railing; but private houses pretending to be smart clothe themselves from eave to basement in coats of creamy white, or other blond tints susceptible of the soonest harm from the natural and artificial climates of London. While the paint is new, or "wet," the word by which you are warned from its contact everywhere, it is undeniably pleasing; it gives the gray town an air of girlish innocence, and with the boxes of brilliant flowers at every window-sill, promises a gayety which the season realizes in rather unusual measure.

If the American's business or pleasure takes him out of town on the edge of the season and brings him back well over its border, he will have an agreeable effect from his temporary absence. He will find the throngs he left, visibly greater and notably smarter. Fashion will have got in its work, and the streets, the pavements, the parks will have responded with a splendor, a gayety earlier unknown. The passing vehicles will be more those of pleasure and not so much those of business; the passing feet will be oftener those going to luncheon and afternoon tea, and not so solely those hurrying to or lagging from the toils of the day. Even the morning trains that bring the customary suburbans seem to arrive with multitudes fresher and brighter than those which arrived before the season began.

One might almost pretend that the *may* (as the English poetically call the lovely blossom) was consciously white and red on all the hawthorns of the parks and squares in honor of the season. But on whatever terms the *may* is so fair, it is fair indeed, and gives London a charm known to no other town: a charm far beyond that imparted by the white and blond paint so all but universal in the better streets, and roads, and ter-

aces, and courts, and crescents, and whatever else the hard-bested London dwelling-places call themselves. The may remains in bloom almost as long as the paint. It is astonishing how long it does remain in bloom; but when a tree has worked as hard as a tree must in England to get its blossoms out, it is in no hurry to drop them; it keeps them on for weeks.

The leaves by the beginning of June were in their silken fulness; the trees stood densely, softly, darkly rounded in the dim air; and they did not begin to shed their foliage till almost two months later. But I think I had never so exquisite a sense of the loveliness of the London trees as one evening in the grounds of the Ranelagh Club, which is not so far out of London as not to have London trees in its grounds. They were mostly oaks, beeches, and sycamores; they frequented the banks of a wide, slow water, which could not be called a stream, and they hung like a palpable sort of clouds in the gathering mists. The mists, in fact, seemed of much the same density as the trees, and I should be bolder than I like if I declared which the birds were singing their vespers in. There was one thrush imitating a nightingale, which I think must have been singing in the heart of the mist, and which probably mistook it for a tree of like substance. It was having, apparently, the time of its life, and really the place was enchanting, with its close-cropped, daisy-starred lawns, and the gay figures of polo-players coming home from a distant field in the pale dusk of a brilliant day of early June.

The birds are heard everywhere in London through that glowing month, and their singing would drown the roar of the omnibuses and the clatter of the cab-horses' hooves if anything could. The little gardens of the houses back together and form innumerable shelters and pleasaunces for them. The simple beauty of these umbrageous spaces is unimaginable to the American city-dweller, who never sees anything but clothes-lines in blossom from his back windows; but they exist nearly everywhere in London, and a spacious privacy can always be secured where two houses throw their gardens together.

While the may was still hesitating on the hawthorns whether to come out, there were plum and peach trees in these gardens which emulated the earlier daring of the almonds. Plums do ripen in England, of course; the greengages that come there after they have ceased to come from France, are as good as our own when the curculio does not get them; but the efflorescence of the peaches and almonds is purely gratuitous; they never fruit in the London air unless against some exceptionally sun-warmed wall, and even then I fancy the chances are against them. Perhaps the fruits of the fields and orchards, if not of the streets, would do better in England if the nights were warmer. The days are often quite hot, but after dusk the temperature falls so decidedly that even in that heated fortnight in July, of which I have written, a blanket or two were never too much. In the spring a day often began mellowly enough, but by the end of the afternoon it had grown acrid and pinched.

Those who like, as I do, the innocence which companions the sophistication of London will frequent Kensington Gardens in the earlier spring before the season has set the seal of supreme interest on Hyde Park. It then seems peculiarly the playground of little children in the care of their nurses, if they are well-to-do people's children, and in one another's care if they are poor people's. All over England the tenderness of the little children for the less is delightful. I remember to have seen scarcely any squabbling, and I saw abundance of caressing. Small girls, even small boys, lug babies of almost their own weight and size, and fondle them as if it were a privilege and a pleasure to lug them. This goes on in spite of a reciprocal untidiness which is indescribable; for the English poor children have the very dirtiest faces in the world, unless the Scotch have dirtier ones; but nothing, no spotting or thick plastering of filth, can obscure their sweetness of nature. I think, perhaps, they wash up a little when they come to play in Kensington Gardens, to sail their ships on its placid waters, and tumble on its grass. When they enter the palace, to look at the late Queen's dolls and toys, as they do in



THE TENDERNESS OF THE LITTLE CHILDREN IS DELIGHTFUL

troops, they are commonly in charge of their teachers; and their raptures of loyalty in the presence of those reminders that queens, too, must have once been little girls are beautiful to behold, and are doubtless as genuine as those of their elders in the historical and political associations. Since William III. built the palace and laid out the gardens that he might dwell within easy reach of his capital, but out of its smoke and din, the place has not lost the character which his homely wish impressed upon it, and it is especially sweet and commendable because of its relation to the good Victoria's childhood. One does not forget great Anna's drinking tea there in the Orangery so nobly designed for her by Wren, but the plain old palace is dearest because Victoria spent so many of her early days in it, and received there the awful summons literally to rise from her girlish dreams and come and be queen of the mightiest realm under the sun. No such stroke of poetry is possible to our system; we have not yet provided even for the election of young girls to the presidency; and though we may prefer

our prosaical republican conditions, we must still feel the charm of such an incident in the mother monarchy.

The fashionable primacy which once belonged to St. James's Park will hardly return to it from Hyde Park, but I liked walking through St. James's and through Green Park, especially in the late afternoon when the tired poor began to droop upon the benches of the last, and, long before the spring damp was out of the ground, to strew themselves on the grass, and sleep face downwards among its odorous roots. There was often the music of military bands to which wide-spreading audiences of the less pretentious sort listened; in St. James's there were seats along the borders of the ponds where, while the chill evening breeze crisped the water, a good deal of energetic courting went on. Besides, both were in the immediate neighborhood of certain barracks where there was always a chance of military, and were hard by Buckingham Palace with its chances of royalty.

But the resort of the poorer sort of pleasure-seekers is eminently Battersea Park, to which we drove one hot, hot Sun-

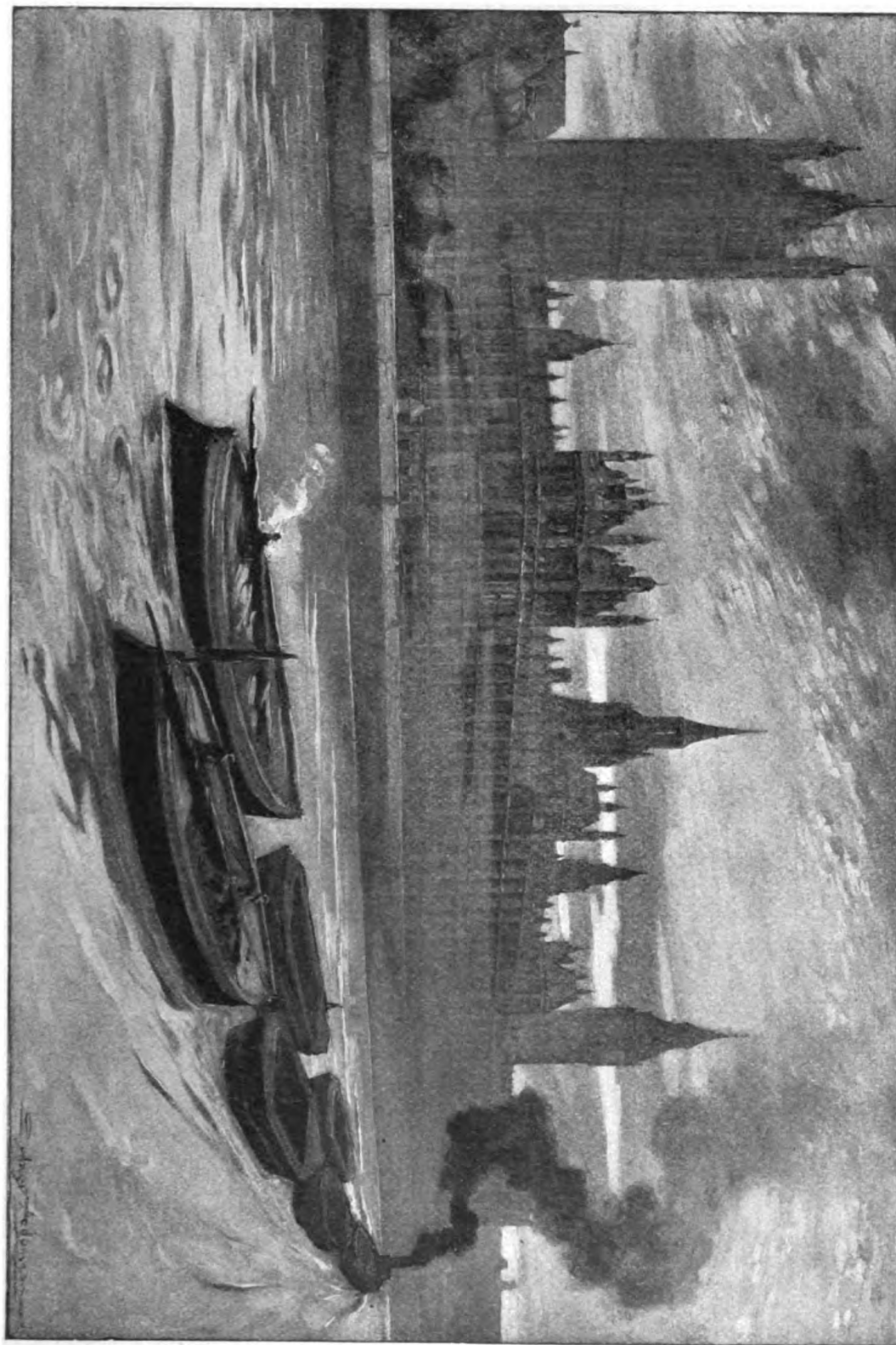
day afternoon in late July, conscience-stricken that we had left it so long out of our desultory doing and seeing. It was full of the sort of people we had expected to find in it, but these people though poor were not tattered. The Londoner, of whatever class, is always better dressed than the New-Yorker of the same class, and the women especially make a bolder attempt than ours, if not so well advised, at gayety. They had put on the best and finest they had in Battersea Park, and if it was not the most fitting still they wore it. The afternoon was sultry to breathlessness; yet a young mother with a heavy baby in her arms sweltered along in the splendor of a purple sack of thick plush. She was hot, yes; but she had it on. The young girls emulated as well as they could the airy muslins and silks in which the great world was flitting and flirting at the same hour in the closes of Hyde Park, and if the young fellows with these poor girls had not the distinction of the swells of the prouder parade they at least equalled them in their aberrations from formality.

There was not much shade in Battersea Park for the people to sit under, but there was almost a superabundance of flowers in many glaring beds, and there were pieces of water, where the amateur boatmen could have the admiration of watchers, two or three deep, completely encircling the ponds. To watch them, and to walk up and down the rather shadeless aisles of shrubbery, to sit on the too sunny benches, and to resort in extreme cases to the tea-house which offered them ices as well as tea, seemed to be the most that the frequenters of Battersea Park could do. We ourselves ordered tea, knowing the quality and quantity of the English ice, which is so very minute that you think it will not be enough, but which when you taste it is apt to prove more than you want. The spectacle of our simple refection was irresistible, and a crowd of envious small boys thronged the railing that parted us from the general public, till the spectacle of their hungry interest became intolerable. We consulted with the waiter, who seriously entered into our question, as to the moral and social effect of sixpence' worth of buns on those boys; he decided

that it would at least not form an example ruinous to the peace of his tea-house; and he presently appeared with a paper-bag that seemed to hold half a bushel of buns. Yet even half a bushel of buns will not go round the boys in Battersea Park, and we had to choose as honest a looking boy as there was in the foremost rank, and pledge him to a just division of the buns entrusted him in bulk, and hope, as he ran off down an aisle of the shrubbery with the whole troop at his heels, that he would be faithful to the trust.

So very mild are the excitements, so slight the incidents, so safe and tame the adventures of modern travel! I am almost ashamed of those trivial, fond records when I think what a swashing time a romantic novelist, or a person of real imagination, would have been having in London when so little was happening to me. I know it will be made a reproach to my love of the commonplace, to my addiction to the ordinary; but what can I do if I am honest? There was indeed one night after dinner when for a salient moment I had hopes of something different. The maid had whistled for a hansom, and a hansom had started for the door where we stood waiting, when out of the shadows across the way two figures sprang, boarded the cab, and bade the cabman drive them away under our very eyes. Such a thing, occurring at almost eleven o'clock, promised a series of stirring experiences; and an American lady long resident in England encouragingly said on hearing of the outrage, "Ah, that's *London!*" as if I might look to be often mishandled by bandits of the sort; but nothing like it ever befell me again. In fact the security and gentleness with which life is operated in the capital of the world makes you forget its immensity. Your personal comfort and safety are so perfectly assured that you might well mistake yourself for one of a very few people instead of so many. London is like nature in its vastness, simplicity, and deliberation, and the street events are few. In my six or seven weeks' sojourn, so largely spent in the streets, I saw the body of only one accident worse than a cab-horse falling; but that was early in my stay when I expected to see

THE PARLIAMENT HOUSES SPRING FROM THE GROUND FAR INTO THE GRAY SKY

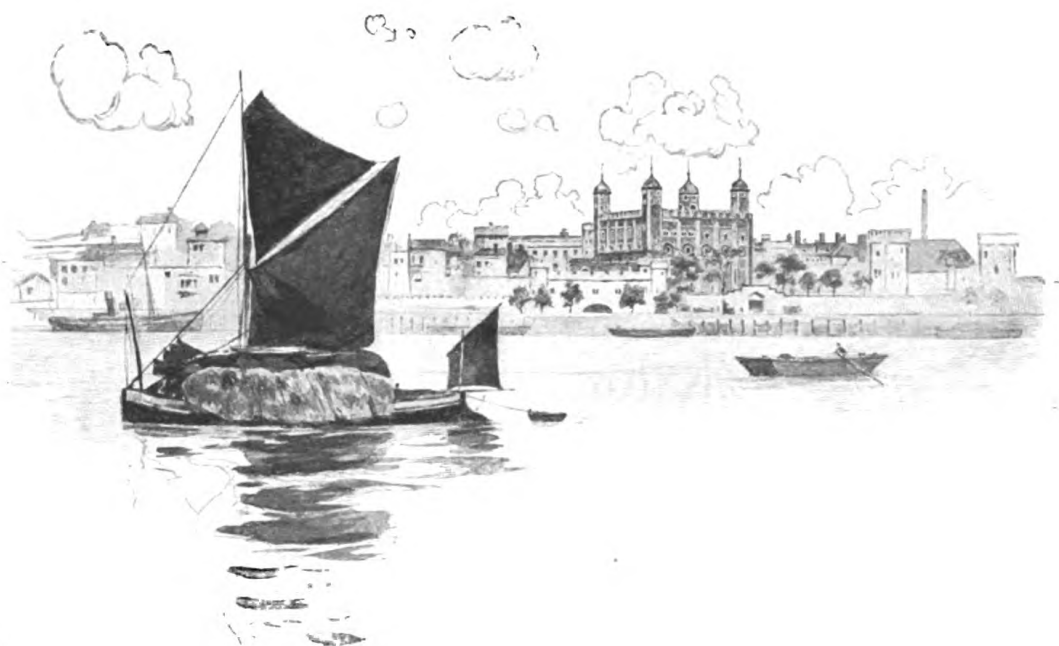




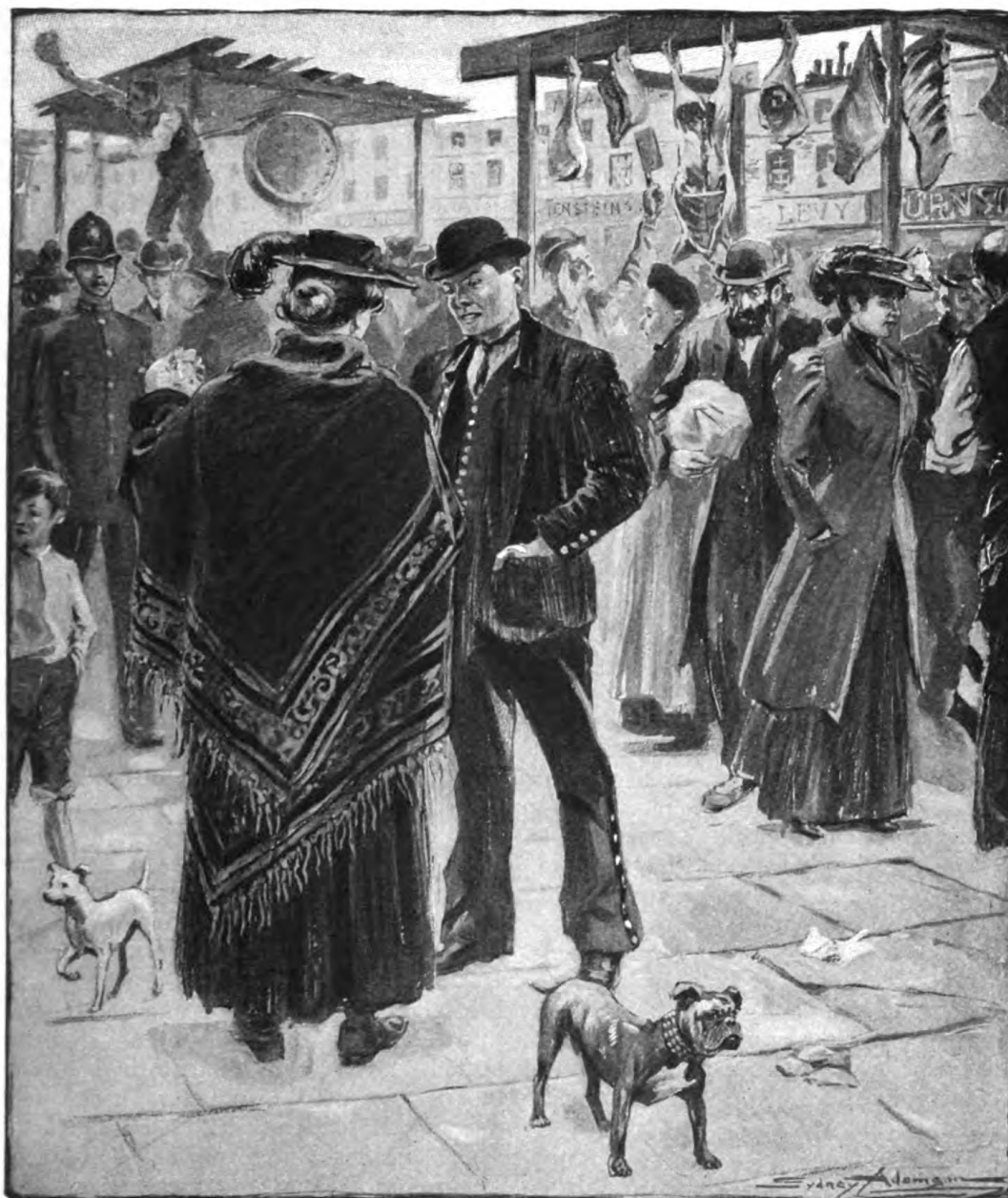
many more. We were going to the old church of St. Bartholomew, and were walking by the hospital of the same name just as a cab drove up to its gate bearing the body of the accident. It was a young man whose bleeding face hung upon his breast and whose limp arm another young man of the same station in life drew round his own neck, to stay the sufferer on the seat beside him. A crowd was already following and it gathered so quickly at the high iron fence that the most censorious witness could hardly see with what clumsiness the wounded man was half dragged, half lifted, from the cab by the hospital assistants, and stretched upon the ground till he could be duly carried into the hospital. It may have been a casualty of the many incident to alcoholism; at the best it was a result of single combat, which, though it prepared us in a sort for the mediæval atmosphere of the church, was yet not of the tragic dignity which would have come in the way of a more heroic imagination.

It was indeed so little worthy of the place, however characteristic of the observer, that I made haste to forget it as I entered the churchyard under the Norman arch which has been for some years

gradually finding itself in an adjoining shop-wall. The whole church, indeed, as now seen, is largely the effect (and it was one of the first effects I saw) of that rescue of the past from the present which is perpetually going on all over England. Till lately the lady chapel and the crypt of St. Bartholomew had been used as an iron-worker's shop; and modern life still pressed close upon it in the houses looking on the graves of the grassless churchyard. With women at the windows opening on its mouldy level, peeling potatoes, picking chickens, and doing other household offices, the place was like something out of Dickens, but something that yet had been cleaned up in sympathy with the restoration of the church, going on bit by bit, stone by stone, arch by arch, till the good monk Rahere (he was gay rather than good before he turned monk) who founded the Cistercian monastery there in the twelfth century would hardly have missed anything if he had returned to examine the church. He would have had the advantage, which he could not have enjoyed in his lifetime, of his own effigy stretched upon his tomb, and he might have been interested to note, as we did, that the painter Hogarth had been baptized in his church six hun-



THE TOWER OF LONDON FROM THE RIVER



THE SUNDAY MARKET IN WHAT WAS ONCE PETTICOAT LANE

dred years after his own time. His satisfaction in the prevalent Norman architecture might have been less; it is possible he would have preferred the Gothic which was coming in when he went out.

The interior was all beautifully sad and quiet, gray, dim, twilighted as with the closes of the days of a thousand years; and in the pale ray an artist sat sketching a stretch of the clerestory. I shall

always feel a loss in not having looked to see how he was making it out, but the image of the pew-opener remains compensatively with me. She was the first of her sort to confront me in England with the question whether her very intelligent comment was conscious knowledge, or mere parrotry. She was a little morsel of a woman, in a black alpaca dress, and a world-old black bonnet, who

spared us no detail of the church, and took us last into the crypt, not long rescued from the invasive iron-worker, but now used as a mortuary chapel for the poor of the parish, which is still full of the poor. The chapel was equipped with a large bier and tall candles, frankly ready for any of the dead who might drop in. The old countries do not affect to deny death a part of experience, as younger countries do.

We came out into the imperfect circle before the gateway of the church, and realized that it was Smithfield, where the martyrs had perished by fire that the faith of the world might live free. There can be no place where the past is more august, more pathetic, more appealing, and none, I suppose, where the activities of the present, in view of it, are more offensive. It is all undermined with the railways that bring the day's meat-provision to London for distribution throughout the city, and the streets that centre upon it swarm with butchers' wagons laden with every kind and color of carnage, prevalently the pallor of calves' heads, which seem so to abound in England that it is wonderful any calves have them on still. The wholesale market covers I know not what acreage, but if you enter at some central point, you find yourself amid endless prospectives of sides, flitches, quarters, and whole carcasses, and fantastic vistas of sausages, blood puddings, and the like artistic fashionings of the raw material, so that you come away wishing to live a vegetarian ever after.

I had a very good-will toward all the historic temples in London, and I hope that this, with the fact that I had seen them before, will pass for my excuse in not going promptly to revere them. I indeed had some self-reproaches with regard to St. Paul's, of which I said to myself I ought to see it again; there might be an emotion in it. I passed and re-passed it, till I could bear it no longer, and late one afternoon I went in just in time to be turned out with half a score of other tardy visitors who had come at the closing hour.

With Westminster Abbey it was another thing. I could not revisit that with any sort of novel expectation, and

the Sunday afternoon in late July when I made myself part of the congregation there it must have been with quite another motive. It might have been a better motive, but the stir of the place's literary associations began with the sight of Longfellow's bust, which is so much like him, in the grand simplicity of his looks, as he was when he lived; and then presently the effigies of all the "dear sons of memory" began to reveal themselves, medallion and bust and figure, with many a remembered allegory and inscription. We went and sat, for the choral service, under the bust of Macaulay, and looking down we found with a shock that we had our feet upon his grave. It might have been the wounded sense of reverence, it might have been the dread of a longer sermon than we had time for, but we left before the sermon began, and went out into the shabby little public garden which lies by the Thames in the shadow of the Parliament Houses; and who has said they are not fine? They are not a thousand years old, but some day they will be, and then those who cavilled at them when they were only fifty will be sorry. For my part I think them as Gothically noble and majestic as need be. They are inevitably Gothic, too, and they spring from the riverside as if they grew from the ground there far into the gray sky to which their architecture is native. It was a pale, resigned afternoon, with the languor of the long, unwonted heat in it, which a recent rain had slightly abated, and we were going to hang upon the parapet of Westminster Bridge for the view it gives of the Houses, and to which the spacious river makes itself a foreground such as few pictures or subjects of pictures enjoy in this cluttered world; but first we gave ourselves the pleasure of realizing the statue of Cromwell which has somehow found place where it belongs in those stately precincts, after long, vain endeavors to ignore his sovereign mightiness. He was not much more a friend of Parliaments than Charles whom he slew, but he was such a massive piece of English history that the void his effigy now fills under the windows of the Commons must have ached for it before.

When we had done our hanging upon the parapet of the bridge we found a

somewhat reluctant cab and drove homeward through the muted Sunday streets. The roar of the city was still there, but it was subdued; the crowd was still abroad, but it was an aimless, idle, shuffling crowd. There were no vehicles except those of pleasure or convenience; the omnibuses sent up their thunder from afar; our cab-horse clapping down the wooden pavement was the noisiest thing we heard. The trees in the squares and places hung dull and tired in the coolish, dusty atmosphere, and through the heart of the summer afternoon passed a presentiment of autumn. These are subtleties of experience which after all one does not impart.

The emotions are not at one's bidding, and if one calls upon them, they are very apt not to come. I promised myself some very signal ones, of a certain type, from going to the Sunday market of the Jews in what was once Petticoat Lane, but now, with the general cleaning up and clearing out of the slums, has got itself called by some much finer and worthier name. But, really, I had seen much Jewish things in Hester Street, on our own East Side. The market did not begin so early as I had been led to expect it would. The blazing forenoon of my visit was more than half gone, and yet there was no clothes auction, which was said to be the great thing to see. But by nine o'clock there seemed to be everything else for sale under that torrid July sun, in the long booths and shelters of the street and sidewalks: meat, fish, fruit, vegetables, glassware, ironware, boots and shoes, china and crockery, women's tawdry finery, children's toys, furniture, pictures, succeeding one another indiscriminately, old and new, and cried off with an incessant jargon of bargaining, pierced with shrill screams of extortion and expostulation. A few mild, slim, young London policemen sauntered, apparently unseeing, unhearing, among the fevered, nervous Semitic crowd, in which the oriental types were by no means so marked as in New York, and there was a greater prevalence of red Jews than I had noted before.

The friend who had invited me to this spectacle felt its inadequacy so keenly, in spite of my protests, that he questioned the policemen for some very squalid or

naughty purlieu that he might show me, for we were in the very heart of Whitechapel; but failing that, because the region had been so very much reformed and cleaned up since the dreadful murders there, he had no resource but to take me on top of a tram-car, and show me how very thoroughly it had been reformed and cleaned up. But I indeed saw nothing slumlike, but with a current of cool east wind in our faces which the motion of the tram reinforced, it was an experience delightful to every sense. It was significant also of the endlessness of London that as far as the tram-car took us we seemed as far as ever from the bounds of the city; whatever point we reached, there was still as much or more London beyond.

But for that friendly current of air, the morning was of a deadly heat, as I found when we set our faces for the return. Then the pale blue sky, dimming down to a smoky gray at the horizons, was like a cup of heated iron fitting close over the town, which seemed that morning to have wakened unusually late, though the late morning hours which all England keeps are a perpetual surprise to the American. At half past eight I had come out for my appointment, and in so frequented a place as Sloane Square I waited fifteen minutes for a cab. The corner policeman offered the explanation that the season gave the cabmen so much to do that they were indifferent to custom. "Besides," he said, "this 'eat knocks the 'orses hup." When at last a cab loitered within hail it carried me as far as the Bank of England through streets where there was scarcely a soul astir at nine o'clock, and few dogs or cats.

The return in mid-September to the London which one left at the end of July, implicates a dramatic effect more striking than any other possible in touristic experience. In the difference between this London and that, one fully realizes the moral and physical magnitude of the season. The earlier London throbbed to bursting with the tide of manifold life; the later London lies gaunt, hollow, flaccid, and as if spent by the mere thought of what it has been through. The fashion that fluttered and glitter-





Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

A SOLITARY APPARITION IN DIAPHANOUS SILKS AND SNOWY PLUMES

ed along Piccadilly and the streets of shops is all off on country visits or at the seaside or in the mountains of the island or the continent. The comely young giants who stalked along the pavement of Pall Mall or in the paths of the Park are off killing grouse; scarcely a livery shows itself; even the omnibus tops are depopulated; long rows of idle cabs are on the ranks; the stately procession of diners-out flashing their white shirt-fronts at nightfall in interminable hansoms has vanished; the tormented regiments of soldiers are at peace in their barracks; a strange quiet has fallen on that better quarter of the town which is really, or unreal, the town. With this there is an increase of the homelike feeling which is always present, with at least the happy alien, in London; and what gayety is left is cumulative at night and centralized in the electric-blazing neighborhoods of the theatres. There, indeed, the season seems to have returned, and in the boxes of the playhouses and the stalls fashion phantasmally revisits one of the scenes of its summer joys. One day in Piccadilly, in a pause of the thin rain, I met a solitary apparition in the diaphanous silks and the snowy plumes of hat and boa which the sylphs of the church parade wore in life through those halcyon days when the tide of the season was highest. The apparition put on a bold front of not being strange and sad, but upon the whole it failed.

It may have been an impulse inspired by this vision that carried me as far as Hyde Park, where I saw not a soul, either of the quick or the dead, in the chilly drizzle, save a keeper cleaning up the edges of the road. In the consecrated closes, where the vanished children of smartness used to stand, to sit, to go and come like bright birds, or flowers walking, the inverted chairs lay massed together or scattered with their legs in the air, on the wet grass, and the dripping leaves smote damply together overhead. Another close, in Green Park the afternoon before, however, I saw devoted to frequenters of another sort. It had showered overnight, and the ground still had been wet where a score of the bodies of the unemployed, or at least the unoccupied, lay as if dead in the sun.

Mostly these houseless men were asleep, but some who seemed so sent up the smoke of short pipes from the herbage, with a curious effect as of dreams made visible.

They were having their holiday, but they did not make me feel as if I were still enjoying my outing so much as some other things: for instance the colored minstrelsy, which I had heard so often at the seaside in August, and which reported itself one night in the Mayfair street which we seemed to have wholly to ourselves, and touched our hearts with the concord of our native airs and banjos. We were sure they were American darkies, from their voices and accents, but perhaps they were not as certainly so as the poor little mother was English who came down the place at high noon with her large baby in her arms, swaying it from side to side as she sang a plaintive ballad to the skies, and watched the windows for some relenting to her want.

The clubs and the great houses of Mayfair which the season had used so hard were many of them putting themselves in repair against the next time of festivity, and testifying to the absence of their world. One day I found the solitude rather more than I could bear without appeal to that vastly more multitudinous world of the six millions who never leave London except on business. I said in my heart that this was the hour to go and look up that emotion which I had suspected of lying in wait for me in St. Paul's, and I had no sooner mounted to an omnibus top for the journey through Piccadilly, the Strand and Fleet Street, than I found the other omnibus tops by no means so depopulated as I had fancied. To be sure, the straw hats which six weeks before had formed the almost universal head-covering of the 'bus-top throngs were now in a melancholy minority, but they had not so wholly vanished as they vanish with us when September begins. They had never so much reason to be here as with us, and they might have had almost as much reason for lingering as they had for coming.

I still saw some of them among the pedestrians as well as among the omnibus-toppers, and the pedestrians abashed



me by their undiminished multitude. As they streamed along the sidewalks, in a torrent of eager life, and crossed and recrossed among the hoofs and wheels as thickly as in mid-July, they put me to shame for my theory of a decimated London. It was not the tenth man who was gone, nor the hundredth, if even it was the thousandth. The tremendous metropolis mocked with its myriads the notion of nobody left in town because a few pleasers had gone to the moors, or the mountains, or the shores, and I made haste to escape from its sarcasm in the great temple which rises a whity-brown bulk above all the pavements and roofs of the city.

I had been lately thinking that the England of the cathedrals was over-gothicized, and that I should be glad, or at least rested, to see something classic, or even classicistic. But I found that I was wrong and mistaken as to my own desires. That architecture is alien to the English sky if not alien to the English spirit, and coming freshly as I did from the minster in York to the cathedral in London, I was

aware of differences which were all in favor of the elder fane. The minster now asserted its superior majesty, and its mere magnitude, the sweep of its mighty nave, the bulk of its clustered columns, the splendor of its wide and lofty windows, as they held their own in my memory, dwarfed St. Paul's as much physically as spiritually.

A great congregation lost itself in the broken spaces of the London temple, dimmed rather than illumined by the electric blaze in the choir; a monotonous chanting filled the air as with the Rome of the worldliest period of the church, and the sense of something pagan that had risen again in the Renaissance was, I perceived, the emotion that had lain in wait for me. St. Paul's like St. Peter's testifies of the genius of a man, not the spirit of humanity awed before the divine. Neither grew as the Gothic churches grew; both were ordered to be built after the plans of the most gifted architects of their time and race, and both are monuments to civilizations which had outlived mystery.

## Song

BY HERBERT S. WEBER

IF all my love were scattered into gems—  
 The worldly stars we give our lives to gain—  
     Then in the night,  
 Fancy, that now can bring me only pain,  
 Would radiant crowns contrive, and crescents bright,  
     And burning diadems.

Then on thy finger the soft amethyst  
 Would tremble, love, and in thy hair I'd twine  
     Warm rubies red;  
 While to the sweet throat I have never kiss'd  
 Pure pearls, like clustering kisses, would I wed,  
     And dream they made it mine.

# The Sheathing of The Blade

BY MARIE VAN VORST

ON Friday night we sent a couple of the "boys" to pick up Cazooth—Rick Cazooth: "Coax him to come along over and give us a fairy-tale!"

As they clustered round their smaller pine tops, the big table shoved aside looked empty without him. They wanted to set him up there and hear him carol out to them in his funny singsong. Cazooth was corralled in his dugout, charioted around, stuck up in his pulpit. He was in perfect humor; his old eyes snapped like fireflies under the brush of his brows. He gaped, a wide yawn, lit his pipe, set it going at sixty the hour.

"Gospel truth," said the men who brought him, "we ketched him awake; didn't have to souse a bucket over him."

Cazooth chuckled. "Wake me up a couple more times like this, and you *may* git the story of my life."

One man said, "I don't know no better yarn than how you come to go twelve hours without a drink, Cazooth!"

"Well, *now* you're treading on history," nodded the old one. "I'm keeping a anniversary."

Nobody cracked a smile at him; they didn't want he should light out and leave them hungry for a tale.

"I'm keeping it for a reason of my own particular—for a friend—"

He grinned; a slow smile stole out shyly. When it found it was really there, it stayed, quivering, then froze to his long, thin old lips. Under his drooping mustaches (he wore them long, like gray, faded straw) the smile passed away; and any galoot who could still have called it a "*smile*," doesn't know tears by sight.

Cazooth said: "About s'teen hundred years ago I had a leg that ran straight from ankle to hip. These"—he touched his gray straw mustaches and the gray fringe around his pate—"these was yellow. These"—he motioned to his eyes—"were good as field-glasses any day. I

guess I was all right enough! Anyway, I was young, and the difference between then and now is—that now I don't ask but six feet o' ground, can't get it, and then I owned the earth.

"I had left Denver to take a squint at further fortune. A tale had come to me of the Leaping Wolf Mining Camp, the roughest kind of a hole, with the biggest kind of a chance to win your pile—that is, if the boys could stomach you. Being a hot-headed son of a gun, I lit for that part of the West, towards the last of my trip going along with a social stranger who filled me from his private stock until I was full as a goat. When I had pretty nearly lost consciousness we ambled into the saloon of the Leaping Wolf. In this condition I was introduced to about forty strangers; I couldn't of told one face of them from another. It was just a black mass of humans circling round a Bar. I remember scolloping my way across the room to the Bar, and there I planked down an eagle.

"'I match you for the crowd,' I told my travelling companion. He was on to me. I was his meat, all right! He was sober and cruel, and he won my metal right on through all the trips. Drawing out my wallet (it contained a cool thou', all I had in the world), I yelled to my new friend, 'I lay all this that I'm married to the prettiest woman in the West.'

"You all carry me, pards, it was a fool bet, and no one oughtn't to have bet with a drunken boy such I was; but that travelling companion of mine kept close to me all right! He took me, and said: 'You wear a picter of her, I don't doubt? I've got me one of another lady; we'll pass them round the gang, and the boys can jury the queens.' Even by this my cheeks (a man's face remains to the last the best of him) began to show they wasn't as drunk as my brains; they burned, I felt them, and my palms tickled. But I was the youngest of

the crowd, the greenest fool within a hundred miles. Some goat held the bets, and the wall-eyed galoot, as soon as he seen the coin pass into another man's hands, hitched out of his pocket, with a grin to sicken you, a card picter of a kind of creature they call women, too, like others. She was all gigged up in short clothes that stand out, and tight clothes that stick to. The men began to snigger, and it seemed to me that the little noise went into me and drew blood, like as every laugh had a point to it. I'd have given my hopes of heaven to have lit out. I never felt so like a run in my life. But I could only pass my hands into my shirt collar. (You carry me, partners, I wore her there, on a string around my neck.) Just when my throat was wet and my eyes feeling like glue, and I was snorting like a busted engine, just before I'd drug my girl out to show her face and shame us both forever, a mountain rose up before me. That mountain was a volcano; it was spitting flame and thunder. It was no less and no more than a big man talking out words like a telegraph, first to the wall-eyed galoot, and then to the boys.

"'Before that little fool grows any bigger,' the man was saying, 'you put up your circus card, stranger.'

"I managed to gather his drift this far. The man I had bet with said, 'The little fool's a coward,' and because he didn't know his harbor he lurched out toward the new man, drew his derringer and shoved it over at me. Quick as thought the big man had grasped it at the barrel, and whipped it round and held it out to the other at the open end.

"'Want it?'

"'Well, I'll take your life first,' answered my betting friend.

The big man put that gun down on the board, then he drew out all his own armory fixings—he wore five pistols on different parts of him.

"'Got any more on you?' he asked the galoot.

"He said, 'No.'

"'Then kill me quick,' smiled the gentleman (so I choose to call him), 'and with your naked fists, or I'll be doing a little murder on my own hook.' And then he gave the other a little tickle under his eyes, and with a movement as

soft to look at as silk and as hard to feel as iron nuts, he struck him somewhere that made the wall-eyed galoot keel over. We stood and looked on while he 'did him up.' When the new man had gotten quite through, he kicked the intruder a little from behind. The wall-eyed galoot had enough left in him to get on to his feet with; the big man nodded at him.

"'Your skin is the wrong color,' he said. 'Although I don't know any nigger who'd change with you! You come to the wrong place, too, when you struck Leaping Wolf, and you want to look out that you don't *miss your train for the next*. You can go,' he said; 'I give you three minutes to get out of the door.'

"My travelling companion seemed to trickle out of the room like water, and then the other man dressed himself up in his arms, laughing meanwhile, cracking a joke here and flinging a criticism there. The boys was gaffing him, kind of applauding him inside themselves; you could feel it. And I stared at him as though he were a show got up for me—a good show, too; you can lay your night's earnings on it, my men! It was a proscenium-box kind. A decorate-of-the-whole-saloon-and-damn-the-expense kind. You hear *me*?

"He could have brushed the ceiling with his head; I guess it had already brushed up against the powers of night, for it was as black as sin. He was a handsome cuss, made to frighten to death, to make a man stick to him like death, whichever he chose. Lucky for me, in my case, he chose the last. He was easily the king of the Leaping Wolf diggin's; he wore the purple. He wheeled on me and said, 'Stranger, you are at an awkward age—too old to spank and too young to fight; you ought to go to school.' The men roared.

"'There ain't no schools in Leaping Wolf. Why don't you take a tutor?' As he ran his fingers through that black hair of his'n I looked to see them come out inked. They didn't, but when he ruffled up his head that way I remarked two or three gray threads running, running like gray wolves through a dark wood's heart. Wolves they were this time—wolves of grief; I did not know it then. He made a little bow at me: 'I'll tutor you; I'll apply. Not an Irish drop

in me!' Then he turned away and begun to go it easy with his pals.

A little later he somehow or other got me out of the parlor like I was a guest of the house. He had stuck his arm under mine. I leaned on him, and when I waked up the next day it was broad noon shining in the cabin window. I lay out on his bed, and he stood a-laughing at me from the door, where he seemed to rise, filling up the landscape.

"'I'm William Flanders,' he nodded, a-introducing of himself. 'Better known, or, to speak accurate, *worse* known, as *The Blade*.'

"From then on I bunked there, put up with him; ate, so to speak, off the same plate; mixed, so to speak, in the same glass. In this way six long months passed for me in the roughest, damnedest mining-camp in that part of the West. Among that gang a galoot was safe if The Blade winked agreeable, and he was a gone coon if The Blade didn't wink at all. The boys was his gang; they swore by him, stuck by him, bone to flesh.

"The Blade wasn't on the bad, at that time. He had done most of his fine work, and right there in Leaping Wolf he was trying to sweep in the honest dust for a year or two. I owed him, during the time I was in Leaping Wolf, everything. It ain't too much to say I'd have dangled my young feet over the river from which the camp got its name if The Blade hadn't branded me with his special mark. He looked after my health, and except that now and again some of the boys got touchy because of the great preference, they treated me white. When we'd get into our shanty together, nodding before our fireside, then was the times when I heard him recite his book of fairytales, beginning with the 'Doing of Galigner,' right down the gauntlet, through all the runs I have hitherto made for you boys here."

Here Cazooth leaned forward as though he were reaching for something; he stretched his hand out, making the arch of his palm and fingers a goblet's compass. "You can't have a drop, my buck," the men said. "Go it a little longer dry, partner."

He licked his old lips and took the grasping hand slowly back, putting it in his trousers pocket.

"I hadn't been in Leaping Wolf six months, partners,—it was a-coming round to Easter-time, and up till then, dating from my *daybou* at the saloon, my wife, or her name, had not once crossed my lips. I had my private and my public reasons, as will following appear.

"The day I found my Saratogas unpacked in The Blade's diggin's, a couple of the boys called to visit me. They tipped me a long wink: 'During the time of your stay here, *you never say a word about a woman*. Mark you, not a word. There ain't many communities but what has a subject or so tabooed,—well, that is ours.'

"I caught on, and kept all I had in my mind on that subject to myself. It was hard, sometimes," said Cazooth, "with that little gold-medal picter rocking on my heart. The God-forsaken wilderness was round about us; and but for that handful of human men, there wasn't a soul within speech for hundreds of miles, and we was knit together to make or lose.

"It got on to be Easter-time, mild and soft weather. The Blade and I sat together in our shanty Good-Friday night, the door wide open and the moon a-sailing in till the room swam before our eyes. Looking at that white light, and smokin', sittin' forward, our hands between our knees, we smelt the pine air mingled with the cursed good smell of the fires that we'd burned on the old earth at our side. We had not been saying anything, till finally The Blade spoke up: 'Lonesome?'—turned on me, throwing up his head; the black hair shook on it, his eyes glinted in the light. He caught me quick with his word, like a lasso falling sudden, and it brought my head down. He gave a sort of chuckle that never came right out into a laugh. 'By —! you *are* lonesome! You're restless, too; you want to go back.'

"Well, the rope tightened round my fool throat; it seemed to snarl, too. I could not speak up and give him a lie, for it wasn't a lie.

"'You've made your pile, Cazooth. You ought to take it home. You ought to—'

"I watched The Blade smoke into the moonlight.

"'You ought to take it to her.'

"And strike me dead if this wasn't the first time a 'her' or a 'she' had ever been breathed aloud in that cabin! What he said was gospel truth. Not denyin' of it, but at the very sound of the words feelin' queer, I just contented myself with lookin' like fifteen cents, and he said: 'Tell me about her, then go on to Denver to-morrow; there's a wagon goin' through.'"

"That was all I had been waitin' for these three weeks—a kind of send-off from *The Blade*—a ticket-of-leave. He had got me so under his eyes' power that I'd have gone to hell for him and tried to put out the fire, but when he once said *go to her*, he loosed the spell. He got his pipe comfortable in the hole of his mouth's corner, put his hands in his pocket, threw up his head in his way,— 'Tell me about her.'"

"Gosh! it was breaking the ice in the dam,—he didn't know how big his order was. I gave him a song and dance, allegretto, till I had to hold up for wind. He sighed, once or twice, but it didn't bluff me! I told him her portrait, and the courtship and the marriage, and as much about womankind as a man can tell; and when I let up, wheezing, his pipe was out and he had not refilled."

"'Her name is Mary,' I informed him."

"He shook his head and said, 'No, by —! not *that* name!'"

"I was on to the coincidence,—it must have been something to do with a Mary that had struck him hard and that kept women out of the conversations of Leaping Wolf, so I said, laughing: 'All right, then. I've got a name of my own I call her for the most part by. It's a queer little—'"

"He gave a jump up. The face he turned on me was not like a human face: it was pale as the moon; the eyes glowed like cayutes': 'Hold up, Cazooth! If you go on *just* now I can't tell what part of your body will have moonlight through it.' He drew a long breath that seemed to go through a music part of him, for it wheezed like an accordion. 'I can't stand this,' he muttered, 'I can't stand this.' He stood for a minute like that, then got himself in shape again and tried to sort of grin. He clapped his hand on the table where he stood and let himself down slow into his chair. 'I'm

a bad lot,' he said. 'You have gathered it and more from the things you have heard me tell since we have been together. I've got many curses over me, but the worst two of all is that a woman somewhere has a right to curse me, and that I am cursed with the power of loving her and only her all the rest of my — life. Four years ago I married a girl, and I gave her a year of the best of me; then, for some devilish reason, I changed the slides . . . one night she left me; and she'd every reason to go. When I came back to find her, to make her all sorts of promises that God knows I could have kept, she was gone. I couldn't find her, and a little while afterwards I learned she was dead. I don't want to sour your wedding-cake, Cazooth,' he said, after a jiffy. 'Let's hear your music out. One of the boys said you got a letter a while ago. I never asked about it, because I didn't want to hear—but let's hear now,—what's the news?'"

"I had that letter in my pocket. I would have liked to read it to him, but I only said, 'We've got a little kid, and she writes me about him.'"

"'You must light out to-morrow, my man, and take her your pile.'"

"We were sitting with the table between us; *The Blade* leaned on it and nodded at me, getting back grain by grain his first-class sand. 'I nipped you off in your love-story, Cazooth. What's the name you called your girl. Let's hear it.'"

"It wa'n't no good to bluff him or to beg off. He touched me for the highest coin I had,—he would have it in his hand. I got as red as my shirt, and stuttered out: '*Blushes*, I call her. *Blushes*.'"

"The *Blade* stared at me, gripping his hands, growing as white as I grew red, and he said, '*My God!*' again and again. 'Why do—do you call her *that*?'"

"I wished this conversation had never begun, you can bet, and I'd have gotten out of it with both feet if I could. 'She asked me to; she said she liked it.'"

"He put out his hand toward me; the pipe in it trembled. 'I kept you from showing her face to the gang, didn't I, Cazooth? Well, you wear that face on you, don't you? Come, let's see it. Let's see *Blushes*. Let's see *Mary*.'"

"Well, I yanked up that string and medal and got it out somehow, and give it over. It fell from his hands on the table twict; he didn't seem able to finger so little a thing. Although his hands had touched gold constant for sixteen months, this gold piece rattled on the board. At last he got it up, and pried it open with his thumb-nail. He looked at the picter, held it close to him, scowling, but just the same almost as though he ate it like a hungry man. 'A woman's face,' he murmured, 'a woman's face after a fast like mine.' He lifted it up to his mouth as though he was going to kiss it, then he clicked the medal shut and handed it back, back to me. 'You might have shown her to any gang,' he said, 'and have won your pile on the votes. She's got all the Western States. You like her, all right? A man could wear "blind" on his sign and read *that!* She's square to you, Cazooth?"

"The dead square."

"Treat her white!" he said, across the table at me. '*You'll treat her white?*' And as I did not pipe up to the highest string, he fetched the biggest oath I'd ever heard him.

"Swear it!"

"I did, glad to, for several reasons! I was by the way of being, that night, more kinds of a fool than you'd like to meet at liberty for the public good. What The Blade had said come rising up in my throat and mouth, got into my eyes, hummed around my ears. I lost sight of Leaping Wolf Camp and of him. Denver could have had me then for keeps. I guess I was soft enough to drop on from a sixth story,—feathers wasn't in it to me.

"The Blade got up, that awful tall, high way of getting up, slow, till you wondered how much more man he kept under the table and how much more was going to rise. This big sight of him brought me to remember that I had clean forgot there was another man on God's earth but me, feeling there was but one woman. I caught sight of The Blade's highness; it give me a shock. Truth to heaven, he seemed to be going right on up through the rafters into the moon-shine without, and to hit higher, with that coal-black head of his'n.

"I told him nothing would cut me in

leaving Leaping Wolf but breaking camp with him.

"He didn't hear me; his hands was working in and out, in and out, fingers catching at empty air, and forming, when they closed, like as to over a weapon of some kind—any kind that matched the glitter of his eyes.

"Not so many words folks says," Cazooth informed the crowd he was talking to, "that strikes me nowadays as worth committing to memory. I make a distinction! Some commit to memory, and some learn by heart." He struck his old shirt's breast. "That's where I have got these words of The Blade:

"You said *your wife*, Cazooth? You were married to her by the gospel sharp, ring and the rest of it?—law, gospel, decency, all those things standing up for you both? And—you've got a little kid to bear what name you—you've given your wife?"

"He smiled at me the way I'd come to look for, and to know as one knows the sun, making it good weather when it shines and bad weather when it doesn't.

"I told him all '*yeses*' down the line.

"The Blade knotted his brows after 'em. 'Say her name out pard,' he ordered, sharp as a blow, 'her names—all of 'em,' and he held up one finger as if to dock them off.

"Mary, Mary Cazooth,' I give him, and would have knocked off here.

"Go along—"

"Oh, *Blushes*, then, and her name before she married me was—"

"He cut in and snipped my breath off. 'I'll let that name out, Cazooth. She interests me as your wife—see? For ladies before and after, I haven't got any deep interest any more.'

"I never took in how much he had set store by what I had been to him as pal as then, and I only said to myself, 'What a white man it is!—a-breakin' of all his iron laws to give me a chance to talk about my girl before I go.'

"I reached to grip hold of another subject, somewhere, and hand it to him, but his hands was fists,—he would not have touched any subject, no matter what it was. 'You see, I married my girl, too,' he said, slowly, 'and if any man had stood up to say to me I wasn't *married* to her, I'd have held his windpipe till its next



squeak was in the organ-pipes of the New Jerusalem! That sort of thing happens, Cazooth, in poetry. Sometimes a man comes back—dragging back to life when the grave is the only thing that's really stuck on him.'

"He was 'way off the topic. I guessed he was going into some dark hour of his own experience.

"'I ain't got no use for faces at the window,' The Blade said, 'and those sudden returns, and if when I'd been living with *my wife*'—he emphasized the words right along—'any goat come in and said, "Look-a-here, I married that girl before you did, and so you ain't her husband," in putting the decentest words around an ugly truth,—why, Cazooth . . . !'

"He stopped off here, shut all the feelings back and side-tracked. He got out two glasses and mixed a stiff drink. Then he passed me mine and held his own with one hand, leaning on the table with the other.

"'To *her*!' he gave me, always smiling now, and up'd with his glass.

"I didn't lose sight of him, you bet your life, and up'd with mine.

"'To Mary,' and he tipped off half. 'To Blushes,' and he drained it. Then he stuck his hand in his shirt and unpinned something, flicked it out. By —! if it wasn't a pocket-handkerchief boiled and clean as snow! If The Blade had seen fit to fish out a coach and four from his hat-band at any time, we boys would have tooted to it and passed no remarks—it couldn't have surprised me as much as that little bit of rag did. He wiped his lips, and with the wiping the smile passed too. He kept the handkerchief in his hand, his left hand, and stuck the right one out to me.

"'Put it there, partner.'

"I grasped his hand.

"'I'm going out to calm my nerves down—see you turn in and go to sleep.'

"That's the way he went out of our cabin, and I got up and watched him going along through the moonlight—brother, it seemed, to the pines as he passed them, tall and dark as them.

"He never showed up that night; nor in the morning; and when I discovered that none of the boys had seen him or heard him we started out together to know why. Three miles up the Leaping

Wolf is a little hilly bank thick as soot with pines, a grove giving to the full east. A couple of us, and me, at sunrise spied that knoll; we went into it, climbing up the bank with sick feelings filtering through us like poison.

"His black head to the sunrise, his long body straight as the trees around him, we found The Blade, one hand grabbing his shirt, the other a little out from his side, his derringer at his palm. The boys made for a waving bit of paper that showed on the tree, his will and testament, and telling that his own hand did it. I never read his words then. I didn't want no book nor page but that face looking up through the pines to find the sky. Knowing what we two was to the other, or gettin' a sight of what I was then and grew to be thenceforth, the two galoots hung back and let me go up to him alone. I never knew how good he was till I seen the whiteness of that face blanched in death, clear as the sun that was rising. His hand at his shirt was clinched rock-fast; I touched its coldness and gulped. I didn't open it. The handkerchief was coming out a little, white at the corner, and red as his shirt-front where it stanced but could not cure the bullet-hole of his heart. He had shoved aside a medal, like so that it should not phase the bullet from his derringer. I felt it hard under his shirt beneath his clinched fist. I did not need Judgment Day to tell me what picter that medal held. The handkerchief creeping out had 'Mary' running along the edge. Something in the hold of the hand over the medal kept me from opening it *to see, what I knew*.

"'He will lie here,' I told 'em; and in the heart of the dark piny earth we sheathed The Blade. . . .

"That is my story," said Cazooth, after a little. "I tell it once in a hundred years to show how things goes—or went—here and there. You can put it in your book of martyrs or saints or suicides,—suit yourselves. You see, you couldn't call out '*Honor*!' to The Blade, and not have him click back, '*Here!*' like's though it was his name, on the roll. He held it so to be: and to give one woman a right to the name she bore, and a child a right to a lawful name, The Blade felt he had to light out."

# Mental Types and Their Recognition in Our Schools

BY ARTHUR TWINING HADLEY

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THE most marked feature in the history of teaching in the nineteenth century has been the great increase in the number of different kinds of education which are open to the student.

A hundred years ago, one general course of study was provided for everybody. It began with reading, writing, and ciphering; it went on with "practical" arithmetic, geography, and a certain amount of history; it ended with Latin, Greek, moral philosophy, and the elements of higher mathematics. Some pupils were given the time to finish the course, others stopped at various points on the way; but with this exception all were treated alike. There was little technical training to fit the pupils for their several callings. There was little organized effort to provide a choice of subjects which should be suited to their several tastes and abilities. In most quarters the mere mention of such an attempt to meet the students' preferences would have been regarded with suspicion. Those were the good old days when medicines were esteemed in proportion to the vileness of their taste, and creeds in proportion to the strength of their damnnatory clauses; when the fact that a boy or girl liked a thing created a presumption that it was evil, and the fact that a boy or girl hated a thing created a presumption that it was good; when the object of the teacher was to fill out deficiencies, real or supposed, in the mental equipment of those who were entrusted to his charge, rather than to develop the special capacities or talents of which he might find them possessed. Of course there were exceptions to this rule, and highly honorable ones; but the educators of a hundred years ago, taken as a body, were inclined to regard the prevailing system as sufficiently adapted to the

needs of any child except a genius or an idiot, and to assume that anybody who objected to the standard or deviated from it belonged to the latter class rather than to the former.

In the early part of the nineteenth century several able writers exposed the falseness of this educational theory; but its real breakdown came within the last fifty years, and was brought about from the practical instead of the theoretical side. The first important inroad upon the old system was made by the development of professional schools. These were originally established for the purpose of enabling lawyers and physicians to acquire a profitable practice sooner than was possible without such aid. But the number of instances where men who had shown little interest in the general course of college study at once showed great interest in the special lines of study taught in these schools, led people to recognize the possible importance of modern science and modern history in college education. The introduction of an elective system into our colleges was the inevitable result. Meantime the sphere of professional training itself was being extended. The success of schools of law and medicine gave an impulse to the development of other kinds of technical schools which took boys at an earlier age and trained them to be engineers or chemists. These institutions had the same effect upon the high school that the older professional schools had had upon the college. They created a demand for the broadening of its course, and for the introduction of elective subjects. Year by year the opportunity for choice of studies has been made wider and been pushed farther down; until at the present time the whole arrangement of our school courses seems to be dominated by the assumption

that every child has a more or less clearly defined natural bent for some particular subject or group of subjects, and that when you have found out what that bent or inclination is you should teach that subject or group of subjects first and foremost, and let other studies range themselves about it as they will.

The resulting system is much better than the one which it superseded. It enables the teacher to appeal to a larger proportion of his pupils than was possible under the old system. They stay in school much longer and use their time rather better. But it has its faults as well as its merits. It is very expensive. It is somewhat disorganizing. It encourages pupils to specialize before they are old enough to make their choices intelligently. In many cases it leads to the neglect of that general training in accuracy and regularity of work, apart from artificially stimulated interest in the subject-matter, which is essential to the boy or girl who is going to succeed in after-life. These difficulties and evils show that there is something radically wrong about the principles under which we are working. They do not prove that we should go back to the old system; but they indicate that we should go forward in a somewhat different direction from that which we have recently pursued.

There is a small number of boys and a still smaller number of girls for whom the elective system works admirably—boys or girls who have a well-marked and absorbing interest in some one subject as compared with any and all others; boys or girls whom nature has distinctly marked out for some special line of life-work, and whom the teacher can best develop by making all roads lead to that end. But there are not many of them. They probably do not form over ten per cent. of the student body. The other ninety per cent. have no such well-marked natural bent which will stimulate the lazy or concentrate the interest of the industrious. They do not know what they are going to do in after-life. If they like to study, they will work reasonably well on almost any subject, provided it is taught by some one who knows how to appeal to their understanding. If they dislike to study, they will do ill in almost every subject indiscriminately,

and strive to get on with as little work as possible, no matter what may be the topic selected. For such children the elective system distinctly fails to do the good which its advocates have claimed. The lazy and shiftless try to choose whatever course is easiest. The average pupil, who is neither better nor worse than his fellows, takes what seems most attractive for the moment. Even those who are most industrious and far-sighted find it difficult to determine what they ought to study, and are more likely to make a confused choice than a clear and well-ordered one.

It may be urged that things do not work quite so badly in practice as this analysis of the situation would seem to indicate. The lazy pupils are not so numerous as the ambitious ones, and the standard of teaching in our better schools is so high that those who make a serious choice of courses of study, however imperfect the information on which they may base that choice, are apt to get something valuable. But even if it be true that matters turn out tolerably well to the majority of the pupils of our schools, I think we may attribute the result more to the happy faculty of the American people for falling right side up than to any intelligent exercise of educational theory. For of the two assumptions which are at the base of the modern elective system—the assumption that each student has a distinct preference for some particular topic and the assumption that a course of study should be grouped closely around some one line of preferences—one can be proved to be wrong and the other has never been proved at all.

The difficulties surrounding this subject were brought very closely home to me some years ago in advising Yale students as to their choice of electives. It was apparent that students even of eighteen or twenty as a rule "didn't know what they wanted." Few had decided upon their future professions; and even among those few the majority did not know whether they wished to hasten or to defer the time of professional specialization. It seemed quite hopeless to try to elicit any expressions of preference or aptitude for particular studies. Those who enjoyed study at all were

ready to take up almost anything that might be advised. Those that did not enjoy study regarded all class-room work in the light of a somewhat irksome duty. But just when the difficulties seemed most insuperable certain facts about the students began to come to light which suggested a possible line of solution.

For while it was true that few of these students had preferences for specific subjects which they wanted to study exclusively, it gradually became clear that almost all of these students had preferences for specific kinds of teaching and specific ways of getting at the subjects which they studied. They did not have so much a taste for distinctive departments of study as for distinctive methods and results. In this respect the boys knew what they wanted; and, on the whole, they knew it surprisingly well. Varied as were the individual students in their characters and in their ambitions, they fell, with few exceptions, into three singularly well-defined groups, according as they were interested in facts, in ideas, or in affairs. The boy who is interested in facts is the one who has what is known as the scientific type of mind. It is from such boys that we recruit the ranks of our physicians, our engineers, our manufacturers, our technologists, or our skilled operatives in the various departments of production and commerce. The boy who is interested in ideas belongs to what we call the literary type. It is from such boys that we develop our journalists, our preachers, our teachers, or our barristers. The boy who is interested in affairs belongs to what we call the administrative type. It is among such boys that we find our successful merchants, financiers, legal advisers, or constructive statesmen. If we can find out to which of these types a boy belongs, we can give him and those like him an education which will stimulate his interest on the broadest possible lines, and prepare him, not for some single profession which may ultimately prove out of his reach, but for any and all of that group of professions for which he is naturally fitted.

But it may perhaps be asked, "Is not this proposed grouping of students according to their mental habits simply the old elective system under a new name, and with perhaps a little attempt at

organization and concentration of effort? Are you not still proposing to offer scientific courses to one set of boys, literary courses to another set, and commercial courses to a third?"

No. The difference is not between subjects, but between different methods of getting at the same subject. It is not true, at least to the extent that has been generally supposed, that one boy is interested in science, and another in literature, and another in the practical affairs of life. It is rather that one boy gets at all subjects—whether physics, or language, or history—from the standpoint of the scientific investigator, another from that of the literary expositor, and a third from that of the practical administrator. One reads for the substance, another for the impression, a third for the utility. There are some subjects which can more readily be taught in one of these ways, and other subjects which can more readily be taught in another; and to this extent it may be said that one of these subjects is specially adapted to one class of minds. Thus chemistry, in the hands of the ordinary teacher, will appeal to the boy of scientific habit; but with proper teaching the results of chemistry may be made intensely interesting either to the general reader, who wishes scientific laws of the present day in philosophical form, or to the practical man of business, who cares more for what the chemist can do than for the laws which he discovers. Instead of encouraging the teacher of such a subject to narrow the appeal which the subject makes to boys of one type, which is the general tendency of the elective system as it has been managed in the last generation, I believe that we should urge him as far as lies in his power to extend and differentiate his teaching to meet the needs of boys of all three types. In the majority of cases of study it is surprisingly easy to do this.

Take a subject like French. The boy of scientific type is interested in French first because the language is an interesting thing to study for its syntax and its etymology, and next because the power to read French gives him access to facts which can be had in French books that have not been translated into English. The boy of literary type is interested in the language in another way. He sees

in it a vehicle of human expression. He can with surprising readiness catch differences between French style and English style, and understand something of that consummate art of communication which the people of France have been developing so wonderfully through the writing and conversation and diplomacy of centuries. To the boy of the administrative type French appeals as something to be spoken. The rules of etymology and syntax the administrative boy regards as unpleasant obstacles to be surmounted. The forms of style and shades of expression interest him only as they throw light on the character and habits and history of the people with whom he has to deal. To get into touch with French activity and French doings is the one object that appeals to him. He wishes to get the most power of communication with the least expenditure of effort; but if the teacher will put the end within his reach the boy will labor vigorously and ungrudgingly toward that end.

In all these three cases the subject of study is the same, but the means and ends are absolutely different. It may be worth while to illustrate this difference from a subject of another class—the group of studies known under the name of mental philosophy. To the boy of the scientific type mental philosophy is a department of psychology. The human mind is an object which is being studied. He welcomes every experiment in the psychological laboratory, every observed classification of the phenomena of memory or imagination. To him the morphology, the physiology, and the pathology of the human mind are intensely interesting parts of the order of nature. But to the boy of the literary type philosophy is not so much a science as a body of literature. He studies the dialogues of Plato as he would the tragedies of Æschylus. He reads Bacon or Montaigne as he reads Shakespeare. He derives suggestions from Herbert Spencer as he derives them from Browning or from Goethe. In philosophy, as it appeals to him, the operations of the human mind are not the subject-matter of science, but the raw material of art; things out of which one writer may make a philosophy as another might make a novel or a drama. To the boy of the administrative type philoso-

phy takes still a different aspect. It interests him as an explanation of human conduct. He cares more for Aristotle than for Plato; more for men like Edmund Burke or John Morley, who have known how to make history throw light upon the careers and motives of men at the present day, than for observations as to the transmission of nerve force or for speculations as to how the world was made. To him philosophy means ethics—not as a series of formulas which are appropriate to some metaphysical theory or Utopian fancy, but as a summary of observations and inferences which will enable him to appreciate the conduct of the men and women about him.

It has been said of social life that it does not so much matter what you say as how you say it. It may be said with equal truth of school life that it does not so much matter what you teach as how you teach it. History or literature, if taught as science, may be made as interesting to the boy of scientific mind as botany or physics. Conversely, books on botany or physics may, in the hands of an inspiring teacher, appeal with the greatest force to the lover of literature. And each or all of these subjects appeal to the boy of administrative mind when their practical bearing upon affairs is brought home to him, and they become to his mind live topics instead of dead ones.

The teacher is like a man who goes out to shoot in a contest where there are three separate targets. If he shoots in the average direction in which he supposes those targets to lie, he will probably miss them all. This was the method which was encouraged by the old curriculum. If he keeps on shooting at the first one he sees, he will never hit either of the others. This represents the result under the elective system. The old curriculum, by collecting children of different types into one class, prevented the ordinary teacher from securing definiteness of aim at any point. The elective system, by putting boys of the scientific type into classes in science, or boys of the literary type into classes in literature, helped the teacher to keep a definite object before him; and so far it was good. But it prevented him from encouraging the scientific boy to study literature, or the literary boy to study science; and so far it was bad. It

enabled him to make a score, but it prevented him from making the largest possible score. Let the teacher once learn that he can make his subject interesting to all pupils if only he gets at it in their several ways, and you give him a larger field of usefulness, a higher enthusiasm for his special line of work, and a power of bringing that line into coordination with the needs of the citizen as well as those of the specialist. Even those subjects which in old times have been regarded as dull will prove under this analysis to make the widest and strongest appeal. If there is any subject which is traditionally regarded as stupid it is mental philosophy. Yet this dullness did not arise out of any inherent necessity of the case. For teachers who knew how to deal with their classes have probably roused greater enthusiasm in this field than in any other. It arose from confusion of aim—from an attempt to force down a student's throat an emulsion of psychology, ethics, and literary criticism as unpalatable as it was indigestible. Let the teacher of philosophy separate the mutually repellent ingredients, instead of trying to mix them. Let him teach psychology to one class, ethics to another, and literary criticism to a third; and he will find himself, if not a Mark Hopkins or a Herbert Spencer, at any rate in much nearer approximation to these great lights than ever before seemed possible.

The old theory of the curriculum made it a mere accident if the teacher brought any subject home to any boy. The elective system made it easy for him to teach some subjects to some boys. The recognition of mental temperaments, if fully and successfully carried out, should render it possible to teach most subjects to most boys.

I believe that it should be the aim of parents and teachers to find out as soon as possible to which of these types a boy or a girl belongs; and having found this out, to select classes where the methods of study are the ones which rouse present interest, and are likely to meet future wants. In choosing a course for such boys or girls, I would not follow the present plan of trying to pick out specific subjects which are supposed to be specially attractive or useful. This specialization may well be deferred till they enter the

technical school. I would try rather to keep their range of interests as wide as possible; encouraging them to seek the teacher who knows how to train their minds in methods which they are going to use in after-life, on subjects far outside of the probable sphere of their professional study.

Under the elective system as at present conducted every teacher and every parent, in choosing a course of study for a pupil, is face to face with an awkward dilemma. Either he does not attempt to decide what his boy will do—in which case a course of study is selected at random, and may be the wrong one; or he does attempt to make such a decision provisionally at a time when the boy is too young to know his exact preference, and when the future is so remote and uncertain that things which appear feasible to-day may be out of the question to-morrow—in which case the special training which has been chosen is largely wasted. By adopting a middle course, and fitting our education to the type of boy with which we have to deal, we avoid both horns of this dilemma. We find which group of professions a boy is fitted to pursue; and we can do this long before he is able to decide upon his particular line of life. By training him in the methods which are suitable for his type of mind we give him a preparation which will be valuable in any one of a number of lines for which he is fitted, and to which circumstances may subsequently direct him, by training him to use the methods appropriate to his temperament. We have prepared him to meet conditions as they arise, instead of leaving him at the mercy of the conditions.

It is an interesting fact that, taking the different groups of professions as I have outlined them—the scientific group, which includes the physicians, the engineers, the technologists, and the skilled operatives; the literary group, which includes the journalists, preachers, teachers, or barristers; and the administrative group, which includes the merchants, financiers, statesmen, or legal advisers,—it is possible for a man to make a change from one calling to another within each group, even at a comparatively late period in life, without much loss or danger: while changes from a calling in one group to a calling in another group, even if made



much earlier in life, are often attended with loss, and generally with danger. The skilled operative may become an engineer or technologist; but it is highly perilous when he tries to become a preacher or a lawyer. The able preacher may become a teacher without much loss to himself or his pupils; but woe to those who entrust him with their money if he turns financier! The able merchant may become a successful statesman, but rarely a successful scientific expert. It was to such a man, going to be a judge in India, that the Lord Chancellor gave his famous advice: "Do what you think best, and you will certainly be right; but never try to give reasons, or you will certainly be wrong."

But how shall we decide in the first instance to which of these types a boy or a girl belongs? What are the specific methods which are characteristic of each of these types, and the specific ways of getting at the children so as to arouse their interest and make the work effective? It might be at first supposed that the boy who was most obviously interested in experiments belonged to the scientific type, while the boy who cared more for reading belonged to the literary type. But the matter cannot be determined in this way. So far as my experience goes, the boy who cares most for the kind of observations and experiments that are taught in the kindergarten is more likely to belong to the literary type, while the one who cares most for the better sort of reading which is put into the hands of boys to-day is more likely to belong to the scientific type. The scientific boy is intensely fond of ascertaining facts from books. Caring relatively little for the style, he reads them fast. Caring much for the subject-matter, he remembers that subject-matter well. Put him in an elementary class in natural science to find out things for himself, and he is relatively slow in reaching his results. When he has more or less successfully made an experiment in the class-room, he does not delude himself with the idea that he has discovered a fact for the first time and apprehended all its consequences. To quote a stray remark of Carlyle, he knows what a portentous thing a fact is. It is the boy of literary type who welcomes the results of these

experiments which he has made with the greatest enthusiasm, and feels himself lifted to a high plane of intellectual emotion by the joy of discovery. Most parents and nearly all teachers have witnessed this exaltation of discovery, and have congratulated themselves on the wonderful interest in study which they have aroused—only to wonder, when the next day comes around, that so large an amount of emotion can be attended by so small an exercise of memory. The boy of literary type, while usually a rapid investigator experimentally, is by no means an equally rapid reader. He often reads more slowly than the scientific boy, because he cares for the form as well as the substance, and likes to linger over the phrases themselves. He regards each sentence in the light of a pleasure-carriage from which he may enjoy the scenery, instead of a trolley-car to carry him to his destination or an electric express to bring facts to the market. The reading of the scientific boy is rapid, and his experimentation patient and accurate rather than brilliant; the boy of literary taste and temperament enjoys rapid experiments and leisurely reading.

The boy whose interest is in affairs rather than in science or literature can be distinguished in the early stages of his school life chiefly by the absence of either of these groups of traits which I have just noted. He is as a rule very much harder for the teacher to get at than the boy of either of the other types. To make use of books or experiments as a means of dealing with practical affairs requires a good deal of maturity of mind; and this is just what, in the very nature of the case, the young child does not possess. In fact, some children who show later the dominant interest in affairs seem during these early stages, before they have acquired maturity, to belong to the literary or more rarely to the scientific type. But in the great majority of cases the child of this type in his instinctive attitude toward the class-room work seems very like the child who is simply stupid or lazy. It is when you watch the dealings of such a boy or girl with the other boys or girls in the school that the difference becomes apparent. The child of administrative type cares for the life of the community in which

he lives. He is generally a leader in sports. He is always a leader in every form of social organization. Whatever creates a school spirit or school atmosphere, and makes him feel himself a part of the school organization, renders him willing to do the work which that organization requires. In dealing with this type, we find that students to whom the class-room offers least are often the ones to whom the college life offers most; and such students, for the sake of having their part in that life, are willing to meet scholastic requirements in the way of studies which have no great interest to them personally. In this predominance of the ethical element, in this readiness to do what is expected of him as a member of the community apart from the immediate question of like or dislike, we recognize the successful administrator.

The recognition of these different mental types will enable parent and teacher alike to show the pupil the kind of career for which he is fitted, and give him the general type of training adapted thereto, without insisting that he shall make a premature choice of a career which circumstances may render it impossible for him to pursue. It will interest the student in as wide a range of subjects as possible, without compelling him to waste his labor on matters and methods in which he is not interested and never can be. It will allow us to get something like the breadth of education which was furnished by the old curriculum without the dreariness and waste which that curriculum involved.

The tendency of the elective system as conducted at present is to confine the scientific boy to scientific subjects, the literary boy to literary subjects, the administrative boy to administrative subjects. The result of this is that our engineers or physicians go out into life with their imagination uncultivated, and their sense of values (except commercial values) undeveloped; that our preachers and our barristers lack the training which should give them clear and precise apprehension of the ordinary facts of life; that our merchants have narrow ideals instead of broad ones, and care for science and literature only as they can be subordinated to money-making. I

believe that the next generation will recognize that the engineer ought to have imagination just as much as anybody else; that it is the possession of this quality which makes him a first-rate engineer instead of a second-rate engineer; and that we can cultivate imagination by bringing books and affairs before him in the right way. I believe that the next generation will recognize that precision of thought is what distinguishes the first-rate speaker or artist from the second-rate speaker or artist; and that this precision can be attained if, instead of hurling facts of science or language or history at his impervious skull, we open his eyes to the infinite possibilities of close thought and precise expression in all fields of knowledge. And we shall, I think, come more and more to find that the truly great merchant or statesman is not the man of a single narrow aim of money-getting or office-getting, but the one who has been taught to use science or language in such fashion that he ceases to regard them as mere instruments of his trade, to be hired and discarded at will, and has become insensibly permeated by that breadth of spirit which leads him to make scientific truth his standard, and poetry or history the inspiration for his conduct.

With the growth of modern methods of education there has been serious danger that parents and children would believe that public education was private rather than public in its purpose; that it was dominated by the principle of giving the pupil what he wanted, rather than of enabling him to give the community what it wanted. But if we broaden the range of subjects taught, we can go back to the earlier ideal of education as a means of training for public service. If we select courses of study thoroughly adapted to the individual temperament and power, but designed to enlarge the mental horizon instead of narrowing it, we shall prepare the pupil for his life-work as well as the elective system did or better, but shall emphasize in his mind the interests that lie outside of that life-work, and make him feel that his professional service is not an end in itself or a means of selfish advancement, but part of a larger intellectual life and a means of service to the public.

# The Bride's Father

BY CHARLES MOREAU HARGER

THE whistle of a coming train sounded far to the west, where the track was hidden by a big red elevator and a clump of cottonwood-trees.

"She's coming! Get the rice ready!" chattered a group of young people on the depot platform. They had gathered to greet the bride and groom who would go through town on their wedding-journey.

Railroads are sometimes very unaccommodating. In arranging their train schedules they do not consider the needs of brides and grooms, one of which is an express leaving about 10 P.M. for some large city. The one-train-a-day plan had caused many a newly wedded couple to go west on the night flyer until it met, out in the short-grass country somewhere, the east-bound limited; then came a change and a start for the Atlantic coast on the real wedding-journey.

Before the long-drawn tremolo had ended, a gray-haired, bent-shouldered man leaped from his bench, seized his coat and hat, gave a hurried look in a cracked mirror to be sure that he was reasonably presentable, and, with a pathetic awkwardness in his lumbering trot, started for the station.

He had that morning for the first time in a week opened the shop. There had been so much to do at home. The house had been filled day after day with a chattering crowd assisting in arrangements and decorations. Vigorous, handsome young men and cheery, voluble young women they were—Alice's "crowd," absorbing as by right the attention of the bride-to-be. The bent-shouldered man had gone in and out at the back door mostly; he had carried chairs and tables from the neighbors' houses; he had built the arch under which the wedding ceremony took place, and had toiled at the ice-cream freezer. As the event came nearer he scarcely passed beyond the sitting-room, and the whole of the last day he stayed in the kitchen.

Last night's wedding was delightful, of course. The local paper declared it "the most charming and beautiful affair of the season." He did not see much of it except the ceremony.

Immediately after supper the young people went to the train with the bride and groom; he remained at home with the older guests. He wanted to go to the depot and see Alice off on her trip. She had been the baby of the family, and somehow had come very close to him. He remembered that her flaxen curls used to be like a gleam of sunshine in his workshop. He carried her many and many a night one summer when she had fever, and he wore his old overcoat two extra winters that he might be able to pay the doctor's bill. But she swept his lips with a quick good-by kiss, while a bridesmaid tugged at her hand, telling her she would be late—and he knew that he and mother were not expected to leave the house.

He had not intended to go to the train this morning; but when the whistle sounded he could not resist the impulse.

The first faint whiff of smoke could be discerned as the train rounded the bend and cleared the grove of cottonwoods.

His hurrying feet carried him to the edge of the station platform. Then he halted—there was that chattering, careless, shoving group again. Bright young men, clever young women, to be sure, but were they forever to come between him and his little girl? He looked down at his shop-worn clothes, then noted the dapper neatness of the giddy clerks, embryo attorneys, and budding physicians who attended the company of effusive girls. He stepped over to the side of the depot and leaned against a window-frame. He wished, in a dumb, unreasoning way, that something would happen to that giggling throng and leave the platform clear for a minute. The powerful locomotive thundered by, bell jangling and steam throwing out an encircling cloud.





THE BENT-SHOULDERED MAN DID NOT STIR



The young people crowded closer to the edge of the platform and strained their eyes to take in the details of the passenger list. The gray-haired man strained his eyes, too, but he shrank farther into the angle of the wall.

As the foremost Pullman halted opposite them, there was a rush for the brass-railed steps.

She stood there—a smiling, entrancing presentment of red cheeks, golden hair, and waving hands, gowned to perfection in her brown travelling dress, the embodiment of health and grace.

Forward crowded the waiting group; there was a dash of rice; a smilax-twined box of wedding-cake was handed up the steps to the groom who stood beside her, and a dozen girlish faces were lifted to babble of wedding news or to receive perchance a kiss from the heroine of the day.

The bent-shouldered man did not stir. His eyes, too, were on the vision of sweetness, but he would not have stepped out into the open of the platform for worlds. She was less than a score of feet from him; she was shedding superfluous gladness upon all that cheerful company—maybe she was ashamed of him in his work-clothes. His hungry eyes took on a harder look somehow, and the gray mustache came down a little closer over the sensitive mouth. But perhaps she did not see him—yes, that must be it; yet he did not stir.

“All aboard!” The uniformed conductor called it almost before the wheels stopped turning.

Another shower of rice, another cheery, laughing shout, and then—

The gray-haired man turned his glance toward the locomotive for an instant, wishing something would befall its machinery and delay the train.

The central figure on the Pullman steps lifted her eyes, saw—and understood! A revelation from on high could have told her no more than her own heart revealed—no longer a girl's heart, but a woman's.

The young people thought she was coming down to greet them at closer range, but she pushed her way almost rudely through, regardless of ushers, bridesmaids, and groomsman. The bent-shouldered man did not note the commotion.

The bride crossed the platform, a flash of light; she came upon him, a whirlwind,

the working-clothes ignored, the stares and smiles of dapper youths forgotten; her white arms were around his neck; her red cheeks touched his furrowed ones; her sweet lips kissed him as they used to do in the long-ago days of babyhood.

“Dear—dear old dad!”

The conductor waved his hand, the bell rang, the wheels moved ever so little.

“Alice—hurry, hurry!”

The gray-haired man stepped proudly forward into the full view of the group of merry youth and of the strangers who thronged the platform. One arm was around the shoulders of the bride; she rested one graceful hand, with its new wedding-ring, in his strong palm; her shining eyes were looking up into his.

The young people had intended to throw a farewell sprinkling of rice, but they did not. They made way for father and daughter as the moving line of cars admonished haste.

With a joyful strength that surprised himself the man lifted her to the step of the Pullman. When the train arrived, the bride's glances had been for her young friends; as it departed, she saw but one face in all the company that gazed admiringly at her—a face on which cares and years had set their mark, a face rimmed in iron-gray hair, a face that was a part of her heritage—

“Good-by, father—”

The train was moving swiftly now, but that face was steadfastly held toward hers as if in ecstasy; an irradiation of happiness made it seem younger than she had ever seen it; and from those eyes—that were like hers—tears coursed unheeded over the bronze of the flushed cheeks.

The train was far down the track; the last beckoning of her slender hand had vanished. The man—bent-shouldered no longer, abashed no more, erect, proud, dignified—turned to the departing group of merrymakers. What children they were! how insipid their antics! Ashamed before them! Why, he was their superior in everything—even in the love of his little girl.

The train wound into the cut alongside the river and passed out of sight.

The bride's father started back to the shop, whistling cheerily a sprightly tune he had not thought of in a dozen years.



# Rebecca Mary's Bereavement

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL

THOMAS JEFFERSON was losing his appetite. Even Aunt Olivia noticed it, but it did not worry her as it did Rebecca Mary.

"He's always had as many appetites as a cat's got lives,—he's got eight good ones left," she said, calmly.

But Rebecca Mary was not calm. It seemed to her that Thomas Jefferson was getting thinner every day.

"Oh, I can feel your bones!" she cried in distress. "Your bones are coming through, you poor, dear Thomas Jefferson! Won't you eat just one more kernel of corn—just this one for Rebecca Mary? I'd do it for you. Shut your eyes and swallow it right down and you'll never know it."

That day Thomas Jefferson listened to her pleading, but not the next day,—nor the next. He went about dispiritedly, and the last few times that he crowed it made Rebecca Mary cry. Even Aunt Olivia shook her head.

"I could do it better than that myself," she said, soberly.

Rebecca Mary hunted bugs and angle-worms and arranged them temptingly in rows, but the big white rooster passed them by with a feeble peck or two. Bits of bread failed to tempt him, or even his favorite cooky crumbs. His eighth appetite departed—his seventh, sixth, fifth, fourth.

"He lost his third one yesterday," lamented Rebecca Mary, "and to-day he's lost his second. It's pretty bad when he hasn't only one left, Aunt Olivia."

"Pretty bad," nodded Aunt Olivia. She was stirring up a warm mush. When Rebecca Mary had gone up-stairs she took it to Thomas Jefferson and commanded him to eat. He was beyond coaxing,—perhaps he needed commanding.

Rebecca Mary thought Aunt Olivia did not care, and it added a new sting to her pain. There was that time that Aunt Olivia said she wished the Lord

hadn't ever created roosters—Thomas Jefferson had just scratched up her pansy seeds. And the time when she wished Thomas Jefferson was dead—did she wish that now? Was she—was she glad he was going to be dead?

For Rebecca Mary had given up hope. She was not reconciled, but she was sure. She spent all her spare time with the big, gaunt, pitiful fellow, trying to make his last days easier. She knew he liked to have her with him.

"You do, don't you, dear?" she said. She had never called him "dear" before. She realized sadly that this was her last chance. "You do like to have me here, don't you? You'd rather? Don't try to crow—just nod your head a little if you do." And the big white fellow's head had nodded a little, she was sure. She put out her loving little brown hand and caressed it.

"I knew you did, dear.—Oh, Thomas Jefferson, Thomas Jefferson, don't die! *Please* don't—think of the good times we'll have if you won't! Think of the—the grasshoppers,—the bugs, Thomas Jefferson,—the cookies! Won't you think?—won't you try to be a little bit hungry?"

Rebecca Mary knew what it was to be hungry and not be able to eat, but to be able to eat and not be hungry,—this was away and beyond her experience. The sad puzzle of it she could not solve.

One day the minister had a rather surprising summons to perform his priestly functions. The summoner was Rebecca Mary. She appeared like a sombre little shadow in his sunny sermon-room. The minister's wife ushered her in, and in the brief instant of opening the door and announcing her name flashed him a warning glance. He had been acquainted so long with her glances that he was able to interpret this one with considerable accuracy. "All right," he glanced back. No, he would not smile,—yes, he would remember that it was Rebecca Mary.

"Do what she asks you," flashed the minister's wife's glance.

"All right," flashed the minister. Then the door closed.

"Thomas Jefferson is dying," Rebecca Mary began hurriedly. "I came to see if you'd come."

In spite of himself the minister gasped. Then, as the situation dawned clearly upon him, his mouth corners began—in spite of themselves—to curve upward. But in time he remembered the minister's wife, and drew them back to their centres of gravity. He waited a little—it was safer.

"Aunt Olivia isn't at home and I'm glad. She doesn't care. Perhaps she would laugh.—Oh, I know," appealed Rebecca Mary, piteously,—"I know he's a rooster! It isn't because I don't know—but he's *folks* to me! You needn't do anything but just smooth his feathers a little and say the Lord bless you. I thought perhaps you'd come and do that. I could, but I wanted you to, because you're a minister. I thought—I thought perhaps you'd try and forget he's a rooster."

"I will," the minister said, gently. Now his lips were quite grave. He took Rebecca Mary's hand and went with her.

"He's a good man," murmured the minister's wife, watching them go. She had known he would go.

"He was one of my parishioners," the minister was saying for the comforting of Rebecca Mary. Unconsciously he used the past tense, as one speaks of those close to death. It was well enough, for already big, gaunt, white Thomas Jefferson was in the past tense.

Rebecca Mary chronicled the sad event in her diary:

"Tomas Jefferson passed away at ten minutes of 3 this afternoon blessed are them that die in the Lord. The minnister did not get here in time. I wish I had asked him to run for he is a very good minnister and would have. He helped me berry him in the cold cold ground and we sang a him. I didnt ask him to pray because he was only a rooster, but he was folks to me. I loved him. It is very lonesome. I dred wakening up tomorrow because he always crowed under my window. The Lord gaveth and the Lord has taken away."

This last Rebecca Mary erased once, but she wrote it again after a moment's thought. For, she reasoned, it was the Lord-part of Aunt Olivia which had given Thomas Jefferson to her. In the primitive little creed of Rebecca Mary every one had a Lord-part, but some people's was very small. Not Aunt Olivia's,—she had never gauged Aunt Olivia's Lord-part; it would not have been consistent with her ideas of loyalty.

It was very lonely, as Rebecca Mary had known it would be. At best her life had never been over-full of companionships, and the sudden taking-off—it seemed sudden, as all deaths do—of Thomas Jefferson was hard to bear. Strange how blank a space one great white rooster can leave behind him!

The yard and the orchard seemed full of blank spaces, though in a way Thomas Jefferson's soul seemed to frequent his old beloved haunts. Rebecca Mary could not see it pecking daintily about, but she felt it was there.

"His soul isn't dead," she persisted, gently. She clung to the comfort of that. And one morning she thought she heard again Thomas Jefferson's old cheery greeting to the sunrise. The sound she thought she heard woke her instantly. Was it Thomas Jefferson's soul crowing?

"Aunt Olivia isent sorry," chronicled the diary sadly. "Prehaps shes glad. Once she wished the Lord had forgot to create roosters. But she was ever kind to Tomas Jefferson, considdering the seeds he scrached up. That was his besittingest sin and I know he is sorry now. I wish Aunt Olivia was sorry."

Nothing was ever said between the two about Rebecca Mary's loss, but Aunt Olivia recognized the keenness of it to the child. She worried a little about it; it reminded her of that other time of worry when Rebecca Mary and she had nearly starved. Sheets and roosters—there were so many worries in the world.

That other time she went to the minister, this time to the minister's wife. One afternoon she went and carried her work.

"You know about children," she began without loss of time. "What happens when they lose their appetite over a dead rooster?"



"Thomas Jefferson?" breathed the minister's wife, softly.

"Yes,—he's dead and buried, and she's mourning for him. I set three tarts on for dinner to-day, and I set three tarts *away* after dinner. Rebecca Mary is fond of tarts. What should you do if it was Rhoda?"

"Oh,—Rhoda—why, I think I should get her another rooster, or a cat or something, to get her mind off. But Rhoda isn't Rebecca Mary—"

Aunt Olivia folded up her work. She got up briskly.

"They've got a white rooster down to the Trumbullses'," she said. "I guess I better go right down now; Tony Trumbull is liable to be at home just before supper. I'm very much obliged to you for your advice."

"Did I advise her?" murmured the minister's wife, watching the resolute swing of Aunt Olivia's skirts as she strode away. "I was going to tell her that what would cure my Rhoda might not cure Rebecca Mary.—Well, I hope it will work," but she was sure it wouldn't. She had grown a little acquainted with Rebecca Mary.

It was the new white rooster crowing, instead of the soul of Thomas Jefferson. Rebecca Mary found out after she had dressed and gone down-stairs. Soon after that she appeared in the kitchen doorway with an armful of snowy feathers. Aunt Olivia over her muffin-pans eyed her with secret delight. The cure was working sooner than she had dared to expect.

"This is the Tony Trumbullses' rooster;—if I hurry I guess I can carry him back before breakfast," Rebecca Mary said from the doorway. "I'll run, Aunt Olivia."

"Carry him back!" Aunt Olivia's muffin-spoon dropped into the bowl of creamy batter. One look at Rebecca Mary convinced her that the cure had not begun to work. Imperceptibly she stiffened. "He ain't anybody's but mine. I've bought him," she explained, briefly. "You set him down and feed him with these crumbs—he ain't human if he don't like cloth-o'-gold cake."

But the child in the doorway, after gently releasing the great fellow, drew away quietly. The second look at her

face convinced Aunt Olivia that the cure would never work.

"You feed him, please, Aunt Olivia," Rebecca Mary said; "I—couldn't. I'll stir the muffins up."

Nothing further was ever said about keeping the Tony Trumbull rooster. He pecked about the place in unrestrained freedom until the morning work was done, and then Aunt Olivia carried him home in her apron.

"I concluded not to keep him—he'd likely be homesick," she said, with a qualm of conscience; for the big white fellow had certainly shown no signs of homesickness. But she could not explain and reveal the secret places of Rebecca Mary's heart. Aunt Olivia, too, had her ideas of loyalty.

In the diary there occurred brief mention of the episode: "The Tony Trumbull rooster has been here. I could eat him—thats how I feel about the Tony Trumbull rooster. I never could have eatten Tomas Jefferson but once and then it would have broken my heart but I was starveing. Aunt Olivia took him back."

Thomas Jefferson's grave was kept green. Rebecca Mary took her stents down into the orchard and sat beside it, sadly stitching. She kept it heaped with wild flowers and poppies from her own rows. Aunt Olivia's flowers she never touched. The bitterness of Aunt Olivia's not being sorry—perhaps being glad—rankled in her sore little soul. It would have helped,—oh, yes, it would have helped.

Aunt Olivia worried on. It seemed to her that all Rebecca Mary's meals in one meal would not have kept a kitten alive—and that reminded her. She would try a kitten. The minister's wife had said a rooster or a cat. A white kitten, she decided, though she could scarcely have told why.

The kitten was better, but it was not a cure. Rebecca Mary took the little creature to her breast and told it her grief for Thomas Jefferson and cried her Thomas Jefferson tears into its soft white fur. In that way, at any rate, it was a success.

"Maybe I shall love you some day," she whispered, "but I can't yet, while Thomas Jefferson is fresh. He's all I



"WON'T YOU EAT JUST ONE MORE KERNEL, THOMAS JEFFERSON?"

have room for. He was my intimate friend,—when your intimate friend is dead you can't love anybody else right away." But she apologized to the little cat gently,—she felt that an apology was due it.

"You see how it is, little white cat," she said. "I shall have to ask you to wait. But if I ever have a second love, I promise it will be you. You're a great deal comfortinger than that Tony Trumbull rooster! I could love you this minute if I had never loved Thomas Jefferson. Do you feel like waiting?"

The little white cat waited. And Aunt Olivia waited. She made tempting dishes for Rebecca Mary's meals, and put a ruffle into her nightgown neck and sleeves,—Rebecca Mary had always yearned for ruffles.

"I don't believe she sees 'em. She don't know they're there," groaned Aunt Olivia, impotently. "She don't see anything but Thomas Jefferson, and I don't know as she ever will!"

But Rebecca Mary saw the ruffles and fluted them between her brown little fingers admiringly. She tried once or twice to go and thank Aunt Olivia, and got as far as her bedroom door. But the bitterness in her heart stayed her hand from turning the knob. If Aunt Olivia had only known that being sorry was the right thing to do! Strangely enough, though Rebecca Mary's view of the matter never occurred to Aunt Olivia, she came by and by to being sorry on her own account. Perhaps she had been all along, underneath her disquietude for Rebecca Mary's sorrow. Perhaps when she thought how quiet it had grown mornings, and what a good chance there was now for a supplementary nap, she was being sorry. When she remembered that she need not buy wheat now and yellow corn, and that the cookies would last longer—perhaps then she was sorry. But she did not know it. It seemed to come upon her with the nature of a surprise on one especial day. She had been working her un-"scrached," untrampled flower-beds.

"My grief!" she ejaculated suddenly, as if just aware of it. "I declare I believe I miss him, too! I believe to my soul I'd like to hear him crow—I wouldn't mind if he came strutting in

here!" And "in here" was Aunt Olivia's beloved garden of flowers. Surely she was being sorry now!

It was the next day that Rebecca Mary's bitterness was sweetened—that she began to be cured. She and the little white cat went down together to Thomas Jefferson's resting-place. When they went home—and they went soon—Rebecca Mary got her diary and began to write in it with eager haste. Her sombre little face had lighted up with some inner gladness, like relief:

"Shes been there and put some lavender on and pinks. I mean Aunt Olivia. And shes the very fondest of her pinks and lavender. So she must have loved Tomas Jefferson. Shes sorry. Shes sorry. Shes sorry. And Ime so glad."

Rebecca Mary caught up the little white cat and cried her first tear of joy on its neck. Then she wrote again:

"Now there are two morners instead of one. Two morners seams so mutch lovinger than only one. I know he must feal better. I think he must have been hurt before and so was I. I wish I dass tell Aunt Olivia how glad I am shes sorry."

But she told only the little white cat. The Plummer mantle of reticence had fallen too heavily on her narrow little shoulders. What she longed to do she did not "dass." But that evening in her little ruffled nightgown she went to Aunt Olivia's room and thanked her for the ruffles.

"They're beautiful," she murmured in a small agony of shyness. "I think it was very kind of you to ruffle me—I've always wanted to be. Thank you very much." And then she had scurried away on her bare feet to the safe retreat of her own room under the eaves. Aunt Olivia, left behind, was unconsciously relieved at not having to respond. She was glad the child had discovered the ruffles and was pleased. It was a good sign.

"I'll mix up some pancakes in the morning," Aunt Olivia said, complacently. "Pancakes may help along. Rebecca Mary is fond of 'em."

The pinks and the fragrant lavender appeared to have established a certain unspoken comradeship between the two "morners" of Thomas Jefferson. Thereafter Rebecca Mary went about com-



SHE APPEARED IN THE DOORWAY WITH AN ARMFUL OF SNOWY FEATHERS

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forted, and Aunt Olivia relieved. The little white cat purred about the skirts of one and the stubbed-out toes of the other in cheerful content.

"Well?" the minister's wife queried in a moment of social intercourse after church. She and Aunt Olivia walked down the aisle together.

"She's getting over it—or beginning to," nodded Aunt Olivia. "That other rooster didn't work, but I think the little cat is going to. She hugs it."

"Good! But she still mourns Thomas Jef—"

"Of course!" Aunt Olivia interposed rather crisply. "You couldn't expect her to get over it all in a minute. He was a remarkable rooster."

"She misses him, herself," inwardly smiled the minister's little wife. Whether by virtue of her relationship to the minister or by her own virtue, she had learned

to read human nature with a degree of accuracy.

"I looked at myself in the glass to-night," confessed Rebecca Mary's diary, "but it was on account of the ruffles. I think I'm not quite so homebly in ruffles. I think Aunt Olivia was kind to ruffle me. I should like to ware this night gown in the day time. I wish folks did."

The pencil slipped out of Rebecca Mary's fingers and rolled on the floor, to the undoing of the little white cat, who had gone to bed in his basket. Rebecca Mary caught him up as he darted after the pencil, and hugged him in an odd little ecstasy. She felt oddly happy.

"You little white cat!" she cried, muffledly, her face in his thick coat, "you've waited and waited, but I think I'm going to love you now—you needn't wait any more."

## The Flower Maiden

BY ERNEST RHYS

THEY could not find a mortal wife,  
And made him one of flowers:  
Her eyes they made of violets,  
Wet with their morning showers.

They took the blossom of the oak,  
The blossom of the broom,  
The blossom of the meadowsweet,  
To be her body's bloom.

But they forgot from mother-earth  
To beg the kindling coal:  
They made for him a wife of flowers,—  
But they forgot the soul.



PORTRAIT OF JOHN PARKINSON  
 From the "Theatrum Botanicum," of 1640

# Elizabethan Flower-Gardens

BY EDMUND GOSSE

IN an essay which is one of the most brilliant of our little classics, Bacon devotes himself to the subject of this paper. But that which he described was not so much what existed in his day as what his imagination created as the unattainable perfection. In exquisite language he described what a garden should be. In the following remarks not a single observation has been borrowed from Bacon, partly because his essay is purely idealistic, and partly because everybody is acquainted with it. What I have tried to do is, by the collation of many more prosaic but less hackneyed sources of information, to gain an impression of what gardens really were, and what they contained, at the close of the sixteenth century.

The love of our Tudor monarchs for flowers and gardens was pronounced, and it received a strong forward impulse during the latter part of the reign of Elizabeth. That sovereign had an impassioned fondness for decking herself with blossoms, and she evidently liked the places where they grew. When

Spenser desired to celebrate her as "Eliza, Queen of the Shepherds," he painted her in the midst of one of the orchard enclosures of the period, where sweet-scented flowers sprang thickly out of the grass under laden fruit-trees:

See where she sits upon the grassy green,  
 O seemly sight!  
 Yclad in scarlet, like a Maiden Queen,  
 And ermines white;  
 Upon her head a crimson coronet,  
 With daffadils and damask-roses set;  
 Bay-leaves between,  
 And primeroes green,  
 Embellish the sweet violet.

It was not, however, until the close of Queen Elizabeth's reign that the flower-garden began to flourish in England with a separate dignity. We have to persuade ourselves of this fact when we read about horticulture in our early writers. When we learn that Sir Nicholas Bacon laid out elaborate gardens around his magnificent mansion at Gorhambury, where "satyrs and wild beasts had lately frolicked," we must think of them as or-

chards and kitchen-gardens. We know that in the Queen's locked garden at Havering-atte-Bower there were only trees, grass, and sweet herbs, or if flowers, then flowers by accident and as it were on sufferance. When James I., on his southern progress in 1603, arrived at Theobald's, he "went into the labyrinth-like garden to walk, where he recreated himself in the meander's compact of bays, rosemary, and the like, overshadowing his walk." This was evidently a herb-garden arranged as a maze, after the plan which we may still see in Lawson's *New Orchard and Garden*.

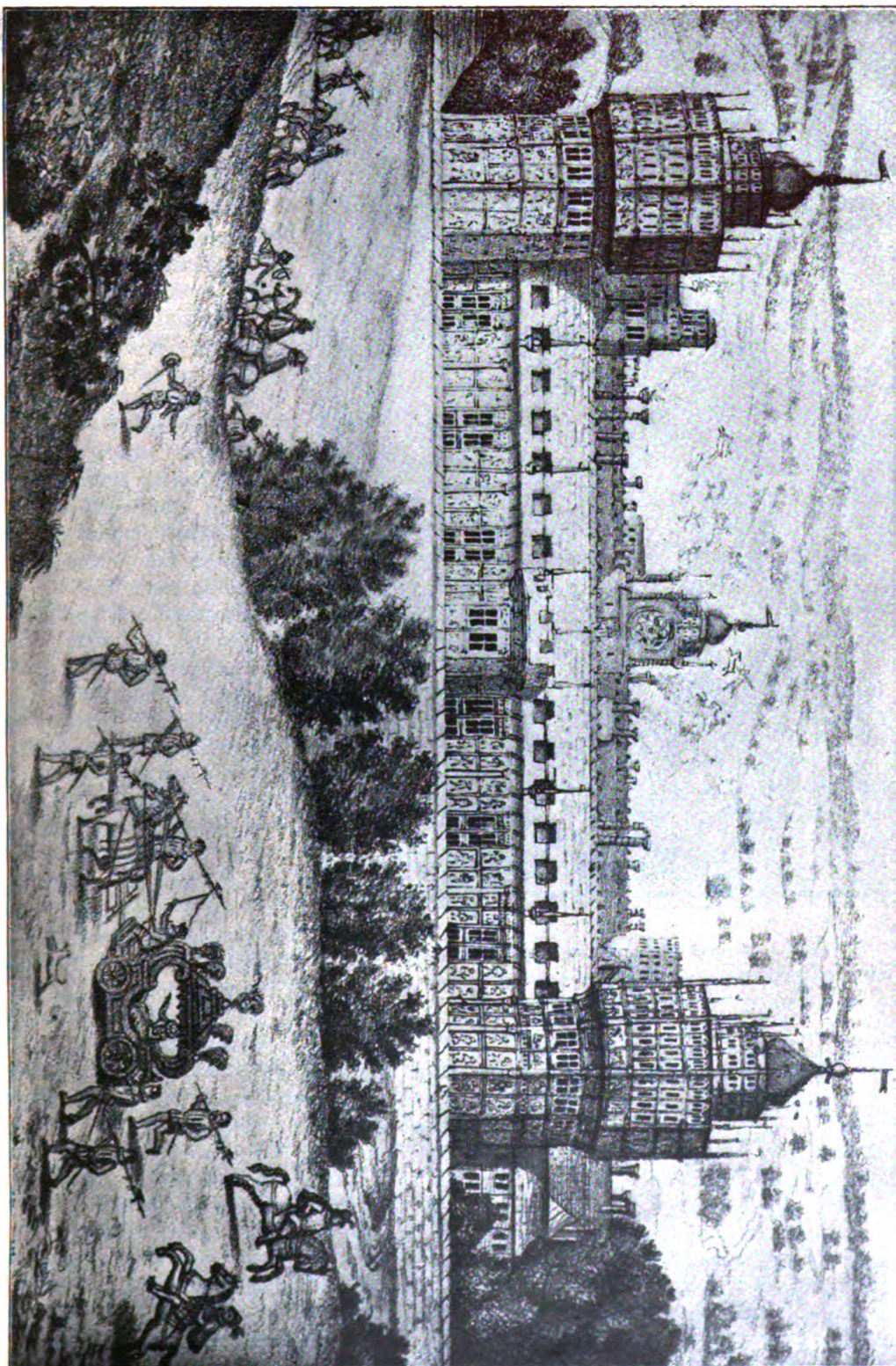
There were little shut-in gardens such as that in which the Princess walked when she was confined to the Tower in 1564. Few flowers could grow in such places. The type of these earlier enclosures seems to have been the Apothecaries' Garden in Paris, which was founded by Nicolas Houel. It will be found that flowers, as such, without regard to their properties and medical uses, are very much neglected in the old botany-books. All the gardeners of the reign of Elizabeth pinned their faith on the Herbals published by William Turner, Dean of Wells, who had—as it is amusing to know—a garden of his own at Kew, and on the translations of Dodonæus. In Turner and in Dodonæus you shall search in vain for any definite recognition of the flower-garden. It was the same in France, and for a still later period. Even the famous gardens of Vauquelin des Yveteaux, close to Paris, were said to contain more melons than tulips, and more cabbages than hyacinths. La Fontaine's "amateur de jardinage, demi-bourgeois, demi-manant," was not a horticulturist in our modern sense; he had a *jardin-potager*, a kitchen-garden.

It was the eccentricity of the English and their love of bright colors which freed them from this bondage. The English gardeners, we are told, early pleased their own fancy. The fairest buildings of the mansion were those which faced the flower-plots, and our Tudor ladies liked to see these massed with bright colors. Our best sources of information about English gardens before the transition are *The Country House-Wife's Garden*, published in 1617, by Gervase Markham, and a book issued in 1618 by

William Lawson, who had been a gardener in the north of England since 1570. These writers lament the smallness of gardens, which were fenced or walled in such a way that they must often have been dark and gloomy. The English had not adopted the extravagant fancy of the Flemish, nor the exuberance of the Italians, except in some pompous places like Nonsuch and Kenilworth. To a suggestion that some nobleman should lay out a circular garden in emulation of that which was then famous in connection with the University of Padua, a great English gardener offered a positive refusal. All English gardens had to be four-square; within them each separate plot was a quadrangle, and in the old-fashioned style the plots were invariably bordered with privet, sage, gooseberry-bushes, or what were called "raisins"—that is to say, red or white currants. The general effect, therefore, must have been exactly like that of a well-kept kitchen-garden at the present day.

Lawson recommends eight ways of laying out the interior of the square plots which have just been described. You might choose the cinquefoil, the flower-de-luce, the trefoil, the fret, the lozenge, the crossbow, the diamond, and the oval, and Lawson gives careful diagrams to enable you to choose which pattern you prefer and to copy it. It is Markham who warns you against giving too much prominence to mere flowers, and bids you remember that "daffadown-dillies are more for ornament than use, so are daisies." This was true, of course, even in an age when the water of daffodils was recommended both for inward and outward diseases. One curious feature of the old gardens was the presence of "seats" or masses of camomile, pennyroyal, mint, and violets. In large gardens, too, it was usual to build somewhere near the centre what were called "mounts," of stone or wood, covered with earth and turf. These would have a winding path or steps by which they might be climbed, and they were often of considerable altitude, "whence you may shoot a buck" in the woods outside the garden wall. The Elizabethans, too, liked to have a fountain and arbors in their garden, and they regarded it as really incomplete if it did not include a





NONSUCH PALACE, IN SURREY  
From a drawing, dated 1582, by G. Haughnagle





PORTRAIT OF JOHN PARKINSON

Holding a "murrey bear's ear," or auricula, in his hand. From an engraving of 1629

maze. There was generally round the whole place a brick wall some twelve feet high.

All was very simple. England seems to have escaped the bad taste of the Low Countries, where armies on the march, stags hunted by hounds, and geese or cranes in flight were presented in hedges of yew and box. Parallelograms, and quincunxes, and cascades worked by hydraulic power, were not in the taste of the Tudor country gentleman. A certain amount of innocent mystification was cultivated. Sir Philip Sidney arranged his masque of "The May-Lady" to encounter Queen Elizabeth as she was

walking in the garden at Wanstead, and she was completely taken by surprise. Several of Ben Jonson's entertainments were prepared for performance on the terraces in front of great country mansions; Pan would descend from amongst the cherry-trees, and Panchaia be discovered rising out of a scented mass of carnations. We have said that the old gardens were small, but towards the close of the sixteenth century the architects grew much more ambitious. When Elizabeth visited Cowdry in the course of the hot summer of 1591, she expressed a wish to dine in the garden. This was successfully managed, although a table forty-eight yards long had to be set to receive the company.

The first man who defended the flower-garden as having an independent right to exist was John Parkinson. Until his time everybody had made excuses for the cultivation of flowers, as if they were an agreeable but frivolous addition

to the serious business of fruit-trees, medicinal herbs, and kitchen produce. Parkinson, who was born in 1567, was an apothecary by trade, and he had a garden in Long Acre, where nothing greener or fresher than coach-builders' show-rooms is cultivated now. He was the earliest to lay down that there were four kinds of horticultural enclosures, namely, of pleasant and delightful flowers, of kitchen herbs and roots, of simples, and of fruit-trees, and that the first of these must be held to be no less honorable than the others. He probably had a considerable share in getting the deliberate flower-garden introduced, perhaps about 1595,

and he was much interested in its forms and definition. A great deal of thought had to be expended upon bordering; it was usual to edge the grass-plots with thrift, and when flowers were first grown in open beds germander was used to border them. This was a little shrub, *Teucrium*, from the rocky shores of the Mediterranean, with grayish-violet blossoms; it could be trained to make a dwarf hedge, and it had a pleasant faint scent. Germander, however, soon went out of fashion, because it was found difficult to keep it neat and trim. Great value was then set on strongly perfumed plants, such as lavender, marjoram, thyme, and sage, for borderings. But when Parkinson wrote his *Paradisus in Sole*, a generation later, the latest invention for edging beds was white or bluish pebbles set up in lines.

The Elizabethans liked their flowers to have a very full scent. There seems to be evidence that they valued this quality even more than brilliant color. Hyacinths, which were called "jacinths," were looked askance at, at first, because they had little odor; probably they smelt like the wild bluebells of our English woods, with an indistinct and slightly mawkish perfume. Their scent was doubtless the prime reason of the extreme popularity of pinks and carnations,—gillyflowers, as they were called,—"July-flowers." William Lawson dubs the carnation "the King of Flowers," and Parkinson admits that of all blossoms it is the one which English people love the most. Much praise of "the great old English Carnation, which for his beauty and stateliness is worthy of a prime praise," we read in the *Paradisus in Sole*, and the woodcut of "him" which we reproduce displays a magnificent double clove, the sweetness of which must have pierced the senses almost like a pain. Parkinson describes more than fifty distinct varieties of this exquisite and odorous flower, the multiplication of which testifies to its extreme popularity among our Elizabethan forefathers. The vogue of the carnation lasted on into the next century. In his 1633 edition of Gerard's *Herbal* Thomas Johnson says that the gillyflowers of his time were "of such various colors, and also several shapes, that a great and large volume would not suf-

fice to write of every one at large in particular." Nicholas Leate, of whom we shall presently have more to say as one of the greatest benefactors the English garden ever had, imported "yellow sops-in-wine," which were large cloves, from Poland. The garden of Mrs. Tugby in Westminster, which was famous for the profusion of the flowers it contained, was particularly well stocked with the varieties of the carnation.

About thirty species of rose were known to the Elizabethan gardeners, and most of them did particularly well in London, until in the reign of James I. the increasing smoke of coal fires exterminated the most lovely and the most delicate species, the double yellow rose. Things rapidly grew worse in this respect, until Parkinson, in despair, cried out, "Neither herb nor tree will prosper since the use of sea-coal." Up to that time in London, and afterwards in country places, the rose preserved its vogue. It was not merely grown for pleasure, since the petals had a great commercial value; there was a brisk trade in dried roses, and a precious sweet water was distilled from the damask rose. The red varieties of the rose were considered the best medicinally, and they produced that rose syrup which was so widely used both as a cordial and as an aperient. The fashion for keeping potpourri in dwelling-rooms became so prevalent that the native gardens could not supply enough, and dried yellow roses became a recognized import from Constantinople. We must think of the parlors of the ladies who saw Shakespeare's plays performed for the first time as all redolent with the perfume of dried, spiced, and powdered rose-leaves.

At the close of the sixteenth century there was a heroic effort made by the gardeners of England to extend the dominion of their art, and to take in new forms of beauty. The admirable John Gerard, writing in 1597 from his "house in Holborn in the suburbs of London," takes the widest view of his business as a herbalist. Although his pains, he says, have not been spent "in the gracious discovery of golden mines, nor in the tracing after silver veins," he has devoted a laborious life to the enriching of his country with other treasure, a



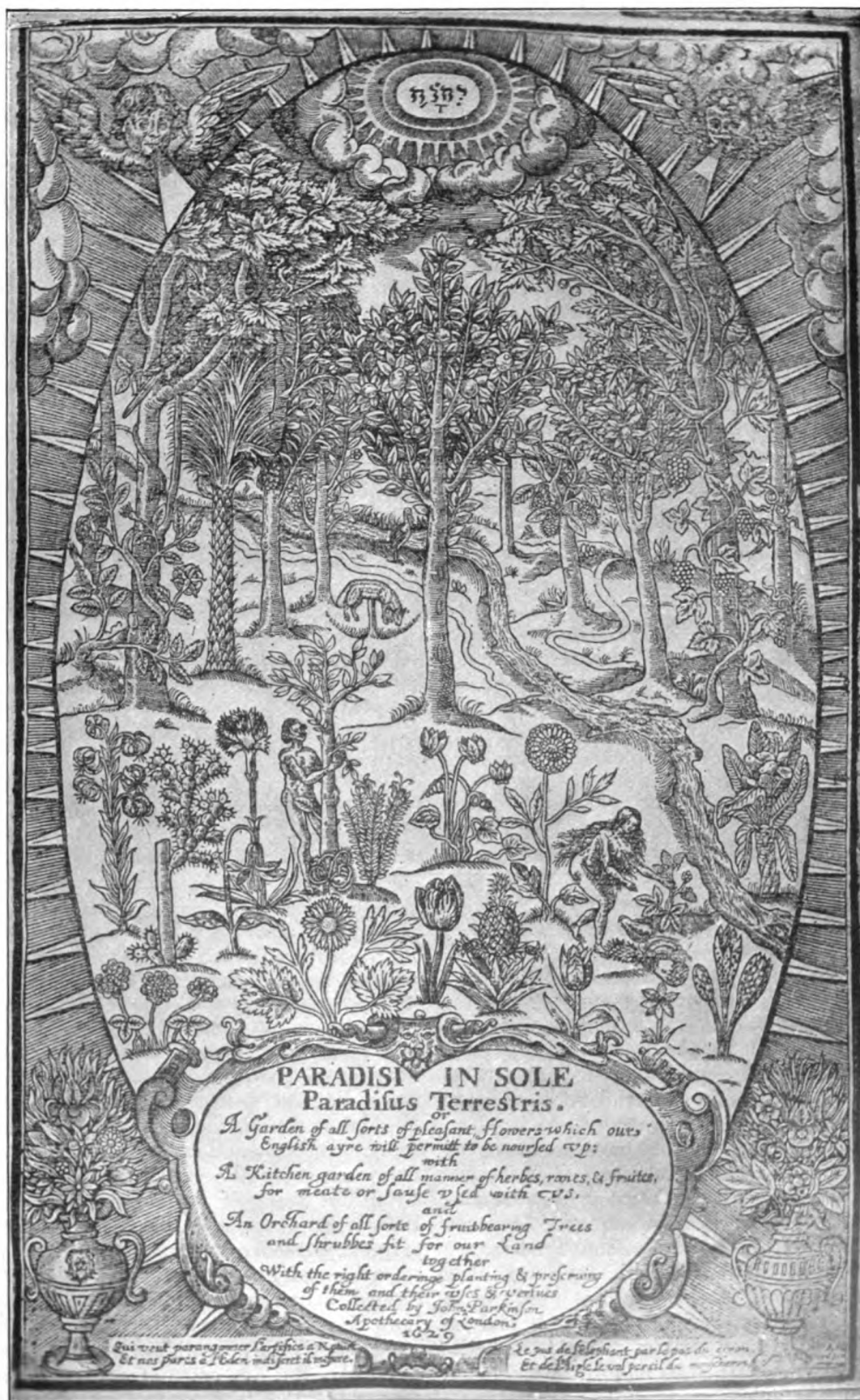
wealth of herbs and flowers. "And treasure I may well term them," he continues, "seeing both kings and princes have esteemed them as jewels." This conquest took the form of a general introduction of what were called "outlandish" flowers, exotic varieties which it was found would thrive and blossom freely in English open gardens. The result was nothing less than a revolution in English horticulture. A prime mover in this, if he was not positively its originator, was a Turkey merchant named Nicholas Leate, who, about 1590, being a member of the court of the Levant Company, began to make use of his opportunities to import from the East a great many varieties of handsome flowers, which had up to that date been unknown to English herbalists, or merely thought of as rarities of botanical interest.

Nicholas Leate employed collectors in Syria and Turkey, and in many other countries, to supply specimens; we read of beautiful things that were sent home by his "servant at Aleppo." He greatly enlarged our British flora. Fritillaries, tulips, flower-de-luces, and anemones were among these novelties, and were all styled "outlandish" flowers. Among still later new forms, which attracted the enthusiasm of gardeners in the reign of James I., were "double red Ranunculus, far excelling the most glorious double anemone," the Marvel of Peru, the Laurustinus, and the Sable Flag, a large black iris. The mode of dealing with these "outlandish" flowers was little understood at first. Parkinson, in the *Paradisus*, warns "all gentlemen and gentlewomen" to be as careful in planting out their "tulipas" and double daffodils "as they would be with so many jewels." The first tide of importation from the East brought with it an enormous variety of anemones or "wind-flowers," and there was a rage for them something like the tulip-madness of half a century later. This was the moment when all the fine new flowers were coming, like a flight of brilliant birds, out of Asia. Even a very plain kind of chrysanthemum, brought from Ceylon, began to be cultivated in English gardens about 1600.

The introduction of "outlandish" plants was, it would seem, the signal for

a widespread revival of interest in flowers that were grown purely for ornament. In the first place, it led to a sharp division between the orchard or kitchen-garth and the flower-garden proper. The beautiful bulbs from Syria or Poland could not be planted in a rough bed among cabbages, or scattered about under cherry-trees; they must have special treatment and a suitable home of their own. What began to be formed, for the first time, was what Parkinson calls "a garden of delight and pleasure" in which "beautiful flower-plants" were "severed from the wild and unfit." Then followed another stage; "the wonderful desire that many had to see fair, double, and sweet flowers, transported them beyond both reason and nature." The mania for splendid impossibilities, gorgeous abnormalities, blooms that had never been met with or dreamed of, seized the English gardeners. Rules and directions were published, showing how yellow flowers could be made white and red ones blue. This was the moment when the too famous green carnation should have been devised, if it never was carried out.

Following that rage for strong perfume which has been already mentioned, the gardeners of the beginning of the seventeenth century pretended to give artificial scents to plants. They made slits in the bark of trees and soaked them in musk or cinnamon, that the leaves of those trees might bud out scented. They bruised cloves and balsam gum with rose syrup, and poured the mixture about the roots of plants. They mixed the chemical oil of amber with the lees of red wine and steeped seeds in it. White lilies were to be turned into scarlet ones by rubbing cinnabar between the rind and the small buds growing about the root. There were even wilder schemes than these: you should graft a white damask rose upon a stalk of broom, and so get yellow roses; you should open the top of a tulip bulb and pour in verdigris, that the blossom may be green. Parkinson, who wrote with authority when all this madness was passing away, is most sarcastic at the expense of his contemporaries who indulged in these strange vagaries. But Parkinson himself had his frail points, fine botanist and highly experienced gardener as he was, for he



TITLE-PAGE OF JOHN PARKINSON'S "PARADISUS IN SOLE," 1629



PORTRAIT OF JOHN TRADESCANT  
 Painted in 1652

attributed the doubling of flowers to the changes of the moon and to the conjunction of the planets.

Among the early English gardeners no one exceeded in zeal and knowledge the family of the Tradescants, with whom gardening rose to be a more exact art than it had hitherto been. It is curious that so many of the most famous gardens of the Elizabethan and Jacobean age were in London; John Tradescant's was in South Lambeth, and was of a great size. At his death it was said to be the finest in England, but it had retained a good deal of the old, herbalist character. It was mainly a medicinal and botanical garden. The acacia is reported to have grown in it before that

tree was known elsewhere in England. Lilac, which was popularly named "blue pipe-tree," and other blossoming shrubs were introduced by the Tradescants. All these English botanists looked up to Mathias de Lobel, the great French gardener, after whom *lobelia* is named, as their master in the art of horticulture. After the death of John Tradescant in 1638, a curious monument to his family of great gardeners, with symbolic representations of the things they loved, was erected in Lambeth Church. It soon fell into disrepair, and was barbarously restored, until its appearance was entirely changed. But its original features are preserved in a rare contemporary etching by Hollar.

## Editor's Easy Chair.

IT is only a few months since we were imagining in this place the conversation of an agreeable and intelligent group of people about the still recent book of M. Metchnikoff (the successor of Pasteur in Paris) on *The Nature of Man*. The attentive reader will not have forgotten that the talk turned upon M. Metchnikoff's theory that the obvious wrong done to man by his creator in making him mortal, while implanting in him the fear of death here and the hope of life hereafter, might be repaired by a reasonable effort on man's own part to live on earth from a hundred to two hundred years, or at least long enough to wish not to live any longer. This process M. Metchnikoff called developing the instinct of death, and he alleged the example of several scriptural personages in reaching as great an age and even greater, though whether they were willing to go when they had got to it, was, we believe, not clearly ascertained. One of our imaginary conversationalists was a lady whom we made acutely observe that it was rather inconsistent of M. Metchnikoff to quote the Bible statistics of longevity while he ignored the Bible's authority on the point of a life after death, a thing which he decided to be scientifically impossible. But in spite of this lady's criticism we hope the reader was not left without some interest in M. Metchnikoff's ingenious theory, or that he did not wholly fail to form a resolution of living in his own case to a patriarchal age, or at least till he had developed an instinct of death which should gladden him in dying, say, at the age of Old Parr.

Now, however, comes another sage, if he is not rather a wit in the guise of a sage, and tells us, in quitting his chair of medicine at Johns Hopkins University, in order to take the chair of Regius Professor of Medicine at Oxford, that no very great things have been done in this world by men over forty years old, and as for men over sixty, they are no good at all, practically speaking. We take the rude telegraphic version of Dr. William Osler's farewell address, and we have no

doubt that the words of this report lack the qualifications which gave them quite another tenor as he spoke them. We are quite sure that even if they gave his belief exactly, he was not justly represented in being made to applaud the late Anthony Trollope's fantastic notion of a "college into which men retired at sixty for a year's contemplation before a peaceful departure by chloroform." In this passage we recognize the heavy tread of the newspaper humorist, rather than the delicate-footed irony of a gentleman who at Dr. Osler's age of fifty-six goes from a place where he is self-confessedly useless to cumber another with the indefinite dotage of a man sixteen years past the probability of valuable achievement. Distinctly, we think there are two Dr. Oslers in the telegraphic report, and not both of an equally subtle playfulness.

We are glad that the real Dr. Osler need not be taken very seriously, whichever he should be, on a point involving much painful personal feeling for people over forty who should suppose him in earnest. Between him and M. Metchnikoff, if they should suppose him in earnest, too, their case would be hard. The one invites them to live on to a hundred and fifty or two hundred years, in order to develop their instinct of death; and the other bids them get them to a Trollopean college, and take chloroform, if they would not continue to draw old-age pensions through interminable years, with the probability of being able to make no return to the community which they burden. Clearly they cannot be counselled by both of these sages, or jokers, and which shall they trust?

What concerns us much more nearly than his sayings about men over forty, is Dr. Osler's plea for those who are yet

Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita,

and with whom we shall always rank ourselves. Let others go dote with the elders; we are for youth and golden joys, and we find ourselves almost passionately moved by what Dr. Osler says in behalf of the young men now mostly playing polo, or

bridge, or golf, or football, or tennis, but here and there doing the supreme things in science, art, letters, law, and war. "The effective, moving, vitalizing work of the world," he is said to have said, "is done between twenty-five and forty—those fifteen golden years of plenty, the great constructive period. . . . Young men should, therefore, be afforded every possible chance to show what is in them." What youth wants is a better chance. We are all sorts of wonderful fellows, with the potentiality of achievement beyond the dreams of ambition, and we are suffering an amount of repression at this day of civilization which is agonizing. In the modern prolongation of puerility through the universal popularization of manly sports, as they are called, we are condemned even after we have quitted the groves of academe, and are equipped for the battle of life with all the latest appliances, to the plays and pastimes of boyhood, or of savages if we would move in the really polite circles. We must row, kick, shoot, run, ride, jump, and continue the cultivation of our muscles, when we would fain be exercising our powerful minds in behalf of our fellow man, and we must continue in this laborious idleness till our "fifteen golden years of plenty" are almost devoured by the years of famine beyond forty. All around us and above us we see the doddering patriarchs of forty-five and fifty, sixty, seventy, eighty, who have provided us with the means of mastery, apparently ruling the age in politics, finance, science, art, literature, and even theology. Dr. Osler himself is fifty-six, the German Emperor is well on towards his half-hundredth year; there is hardly a captain of industry among us whose hair has not turned gray or dropped out. All this ought to be changed. It is too bad that we youngsters who could, for instance, be writing the masterpieces of fiction are apparently restricted to the production of historical romances, and kept clerks in the banking-houses of hoary financiers. What business has Mr. Hay to be guiding the ship of state when a hundred young men of twenty-five would take his job at half the money? Mr. Roosevelt himself is over forty; let him make room for one of his innumerable superiors of thirty.

The King of Spain, who is not yet twenty, might be held up as a shining example of the sort of potentates needed in all countries.

Dr. Osler has not the same vested interest in longevity, apparently, as M. Metchnikoff. If we read aright that very agreeable paper of his on *Science and Immortality*, delivered in succession to Dr. William James's *Will to Believe*, in the Ingersoll Lectureship at Harvard, he almost persuaded himself to think that there might just possibly be something in the notion of a life hereafter. He did not go far; he left the question very much where he found it; but he speculated very charmingly, very edifyingly concerning it. We like to think that if there are two Dr. Oslers, the real one was the author of that lecture, whose gentle conjectures, whose luminous doubts, whose appealingly hesitated hopes, we temperamentally prefer to the absolute positions of the Johns Hopkins valedictory, though as a youth ourselves we could not reject them without apparent ingratitude. From his potential faith in life hereafter, this Dr. Osler of the Ingersoll lecture, indeed, might be more willing than M. Metchnikoff to accept Trollope's remedy for "the fever called living," here. He might see some faint hope of a world beyond this in which its spent capacities may turn up fire-new, with all the outlived vigor of the golden fifteen years of creative force replenished in them.

Speaking from our own youth, which we are proud to believe is still callow, or callow enough for the highest achievements, we are not unwilling to allow that people past forty may very acceptably perform some minor uses even on earth. They might, for instance, act as a kind of understudy to creative youth, and take its slighter rôles on the stage of life while it is devoting itself, as it were, to the higher drama, or to what are known in the profession as the star parts. It could not perhaps relieve youth in such arduous games as football, but it could easily release youth from the obligations of golf to the accomplishment of "those really great things," in all the arts and interests, of which youth alone is capable. There is also another matter, a

rather delicate matter, in which we hardly know how to suggest with due diffidence that our elders may be of material assistance to us greatly achieving youth. It is certainly not advisable for people to get married at a very advanced age; but there is a vast deal of amiable and innocent association of the sexes which seems essential to their happiness, and yet is never expected to eventuate in marriage. This occupies many valuable days, weeks, and months with the young, and distracts them from the intellectual feats in which their studies, no less than their tender years, have fitted them for the primacy. Instead of writing the noblest poetry and fiction, painting successive masterpieces, discovering new planets, winning great battles, inventing labor-saving machinery, and the like, we youth are now, if we are men, obliged through many of our golden years, to go to dances and dinners, to picnics and plays, to afternoon teas and breakfasts and luncheons for, so far as may be seen in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, no other purpose than to amuse the passing hour for our female contemporaries. This is all wrong, quite wrong. It is not giving young men "the chance," as Dr. Osler says, "of showing what is in them." All these social duties could be equally well performed by men over forty; yes, by those men of sixty, for whom Dr. Osler reimagines a happy dispatch by chloroform from the scene of their supposed uselessness. That whole order of incidents which are summed up in the name of flirtation might be perfectly well left to our uncles and grandfathers, while we young men go unhampered about the work of governing, educating, enlightening and astonishing the world, for which our inexperience has so perfectly qualified us. The relegation of what may be called uneventual love-making to men past forty, who, as Dr. Osler tells us, "have really accomplished great things," might not be so acceptable to some persons of the other sex, but it would be so agreeable to the elderly men, that, balancing one thing against another, and considering the gain to the world through the release of the young men under forty to the spiritual, moral, and material activities, no generous girl would find cause to complain. Perhaps with the advance of coeducation, if

youthful womanhood should decide to join with youthful manhood in employing the "fifteen golden years of plenty" for "the achievement of the really great things in science, art, and literature," not to mention law, theology, and physics, and war, it will be found well to leave the uneventual love-making, which now wastes the time of the youth of both sexes, to women over forty, as well as to men past that age. In such a case, the amount of really great things which those under forty could accomplish, may be imagined, but cannot be calculated.

There are a great many other ways in which age could spare the energies of youth for noble exploits in every sort. It might, but for its bad teeth, take the whole job of dining out off our hands; we should not mind its suffering from indigestion, upon the principle that we need not mind wasting the time of a setting hen. As matters go now, young men not only eat too much, but they sometimes drink too much, smoke too much, talk too much, and loaf too much. These are burdens which the men over forty should lift from the shoulders of the heroes who are carrying the world forward at "every possible chance." Then, the elderly men ought to enable us young fellows to dedicate ourselves unrestrictedly to sublime enterprises by handing over their money to us, and relieving us from the sordid necessity of making a living. They have most of the money, and in a few years, if they are duly chloroformed at sixty, they will not need it so much as we. They should be willing to make this inappreciable sacrifice for the good of the race. In return we will very willingly allow them the privilege of giving us good advice, with the understanding, of course, that we shall not be obliged to act upon it; for we shall have something else to do. We will even admit, on these terms, that they are better qualified to give good advice than ourselves.

If it comes to the facts of the case, to the question whether men over forty have rarely done really great things, there is, we think, room for a modest misgiving even with men under forty. Homer, we believe, is commonly represented as an old man, very gray, and somewhat bent, probably with rheumatism. It is not



generally supposed that he wrote the Iliad or the Odyssey in his nonage, or even in his "golden years of plenty," and though he was several, as some say, and not individual, still their, or his, masterpieces may be not unreasonably assigned to later middle life. Æschylus was not perhaps so much stricken in years as Homer, but he looks an elderly man in his busts, and so does Sophocles, who indeed died at eighty-nine, and was a general of militia at fifty-five. We do not know at just what age Socrates was hemlocked (not chloroformed), but he must have been talking a long time before he exasperated the Athenians, who liked talk, beyond endurance; he died at seventy-one, speaking the most inspiring things to the last. Cæsar, unless prematurely bald, was hardly cut off in his youth; he was fifty-one when he crossed the Rubicon. Coming down to the moderns we find the Venetian doge Dandolo capturing Constantinople at ninety odd, and leading the assault in person. Dante died at fifty-six, and he was certainly past forty when, after his banishment at fifty, he decided to write the Divine Comedy in Italian rather than Provençal. Titian continued to paint pictures thought masterly not perhaps till he was quite ninety-six, but long after sixty; his fame was highest when he was forty-four. Michelangelo was surely no stripling when he designed St. Peter's; and he painted the Sistine Chapel frescoes between his fifty-ninth and seventy-fifth years. Petrarch continued to sing Laura long after he ought to have been ashamed of himself. Galileo, when he continued to affirm, under his breath, that the earth did move, was probably past forty. All the data concerning Shakespeare are rather dim; but his twenty years of dramatic activity in London extended from his twenty-fourth to his forty-sixth year; it is believed that he gave the last touches to *Hamlet*, which some think a greater tragedy than *Romeo and Juliet*, in his later life. If Bacon wrote it, as has been claimed, it seems certain that he was even older when he did so; he was sixty when he published the *Novum Organum*. We have not at hand a biography of that greatest American, Benjamin Franklin, and we cannot make sure that he was

over forty when he *eripuit fulmen cælo*, but he certainly was when it came to *sceptrumque tyrannis*.

Alfred the Great beat the Danes when he was fifty. Cromwell gave England her first European supremacy when he was between fifty and sixty. To name only the greatest general of our own Civil War, Grant had made a complete failure of life through his fifteen golden years of plenty, and did not win his great victories on the brand of whiskey which Lincoln wanted sent to all his other generals, until he was well in the middle of life; he won the battle of Vicksburg at forty-two, and the Wilderness at forty-four. Lee was, if anything, his senior. Lincoln was in the prime of his power between fifty-one and fifty-five. Moltke led the armies which crushed France when he was seventy. Few heroes of history, except Alexander and Napoleon, have been young men; but it must be allowed that the heroes of fiction are nearly always young.

Queen Victoria had shown for more than sixty years how fit a good woman is to rule a vast empire, when she died a more than octogenarian. We might, in behalf of the dotards whose continued activity in the realm of second-rate achievement we deplore as heartily as Dr. Osler, allege other instances of what we may call postcocious talent in the higher regions. But we forbear, for upon the whole we think Dr. Osler's contention for us youth is just. We only need every possible chance to show what is in us and we ought to be given this chance and not forced to make it for ourselves. We ought to be relieved of all trivial distraction in the directions we have already indicated, and not obliged to do our great deeds at such obvious disadvantage. But in making this demand upon our elders who now have things so much too much their own way, we would not be ungenerous. We will admit that they have surpassed us, up to the moment, in longevity; and they ought to be satisfied with this, for in view of the instinct of death which M. Metchnikoff wishes the race to develop by living to a great age, longevity is by no means the least of human achievements.

## Editor's Study.

THE latest and most preposterous guise of fiction is that in which animals figure as the *dramatis personæ*. The Uncle Remus stories seem as natural as they are naïve, parcels of old folk-lore, reverting to a time when man was nearly on a level with all other live things. Nor does it seem strange that Kipling, whose boyhood was spent in a land where the regard for brute and even reptile is a significant manifestation of religious feeling, and whose early tales had their genesis in such an atmosphere, should, in the course of his imaginative itinerary, have taken in the jungle and given its wild life an articulate speech. These jungle tales are naïve too, as Southey's story of *The Three Bears* is not, though it has amused thousands of children.

It is an old trait of representative art to seek expression in *alia materia*, not merely for durability, as in sculpture and painting, that the length of art may make up for the brevity of life, but also for a kind of detachment or obliquity, as under the ancient dramatic masks; and it is but a step from these to Æsop's Fables, in which human follies are exposed by indirection.

It is, however, altogether anomalous to convey a moral in the guise of an animal, which is utterly devoid of any moral sense. Man is really the only moral being in the universe, because he is the only one capable of immorality. He is the one creature who can so far detach himself from the rest of creation as ever to seem unnatural. It is claimed by the evolutionist that his erect attitude as a biped, although he has four limbs, is an arrogant distinction, through his wilful denial of his natural position, wherefor he incurs some penalties, besides the disadvantage of being unable to walk until he has mastered the art of falling as the first part of every step he takes—a condition, indeed, of every kind of progression on his part.

Now it would never occur to any other animal to take all this trouble, and to make a point of fallibility. Even an apple does not fall, but has simply the

habit of gravitation (which it shares with the stars), by a direct movement, and with a progression that may be very prettily stated in mathematical terms.

Man, in so far as he has any distinction, has it first of all through the achievement of fallibility and by laying out for himself a course arbitrarily exceptional and which nothing else in the whole universe could be caught following. Of late some people speculatively inclined, or tired, perhaps, of what may, after all, have come to seem the rather awkward and eccentric distinctions of humanity, have exultantly found, or think they have found, a kind of common ground between man and other animals, in that these other appear to share at least one of his hitherto supposed singular habits—that of thinking.

There was so much explicit jubilation over this discovery—to the mass of men so far from being a discovery that it had, on the contrary, always been a vulgar assumption—and it had received such credit from writers known as careful observers of the habits of animals, that our distinguished naturalist, Mr. John Burroughs, felt called upon to defend the brute creation against what seemed to him an unjust and unwarrantable charge. Having taken the brief in behalf of his dumb clientage, he showed a good deal of feeling as well as philosophy, and went so far as to call in question the accuracy of some observations made and recorded by fellow naturalists, at any rate intimating that in their eagerness to find the company man's misery seeks, and to make the whole animal kingdom *particeps criminis* with him, they might, unwittingly of course, have either too highly colored their statements or too hastily followed misleading lights on the way to their conclusions.

Our naturalist arrayed against himself not only these students of nature whose judgments he impugned, but the vast unscientific multitude of men and women who are the owners of pet animals, and who habitually attribute to these favorites an intelligence which, though not equal in development to that

of men who build sky-scrapers and calculate eclipses, is at least of the same kind—certainly superior to mere instinct, and favorably comparing with that of the ordinary human being. The controversy which our contributor had provoked was raging outside the limits of our Magazine—as we preferred it should, being unwilling to open our pages to a general discussion—when the essay on the subject which we publish in this number was offered us, and though we broke our rule in giving it a place, it was a case where the rule appeared to be better justified in the breach than in the observance. The last word had not been said, and though it has not been said in this essay, yet some further light has been thrown upon the subject. Moreover, the introduction of “Peter Rabbit” as a disguise permits an amiable indirectness of oppugnance which quite relieves the essay of unpleasant controversial aspects, while, at the same time, the intimate familiarity of “Peter Rabbit” with the views of Mr. William J. Long is reassuring to the reader as to the eminent respectability of the disguised authority.

The case of the eider-ducks is very interesting, and we are sure that our readers want to know all there is to be known about it. Certainly we may suppose a duck to have more real knowledge of water than any human being can have, since we can only know *about* it and the duck knows *it*, and an eider-duck's knowledge includes salt as well as fresh water. Of course osmosis is all Greek to the duck, but all there really is in it was known to that species of the fowl long before man knew the first thing *about* it. The plant knows water even more intimately than any duck, because it is not distracted by ocular vision; it will climb over a stone wall in a straight and sure path to this unseen complement of its being.

Man himself began in this same way to know his mystical partner, the world, directly, not only as edible and therapeutic (for in this period he instinctively determined what he should eat and what would hurt him mortally or, by hurting, cure him), but also as the complement and content of all his æsthetic sensibility, long before he knew anything *about* things by rationally trying conclusions

with them. This first knowledge—the only one that is in the proper sense absolutely real, *i. e.*, not to be expressed in notional terms—he did not come by or acquire; it was a part of the creative Logos shared by him from the beginning.

This is not a human distinction. The participation in that Logos is better preserved in the lower animals than in man, less interrupted in the plant than in the animal, and in the physical world is absolutely insulated, nearest to the divine life and knowledge. The recognition of this downward and backward path to his God was an essential part of the primitive man's real knowledge, the first article of his faith.

We should presume therefore that such thinking as animals naturally have is direct, not reflective or discursive, as it is in man's developed habit of thinking. “Peter Rabbit” is quite right in directing us away from the caged and domesticated animal to the animal in his wild state and natural *habitat*, if we wish to arrive at a true judgment of its mental activities, in so far as it is to be credited with these. And why have animals brains, with gray matter, too, if not for mental activity as well as for nervous coordination?

This word “animal” designates not alone breathing creatures, but those having the *anima*, which is surely spirit if not mind. The important adjunct of the brain—cerebrum as well as cerebellum—compels us to infer the possibility of consciousness in the animal, if not self-consciousness; even though it be only a dim twilight as compared to man's noonlike illumination. Yet there are flashes in this twilight when the current of instinctive intelligence is broken, through the interruption of an obstacle to its procession, and in this quick brightness the animal adapts means to ends, in an undivine but very human sort of expediency. Perhaps the consciousness of the wild animal is manifest only in such flashes—a kind of intermittent consciousness—while those animals that come into nearer contact with man, and are entangled in the complexly broken currents of his adaptive life, may in time acquire an approximately continuous consciousness, with memory and associations, and *learn* to do things, coming as near to

thinking as they seem to come very near to speaking. Probably they can never become the *lusus naturæ* which man has with great labor made himself, and what is supposed to be thought on their part resembles thinking, in the metaphysical definition of it, "only as the mist resembles the rain"—that is, there is no precipitation into concepts.

We can understand why "Peter Rabbit" is so suspicious of deductive reasoning. The animal, as his share of the creative Logos, has absolute Genius and absolute Reason, while man possesses these—at least now, after all his development, possesses them—only in adulteration, by reason of his much thinking. Now Reason—with a capital—is wholly inductive, not as opposed to deductive, but in the absolute sense. If we could conceive of its operation as a procedure, it is inevitable and not the result of thinking or ratiocination. A creature incapable of forming concepts could not be deductive—that process betrays the purely human frailty. "Peter Rabbit" naturally looks upon it as a vicious circle. Of course, as simply a rabbit, he does not attach any meaning to the term; but the real author indicates that Mr. Burroughs is deductive as deriving his conclusion from an assumed premise. This would be contrary to the naturalist's habit. The objector seems more nearly to hit the mark in his suggestion that our decision of the question depends, after all, upon our understanding of its terms. Define thinking in one way, as involving concepts, then it seems quite clear that animals do not think. Reducing thinking to the capacity of the exceptionally trained animal, and it becomes equally clear that some animals do think. In either case we have an identical equation all of whose terms are assumed to be known—and that is uninteresting.

We prefer to get somewhere in the course we started upon—that is, in the line of the suggestions prompted by the question.

The wild animal does not need to think, and only occasionally does it need those flash-lights of an improvised consciousness which we have before alluded to as what might reasonably be supposed to occur. All animals have the same equipment as man in the matter of the

senses, and in the wild animal some of these are more acute than in man, making up to some extent for its lack of concepts; and yet it never depends upon this sense-specialization—which is a partial breaking for it of the vital current of its intelligence—in such a way as to wholly obscure that real knowledge which it has in common with the plant and, for that matter, with the planet. Its sense-impressions do not proceed, as in man, to the making of concepts and symbols or any ideas not readily explained by simple association, and accordingly it preserves its instincts and with these its native grace and dignity, which are wonderfully impressive. Nothing is expected of it in the line of its destiny beyond what is indicated in its physical structure. Though it has genius, it is not called upon to make a cathedral or a statue or a painting or a poem. Though it has Reason in the absolute sense, no scientific explorations or discoveries, no philosophical theories or mathematical calculations, are looked for from it—indeed, none of those things which are expected of man, when once he has set out upon his exceptional career, though not one of them is intimated in his physical structure.

Those animals which get tangled up with humanity and seem to be almost human by induction, in those obvious activities open to their sympathetic imitation, suffer in comparison with the wild species through the weakening of instinct and the degeneration of comfortable obesity; also incurring to some extent human vices and ailments. If also the habit of thinking is stimulated in them, while it may be sport to their tempters, it must involve some painful dissatisfaction to them from their lack of articulate speech, without the support of which thought is an arrested process.

Wishes there, and feelings strong,  
Incommunicably throng.

The insuperable difficulty which confronts animals other than man, when they attempt—if they ever do attempt—to achieve fallibility, is that for them there is no corresponding redemption to serve as a triumphant justification. The circle is not completed on the ascending



side. Thinking—that is, passing beyond the sense-impression to a notion or conception—is man's first step in that contradiction to Nature, which at first would seem to be also a contradiction to his own nature,—certainly such if we regard him as merely animal. But he persists in his apparently eccentric departure, until the curvature of his singular orbit, which began in a descent associated with weakness, vacillation, and uncertain falterings, as in a losing venture whereby a sure possession seemed to be bartered for a vain accomplishment, is disclosed as an ascent, as from a rosy dawn to the golden noon of a wholly human day—a path untrodden by any other kind of creature. Then it is clearly evident that this path was that of his singular destiny from the beginning. Instinct, so sure in the dark of Pan's realm, has been well lost for intuition—the clear beholding in the light of Apollo's.

Even the theory of evolution, which does not, as "Peter Rabbit" seems to think, imply man's descent from an animal like the others of our acquaintance, would rather confirm this view of man's singular destiny, since whatever primate was his ancestor must have had a distinction from all other species as great, if not then as clearly marked, as that which is now convincingly evident. Man was man from the beginning. The development of human faith and imagination, of human culture and human history, is the corollary of his complex consciousness. No other animal seems ever to have taken the first step of departure beyond the flaming barrier which forever forbids man's return.

The barrier there may be, the ineffaceable line of distinction separating man from the rest of Nature; but there is no absolute break in the continuity of genetic evolution. The kinship of man with all things is not broken. But between him and the whole universe is interposed a veil of mystery, impenetrable save by his sympathies. Other animals may share his companionship, but there is still strangeness—a vast field of incommunicability.

Matthew Arnold in his poem, "Geist's Grave," gives a beautiful expression to

the fine feeling engendered by man's association with his dumb favorites. Geist was a dog. Did Arnold give it that name because the *anima* in *animalis* meant to him more the spirit than the mind?

That liquid, melancholy eye,  
From whose pathetic, soul-fed springs  
Seemed surging the Virgilian cry,\*  
The sense of tears in mortal things—

That steadfast, mournful strain, consoled  
By spirits gloriously gay,  
And temper of heroic mould—  
What, was four years their whole short day?

Yes, only four!—and not the course  
Of all the centuries to come,  
And not the infinite resource  
Of Nature, with her countless sum

Of figures, with her fulness vast  
Of new creation evermore,  
Can ever quite repeat the past,  
Or just thy little self restore.

Stern law of every mortal lot!  
Which man, proud man, finds hard to bear,  
And builds himself I know not what  
Of second life I know not where.

But thou, when struck thine hour to go,  
On us, who stood despondent by,  
A meek last glance of love didst throw,  
And humbly lay thee down to die.

Yet would we keep thee in our heart—  
Would fix our favorite on the scene,  
Nor let thee utterly depart,  
And be as if thou ne'er hadst been.

And so there rise these lines of verse  
On lips that rarely form them now;  
While to each other we rehearse:  
*Such ways, such arts, such looks hadst thou!*

The italics are the author's. The *thoughts* this pet companion had are ignored. The more incapable of thinking, in the human sense, the animal is, the more his ways seem to us like those of Nature—flashed through by a living flame—at once inspiring and restful. Considering how much these dumb companions are in our life, the old question as to the immortality of animals is far more interesting than the one now being so widely discussed.

\* *Sunt lacrimæ rerum.*

# EDITOR'S DRAWER

## The Light Fantastic Toe

BY W. D. NESBIT

PROFESSOR D. Walter de Courcey had more success at getting up a dancing class than any other dancing-teacher that ever came to Oakville; but, for a class that was so soon organized, it was disbanded quicker than any of us ever thought it would be. Now that three months have passed, we boys are beginning to see the joke of it, but I don't suppose Professor D. Walter de Courcey, wherever he is, or no matter how long he waits to see it, ever will see any fun in it.

When Professor de Courcey arrived in town he sent all the boys neat little printed cards stating that he would open a "Dancing Academy" in Morgan's Hall for the term of two months, giving lessons Tuesday and Thursday evenings, and that all who bought tickets for the course of lessons were entitled to bring a lady with them. Of course that meant that the girls were to have lessons free. I got one of the announcements.

"Mr. Gavin H. McIntire," pa said,

reading the address on the envelope when he brought it from the post-office. "Humph! It has some kind of perfume on it. Are you corresponding with some girl, Gavin Hugh?"

Then I showed it to him, and he frowned and read it over once or twice to himself, then called ma and showed it to her.

"It's just a disgrace," ma said. "I'm ashamed that a son of mine should be found with one of these wicked notices on him. Dancing academy, indeed! Of all the—"

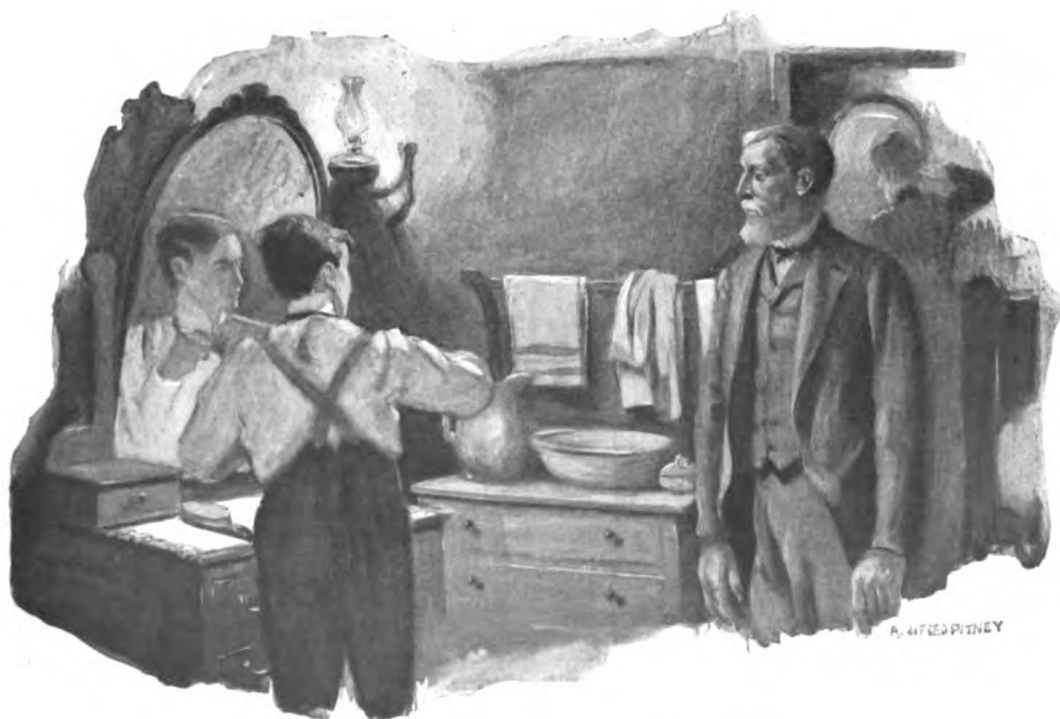
"Are you going to go into it, Gavin?" pa asked.

"I—I don't know," I told him.

Several of us boys had talked it over, and we had an idea that maybe we might argue our folks into letting us take just a few lessons anyway.

"You see," I explained, "it isn't like they were going to have real dances. It's more to educate the boys in how to conduct themselves politely and gracefully." I had heard Professor de Courcey say so.

Pa didn't say anything then. He just



HE CAME INTO MY ROOM WHILE I WAS DRESSING



handed the invitation back to me and nodded.

The other boys had about the same experience. All except Orville Packard, our preacher's son. He said his pa hadn't said a word to him one way or the other, and that he was going to take the course of lessons. Most of the boys could get the money to pay the professor, because they all did little jobs of work now and then and saved their money for excursions and things like that. So it wasn't long before Professor de Courcey had enough names on his list for him to announce that the first session of the Oakville Dancing Academy would be the next Tuesday evening at eight o'clock in Morgan's Hall.

None of the boys could understand why their folks hadn't objected. I was puzzled more than any of the rest, because Mr. Packard and Mr. Fulton and Mr. Williams and some of the other men had been around to the house to see my pa, and they had talked about the dancing class. I know they had, because one evening I was in the sitting-room studying my lessons, and Mr. Packard and Mr. Fulton were in the parlor with pa and ma, and I could hear most of what they said. They talked along in low tones for a while, and I couldn't catch what they said, except Mr. Packard kept sort of whispering "Yes, yes." But he is so used to talking loud in the pulpit that when he whispers it is plain in the next room.

"I think it will be the best way," Mr. Fulton said, when he and Mr. Packard were getting up to go. "Just give them plenty of rope, you know." And then they all laughed quietly.

Well, it didn't take long for that Tuesday evening to roll around. After supper I washed my face and hands again and put on my best clothes. Ma and pa hadn't said anything to me all the time we were eating. They looked at each other kind of funny once in a while, and seemed as if they wanted to laugh. Pa came into my room while I was dressing and asked me to lend him a handkerchief, as he hadn't any fresh ones that were stylish enough for that evening. He had on his Sabbath-day clothes, and looked so uncomfortable and unusual that I didn't know what to make of it. I got him one of my handkerchiefs, though, and asked him,

"Why, where are you going, pa?"

"Well, I thought perhaps we would go to the dancing academy," he answered. "Don't you think old folks will enjoy it the same as young folks, Gavin Hugh?"

I stuck my finger on the pin in my necktie. I was so embarrassed. It was a new ready-made tie I had bought just to wear to the dancing-school. It was what Mr. Rhodes, the dry-goods man, called a "teck scarf." It looks just as if you had tied it yourself, only you slip the little end down through the knot, and there is a pin there that holds it in place. That was the pin that stuck me. But I wasn't through being surprised, because when pa started out

with me, here came ma in her best black satin dress that she only wears to funerals and weddings and things of that sort.

"Would you object to your mother going to dancing-school, Gavin Hugh?" she asked.

"No'm," I said. But I began to feel foolish. I never had thought of them going with me. I wasn't going to take any girl to the first lesson, so I wasn't as bad off as Clarence Simmons. His folks went with him to get Lucy Randolph, and her pa and ma and his pa and ma walked to Morgan's Hall with them.

We all went up-stairs together, and nobody said anything except the grown folks. They talked a little about what a nice evening it was as we climbed the stairs. And when we got to the top my pa nudged Mr. Randolph in the side. If I had been surprised at home, and more surprised when we met Clarence and Lucy and their folks, I simply can't tell how I felt when we walked into the hall. First people we saw were Mr. and Mrs. Packard and Orville. Then, around the wall were most of the rest of the boys and girls and their parents. Why, even people that didn't have any children were there. There were Miss Finney and Miss Green, and back in one corner was old Mrs. Kendall, who is in her eighty-fifth year. And she had brought her knitting with her! I sat down in the first empty chair I saw, and rubbed one foot against the other ankle and wondered what would happen next. Pretty soon Professor de Courcey arrived. When he came through the door he sort of gasped, but he didn't seem to be much surprised. He came on into the hall and bowed and smiled and said he was glad to see such an interest taken in his project.

After him came Aleck Pickens with his fiddle and Jerry Cole with his guitar. They were to furnish the music, because the professor hadn't been able to borrow a piano, as he had expected to do. Aleck and Jerry went up to the rostrum and took chairs and got out their fiddle and guitar and tuned up. Then the professor stepped up beside them and began a little speech. I looked around. The other boys were fidgeting with their hands and looking at the floor. Billy Ames was twisting at his watch-chain. Orville Packard had his hat in his hands and was whirling it around. But the older folks were sitting up quiet and cool, and smiling as polite as could be. You would have thought the dancing class was for them.

"Now," said the professor, when he had finished telling about the great benefits of dancing, and how they enabled one who knew how to dance to mingle in the best society at any time or place (I wished right then that I was a good dancer)—"Now," the professor said, "we will take up the waltz as our first lesson. I will illustrate the simple movements of the waltz, which are, in fact, the first elements of dancing, and which impart to the dancer a precise degree of equilibrium and graceful carriage."

He came down to the floor—it was all



HE BEGAN A NEAT LITTLE SPEECH

clear, except a couple of rows of chairs around the wall,—and while Jerry and Aleck played “My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean,” he stepped it off very fine, showing how to turn and reverse and go forward and backward. Then he stopped right in front of me, and said,

“Now, Mr. McIntire, if you please, you and I will endeavor to go through the step together.”

I looked at pa, completely amazed. I thought the professor was talking to him, and that he was going to take lessons! But I soon found out my mistake. The professor repeated his request, and pa turned to me with a little smile, and said:

“Gavin Hugh, aren’t you going to waltz with the professor? He is waiting.”

Ma turned, too, and looked at me, smiling like she does when she asks somebody to have another piece of pie. I could feel that all the boys and girls and their parents were gazing at me, too. I got hot all over, and then cold, and I felt as if my feet were made of lead and were falling away off down through the floor, but I couldn’t go with them. And there stood the professor, all the time, with his hand reaching at me and his mustache twisting up in a happy smile. I tried to edge back with my chair, but it was as far back as it would go, and I was welded right against it.

“Why, Gavin Hugh,” ma asked, “aren’t you going to learn to dance, after you have bought the ticket?”

“No’m,” I stammered. “I—I don’t feel

very well this evening. I’d lots rather be excused, professor.”

“All right,” the professor answered, looking peculiar. He left me and walked to Orville Packard. Orville got blue around the lips when he saw the professor coming. It got real still again. Jerry and Aleck quit playing and watched the crowd. I never saw a boy get as shy as Orville did. The professor asked him to come on the floor and learn the waltz step, but Orville wouldn’t even look at him. Mr. Packard bent over and whispered to Orville, but Orville shook his head and got bluer and whiter, and his hair sort of wiggled where he has a cowlick. Finally Mr. Packard looked up and said that as near as he could gather from Orville’s remarks he did not feel well enough to undertake the dancing exercises that evening. The professor got red then, but he went on down the line to Harry Williams and George Johnson. It was the same story with them. They looked all round the hall, scared-like, and shook their heads.

“I should be very glad to have you young gentlemen take a few steps, as you already are fairly good waltzers, I understand,” the professor said. “That would encourage the others, who seem to be very backward.”

But it wasn’t any use. Harry and George positively wouldn’t. It went along that way until Professor de Courcay reached Clarence Simmons. By that time the professor was looking worried. The older folks were evidently enjoying themselves, but us boys who had taken tickets were backing out too fast.



CLARENCE LET HIS TICKET DROP ON THE FLOOR AGAIN

Clarence looked at his folks as if he was about to get a whipping when the professor asked him to dance.

"Aren't you going to, Clarence?" asked his pa. "Why don't you take Lucy out on the floor and waltz, or quadrille, or whatever it is? That's what you brought Lucy here for, wasn't it? Here's your ticket. You dropped it on the floor just now when you took out your handkerchief to mop your brow."

Clarence gulped and swallowed something and looked at Lucy and grinned sheepishly, and Lucy turned as red as a beet. I wanted to laugh, but somehow everything was too solemn. Lucy looked down at the floor and pulled her feet back under her chair. Clarence got his breath pretty soon, though, and spoke.

"I—I can't dance," he said.

"Yes, yes," Mr. Simmons answered, laying his hand on Clarence's shoulder. "But you came here to learn how, didn't you?"

Clarence let his ticket drop on the floor again, and got up and said he wanted to go home. The professor looked all round the hall and shook his head slowly. He

smiled to himself a little. I guess he was thinking that he had his pay, anyhow. The boys and girls were getting up one at a time and hunting for their hats and wraps. The old folks sat still until all of us were ready to go, then they let us walk out ahead of them, and everybody went on home.

Pa and ma caught up with me when I got to our gate.

"Well, Gavin Hugh," pa said, "what was the matter to-night? Why didn't the dancing class do anything?"

"Don't tease him, pa," ma said, and patted me on the arm. "Sometimes young folks get their best lessons by being given their own way."

I was looking down the street, and could see the lights being turned out one by one in Morgan's Hall.

We boys were so beaten out over it that we couldn't say much to each other about it for a long time. That is, all of us except Orville Packard. He said he would have got up and danced if any of us had backed him up in it. Clarence Simmons asked Orville if he didn't mean that some of us would have had to hold him up.

# “Conjuhations”

BY VICTOR A. HERMANN

ONE night gran'mammy cum to us  
 When we'd all gone to bed;  
 "Yu deh lie still, doan' maik no fuss.  
 Deh's lights in de Noff," she sed.  
 Ah crept fum de quilts, ah peeped fro' de  
 pane.  
 Mah knees dey shook en shook;  
 Foh deh weh lights in de sky es plain  
 Es owls in de ol' dream-book.  
 "Gran'mam', gran'mam'!" we called fum  
 bed.  
 "What maiks dem lights?" En gran'mam'  
 sed,  
 "Conjuhations, chile, conjuhations."

Las' night when we went foh de steeks  
 We all got los' in de woods;  
 En de strangest soun's came to our eahs,  
 De trees wohe long gray hoods.  
 Blue lights glowed down in de sof' swamp  
 mud,  
 Big eyes blinked up in de pine;  
 De moon rolled up lak a cup ob blood,  
 En we lef' dem steeks behin'.  
 "Gran'mam', gran'mam'!" we sed nex' day,  
 "What's in de swamp?" En den she'd say,  
 "Conjuhations, chile, conjuhations."

Sometimes when we're all sittin' still  
 By de arch wheh de bac'lawg glows,  
 We feel so strange en den a chill  
 Shakes us fum haid to toes.  
 De ol' hearth-cat sticks up her bac'  
 En rolls her great green eyes;  
 De chaih's en tables staht to crac'  
 En de pine flo' seems to rise.  
 "Gran'mam', gran'mam'!" we say in a  
 bref,  
 "What's det skeehed us mos' to deff?"  
 "Conjuhations, chile, conjuhations."

One day when we went down to de  
 spring  
 To fetch de mawnin' pail,  
 We foun' de tip ob a blac' owl's wing  
 Run fro' wid a rusty nail.  
 A lizahd-skin, en de foot ob a mole,  
 En dey'd been in de spring all night;  
 We pulled dem out wid a cypress pole,  
 Den run wid all our might.  
 "Gran'mam', gran'mam'!" we cried in  
 dread,  
 "What's in de spring?" En gran'mam'  
 sed,  
 "Conjuhations, chile, conjuhations."



The Telegraph-Operator

*To read a lady's private note  
 Is very rude, I've heard,*

*And that man read what mother wrote;  
 Yes—ev'ry single word!*





## A Life-saving Jacket

BY PETER NEWELL

FUR twenty-six days in a bum, open boat,  
I once was adrift on the wave,  
A-doin' my best fur to keep her afloat,  
Not wishin' a wet, slimy grave.

The schooner so suddenlike managed to sink  
I couldn't pervision me tub,  
Except with a hogshhead of water to drink,  
An' a pint fur me bath at a rub.

An' lonesome! Fur want of a mate I 'most  
died!

But that wa'n't as bad, you may bet,  
As the hunger that gnawed at me vitals  
inside

Fur something more solid than wet.

But all of a suddenlike, strikin' a rock,  
I hit on a bloomin' idee,  
An' trembled all over, so great was the  
shock,  
Adrift on that wide-heavin' sea.

Then quick peelin' off the pea-jacket I wore,  
I cut it in bits with a whoop!  
An' three times a day till I landed ashore,  
I brewed an' I guzzled pea soup.

## A Financier

FRITZ HIMMELSDORF, a butcher in a small Western town, kept his money on deposit at the one bank the town boasted. While not very well versed in the intricacies of banking, he was very proud of the fact that he possessed a bank-account, and never failed to write a check when he was compelled to pay out any amount, however small. One day, through some mistake, he drew a check for an amount somewhat in excess of his balance at the bank. Next morning William Jones, the collector for the bank, came into the shop, where the butcher was chopping Hamburger steak to the tune of "Ach, du Lieber Augustin," which he was very earnestly whistling.

"Mr. Himmelsdorf," said Jones, "you have an overdraft at the bank amounting to \$4 63."

"Ach, iss dot so?" said Fritz, slowly. "Vait till I get my check-book, Billy, and I gif you a check for it." VERNON WILDER.

## The Missing Chickens

A BANKER in a Western city bought some chickens of a ranchman and told the man to deliver them at his house. When he went home at noon his wife met him at the door and told him with great consternation that the man brought in the chickens, as he had promised, but instead of putting them in the hen-house, had left them on the lawn, and they had all disappeared.

Forgetting his dinner, he started off in no very amiable frame of mind in pursuit of the missing fowls. After scouring the neighboring alleys for some time, he came back triumphantly driving the lost chicks.

When in a few days he met the offending ranchman, he demanded, severely: "What did you mean by leaving those chickens on my lawn the other day? I hunted the neighborhood over for them, and then could find only eleven!"

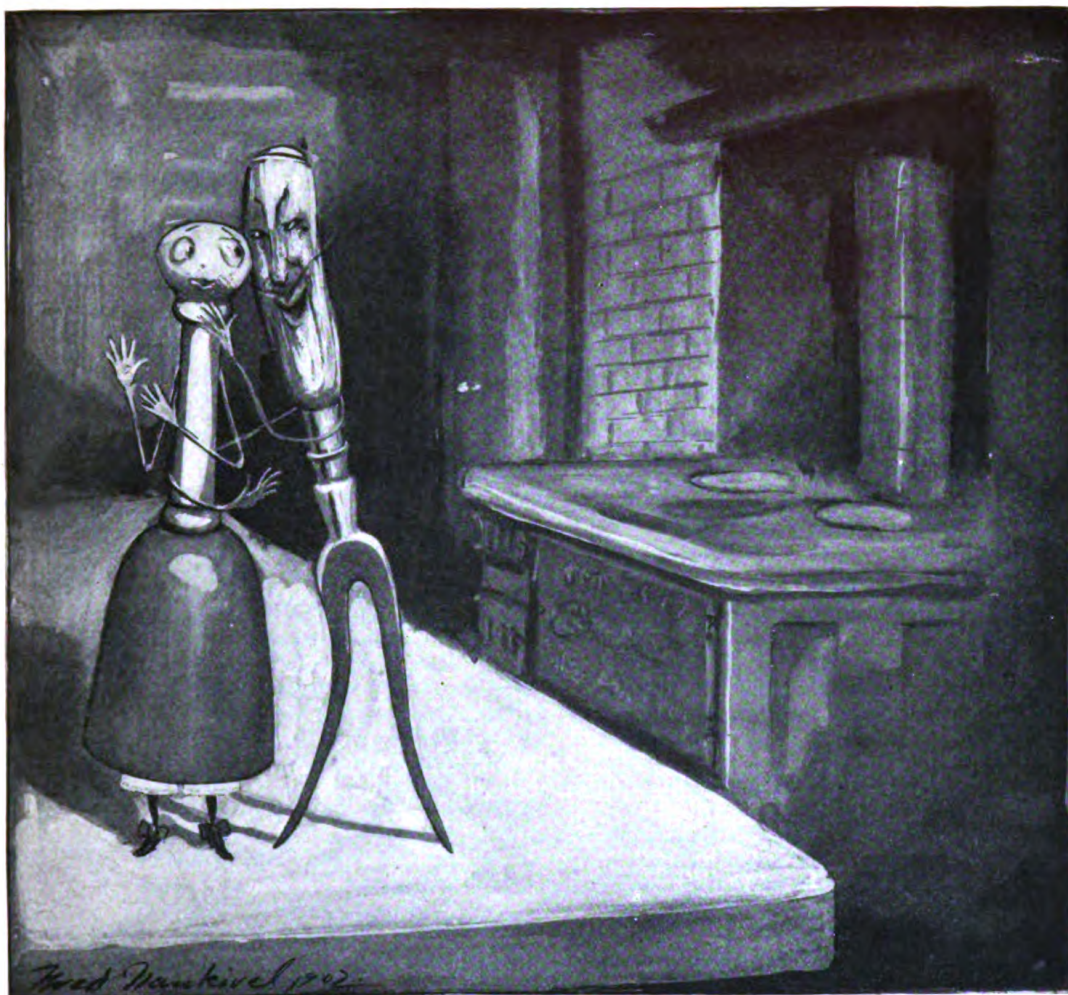
"You did mighty well," was the mild reply. "I only left six."

GRACE M. CRAWFORD.



## On Shipboard

"You evidently don't enjoy ocean travel."  
"Not a bit—it makes me sick as a dog!"



### Society in the Kitchen

MISS POTATO MASHER. "Oh, Mr. Fork! do be careful, or Mr. Stove will see us."  
MR. FORK. "My little dear mustn't be frightened so easily. He can't see us, he has his lids closed."

## June

BY TUDOR JENKS

THE birds are singing in the trees—

Why shouldn't they? They take their ease,  
They loaf about the woods all day,  
And haven't any rent to pay.

The flowers bloom and gayly bow—  
Why shouldn't they? Who'd make a row  
If down below they had a root  
Preparing food and drink to suit?

The trees are rustling all their leaves—  
Why shouldn't they? Who is there grieves  
When neatly dressed from top to toe  
And not a cent to pay or owe?

The fishes dart about the sea—  
Why shouldn't they? It seems to me  
That men enjoy mere rambling, too,  
Provided there's no work to do.

The sun is shining in the sky—

Why shouldn't he? He needn't try—  
It's not so difficult to shine  
Without a rival in one's line.

The clouds go sailing overhead—  
Why shouldn't they? Who cares a red  
Where they may go or when they stop?  
They haven't got to tend a shop.

The little lambs do skip and play—  
Why shouldn't they? What's in their way?  
They have no bric-à-brac to smash,  
Or doctor's bills to pay in cash.

All Nature finds the world atune—  
Why shouldn't she? The month is June.  
The grass is green, the sky is blue.  
How very trite that is, though true!



# Destitution

BY S. F. BACHELDER

HADJI is back from beyond the sea,  
Back where our green oasis smiles.  
Wonderful stories now has he  
How the English live in their distant isles.  
He told of their Khan and his glittering state  
Where his mighty sheiks make their low  
salaams;  
But I asked, "Does his country grow the  
date?"  
And he said, "My father, they have no  
palms."

O wretched people! Why try to tell  
Of their riches and plenty, power and  
health?

We men of the desert know full well  
They have no hold on the source of wealth.  
If we tighten our girdles for want of meat  
Or stay with slumber our stomachs'  
qualms,

Say not the English have more to eat;  
We know they cannot. They have no  
palms.

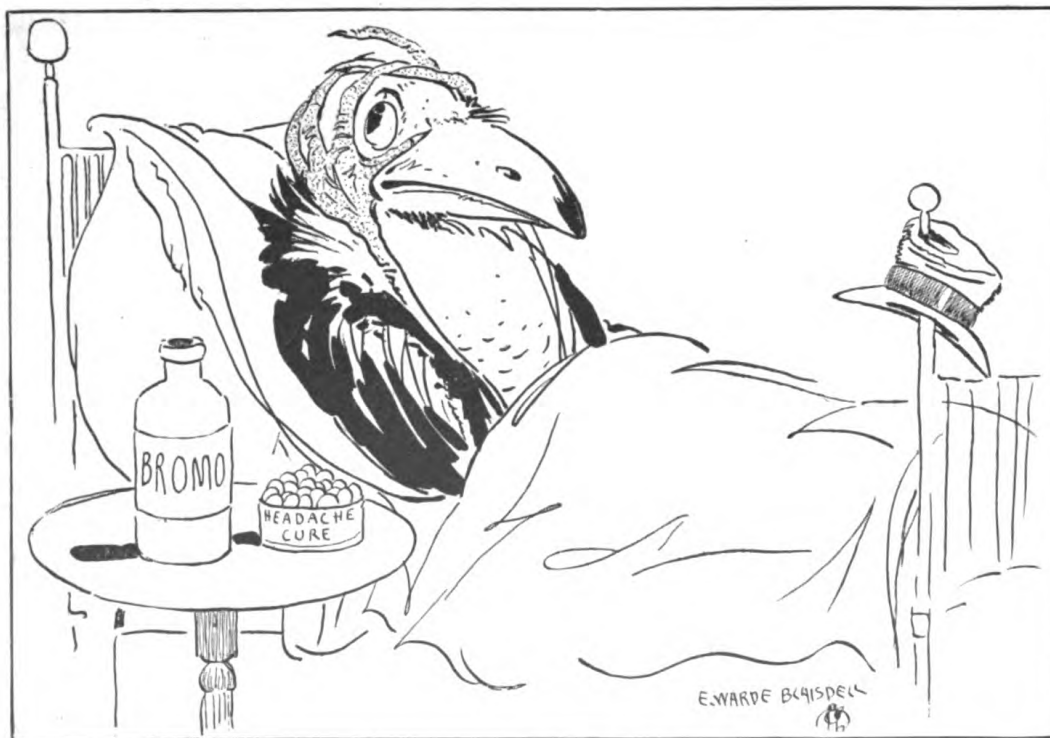
We wrap our heads from the red simoon,  
Or freeze in the midnight's icy breath,  
While Hadji tells of a land whose noon  
Needs not a turban to ward off death;  
Where the nights are soft, and the frequent  
rain

Makes glad the earth with its fruitful balm;  
But what, say we, is the final gain  
If the field brings forth not a single palm?

Let not us fortunate folk upbraid  
Those poor and ignorant Feringees.  
They toil content in the stunted shade  
Of strange, unfruitful, and useless trees,  
Not knowing their life is void and weak  
As the false mirage in the noonday  
calm;  
And many a substitute they seek  
In place of the all-providing palm.

They shift as they can with a cotton thread,  
With an iron needle they push it through,  
Their oil they force from a fish's head,  
From grain comes the wine that they must  
brew;  
They plait their cordage of strange brown  
hay,  
Fold fans of paper for their madames,  
And fashion shelters of fire-burnt clay.—  
That needy nation that has no palms.

I know not why they are so accurst,  
Nor why such hardship should on them  
fall,  
But surely Kismet has done its worst  
In thus denying the all-in-all.  
Yet truly they seem a pious race,  
Worshipping Allah with prayer and  
psalm;—  
Perhaps, who knows, He will show His  
grace  
And grant them His greatest gift, the  
palm.



*Quoth the Raven: "Never more."*





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DEATH OF HENRY VI.—FROM A PAINTING BY EDWIN A. ABBEY, R. A.

GLOSTER. *"Down, down to bell; and say I sent thee thither"*

Third part of King Henry VI.—Act V., Scene VI.

# HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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No. DCLXII

## The Romantic Adventures of Francis Drake

HOW THE SEA-ROVER BECAME PIRATE ON THE PACIFIC

BY AGNES LAUT

IF a region were discovered where gold was valued less than cart-loads of clay, and ropes of pearls could be obtained in barter for strings of glass beads, the modern mind would have some idea of the frenzy that prevailed in Spain after the discovery of America by Columbus. Native temples were found in Chile, in Peru, in Central America, in Mexico, where gold literally lined the walls, silver paved the floors, and hand-fuls of pearls were as thoughtlessly thrown on the laps of the conquerors as shells might be tossed at a modern clambake.

The chivalry of the Spanish nobility suddenly became a chivalry of the high seas. Religious zeal burned to a flame against those gold-lined pagan temples. It was easy to believe that the transfer of wedges of pure gold from heathen hands to Spain was a veritable despoiling of the devil's treasure-boxes, glorious in the sight of God. The trackless sea became the path to fortune. Balboa had deeper motives than loyalty when, in 1513, on his march across Panama and discovery of the Pacific, he rushed waist-deep into the water, shouting out in swelling words that he took possession of earth, air, and water for Spain "for all time, past, present, or to come, without contradiction, . . . north and south, with all the

seas from the Pole Arctic to the Pole Antarctic, . . . both now, and as long as the world endures, until the final day of judgment."

Shorn of noise, the motive was simply to shut out the rest of the world from Spain's treasure-box. The Monroe doctrine was not yet born. *The whole Pacific was to be a closed sea!*

That is, the sea *was* shut against all comers till Drake came coursing round the world; and his coming was so utterly impossible to the Spanish mind that half the treasure-ships scuttled by the English pirate mistook him for a visiting Spaniard, till the rallying-cry, "God and St. George!" wakened them from their dream.

It was by accident the English first found themselves in the waters of the Spanish Main. John Hawkins had been cruising the West Indies, exchanging slaves for gold, when an ominous stillness fell on the sea. The palm-trees took on the hard glister of metal leaves. The sunless sky turned yellow, the sea to brass; and before the six English ships could find shelter, a hurricane broke that flailed the fleet under sails torn to tatters clear across the Gulf of Mexico to San Juan de Ulloa, Vera Cruz, the stronghold of Spanish power.

But Hawkins feared neither man nor devil. He reefed his storm-torn sails,

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had the stoppers pulled out of his cannon, his gunners alert, ran up the English ensign, and boldly towed his fleet into port directly under Spanish guns. Sending a messenger ashore, he explained that he was sorry to intrude on forbidden waters, but that he needed to careen his ships for the repair of leakages, and now asked permission from the viceroy to refit. As he waited for permission, there sailed into the harbor the Spanish fleet itself, twelve merchantmen rigged as frigates, loaded with treasure to the value of 1,800,000 pounds. The Viceroy of Mexico, Don Martin Henriquez, himself commanded the fleet. English and Spanish ships dipped sails to each other as courteous hidalgos might have doffed hats; and the guns roared salutes that set the seas churning. Master John Hawkins quaffed mug after mug of foaming beer, with a boisterous boast that if the Spaniards thought to frighten *him* with a waste of powder and smoke, he could play the same game, and "sing the don's beard."

Came a messenger then, clad in mail to his teeth, very pompous, very gracious, very profuse of welcome, with a guarantee in writing from the viceroy of security for Hawkins while dismantling the English ships. In order to avoid clashes among the common soldiers, a fortified island was assigned for the English to disembark. It was the 12th of August, 1568. Darkness fell with the warm velvet carress of a tropic sea. Half the crews had landed, half the cannon been trundled ashore for the vessels to be beached next day, when Hawkins noticed torches—a thousand torches—glistening above the mailed armor of a thousand Spanish soldiers marching down from the fort and being swiftly transferred to the frigates. A blare of Spanish trumpets blew to arms! The waters were suddenly alight with the flare of five fire-rafts drifting straight where the disarmed English fleet lay moored. Hawkins had just called his page to hand round mugs of beer, when a cannon-shot splintering through the mast-arms overhead ripped the tankard out of his hand.

"God and St. George," thundered the enraged Englishman, "down with the traitorous devils!"

No time to save sailors ashore! The blazing rafts had already bumped keels with the moored fleet. No chance to raise anchors! The Spanish frigates were already abreast in a life-and-death grapple, soldiers boarding the English decks, sabring the crews, hurling hand-grenades down the hatches to blow up the powder-magazines. Hawkins roared "to cut the cables." It was a hand-to-hand slaughter on decks slippery with blood. No light but the musketry fire and glare of burning masts! The little English company were fighting like a wild beast trapped, when, with thunder-clap that tore bottom out of hull, Hawkins's ship flew into mid-air, a flaring, fiery wreck, then sank in the heaving trough of the sea, carrying down five hundred Spaniards to a watery grave. Cutlass in hand, head over heels, went Hawkins into the sea. The hell of smoke, of flaming mast-poles, of blazing musketry, of churning waters, hid him. Then a rope's end flung out by some friend gave hand-hold. He was up the side of a ship that had cut hawsers and was off before the fire-rafts came. Sails were hoisted to the seaward breeze. In the carnage of fire and blood, the Spaniards did not see the two smallest English vessels scudding before the wind as if fiend-chased. Every light on the decks was put out. Then the dark of the tropic night hid them. Without food, without arms, with scarcely a remnant of their crews, the two ships drifted to sea.

Not a man of the sailors ashore escaped. All were butchered, or taken prisoners for a fate worse than butchery—to be torn apart in the market-place of Vera Cruz, baited in the streets to the yells of onlookers, hung by the arms to out-of-doors scaffolding to die by inches or be torn by vultures. The two ships at sea were in terrible plight. North, west, south, was the Spanish foe. Food there was none. The crews ate the dogs, monkeys, parrots, on board. Then they set traps for the rats of the hold. The starving seamen begged to be marooned. They would risk Spanish cruelty to escape starvation. Hawkins landed three-quarters of the remnant crews either in Yucatan or in Florida. Then he crept lamely back to England, where he moored in January, 1569.



Of the six splendid ships that had spread their sails from Plymouth, only the *Minion* and *Judith* came back; and these two had been under command of a thick-set, stalky, red-haired English boy about twenty-four years of age — Francis Drake, of Devon, who had invested everything he owned in Hawkins's venture to the West Indies. The young sailor was ruined to his last penny by Spanish treachery. It was almost a religion for England to hate Spain at that time. Drake now hated ten-fold more. Spain had taught the world to keep off her treasure-box. Would Drake accept the lesson, or challenge it?

Men who master destiny rise like the Phoenix, from the ashes of their own ruin. In the language of the street, when they fall, these men of destiny, they make a point of falling *up*-stairs. Amid the ruin of massacre in Mexico, Drake brought away one fact—memory of Spanish gold to the value of 1,800,000 pounds. Where did it come from? Was the secret of that gold the true reason for Spain's resentment against all intruders? Drake had coasted Florida and the West Indies. He knew they yielded no such harvest. Then it must come from South America, Central America, or Mexico.



For two years Drake prospected for the sources of that golden wealth. By 1572 he knew the secret of that gold—gold in ship-loads, in caravans of one thousand mules, in masses that filled from cellar to attic of the King's treasure-house, where tribute of one-fifth was collected for royalty. It came from the subjugated kingdom of Peru, by boat up the Pacific to the port of Panama, by pack-trains across the isthmus—mountainous, rugged forests of mangroves tangled with vines, bogs that were bottomless, to Nombre de Dios, the Spanish fort on the Atlantic side,

which had become the storehouse of all New Spain.

Next year Drake was back on the Spanish Main, in the *Pacha*, forty-seven men, his brother John commanding the *Swan*, with twenty-six of a crew, only one man older than fifty, the rest mere boys with hate in their hearts for Spanish blood, love in their hearts for Spanish gold. Touching at a hidden cove for provisions left the year before, Drake found this warning from a former comrade, stuck to the bark of a tree by a hunting-knife:

Captain Drake—if you do fortune into this port, haste away; for the Spaniards have betrayed this place, and taken all away that you left here—your loving friend—John Garret.

Heeding the warning, Drake hastened away to the Isle of Pines, off the isthmus, left the ships at a concealed cove here, armed fifty-three of his boldest fellows, called for drummers and trumpeters, rowed in a small boat for Nombre de Dios, the treasure-house of New Spain, and sent ashore for some Indians—half-breeds whom Spanish cruelty had driven to revolt. This increased Drake's force to 150 men. Silently, just as the moon emerged from clouds, lighting up harbor and town—the long-boat glided into Nombre de Dios. A high platform, mounted with brass cannon, fronted the water. Behind were thirty houses, thatch-roofed, whitewashed, palisaded, surrounded with courtyards with an almost European pomp. The King's treasure-house stood at one end of the market. Near it was a chapel with high wooden steeple.

A Spanish ship lay furled in port. From this glided out a punt, poled like mad by a Spaniard racing to reach the platform first. Drake got athwart the fellow's path, knocked him over, gagged his yells, and was up the platform before the sleepy gunner on guard was well awake. The sentry only paused to make sure that the men scrambling up the fort were not ghosts. Then he tore at the top of his speed for the alarm-bell of the chapel, and clapping down the hatch door of the steeple stairs in the faces of the pursuing Englishmen, rang the bells like a demon possessed.

Leaving twelve men to hold the plat-

form as a retreat, Drake sent sixteen to attack the King's treasure, just at the moment he himself with his hundred men should succeed in drawing the entire Spanish garrison to a sham battle on the market-place. The cannon on the platform were spiked and overturned. Drums beating, trumpets blowing, torches aflame, the English freebooter marched straight to the market. Up at the treasure-house, John Drake and Oxenham had burst open the doors of the storeroom, just as saddled mules came galloping to carry the booty beyond danger. A lighted candle on the cellar stair showed silver piled bar on bar to the value of one million pounds. Down on the market the English trumpeter lay dead. Drake had fallen from a sword-slash, and, snatched up by comrades, the wound stanching by a scarf, was carried back to the boat, where the raiders made good their escape, richer by a million pounds, with the loss of only one man.

Drake cruised the Spanish Main for six more months. From the Indians he learned that the mule trains with the yearly output of Peruvian gold would leave the Pacific in midwinter to cross over to Nombre de Dios. No use trying to raid the fort again! Spain would not be caught napping a second time. But Pedro, the Panama Indian, had volunteered to guide a small band of lightly equipped English inland behind Nombre de Dios, to the half-way house where the gold caravans stopped. The audacity of the project is unparalleled. Eighteen boys led by a man not yet in his thirtieth year, accompanied by Indians, were to invade a tangled thicket of hostile country, cut off from retreat; the forts of the enemy—the cruelest enemy in Christendom—on each side, no provisions but what each carried in his haversack!

Led by the Indian Pedro, the freebooters struck across country, picked up the trail behind Nombre de Dios, marched by night, hid by day. Indian scouts sending back word when a Spaniard was seen, the English scudding to ambush in the tangled woods. At ten in the morning of February 11, they were on the Great Divide, where Pedro led Drake to the top of the hill. Up the trunk of an enormous tree the Indians had cut steps

to a kind of bower or look-out. Up clambered Francis Drake. Then he looked westward.

Mountains, hills, forested valleys, rolled from his feet westward. Beyond — what? The shining expanse of the fabled South Sea! The Pacific silver in the morning light! A new world of waters, where the sun's track seemed to pave a new path, a path of gold, to the mystic Orient! Never before had English eyes seen these waters! Never yet English prow cut these waves! Where did they lead

—the endlessly rolling billows? For Drake, they seemed to lead to a new world of dreams—dreams of gold, of glory, of immortal fame. He came down from the lookout so overcome with a great inspiration that he could not speak. Then, like Balboa before him, the fire of a splendid enthusiasm lighted up the mean purposes of the adventurer to a higher manhood. Before his followers he fell on his knees and prayed Almighty God to grant him the supreme honor of sailing an English ship on that sea!

That night the Indian came back with word that the mule train laden with gold was close on the trail. Drake scattered his men on each side of the road, flat on their faces in high grass. Wealth was almost in their grasp. Hope beat riotous in the young bloods. No sound but the

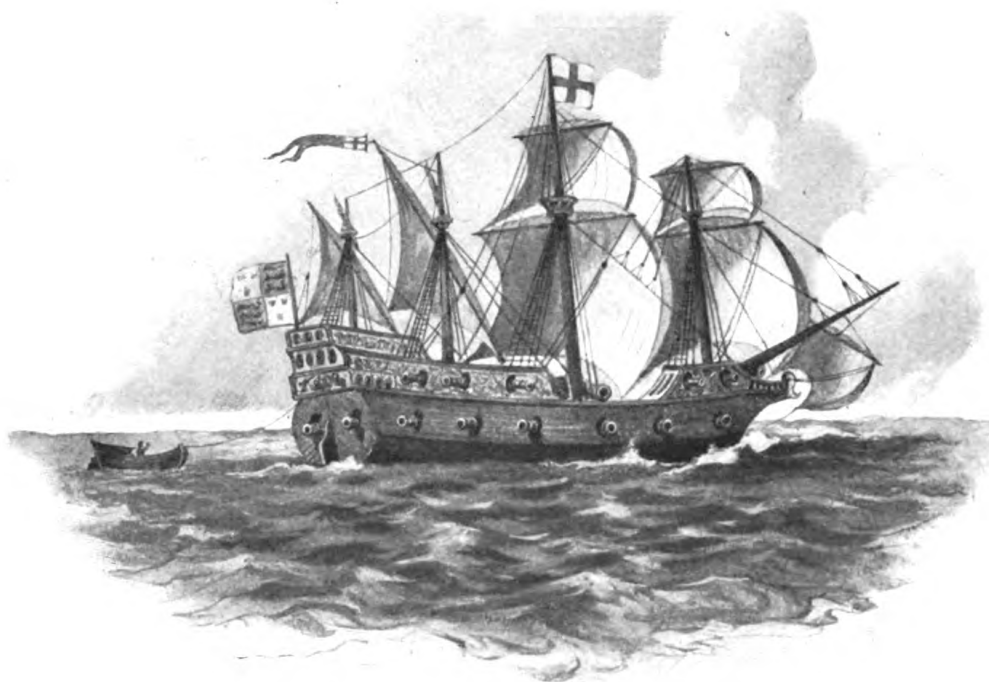


FRANCIS DRAKE

From an original painting in the possession of Sir T. F. Elliott Drake

whir of wings, as great tropic insects flitted through the dark with flashes of fire; or the clank of a soldier unstrapping haversack to steel courage by a drink of grog! An hour passed—two hours, before the eager ears pressed to earth detected a padded hoof-beat over grass. Then a bell tinkled, as the leader of the pack came in sight. Drunk with the glory of the day or too much grog, some fool sailor leaped in mid-air with an exultant yell! In a second the mule train had stampeded.

By the time Drake came to the half-way house the gold was hidden in the woods and the Spaniards fleeing for their lives; though an old chronicle declares "the general" went from house to house assuring the Spanish ladies they were safe. The Spaniards of Terra Firma were simply paralyzed with fright



DRAKE'S SHIP THE "GOLDEN HIND"

From a map, "Civitas Carthagena," in the volume "Expediitio Francisci Draki Equitis Angli in Indias Occidentales A. MDLXXXV." Published in Leyden, in 1588

at the apparition of pirates in the centre of the kingdom. Then scouts brought word to Drake of double danger: on the Atlantic side, Spanish frigates were searching for the English ships; from the Pacific, two hundred horsemen were advancing in hot pursuit. Between the two—was he trapped? Not he. Overland went a scout to the ships—Drake's own gold toothpick as token—bidding them keep off shore; he would find means to come out to them. Then he retreated back over the trail at lightning pace, sleeping only in ambush, eating in snatches, coming out on the coast far distant from Nombre de Dios and Spanish frigates. Binding driftwood into a raft, Drake hoisted sail of flour-sacks. Six hours the raft was drifting to the sails on the offing; and such seas were slopping across the water-logged driftwood, the men were to their waists in water when the sailboats came to the rescue.

On Sunday morning, August 9, 1573, the ships were once more in Plymouth.

Whispers ran through the assembled congregations of the churches that Drake, the bold sea-rover, was entering port loaded with foreign treasure; and out rushed every man, woman, and child, leaving the scandalized preachers thundering to empty pews.

Drake was now one of the richest men in England. To the Queen he told his plans for sailing an English ship on the South Sea. To her, no doubt, he related the tales of Spanish gold freighting that sea, closed to the rest of the world. The Pope's Bull, dividing off the southern hemisphere between Portugal and Spain, mattered little to a nation belligerently Protestant, and less to a seaman whose dauntless daring had raised him from a wharf-rat to Queen's adviser. Elizabeth could not yet wound Spain openly; but she received Drake in audience, and presented him a magnificent sword with the words, "Who striketh thee, Drake, striketh us!"

Five ships, this time, he led out from Plymouth in 1577—the *Pelican*, of one hundred tons and twenty or thirty cannon, under Drake (Thomas Doughty, a courtier, second to Drake); the *Elizabeth*, of eighty tons; the *Swan*, *Christopher*, and *Marygold*, no larger than fishing-schooners,—manned in all by one hundred and sixty sailors, mostly boys.

Outward bound for trade in Egypt, the world was told; but as merchantmen, the ships were regally equipped—Drake in velvets and gold braid, served by ten young gentlemen of noble birth, who never sat or covered in his presence without permission; service of gold plate at the mess-table, where Drake dined alone like a king, to the music of viols and harps; military drill at every port; and provisions enough aboard to go round the world, not just to Egypt.

Not in Egypt, but at Port St. Julian, a southernmost harbor of South America, anchored Drake's fleet. The scaffold where Magellan had executed mutineers half a century before still stood in the sands.

Doughty, second in command, had grown defiant, and a party was growing in his favor. Drake dared not go on to unknown, hostile seas with a mutiny, or the chance of a mutiny, brewing. Whether justly or unjustly, Doughty was tried at Port St. Julian, under the shadow of Magellan's old scaffold, for inciting mutiny, and was pronounced guilty by a jury of twelve. A council of forty voted his death. The witnesses had contradicted themselves, as if in terror of Drake's displeasure; and some plainly pleaded that the jealous crew of the *Marygold*, whom Doughty had angered by strict discipline, were doing an innocent gentleman to death. The one thing Drake would not do was—carry the trouble-maker along on the voyage. Like dominant spirits world over, he did not permit one life more or less to obstruct his purpose. He granted Doughty a choice of fates—to be marooned in Patagonia or suffer death on the spot. Protesting his innocence, Doughty spurned the least favor from his rival. He refused the choice.

Solemnly the two, accuser and accused, took Holy Communion together. Solemnly each called on God as witness

to the truth. A day each spent in prayer, these pirate fellows who mixed their religion with their robbery—perhaps using piety as sugar coating for their ill deeds. Then they dined together in the commander's tent, Fletcher, the horrified chaplain, looking on; drank hilariously to each other's health, to each other's voyage, whatever the end might be; looked each in the eye of the other without quailing; talked nonchalantly, never flinching courage nor balking at the grim shadow of their own stubborn temper. Doughty then rose to his feet, drank his last bumper, thanked Drake graciously for former kindness, walked calmly out to the old scaffold, laid his head on the block, and suffered death. Horror fell on the crew. Even Drake was shaken from his wonted calm; for he sat apart, his velvet cloak thrown back, slapping his crossed knees, and railing at the defenders of the dead man. To rouse the men, he had solemn service held for the crew, and for the first time revealed to them his project for the voyage on the Pacific. After painting the glories of a campaign against Spanish ports of the South Seas, he wound up an inspiring address with the rousing assurance that after this voyage "*the worst boy aboard would never nede to goe agayne to sea, but be able to lyve in England like a right good gentleman.*"

The superstitious crews' fears of disaster for the death of Doughty seemed to become very real in the terrific tempests that assailed the three ships as they entered the Strait of Magellan to round into the Pacific. Gales lashed cross-tides to a height of thirty feet, threatening to swamp the little craft. Mountains emerged shadowy through the mists on the south. Roiling waters met the prows from end to end of the strait. Topsails were dipped, psalms of thanks chanted, and prayers held as the ships came out on the west side into the Pacific on the 6th of September. In honor of the first English vessel to enter this ocean, Drake renamed his ship *Golden Hind*. The first week of October, storms compelled the vessels to anchor. In the raging darkness that night, the explosive rip of a snap-



ping hawser was heard behind the stern of the *Golden Hind*. Fearful cries rose from the waves for help. The dark form of a phantom ship lurched past in the running seas—the *Marygold* adrift, loose from her anchor, driving to the open storm: fearful judgment—as the listeners thought—for the crew's false testimony against Doughty; for, as the old record states, "they could by no means help spooming along before the sea"; and the *Marygold* was nevermore seen. Meanwhile, like disaster had befallen the *Golden Hind*, the cable snapping weak as thread against the drive of tide and wind.

Onward, sails furled, bare poles straining to the storm, drifted Drake in the *Golden Hind*, the one ship that remained of all his fleet. Luck, that so often favors daring, or the courage that is its own talisman, kept him from the rocks. With battened hatches, he drove before what he could not stem, southward and south, clear down where the Atlantic and Pacific met at Cape Horn, now for the first time seen by navigator. Here, at last, on October 13, came a lull. Drake landed, and took possession of this earth's end for the Queen. Then he headed his prow northward for the forbidden waters of the Pacific bordering New Spain. Not a Spaniard was seen up to the Bay of San Felipe off Chile, where by the end of November Drake came on an Indian fisherman. Thinking the ship Spanish, the fellow offered to pilot her back eighteen miles to the harbor of Valparaiso.

Spanish vessels lay rocking to the tide as Drake glided into the port. So utterly impossible was it deemed for any foreign ship to enter the Pacific, that the Spanish commander of the fleet at anchor dipped sails in salute to the pirate heretic, thinking him a messenger from Spain, and beat him a rattling welcome on the drum as the *Golden Hind* knocked keels with the Spanish bark. Drake doubtless smiled as he returned the salute by a wave of his plumed hat. The Spaniards actually had wine-jars out to drown the newcomers ashore, when a quick clamping of iron hooks locked the Spanish vessel in death-grapple to the *Golden Hind*. An English sailor leaped over decks to the Spanish galleon, with a

yell of, "*Downe Spanish dogges!*" The crew of sixty English pirates had swarmed across the vessel like hornets before the poor hidalgo knew what had happened. Head over heels down the hatchway reeled the astonished dons. Drake clapped down hatches, and had the Spaniards trapped, while his men went ashore to sack the town. One Spaniard had succeeded in swimming across to warn the port. When Drake landed, the entire population had fled to the hills. Rich plunder in wedges of pure gold, and gems, was carried off from the fort. Not a drop of blood was shed. Crews of the scuttled vessels were set ashore, the dismantled ships sent drifting to open sea. The whole fiasco was conducted as harmlessly as a melodrama, with a moral thrown in; for were not these zealous Protestants despoiling these zealous Catholics, whose zeal, in turn, had led them to despoil the Indian? There was a moral; but it wore a coat of many colors. The Indian was rewarded, and a Greek pilot forced on board to steer to Lima, the great treasury of Peruvian gold.

Drake's men were intoxicated with their success. It was impossible to attack Panama with only the *Golden Hind*; but what if the *Golden Hind* could catch the *Glory of the South Seas*—the splendid Spanish galleon that yearly carried Peruvian gold up to Panama? Drake gained first news of the treasure-ship being afloat while he was rifling three barks at Aricara, below Lima; but he knew couriers were already speeding overland to warn the Spanish governor. Drake pressed sail to outstrip the land messenger, and glided into Callao, the port of Lima, before the thirty ships lying dismantled had the slightest inkling of his presence.

Viceroy Don Francisco de Toledo, of Lima, thought the overland courier mad. A pirate heretic in the South Seas! Preposterous! Some Spanish rascal had turned pirate; so the Governor gathered up two thousand soldiers to march with all speed for Callao, with hot wrath and swift punishment for the culprit. Drake had already sacked Callao; but he had missed the treasure-ship. She had just left for Panama. The *Golden Hind* was lying outside the port becalmed when Don Toledo came pouring his two



QUEEN ELIZABETH KNIGHTING DRAKE ON BOARD THE "GOLDEN HIND" AT DEPTFORD, APRIL 4, 1581

From a drawing by Sir John Gilbert, R. A.



thousand soldiers down to the wharves. The Spaniards dashed to embark on the rifled ships with a wild halloo! He was becalmed, the blackguard pirate—whoever he was. They would tow out! Divine Providence had surely given him into their hands; but just as they began rowing might and main a fresh wind ruffled the water. The *Golden Hind* spread her wings to the wind and was off like a bird! Drake knew no ship afloat could outsail his swift little craft; and the Spaniards had embarked in such haste, they had come without provisions. Famine turned the pursuers back near the equator, the disgusted viceroy hastening to equip frigates that would catch the English pirate when famine would compel him to head southward.

Drake reefed sails to capture another gold cargo. The crew of this caravel were so grateful to be put ashore instead of having their throats cut, that they revealed to Drake the stimulating fact that the *Cacafuego*, the *Glory of the South Seas*, the treasure-ship, was only two days ahead, laden with golden wealth untold.

It was now a wild race for gold—for gold enough to enrich every man of the crew; Drake called on the men to acquit themselves like men. The sailors answered with a shout. Every inch of sail was spread. Old muskets and cutlasses were scoured till they shone like the sun. Men scrambled up the mast-poles to gaze seaward for sight of sail. Every nerve was braced. They were now across the equator. A few hundred miles more, and the *Glory of the South Seas* would lie safely inside the strong harbor of Panama. Drake ordered the thirty cannon ready for action, and in a loud voice offered the present of his own golden chain to the man who should first desecrate the sails of the Spanish treasure. For once his luck failed. The wind suddenly fell. Before Drake needed to issue the order, his "brave boys" were over decks and out in the small boats, rowing for dear life, towing the *Golden Hind*. Day or night from February 24 they did not slack, scarcely pausing to eat or sleep.

At three in the afternoon of March 1, John Drake, the commander's brother, shouted out from the mast-top where

he clung, "Ship ho!" and the blood of every Englishman aboard jumped to the words. At six in the evening, just off Cape Francisco, they were so close to the *Glory of the South Seas*, they could see that she was compelled to sail slowly owing to the weight of her cargo. So unaware of danger was the captain that he thought Drake some messenger sent by the viceroy, and instead of getting arms in readiness and pressing sails, he furled his canvas, came to anchor, and waited! Drake's announcement was a roaring cannonade that blew the mast-poles off the Spanish ship, crippling her like a bird with wings broken. For the rest, the scene was what has been enacted wherever pirates have played their game—a furious fusillade from the cannon mouths belching from decks and port-holes, the unscathed ship riding down on the staggering victim like a beast on its prey, the clapping of the grappling-hooks that bound the captive to the sides of her victor, the rush over decks, the flash of naked sword, the decks swimming in blood, and the quick surrender. The booty from this treasure-ship was roughly estimated at twenty-six tons of pure silver, thirteen chests of gold plate, eighty pounds of pure gold, and precious jewels—emeralds and pearls—to the value in modern money of \$720,000

Drake realized now that he dared not return to England by the Strait of Magellan. All the Spanish frigates of the Pacific were on the watch. The *Golden Hind* was so heavily freighted with treasure, it was actually necessary to lighten ballast by throwing spices and silks overboard.

After taking counsel with his ten chosen advisers, Drake decided to give the Spanish frigates the slip by discovering and returning through the Northeast Passage. In the course of rifling port and ship at Guataleo, charts to the Philippines and Indian Ocean were found; so that even if the voyage to England by the Northeast Passage proved impossible, the *Golden Hind* could follow these charts round the world by the Indian Ocean and Good Hope up Africa.

It was needless for Drake to sack more Spanish floats. He had all the plunder he could carry. From the charts

he learned that the Spaniards always struck north for favorable winds. Heading north, month after month the *Golden Hind* sailed for the shore that should have led northeast, and that puzzled the mariners by sheering west and yet west; fourteen hundred leagues she sailed along a leafy wilderness of tangled trees and rosy mosses. Then a sudden cold fell; cold and fogs that chilled the mariners of tropic seas to the bone. The veering coast pushed them out farther westward, far north of what the Spanish charts showed. Instead of flying-fish, now, were whales, whales in schools of thousands that gambolled round the *Golden Hind*. As the north winds—"frozen nimphe," the record calls them—blew down the cold arctic fogs, Drake's men thought they were certainly nearing the arctic pole. Where were they? Plainly lost, lost somewhere along what are now known as Mendocino and Blanco and Flattery—in a word, up as far as Oregon, and perhaps Washington. One record says they went to latitude 43°. Another record, purporting to be more correct, says 48°. The Spaniards had been north as far as California; but beyond this, however far he may have gone, Drake was a discoverer in the true sense of the word. Mountains covered with snow they saw, and white cliffs, and low shelving shores, which is more descriptive of Oregon and Washington than of California. Land was sighted at 42°, north of Mendocino, and an effort made to anchor farther north; but contrary winds and a rock bottom gave insecure mooring. The coast still seemed to trend westward, dispelling hopes of a Northeast Passage; and if the world could have accepted Drake's conclusions on the matter, a deal of expenditure in human life and effort might have been saved. The old chronicle relates:

*The cause of this extreme cold we conceive to be the large spreading of the Asian and American continent, if they be not fully joyned, yet seem they to come very neere, from whose high and snow-covered mountains, the north and north-west winds send abroad their frozen nimphe to the infecting of the whole air—hence comes it that in the midst of their summer, the snow hardly departeth from these hills at all; hence*

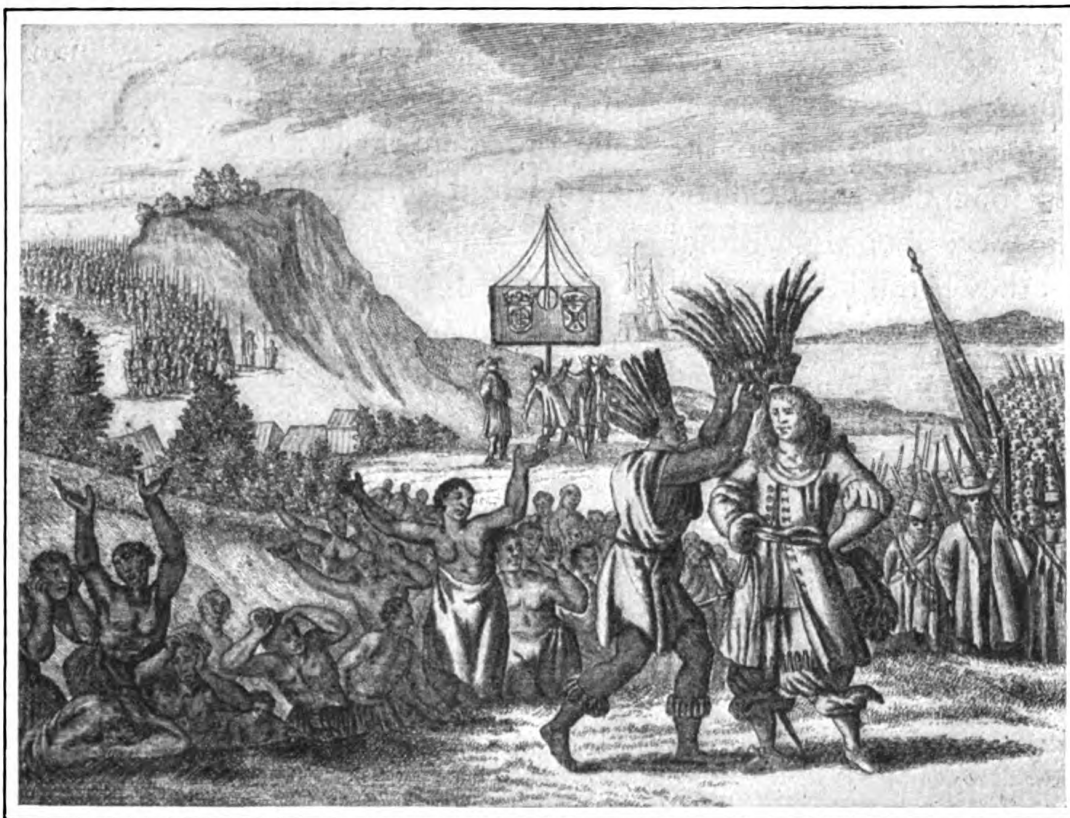
*come those thicke mists and most stinking fogges, . . . for these reasons we coniecture that either there is no passage at all through these Northerne coasts, which is most likely, or if there be, that it is unnavigable. . . . Adde there unto, that though we searched the coast diligently even unto the 48 degree, yet found we not the land to trend in any place towards the East, but rather running continually North-West, as if it went directly to meet with Asia . . . of which we infallibly concluded rather than coniectured, that there was none.*

Giving up all idea of a Northeast Passage, Drake turned south, and on June 17, 1579, anchored in a bay now thoroughly identified as Drakes Bay, north of San Francisco.

The next morning, while the English were yet on the *Golden Hind*, came an Indian in a canoe, shouting out oration of welcome, blowing feather-down on the air as a sign of dovelike peace, and finally, after three times essaying courage, coming near enough the English to toss a rush basket full of tobacco into the ship. In vain Drake threw out presents to allure the Indian on board. The terrified fellow scampered ashore, refusing everything but a gorgeous hat that floated out on the water. For years the legend of Drake's ship was handed down as a tradition among the Indians of this bay.

By the 21st, tents were erected, and a rude fortification of stone thrown round in protection where the precious cargo of gold could be stored while the ship was to be careened and scraped. At the foot of the hill the poor Indians gathered and gazed spellbound at the sight of this great winged bird of the ocean, sending thirty cannon trundling ashore, and herself beginning to rise up from the tide on piles and scaffolding. As Drake sent the assembled tribe presents, the Indians laid down their bows and spears. So marvellously did the wonders of the white men grow—sticks that emitted puffs of fire (muskets), a ship that could have carried their tribe, clothing in velvet and gold braid gorgeous as the plumage of a bird, cutlasses of steel—that by the 23d great assemblages of Indians were on their knees at the foot of the hill, offering sacrifices to the wonderful beings in the fort. Whatever the





THE CROWNING OF DRAKE BY CALIFORNIA INDIANS  
(From an old print in Ogilvie's "America," published 1671)

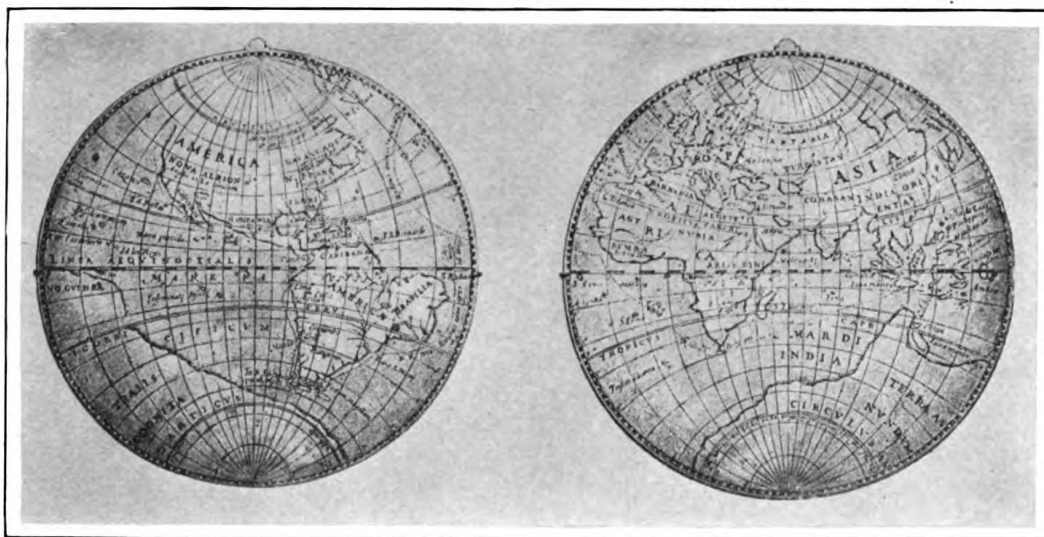
English pirate's faults, he deserves credit for treating the Indians with an honor that puts later navigators to shame. When he saw them gashing bodies in sacrifice, his superstition took fire with fear of divine displeasure for the sacrilege; and he fell "to prayers," as the old chronicler says, reading the Bible aloud, and setting his crew to singing Psalms, and pointing to the sky, at which the Indians grunted approvals of "ho-ho!"

Three days later came couriers from the "King of the Indians"—the chief—bidding the strangers prepare for the great sachem's visit. The couriers advanced, gyrating and singing; so that the English saw in this strange people nomads like the races of Scripture, whose ceremony was one of song and dance.

Drake drew his soldiers up in line, and with trumpets blowing and armor a gleam, marched out to welcome the Indian chief. Then the whole company of savages broke out in singing and dancing. Drake was signalled to sit down

in the centre. Barely had he obeyed when, to the shouting and dancing of the multitude, a chain was thrown over his neck, a crown placed on his head, and the sceptre put in his hand. According to Indian custom, Drake was welcomed by the ceremony of adoption into the tribe—the sceptre being a peace-pipe; the crown, an Indian warrior's head-dress. Far otherwise the ceremony appeared to the romantic treasure-hunters. "*In the name and to the use of Her Most Excellent Majesty,*" records the chaplain, "*he (Drake) tooke the sceptre, crowne, and dignity of the sayd countrie into his hand*"; though, added the pious chaplain of pirates, when he witnessed the Indians bringing the sick to be healed by the master pirate's touch, "*we groane in spirit to see the power of Sathan so farre prevails.*"

To avert disaster for the sacrilege of the sacred touch of healing, Drake added to his prayers strong lotions and good ginger plasters. Some time in the next



THE SILVER MAP OF THE WORLD

Both sides of a medal struck off at the time of Drake's return to England, commemorating his voyage around the world. The faint dotted line shows the course sailed by him in the *Golden Hind*

weeks Drake travelled inland with the Indians, and because of patriotism to his native land and the resemblance of the white sand cliffs to that land, called the region "New Albion"—an offset to "New Spain." Drake saw himself a second Cortez, and nailed to a tree a brass plate on which were graven the Queen's name, the year, the free surrender of the country, and Drake's own name.

On the 23d of July the English pirate bade farewell to the Indians. As he looked back from the sea, they were running along the hilltops burning more of the fires which he thought were sacrifices.

Following the chart taken from the Spanish ship, Drake steered for the Philippines, thence southward through the East Indies to the Indian Ocean, and past Good Hope, back to Plymouth, where he came to anchor on September 26, 1580. Bells were set ringing. Post went spurring to London with word that Drake, the corsair, who had turned the Spanish world upside down, had come home. For a week the little world of England gave itself up to feasting. Ballads rang with the fame of Drake. His name was on every tongue.

For once the tactful Queen was in a quandary. Complaints were pouring in from Spain. The Spanish ambassador was furious. For six months, while

the world resounded with his fame, the court withheld approval. Jealous courtiers "deemed Drake the master thief of the unknown world," till Elizabeth cut the gordian knot by one of her defiant strokes. On April 4 she went in state to dine on the *Golden Hind*, to the music of those stringed instruments that had harped away Drake's fear of death or devil as he ploughed an English keel round the world. After the dinner she bade him fall to his knees, and with a light touch of the sword gave him the title that was seal of the court's approval. The *Golden Hind* was kept as a public relic till it fell to pieces on the Thames, and the wood was made into a memorial chair for Oxford.

After all the perils Drake saw in the subsequent war—Cadiz and the Armada—it seems strange that he should return to the scene of his first exploits to die. He was with Hawkins in the campaign of 1595 against Spain in the West Indies. Things had not gone well. He had not approved of Hawkins's plan of attack; and the venture was being bungled. Sick of the equatorial fever, or of chagrin from failure, Drake died off Porto Bello in the fifty-first year of his age. His body was placed in a leaden coffin and solemnly committed to that sea where he had won his first glory.

# Midland Terminal

BY VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN

MISS DOROTHEA MARCH had become aware that something was missing—an uncomfortable feeling, as we all know. Personal property, of course—to be exact, Mr. Alexis More, messenger-boy, knight errant, and general factotum in Miss March's entourage since the very beginning of things. Worst of all, it looked as though he had lost himself—and deliberately, too, for there he sat in the Japanese tea-house talking to the two Hill girls. Dorothea frowned, and little Mr. Symons shuffled his feet uneasily; in his heart he was afraid of Miss March. A pause—that is to say, an intellectual one—followed.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Symons?"

"I merely remarked that I didn't like bats, Miss March."

"Why should you? Nobody does. I don't suppose that you could find a single person at this garden-party who would say a good word for them. The bats are as friendless as the Mormons."

"I might preach against them next Sunday," suggested the clergyman, with mild irony. "It's rather difficult to get subjects upon which my parishioners are fully agreed. There are the candles; it seems quite hopeless—"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Symons?"

"I was speaking of the candles."

"Oh, I thought we were still on bats. Still, there is a connection, you know; you can't keep the windows closed on these warm evenings."

"Miss March!"

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Symons, but I seem to be hopelessly scatter-brained this afternoon. Perhaps you could get me something."

Mr. Symons reflected earnestly. "A sherbet?" he suggested.

"That would be very nice. And on your way would you mind saying to Lexy—I mean Mr. More—that he has my vinaigrette in one of his thousand pockets. No; nothing else, thank you."

Mr. Symons, glad to be on active service, hurried away, and Miss March, gloomily abstracted, continued to contemplate the Dresden-china top of her sun-shade.

Really it was astounding, this sudden defection from her standard; what could it mean? Lexy More's attendance upon her majesty had been a long-established "use"; ordinarily Miss March did not trouble to raise her voice or even to turn her head when she wanted him; he was sure to be at her elbow. But now—why, come to think of it, she had hardly caught a glimpse of him since his return from Hay Bay; it was unpardonable of Lexy.

"Why, Thea, I haven't got your salts."

"Of course not. I merely wanted you for your accustomed duties—to keep away the caterpillars and the Symonses. There he comes now! let's run."

They found themselves, breathless, in a leafy alley; it was deliciously cool here, and no one within sight or hearing. "What fun!" remarked Dorothea, and smiled upon her companion with heavenly frankness.

Lexy More flushed. "It's a long time since I've seen you," he began. There was an undercurrent of real emotion in the words; for the briefest possible moment it seemed to the girl that she was being swept off her feet.

"Yes," she assented, unsteadily. Then she found firm ground again. "I didn't know that you were an admirer of mountain scenery," she went on, smilingly. "The everlasting Hills, as the Psalter has it; also the parish register."

Mr. More colored. "Well, we had an immense time at the bay," he said, irrelevantly. "No end of muskellonge."

"Tell me all about it."

The garden-party had turned out a success, after all, and Miss March enjoyed

herself hugely. Later on there was tea on the terrace, and Dorothea, walking in the thick of the crowd, tried the experiment of dropping her handkerchief. It was Lexy More who picked it up and returned it to her. It was Lexy again who handed her up the ladder of the club brake when the time came to go; in some mysterious way he contrived to find a seat by her side as the coach moved off. Miss March reflected, with quiet satisfaction, that the missing something had been recovered, that the lost piece of personal property was again in her possession.

And yet, as the days went by, Miss March felt less secure in her newly restored proprietorship. She had still only to beckon and Lexy would come, but somehow she found fewer and fewer occasions for the exercise of her sovereignty. There was the Country Club ball and Lexy had to be in town. Business, he explained; but never before had he missed that one event of the season. And fancy dress was always so becoming to him—the excuse seemed frivolous. The same thing happened the night of Mrs. Dexter's dance. Finally, the climax arrived when he sent a regret to her own birthday dinner. Business again! When only a broken leg would have offered a perfectly satisfactory explanation.

It was then that Dorothea took serious counsel with herself. "Is he trying to avoid me?" she asked herself, indignantly. "It's absurd, ridiculous! and I won't stand it."

The next day she caught sight of the recreant at the golf club, and cornered him unshrinkingly. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Lexy More," she began, severely. "Such abominable treatment! I *demand* an explanation."

"But then—"

"Yes, I will have it. I might as well be a piece of poison-ivy and be done with it. Or shall I get a leper's bell, and ring it whenever I chance to be in your worshipful neighborhood? Honestly, Lexy, I am angry and mortified and, worst of all, hurt. I don't mind telling you, either."

Now, for the woman who can successfully use it, frankness is a far more potent weapon than coquetry; the masculine intelligence is reasonably well prepared

for a feminine ambushade, but it never dreams of a frontal attack. Yet Lexy More did not deceive himself; he stood before her cold and silent.

"Well?" demanded the lady, with a fine show of impatience.

"Since you insist upon it, I shall proceed to justify myself," he answered, firmly.

At this businesslike declaration Dorothea's show of effrontery collapsed with amazing celerity; she took refuge in the immemorial abiding-place of her sex—inconsistency.

"I'm going to play in a foursome," she said, hastily, "and haven't time to stop. Besides, you can't possibly have a reasonable explanation, and I won't listen to any other."

Apparently, Mr. More did not hear, for he went on with the utmost imperturbability. "It's quite true, Thea, that things haven't been the same between us, and they can't be. I had to stand aside, and I did it deliberately; I have been waiting until you should realize that I *was* standing aside. Then if you preferred it so, there would be nothing more said—nothing more that could be said. Otherwise I should have my chance—this chance."

"Don't, Lexy."

"I really owe it to you. People—"

"I hate people."

"Quite so, but you can't stop them from talking. What does it all mean? Everybody was asking that, and I had to face the question myself. Then, at last, I knew what I wanted; now you know it."

"Oh, Lexy; it couldn't be."

"Yes, I know. But why—why couldn't it be?"

The girl was silent, and he went on:

"I tried to reach you, to touch you, to show you myself—awkwardly enough, I dare say, but that's the man's way when he really means it. No use."

"No."

"Then why did you call me back? Not once, but twice; it might have gone on indefinitely."

"Honestly, Lexy, I don't know."

"You don't know! You don't know!"

"You mustn't be too hard on me; I had to think this thing out as well as you."

"If I should ask you straight out to marry me?" said More, boldly. "Then—"



Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

"I'M GOING TO PLAY IN A FOURSOME," SHE SAID, HASTILY





Their glances crossed, contended, retreated, and disengaged. Dorothea breathed freely again; he had scorned to press an advantage so unfair; at least they would part as becomes honorable antagonists.

"I am thinking of politics," said the man, a little shamefacedly. "The Legislature, you know; they want to use my name at the primary next Tuesday."

She nodded a pleased approval. "Good!" she said. "They need men like you in politics."

"Men like me! A trifle all my life. You know that as well as I do; it's a good enough reason—"

"Never mind that. You are wanted now and definitely; it is a career."

"A career!" repeated young Mr. More, bitterly. "As though that could satisfy—"

"Well, me for one," and she smiled at him frankly; of course he must needs misunderstand.

"I may see you now and then?"

"Of course—there goes Uncle Max! Please stop him."

Mr. Maxfield March, maternal uncle, titular godfather, and legal guardian of the doubly orphaned Dorothea, possessed the inestimable faculty of discretion; during the long drive home he delivered a monologue upon the cultivation of sugar-beets, and his niece listened reverently; it sounded like one of the homilies appointed to be read in churches, inexpressibly soothing, entirely safe.

And so Mr. Alexis More did begin to play the game of politics; his name was presented at the primary; he received the nomination, and in due course he was elected to the Lower House of the State Legislature. It was not a long step, but it was the first one, and it was soon seen that the new member from Hampton meant business; he began to be recognized in the councils of his party.

Miss Dorothea March contemplated the launching of this promising career with somewhat mixed feelings. It was splendid, of course, that Lexy More should be making a man of himself; she approved heartily of his ambition to succeed. But that the object of his efforts should be something so entirely disassociated from herself—well, it did seem

incredible, unthinkable even. "But men are all alike," she concluded, philosophically. "It's merely a question of having *something* to chase. I am a little disappointed in Lexy."

On her own account Miss March had gone in for altruistic work. Somewhat gingerly at first, but as time went on her interest deepened. "All of life," reflected this observant young person, "is not included within the limits of a park wall—no, nor even the best of it." There was a forceful novelty in this conclusion that impressed itself upon Dorothea; she was emboldened to repeat it to her uncle.

Now the case of the Hampton feather-workers was assuredly worthy of consideration. The employees in the factory were all women, and their working-day was one of ten hours—a relic of barbarism. Miss March reflected that Lexy More came home from Shirley every Friday for the week-end; she wrote and asked him to call and see her on Sunday evening. Of course he obeyed.

"Now what can be done?" asked Miss March, the evidence being all in.

"Look at the men," answered More. "They have their unions to attend to these abuses."

"You can't do it with women. I don't like to confess it, but my sex has its failings. The innumerable and petty jealousies of our sisterhood make combination—real, effective combination—impossible."

"I dare say."

"Why couldn't there be a bill put through the Legislature? A general eight-hour law, such as other States have."

Mr. More looked thoughtful. "It isn't the party policy to interfere in this sort of thing," he said, with some hesitation.

"Policy! Party!" rejoined Miss March, scornfully. "What are you in the Legislature for, Lexy More? Yes, you and men like you. To make your party or to be made by it?"

"There's something in that."

"Will you try it?"

"Yes."

Remarkable to relate, the young member from Hampton succeeded in carrying his point both in committee-room

and on the floor of the House. The fight was a bitter one, but Lexy conducted it admirably; the Upper Chamber concurred, and the Governor signed the bill. A brilliant triumph, indeed, and it had an unexpected bearing upon the political fortunes of Mr. Alexis More. Half-way through the session the Speaker of the House died suddenly, and the member from Hampton was selected to succeed him. It looked like a tribute to personal worth, but old "Wash" Norton, representative from the Warwick district for full forty years, could have told you differently. In fact, the veteran statesman took the trouble to call upon Lexy one evening at the latter's apartments in the Pontiac; Mr. Norton talked freely and, at the last, almost frankly.

"So don't get gay, my boy," he concluded, with a certain fatherly solicitude. "Remember that I've run with this machine for nigh on to half a century. Political preferment, huh! reminds me of Lord Melbourne and the Order of the Garter."

"Yes?" rejoined the neophyte.

"'I like the Garter,' he useter say, 'because there's no damned merit about it.' Lexy, my boy, don't get gay."

"I won't," promised young Mr. More, somewhat crestfallen; apparently there were depths to the political ocean beyond ordinary soundings.

A coming man—that was the way they began to talk about Mr. Alexis More, both in Shirley itself and throughout the country at large, and Dorothea March had grown to listen, with secret pleasure, to the encomiums that met her ear. It pleased her to reflect that in all this she had played a part, unrecognized but none the less essential,—the proper rôle for a woman. She had pointed out the way, and, best of all, it was the right way; the success would be deserved.

The legislative session was drawing to its close, and Lexy More's star was still in the ascendant. It was a Sunday evening, and, quite as a matter of course, he had dropped in at the Marches' for high tea. At the table Dorothea had seemed unusually silent, a trifle abstracted even. The conversation between the two men drifted naturally to State politics.

"It has been a dull session, Lexy," ob-

served Uncle Max. "That's the best compliment that can be bestowed upon a State Legislature. The less done the better."

"Well, we can't be sure of a good record just yet. There's one big thing, at least, coming on."

"What's that?"

"Midland Terminal."

Mr. March looked interested. "So the Belden people really mean business this time? They are determined to get into Shirley?"

"Yes; Absalom's bill will be favorably reported on Monday. Looks like a stiff fight."

"The Continental interests, of course?"

"Yes. As usual, old 'Wash' Norton is managing the Continental campaign."

"The public, as usual, is sacrificed," remarked Mr. March, judicially. "However, the ultimate source of power—the silent vote, Lexy."

"Oh, I know all that, sir. I have been learning something about politics in the last two months, and I may tell you now that, if all goes well, I am slated for the Congressional nomination in the Fifth District."

"You are in the hands of your friends—meaning 'Wash' Norton."

Young Mr. More colored. "He has done a good deal for me," he said, frankly.

"And may do more. Well, Lexy, it's the next step, and you have my best wishes. I am going to the village now. Can I take you down?"

But Lexy declined. "I want to have a talk with Thea," he declared. "Unless you have something else on," he added, inquiringly to Miss March, who promptly professed herself at his service. Uncle Max acquiesced smilingly in the decision and departed.

"Now tell me about this Midland affair," said Miss March, when the twain had comfortably established themselves before the library fire.

"The facts are simple enough," replied More. "The Continental has a monopoly here, and the Midland people are trying for a share in the business. Moreover, they must get into Shirley to complete their through line to the seaboard."

"If there were another road East be-



DOROTHEA WAS STILL AT WORK





sides the Continental, it would mean lower rates for freight; isn't that it?"

"Competition, of course."

"It would be a good thing for the people, then?"

"On the face of it—yes. But a question like this is rather involved; it takes an expert to figure it all out."

"Somebody like Mr. 'Wash' Norton, for instance."

"Well, he is the Continental man; everybody knows that."

"I think, Lexy, that I am beginning to understand."

The youthful Speaker of the House smiled tolerantly. "You think so?" he said.

"Well, if I don't, I soon shall. Don't be disagreeable now and make allusions to cobblers and their lasts. Even if I am a woman, I can see things. All the better, perhaps, that I don't have to stand so close to them."

"You have been right most of the time," admitted Lexy, generously. "And you've helped me tremendously."

"I'm glad of that. It's the way in which a real woman prefers to work; it's the man's part to actually do."

"The man?"

"A man, then." She made the correction so coolly that Lexy's face grew sober again. "Don't let's get away from the career, Lexy."

"I don't see why you should have any special interest in that."

"Why not? It's part mine; you just said so yourself."

"I meant it, too. Even the biggest part."

"Consequently I intend to look after my vested interests, as you call them. I want you to succeed, Lexy—honestly I do."

"I don't see exactly why." He looked at her steadily, striving to extort some admission of that implied understanding between them. A career! Had she not distinctly said that it would satisfy her? It was time for the assurance to be renewed; if he were to go on with the affair, he wanted encouragement.

Miss March moved back a trifle from the fire; it was rather warm. "I have some letters to write," she remarked.

"That means that I'm to go," said Lexy, and rose promptly. He must fore-

go that assurance, after all. Well, he would be patient and wait until he had the price of admission to his paradise actually in hand. He smiled down at her. "Good-by," he said.

"Good luck."

"It's nice of you, Thea, to really care. I am going to justify your complimentary confidence."

"Of course you are."

"And you don't mind my coming here and telling you things? It is a help."

"Go away, foolish man," said Miss March, with asperity. "I've told you once about those letters."

Lexy took his final leave, and the girl returned to the library. Forgetful of those important epistles, she continued to gaze into the red heart of the fire, an unusually thoughtful Dorothea.

"How stupid men are!" she said, half aloud. "Of course I want to make it up to him in every way that I can, and a career is the most reasonable thing. Why can't he be satisfied with that?"

"Midland Terminal."

It seemed as though the words had been spoken aloud; involuntarily she looked around. "I'd like to know something more about that particular business," she said, decidedly, and rose to her feet.

Mr. March was a great newspaper-reader, and in his library all the important State journals were kept on file. Dorothea went over to the big rack on which they were hung and carried off an armful. When Mr. March returned at midnight she was still at work, surrounded by billows of newspapers and legislative blue books, while the letters had never been written at all. "I want to know about the Continental-Midland affair," she explained, gravely. "Will you help me, good *Parrain*?"

"At your service," answered *Parrain*, gallantly.

By the end of the week Dorothea had arrived at a perfectly definite conclusion—the Midland Terminal bill ought to pass. The press of the State, excluding the journals manifestly subsidized by the Continental, were practically unanimous; moreover, the measure had already gone through the Upper Chamber, and the Governor was favorably disposed. It

was a clear case of the people against the insolent monopoly of a great corporation.

"There's only one possible way of looking at it," announced Dorothea, and shook her yellow curls defiantly.

Uncle Max smiled. "It isn't customary for the Speaker of the House to use his vote," he said, placidly, "excepting, of course, in case of a tie."

"Well, it looks like a close fight, and I'm going to make sure that Lexy More is 'right,' as you politicians call it. Then if it comes to a test— Oh, I wish it were Friday, so that I could begin on him."

But Friday night passed, and no Lexy. By way of explanation, Dorothea received a long-distance call on the telephone. Mr. More announced regretfully that press of official duty would keep him in Shirley over Sunday. "However, the Legislature adjourns finally on Wednesday," he added, "and the golf will keep until then. So sorry—"

"Of course," interrupted Miss March, a trifle impatiently, "but how about Midland Terminal?"

"Midland Terminal! Why—er—what do you want to know?"

"Everything. Is the bill going to pass?"

"It will be close—very close."

"Are you quite sure of where you stand, Lexy?"

"Me! Why, of course. Don't worry your small head over that. How are the puppies?"

"Flourishing." She hesitated a moment; then vouchsafed a curt good-by and rang off.

On Monday morning Miss March bespoke her uncle's indulgence.

"Parrain."

"My child?"

"I want you to take Mrs. Gwynne and me to Shirley for two or three days. We can be very comfortable at the Pontiac, and I hear they have a new chef."

"You want to do a little lobbying for Midland Terminal," observed Uncle Max, acutely. "I am astonished at you, Thea March."

"Will you take me?"

"I suppose so."

In response to a message the Speaker of the House called that evening at

Parlor F; such an agreeable surprise to know that the Marches were actually in Shirley. Never had Dorothea appeared to such charming advantage; she fairly dazzled young Mr. More's eyes as she swept forward to greet him. He began upon a clumsy compliment, but the enchantress cut him short.

"I'm lobbying for the Midland bill," she said, gravely. "You say there are two sides to the question, and that is true—a right and a wrong one."

Mr. More was not in the least anxious to talk politics, but there was no escape for him. Accordingly, he entered upon a labored defence of the Continental position. To begin with, one master must surely be better than two; and even if the Midland won, the fight would probably end in the community-of-interest agreement, leaving the public worse off than ever. How much wiser to hold the Midland franchise as a club wherewith to keep the Continental in order!

Miss March tore away this sophistical veil with an unsparing hand. "It's the present-day conditions that are intolerable," she declared. "Moreover, none of your arguments have any bearing upon the fact that the people want this measure; virtually they're a unit on it. It's your first and paramount business to carry out the public will; is it not?"

The discussion was a lengthy one, and poor Mrs. Gwynne's yawn, under cover of her fan, had become a continuous performance long before Mr. More took his leave.

"I shall think it over," he said, soberly, as they shook hands.

"It must be your own conviction, of course," she responded. "To make up your mind and then act honestly upon it; I do expect that much of you."

On Tuesday Miss March attended the session of the House; seated in the ladies' gallery, she followed the proceedings with lively interest. How well Lexy presided! The career loomed up in magnificent proportions as she watched him; his genius was assuredly political and worthy of a larger field. In the mean time the Midland Terminal bill dragged along to a second reading; Mr. "Wash" Norton never fired in the air, and, moreover, he was busy in distributing his "ammunition" to the best advan-



Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

SHE TURNED IT OVER AND SAW THAT THE SEAL REMAINED INTACT



tage. During the closing hour he had a brief conference with the Speaker, and came away from it looking rather disturbed; there was an indefinable something in Lexy's attitude that hinted of breakers ahead. That same evening Mr. Norton had the honor of taking out Miss March at a small dinner-party given by Mr. More at the Country Club. The veteran statesman found the young lady charming, and, moreover, extraordinarily well informed upon the political issues of the hour. "I am beginning to understand," said to himself the generalissimo of the Continental forces.

At ten o'clock Wednesday morning the Midland Terminal bill was put upon its final reading. Miss March, sitting in the front row of the ladies' gallery, was pleasantly surprised to receive a visit from Mr. "Wash" Norton. "Not on the floor—you?" she asked, with arching eyebrows.

"There's no hurry," asserted the born leader of men. "You have to give the boys a chance to talk; the article is intended wholly for home consumption, and is not expected to affect the result." He glanced at the tally-sheet in his hand, folded it up carefully, and stowed it away in an inside pocket.

"Do you mean that you *know* how the vote will go?"

"Tolerably well, miss. Say within one or two. It will be a mighty interesting roll-call."

"Then you think that the vote may result in a tie?"

"Maybe; yes, it's quite possible. It's a curious game, is politics, my dear young lady. Few that play it really well. Now there's Lexy More—an admirable young man."

Miss March felt a pleasurable thrill; praise from Sir Hubert is praise indeed. "I think Mr. More has a future," she answered, briefly.

"Unquestionably."

"Then if he goes to Congress—"

"If."

Dorothea met Mr. "Wash" Norton's half-quizzical and wholly inflexible glance, and understood in a flash. "So that is it," she said, slowly.

"That is it," assented Mr. Norton, blandly indifferent to the cutting emphasis in her words. He nodded in answer to a signal from the floor of the

House and rose. "Well, miss, I must be getting back to work. We'll call for the question in, say, a quarter of an hour, and if you want to forward a message to anybody, just catch my eye and I'll send you a page. You may need this." He slipped a plain white envelope into her hand and departed.

Miss March took severe counsel with herself during the next few minutes. The declaration had been none the less explicit for being veiled, and she understood clearly that young Mr. More's political future was at stake. He must obey the orders of the party machine or it would have no use for him. This was practical politics, as she reflected bitterly.

It was an added aggravation that the question at issue was really a nicely balanced one. There were men—honest men—in the party councils who believed that the best interests of the State would be served by keeping the Midland out. Lexy himself had been one of these misguided patriots; if he still held to his belief, he would be justified in voting against the bill; he might save his conscience and his career with equal propriety. In that event Dorothea had only to keep her hands off and all would be well. But this she could not do. The technical features of the situation were too complicated perhaps for the feminine mind; on a pure matter of statesmanship she was hardly qualified to speak. But one thing she did know—absolutely. It was the overwhelming desire of the people that this bill should pass, and that, as it seemed to her, was a decision from which there could be no appeal.

Miss March took one of her large calling-cards and scribbled a few lines upon it. This is what she wrote:

"The career is ruined if you vote for the bill—Mr. Norton has just told me so, and it is fair that you should know. I only want to say that I never intended to make your success the condition of that—that other thing. You misunderstood me from the very beginning. It is enough for me, ten thousand times over, that you should just do what is right.—D. M."

The page was standing at her elbow as she wrote; she enclosed the card in the envelope and addressed it to the Speaker. The boy dashed off, and she watched him



as he threaded his way to the desk. Lexy took the note, and recognizing the familiar handwriting, glanced up at her with a smile.

The roll-call upon the bill had begun, but Dorothea, leaning far back in her seat, heard nothing of either ayes or noes. The overwhelming consciousness of what she had done had dawned upon her; there was a fatal ambiguity in that phrase—"do what is right." She had meant to leave the decision to his conscience, but he might conclude, with perfect justice, that the "right" referred to her own views, so repeatedly and strongly expressed. Reduced to plain terms, she had asked this man to choose between his career and herself; more than that, she had actually offered herself by way of satisfaction for his loss.

It was an intolerable dilemma. If now Lexy voted against the bill and made no further sign, she must understand that he had grown to prefer his career to her love, and she had sacrificed her maiden pride doubly in vain. Or, if he voted for the measure, could she ever feel sure that he had done it honestly? The world, indeed, were well lost for love, but never honor, and if he really believed that his duty lay the other way—"Oh, why did I ever meddle with these wretched politics!" exclaimed the distracted Dorothea.

There was just one other contingency. The bill might pass or be defeated without the vote of the presiding officer, and in that event he need not declare himself. Then she would have a chance to explain, to avert the intolerable situation. Anxiously she leaned over the gallery rail, scanning the immovable countenance of Mr. "Wash" Norton, who stood near the clerk's desk, checking off his tally-sheet. How was it going? She could not guess.

The roll-call was finished, and the officials tabulated the result with professional rapidity; one of them handed the Speaker a slip of paper. Lexy rose to his feet, and everybody stopped talking. He spoke quickly but without visible emotion: "Ayes, 32; noes, 32. The chair votes in the affirmative, and the bill passes by a majority of one."

Applause followed, punctuated by cat-calls from the gallery. Dorothea did not look at Lexy. "I feel as though I had been auctioned off," she thought, whim-

sically. Where was Uncle Max? She wanted to get back to the hotel at once.

Just before luncheon Lexy burst into Parlor F, with the merest apology for a knock. "It's all over," he announced, cheerfully. "The Governor has signed the bill, and the Legislature is adjourned *sine die*."

Dorothea's voice shook. "Have you seen Mr. Norton?" she asked.

Lexy looked sober at that. "No, I haven't. What's the use? He is through with me, and I understand that as well as though he had said so in words. The career is over, Thea; out of sight, up the spout."

"Yes, I know."

"Haven't you a word of any kind for me? It might make up—"

"You want the fulfilment of the bargain?" she queried, coldly.

"Bargain!"

"Oh, I'll stand by what I said; no fear. But how could you, Lexy,—how could you! It can't be—never—never—" Upon these incoherencies succeeded tears, and young Mr. More stood confused.

"Thea!" he cried.

"Go away—unless you want me to despise you utterly."

Righteous anger possessed the soul of Lexy. He sat down on the sofa and firmly drew away the two hands from the flushed face. "What does this mean?" he demanded, and Dorothea quaked. Yet she made shift for one last throw.

"To pretend that you don't know! That is unforgivable."

"Know *what*?"

"The letter."

"The letter!"

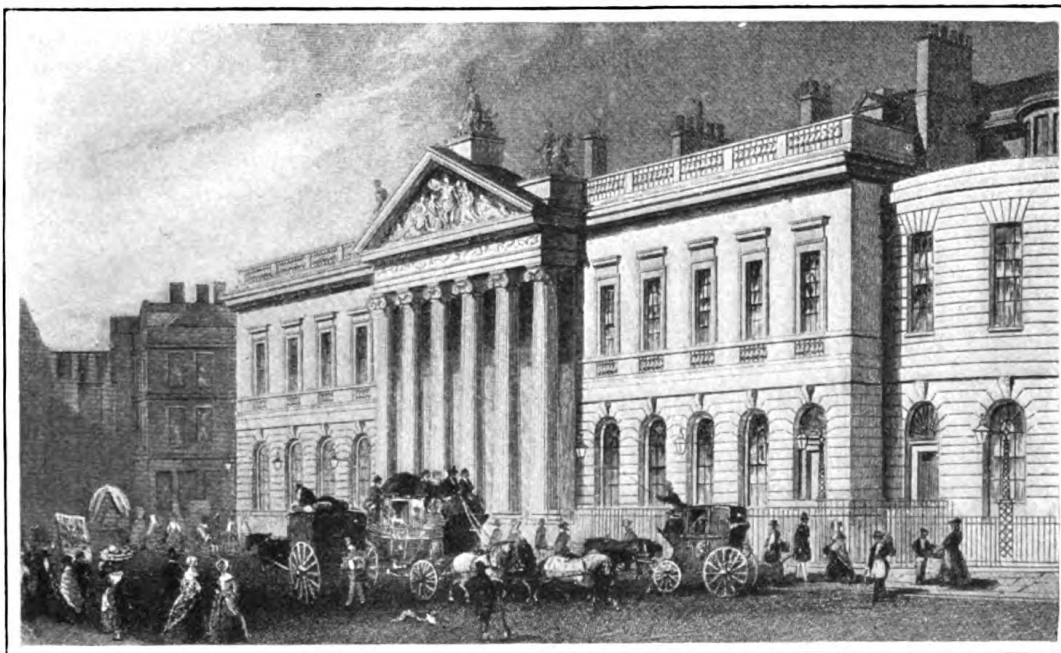
With exasperating deliberation Lexy took it from an inner pocket and handed it to Miss March; she turned it over and saw that the seal remained intact.

"Oh, Lexy!" she gasped.

"I couldn't think even of you at that particular moment," he explained, doggedly. "I'll read it now if you like."

But Dorothea's fingers were busily employed tearing the unfortunate epistle into minutest fragments. Then she looked up at him shyly. "The career is gone," she whispered. "I know that, and it can't be undone. But if you think that I *could* possibly make it up to you—"

Lexy thought so.



THE EAST INDIA HOUSE OF CHARLES LAMB'S TIME

## American Origins

LONDON FILMS.—PART IV

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

THE season being so dead as it was in the middle of September, I turned from the mortuary aspects which the fashionable quarters of the town presented, and in pursuance of a plan much cherished and often renounced, began to look up those origins of the American nation which may be traced all over England, and which rather abound in London. I began by going, one breezy, sunny, and almost as rainy, morning, to meet the friend who was to guide my steps, and philosophize my reflections in the researches before us. Our rendezvous was at the church of All Hallows' Barking, conveniently founded just opposite the Mark Lane District Railway Station some seven or eight hundred years before I arrived there, and successively destroyed and rebuilt, but left finally in such good repair that I could safely lean against it while waiting for my friend, and taking

note of its very banal neighborhood. The street before it might have been a second-rate New York, or preferably Boston, business street, except for a peculiarly London commonness so different from our cheaper vulgarity, in the smutted yellow brick and harsh red brick shops and public houses. There was a continual coming and going of trucks, wagons, and cabs, and a periodical appearing of hurried passengers from the depths of the station, all heedless if not unconscious of the Tower of London close at hand, whose dead were so often brought from the scaffold to be buried in that church.

Our own mission was to revere its interior because William Penn was baptized in it, but when we had got inside we found it so full of scaffolding and the litter of masonry, and the cool fresh smell of mortar from the restorations going on, that there was no room for the

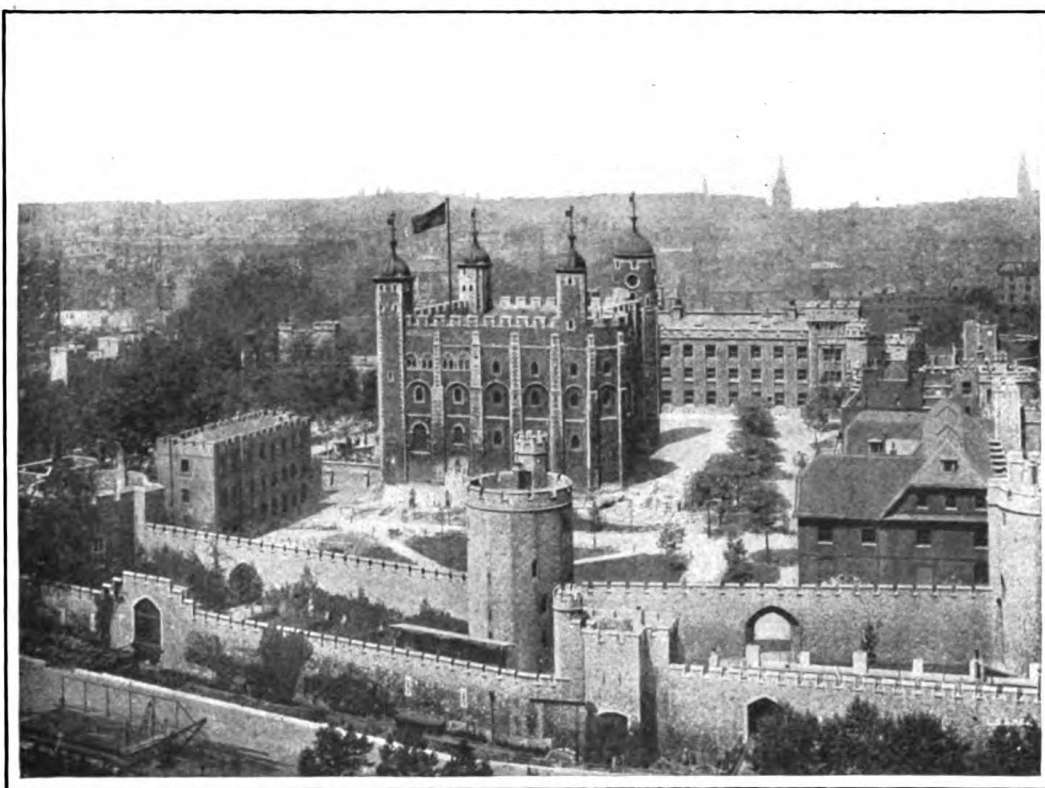
emotions we had come prepared with. We did what we could, with the helpless compassion of a kindly man in a plasterer's spattered suit of white, but it was very little, and I at least was not yet armed with the fact that, among others, the headless form of Archbishop Laud had been carried from the block on Tower Hill and laid in All Hallows'. But though Laud could be related to our beginning through his persecution of the Puritans whom he harried into exile, the fact of his interment in All Hallows' was only of remote American interest. Besides, we had set out with the intention of keeping to the origins of colonies which had not been so much studied as those of New England. We had chosen Penn as sufficiently removed from the forbidden ground; but we had no sooner left the church where he was baptized, to follow him in the much later interest of his imprisonment in the Tower, than we found ourselves in New England ter-

ritory again. For there, around the first corner, under the foliage of the trees and shrubs that I had been ignorantly watching from the church, as they stiffly stirred in the September wind, had been that Calvary of so many martyr-souls, Tower Hill. It is no longer a hill, nor even a perceptible rise of ground, but a pleasant gardened and planted space, not distinguishable from a hundred others in London, with various offices related to the Navy closing it mostly in, but not without unofficial public and private houses on some sides. It was perhaps because of its convenience for naval affairs that Admiral Penn had fixed such land-going residence as an admiral may have, in All Hallows' Barking parish where his great son was born. "Your late honoured father," his friend Gibson wrote the founder of Pennsylvania, "dwelt upon Great Tower Hill, on the east side, within a court adjoining to London Wall." But the memories of

honored father and more honored son must yield in that air to such tragic fames as those of Sir Thomas More, of Strafford, and above these and the many others, in immediate interest for us, of Sir Harry Vane, once Governor of Massachusetts, who died here among those whom the perjured second Charles played false when he came back to the throne of the perjured first Charles. In fact, you can get away from New England no more in London than in America; and if in the Tower itself the long captivity of Sir Walter Raleigh somewhat dressed the balance, we were close upon other associations which outweighed the discov-



INTERIOR OF ALL HALLOWS' BARKING



TOWER HILL TO-DAY

ery of the Middle South and of tobacco a thousandfold.

Perhaps Tower Hill has been cut down nearer the common level than it once was, as often happens in cities, or perhaps it owed its distinction of being called a hill to a slight elevation from the general London flatness. Standing upon it, you do not now seem lifted from that grade; but if you come away, Tower Hill looms lofty and large, as before you approached, with its head hid in the cloud of sombre memories which always hangs upon it. The look of the Tower toward it is much more dignified than the theatrical river-front which I have reproached in a former paper as unworthy, but far worse than this even is the histrionic modern bridge which spans the Thames there as at the bottom of a stage. Yet before we were half-way across it on our 'bus, we had reason to forget the turrets and arches which look as if designed and built of pasteboard on the riverside. There in the stretch of the good, dirty, honest Thames, between Tower Bridge and London Bridge, was the scene of the fatally mistaken ar-

rest of Cromwell, Hampden, and their friends, by James I., when they were embarking for New England, if indeed the thing really happened. Everybody used to think so, and the historians even said so, but now they begin to doubt: it is an age of doubt. The questionably memorable expanse of muddy water was crowded the morning I saw it, with barges resting in the iridescent slime of the Southwark shoals, and with various craft of steam and sail in the tide which danced in the sun and wind along the shore we were leaving. It is tradition if not history that just in front of the present Custom House those great heirs of destiny were forced to leave their ship and abide in the land they were to ennoble with the first great republican experiment of our race.

We were crossing into Southwark at the end of Tower Bridge that we might work through Tooley Street, once a hot-bed of sedition and dissent, which many of its inhabitants made too hot to hold them, and so fled away to cool themselves in different parts of the American wilderness. It was much later that the place

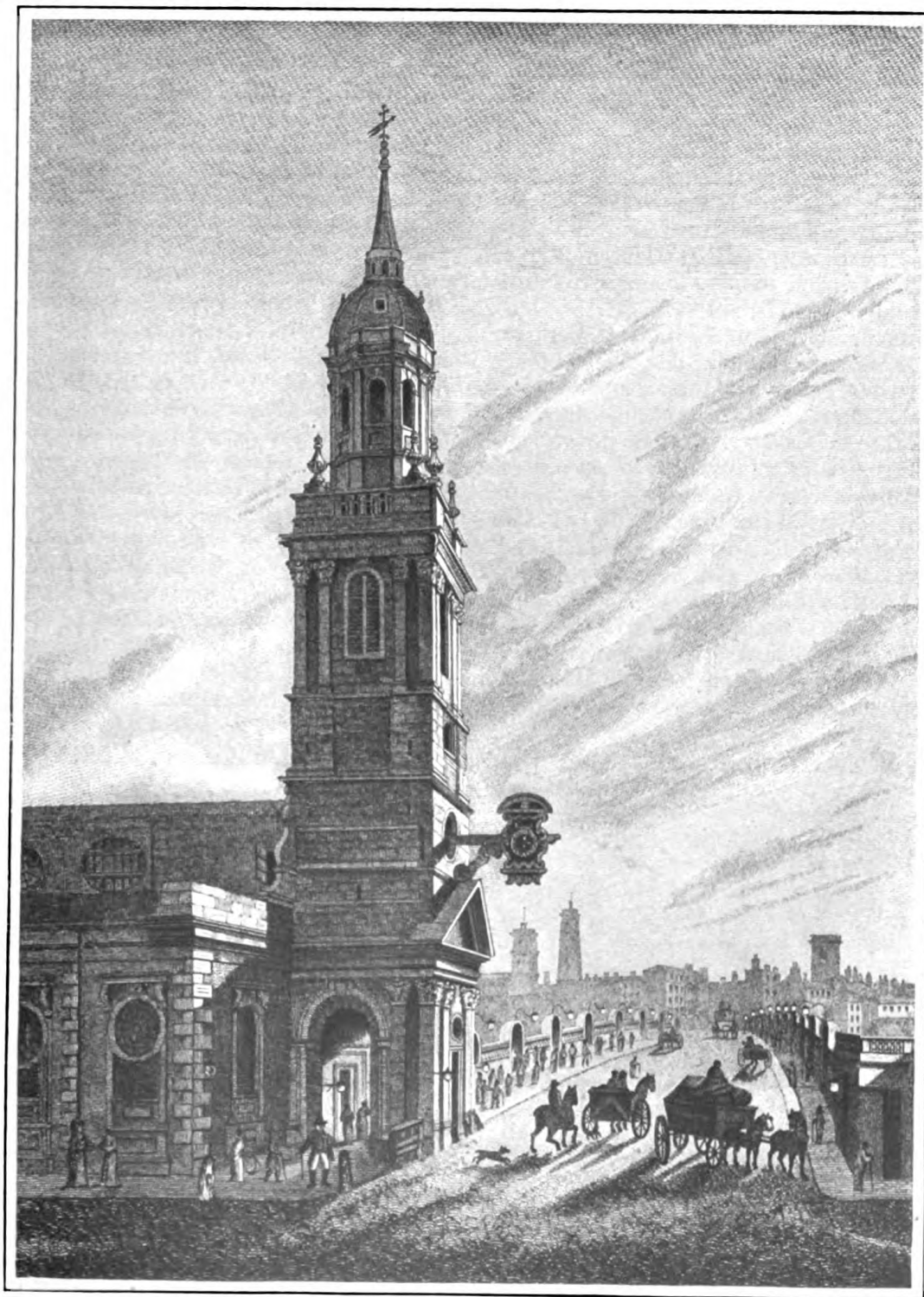
became famous for the declaration of the Three Tailors of Tooley Street who began a public appeal with the words, "We the people of England," or were fabled to have done so; and perhaps the actuality of Tooley Street is more suggestive of them than of those who went into exile for their religious and political faith. In the former time the region was once no doubt picturesque and poetic, like all of that old London which is so nearly gone, but now it is almost the most prosaic and commonplace thoroughfare of the new London. It is wholly mean as to the ordinary structures which line its course, and which are mainly the dwellings of the simple sort of plebeian folks who have always dwelt in Tooley Street, and who so largely form the ancestry of the American people. No grace of antiquity remains to it, but there is the beauty of that good will to men, which I should be glad to think characteristic of our nation, in one of the Peabody tenements which the large-hearted American bequeathed to the city of his adoption, to be better homes than the London poor could otherwise have known. Possibly Baptists and Independents like those whom Tooley Street sent out to enlarge the area of freedom beyond seas still people it. For the rest it is much crossed and recrossed by the viaducts of the London and South-eastern Railway, under which we walked the length of the long, dull, noisy thoroughfare.

We were going to the Church of St. Olave, or Olaus, a hallowed Danish King from whose name that of Tooley was most ingeniously corrupted, and from whose parish sweet Priscilla Mullins and others of the Plymouth colony came. It is an uninteresting structure of Wrenish renaissance; and we willingly left it, and hurried on to the neighborhood of the old Clink Prison, for the sake of the Puritan ministers who failed to repent in the Clink, and in spite of their silencing by Laud came out to air their opinions in the boundlessness of our continent. My friend strongly believed that some part of the Clink was still to be detected in the walls of certain waterside warehouses, and we plunged into their labyrinth after leaving St. Olave's or St.

Tooley's, and wandered on through their shade, among trucks and carts in alleys that were dirty and damp, but somehow whitened with flour as if all those dull and sullen piles were grist-mills. I do not know whether we found traces of the Clink or not, but the place had a not ungrateful human interest in the floury laborers who had cleared a space among the wheels and hoofs, and in the hour of their nooning were pitching pennies, and mildly squabbling over the events of their game. We somehow came out at Bankside, of infamous memory, and yet of glorious memory, for if it was once the home of all the vices, it was also the home of one of the greatest arts. The present filthy quay figuratively remembers the moral squalor of its past in the material dirt that litters it; but you have to help it recall the fact that here stood such theatres as the Paris Garden, the Rose, the Hope, the Swan, and, above all, the Globe.

Here, Shakespeare rose up and stood massively blocking the way of our patriotic researches, and blotting out all minor memories. But this was merely at its greatest the hardship which constantly waits upon the sympathetic American in England. It is really easier to stay at home, and make your inquiries in that large air where the objects of your interest are placed at ample intervals, than to visit the actual scene where you will find them crowding and elbowing one another, and perhaps treading down and pushing back some of equal import whom you had not in mind. England has so long been breeding greatness of all kinds, and her visionary children crowd so thick about her knees, that you cannot well single one specially out when you come close; it is only at a distance that you can train your equatorial upon any certain star, and study it at your ease. This tremendous old woman who lives in a shoe so many sizes too small more than halves with her guests her despair in the multitude of her children, and it is best to visit her in fancy if you wish their several acquaintance. There at Bankside was not only Shakespeare suddenly filling the place and extending his vast shadow over the region we had so troublesomely passed through, but now another em-





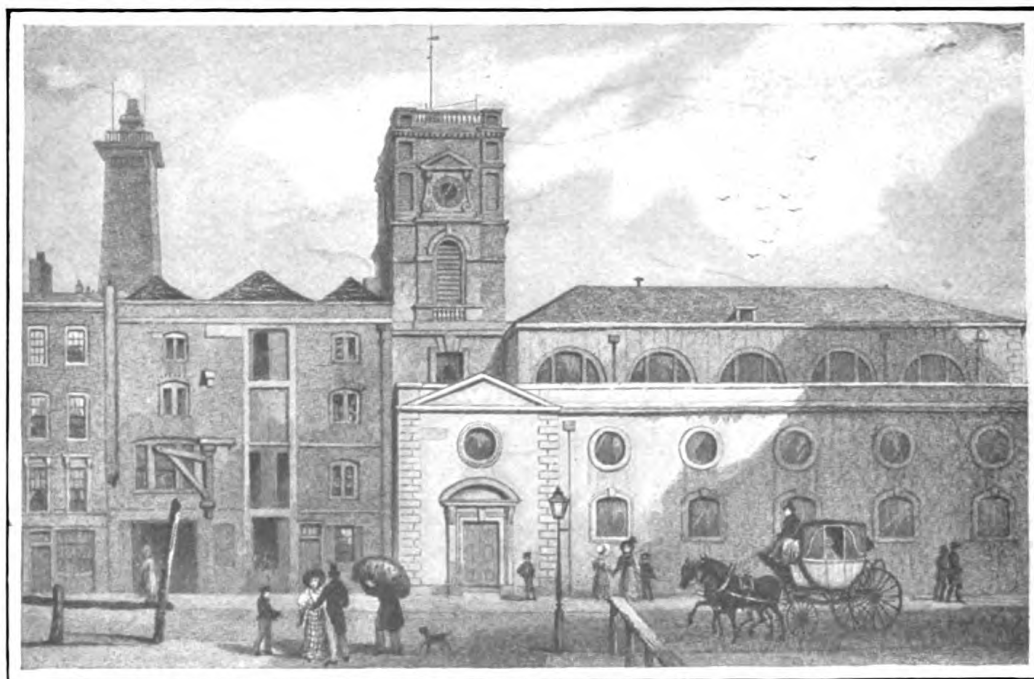
THE ANCIENT CHURCH OF ST. MAGNUS  
(From an old print)

barrassment of riches attended us. We were going to visit St. Saviour's Church because John Harvard, the son of a butcher in that parish, was baptized in it, long before he could have dreamt of Emmanuel College at Cambridge, or its outwandering scholars could have dreamt of naming after him another college in another Cambridge in another world.

Our way lay through the Borough Market, which is for Southwark in fruits and vegetables, and much more in refuse and offal, what Covent Garden Market is for London beyond Thames, and then through a wide, troubled street, loud with the coming and going at some sort of a railway station. From its uproar we suddenly dropped into a silent and secluded place, where we found ourselves at the door of St. Saviour's. Outside it has been pitilessly restored in a later English version of the early English in which it was built, and it has that peculiarly offensive hardness which such feats of masonry seem to put on defiantly; but within much of the original architectural beauty lingers, in the Choir and Lady Chapel. We were not there for that, however, but for John Harvard's sake; yet no sooner were we fairly inside

the church than our thoughts were rapt from him to such clearer fames as those of Philip Massinger, the dramatist, John Fletcher, of the poetic firm of Beaumont and Fletcher, and the poet John Gower, the "moral Gower" who so insufficiently filled the long gap between Chaucer and Spenser, and who rests here with a monument and a painted effigy over him. Besides these, there are so many actors buried in it that the church is full of the theatre, and it might well dispute with our own Little Church round the Corner the honor of mothering the outcast of other sanctuaries; though it rather more welcomes them in their funereal than their nuptial needs. There is no tablet to John Harvard in St. Saviour's, although for the twenty years which have passed since a Harvard man discovered the founder's birthplace, all Harvard men have been invited to place some memorial to him in his parish church.

One might leave Southwark rather glad to be out of it, for in spite of its patriotic and poetic associations it is a quarter where the scrupulous house-keeping of London seems for once to fail. In such streets as we passed through, and I dare say they were not



ST. OLAVE'S, TOOLEY STREET  
(From an old print)

the best, the broom and the brush and the dust-pan strive in vain against the dirt that seems to rise out of the ground and fall from the clouds. But many people live there, and London Bridge, by which we crossed, was full of clerks and shop-girls going home to Southwark; for it was one o'clock on a Saturday, and they were profiting by the early closing which shuts the stores of London so inexorably at that hour on that day. We made our way through them to the parapet for a final look at the stretch of the Thames where Cromwell, as unwillingly as unwittingly, perhaps stepped ashore to come into a kingdom.\*

We were going from St. Saviour's in Southwark, where Harvard was baptized, to St. Catherine Cree's in the City where Sir Nicholas Throgmorton's effigy lies in the chancel, and somewhat distantly relates itself to our history through his daughter's elopement with Sir Walter Raleigh. The early closing had already prevailed so largely in the City that many of the churches were shut, and we were not aware of having got into St. Catherine Cree's at the time we did. We were grateful for getting into any church, but we looked about us too carelessly to identify the effigy of Sir Nicholas, who was, after all, only a sort of involuntary father-in-law of Virginia. That was what we said to console ourselves afterwards; but now, since we were, however unwittingly, there, I feel some right to remind the reader that our enemy (so far as we are of Puritan descent) Archbishop Laud consecrated the church with ceremonies of such high ecclesiastical

character that his part in them was alleged against him, and did something to bring him to the block. That Inigo Jones is said to have helped in designing the church, and that the great Holbein is believed to be buried in it, and would have had a monument there if the Earl of Arundel could have found his bones to put it over, are sufficiently irrelevant details.

The reader sees how honest I am trying to be with him, and I will not conceal from him that Duke Street, down a stretch of which I looked because the wife of Elder Brewster of Plymouth Colony was born and bred there, was as dull a perspective of mean modern houses as any in London. It was distinctly a relief, after paying this duty, to pass, in Leadenhall Street, the stately bulk of India House, and think of the former India House from which Charles Lamb used to go early in compensation for coming so late to his work there. It was still better when by an accident happier than that which befell us at St. Catherine Cree's we unexpectedly entered by a quaint nook from Bishopsgate Street to the Church of St. Ethelburga. This has a claim to the New-Yorker's interest from the picturesque fact that Sir Henry Hudson and his ship's company made their communion in it the night before he sailed away to give his name to the lordliest, if not the longest, of our rivers, and help the Dutch found the Tammany régime, which still flourishes at the Hudson's mouth. The comprehensive Cunningham makes no mention of the fact, and I do not know why my genealogist should have had the misgiving of that communion which he expressed with in the overhearing of the eager pew-opener attending us, but she promptly set him right. "Oh, 'e did mike it 'ere, sir! They've been and searched the records," she said; so that the reader now has it on the best authority.

I wish I could share with him, as easily as this assurance, the sentiment of the quaint place, with its traces of early English architecture, and its look of being chopped in two; its intense quiet and remoteness in the heart of the City, with the slop-pail of its pew-opener mingling a cleansing odor with the ancient smells which pervade all old churches. But these things are of the nerves and

\* While the reader is sharing our emotion in the sight, I think it a good time to tell him that the knowledge of which I have been and expect to be so profuse in these researches is none of mine, except as I have cheaply possessed myself of it from the wonderful handbook of Peter Cunningham, which Murray used to publish as his guide to London, and which unhappily no one publishes now. It is a bulky volume of near six hundred pages, crammed with facts more delightful than any fancies; and its riches were supplemented for me by the specific erudition of my friend, the genealogist, Mr. Lothrop Withington, who endorses all my statements. The reader who doubts them (as I sometimes do) may recur to him at the British Museum with the proper reproaches, if they turn out unfounded.

may not be imparted, though they may be intimidated.

As rich in its way as the sentiment of St Ethelburga was that of the quiescing streets of the City, that pleasant afternoon, with their shops closed or closing, and the crowds thinned or thinning in their footways and wheelways, so that we got from point to point in our desultory progress, incommoded only by other associations that rivalled those we had more specifically in mind. History of people and of princes, finance, literature, the arts of every kind, were the phantoms that started up from the stones, and the blocks of the wood pavement, and followed or fled before us at every step. As I have already tried to express, it is always the same story in England. London is only too full of interest, and when I thought how I could have gone over as much ground in New York without anything to distract me from what I had in view, I felt the pressure of those London facts almost to suffocation. Nothing but my denser ignorance saved me from their density, as I hurried with my friend through air that any ignorance less dense would have found impassable with memories. As it was I could only draw a full breath unmolested when we dropped down a narrow way from Bishopsgate Street to the sequestered place before the church of the Dutch refugees from papal persecutions in France and the Netherlands.

Here was formerly the church of the Augustine Friars, whose community Henry VIII. dissolved, and whose church his son Edward VI. gave to the "Germans," as he calls the Hollanders in his diary. It was to our purpose as one of the beginnings of New York, for it is said that New Amsterdam was first imagined by the exiles who worshipped in it, and who planned the expedition of Henry Hudson from it. Besides this historic or mythic claim, it had for me the more strictly human interest of the sign-board in Dutch, renewed from the earliest time, at both its doorways, notifying its expatriated congregation that all letters and parcels would be received there for them. That somehow intimated that the refugees could not have found it spiritually much farther to extend their exile half round the world. Cunningham says that

"the church contains some very good decorated windows, and will repay examination," but like the early closing shops all round it, the Dutch Church was shut that Saturday afternoon, and we had to come away contenting ourselves, as we could, with the Gothic, fair if rather too freshly restored, of the outside. I can therefore impartially commend the interior to Knickerbocker travellers, who will readily find the church in the rear of the Bank of England after cashing their drafts there.

Philadelphians of Quaker descent will like better to follow my friend with me up Cheapside, past the Bow-bells which ring so sweet and clear in literature, and through Holborn to Newgate, which was one of the several prisons of William Penn. He did not go to it without making it so hard for the magistrates trying him and his fellow Quakers for street-preaching that they were forced to override his law and logic and send him to jail in spite of the jury's verdict of acquittal. In self-justification they committed the jury along with the prisoners; that made a very perfect case for their worships, as the reader finds edifyingly and a little amusingly set forth in Maria Webb's story of "The Penns and the Penningtons." As is known, the persecution of Penn well-nigh converted his father, the stiff old admiral, who now wrote to him in Newgate, "Son William, if you and your friends keep to your plain way of preaching, and your plain way of living, you will make an end of the priests to the end of the world. . . . Live in love. Shun all manner of evil, and I pray God to bless you all; and He will bless you."

Little of the old Newgate where Penn lay imprisoned is left; a spick-and-span new Newgate, still in process of building, replaces it, but there is enough left for a monument to him who was brave in such a different way from his father, and was great far beyond the greatness which the admiral had hoped his comely, courtly son would achieve. It was in Newgate, when he was cast there the second time in three months, that he wrote "The Great Case of Liberty of Conscience," and three minor treatises. He addressed from the same prison a letter to Parliament explaining the principles of Quakerism, and he protested to the Sheriff of

London against the cruelties practised by the jailers of Newgate on prisoners too poor to buy their favor. He who was rich and well born, preferred to suffer with these humble victims; and probably his oppressors were as glad to be rid of him in the end as he was of them.

One may follow Penn, though we did not always follow him, that Saturday afternoon, to many other places in London: to the Tower, where he was imprisoned on the droll charge of "blasphemy," within stone's throw of All Hallows' Barking, where he was christened; to Gracechurch Street, where he was arrested for preaching; to Lincoln's Inn, where he had chambers in his worldlier days; to Tower Street, where he went to school; to the Fleet, where he once lived within the "rules" of the Prison; to Norfolk Street, where he dwelt a while, almost in hiding from the creditors who were pressing him, probably for the debts of Pennsylvania.

In fact, we followed him only to Newgate, whence we visited the Church of St. Sepulchre hard by, which we vainly attempted to enter because Roger Williams was christened there, and so connected it with the coming of toleration into the world, as well as with the history of the minute province of Rhode Island. We failed equally of any satisfactory effect from Little St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, perhaps because the church was taken down a hundred and five years before, and because my friend could not quite make out which street, neighboring St. Helen's Place, it was where the mother

of the Wesleys was born. But we did what we could with the shield of the United States Consulate-General in the Place, and in an adjoining court we had occasion for seriousness in the capers of



INTERIOR OF ST. ETHELBURGA'S CHURCH

a tipsy Frenchman, who had found some boys playing at soldiers and was teaching them in his own tongue from apparently vague recollections of the manual of arms. I do not insist that we profited by the occasion; I only say that life likes a motley wear, and that he who rejects the antic aspects it so often inappropriately puts on is no true photographer.

After all, we did not find just the street, much less the house, in which



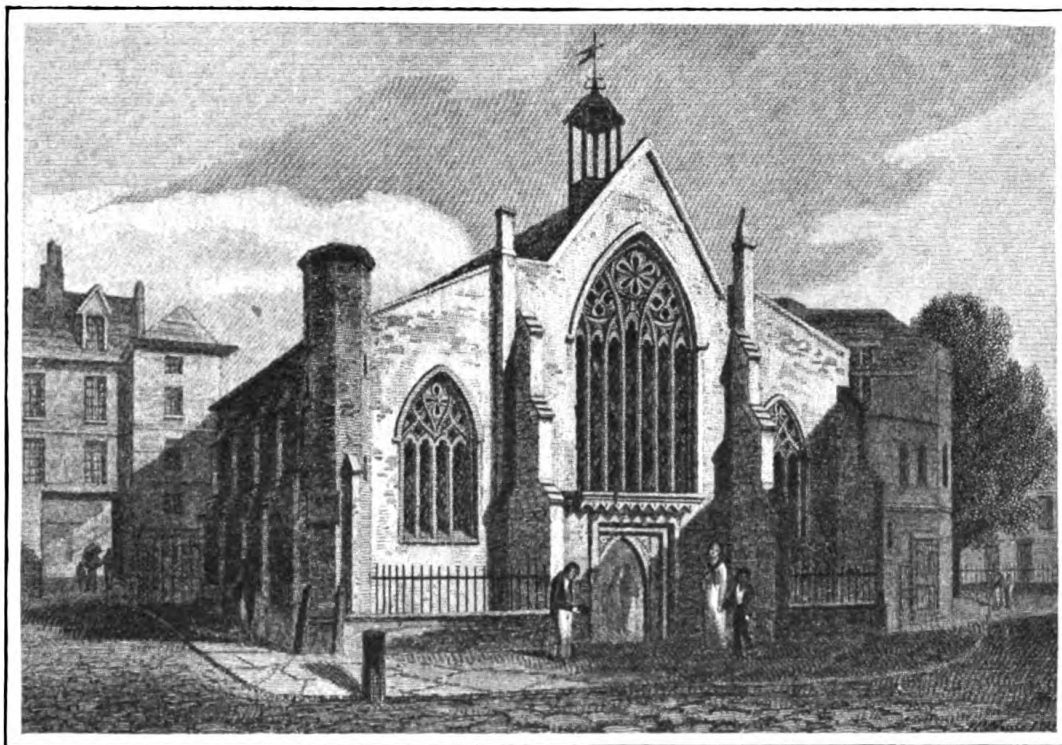
Susannah Annesley had lived before she was Mrs. Wesley, and long before her sons had imagined Methodism, and the greater of them had borne its message to General Oglethorpe's new colony of Georgia. She lies in Bunhill Fields near Finsbury Square, that place sacred to so many varying memories, but chiefly those of the Dissenters who leased it because they would not have the service from the Book of Common Prayer read over them. There her dust mingles with that of John Bunyan, of Daniel De Foe, of Isaac Watts, of William Blake, of Thomas Stothard, and a multitude of nameless or most namable others.

The English crowd each other no less under than above the ground, and their island is as historically as actually overpopulated. You can scarcely venture into the past anywhere for a certain association without being importuned by a score of others as interesting or more so. I have, for instance, been hesitating to say that the ancestor of Susannah was the Rev. Samuel Annesley who was silenced for his Puritanism in his church of St. Giles Cripplegate, because I should have to confess that when I visited his church my thoughts were rapt from the Reverend Samuel and from Susannah Annesley, and John Wesley, and the Georgian Methodists to the mighty fame of Milton, who lies interred there, with his father before him, with John Fox, author of the Book of Martyrs, with Martin Frobisher, who sailed the seas when they were yet mysteries, with Margaret Lucy, the daughter of Shakespeare's Sir Thomas. There, too, Cromwell was married, when a youth of twenty-one, to Elizabeth Bowchier. Again, I have had to ask myself, what is the use of painfully following up the slender threads afterwards woven into the web of American nationality, when at any moment the clues may drop from your heedless hands in your wonder at some which are the woof of the history of the world? I have to own even here that those storied dead in Bunhill Fields made me forget that there lay among them Nathaniel Mather of the kindred of Increase and Cotton.

That is a place which one must wish to visit not once, but often, and I hope that if I send any reader of mine to it he will fare better than we did, and not

find it shut to the public on a Sunday morning when it ought to have been open. But the Sabbatarian observances of England are quite past the comprehension of even such semi-aliens as the Americans, and must baffle entire foreigners well-nigh to madness. I had already seen the Sunday auctions of the poor Jews in Petticoat Lane, which are licit, if not legal, and that Sunday morning before we found Bunhill Fields fast closed, we had found a market for poor Christians wide open in Whitecross Street near by. It was one of several markets of the kind which begin early Saturday morning, and are suffered by a much-winking police force to carry on their traffic through the night and till noon the next day. Then, at the hour when the Continental Sunday changes from a holy day to a holiday, the guardians of the public morals in London begin to urge the trucksters and their customers to have done with their bargaining, and get about remembering the Sabbath day. If neither persuasions nor imperatives will prevail, it is said that the police sometimes call in the firemen and rake the market-place with volleys from the engine hose. This is doubtless effective, but at the hour when we passed through as much of Whitecross Street as eyes and nose could bear it was still far from the time for such an extreme measure, and the market was flourishing as if it were there to stay indefinitely.

Everything immediately imaginable for the outside or inside of man seemed on sale: clothing of all kinds, boots and shoes, hats and caps, glassware, ironware, fruits and vegetables, heaps of the unripe English hazelnuts, and heaps of Spanish grapes which had failed to ripen on the way; fish, salt and fresh, and equally smelling to heaven; but, above all, fresh meats of every beast of the field and every bird of the barn-yard, with great girls hewing and cutting at the carnage, and strewing the ground under their stands with hoofs and hides and claws and feathers and other less namable refuse. There was a notable absence amongst the hucksters of that coster class which I used to see in London twenty odd years before, or at least an absence of the swarming buttons on jackets and trousers which used to dis-



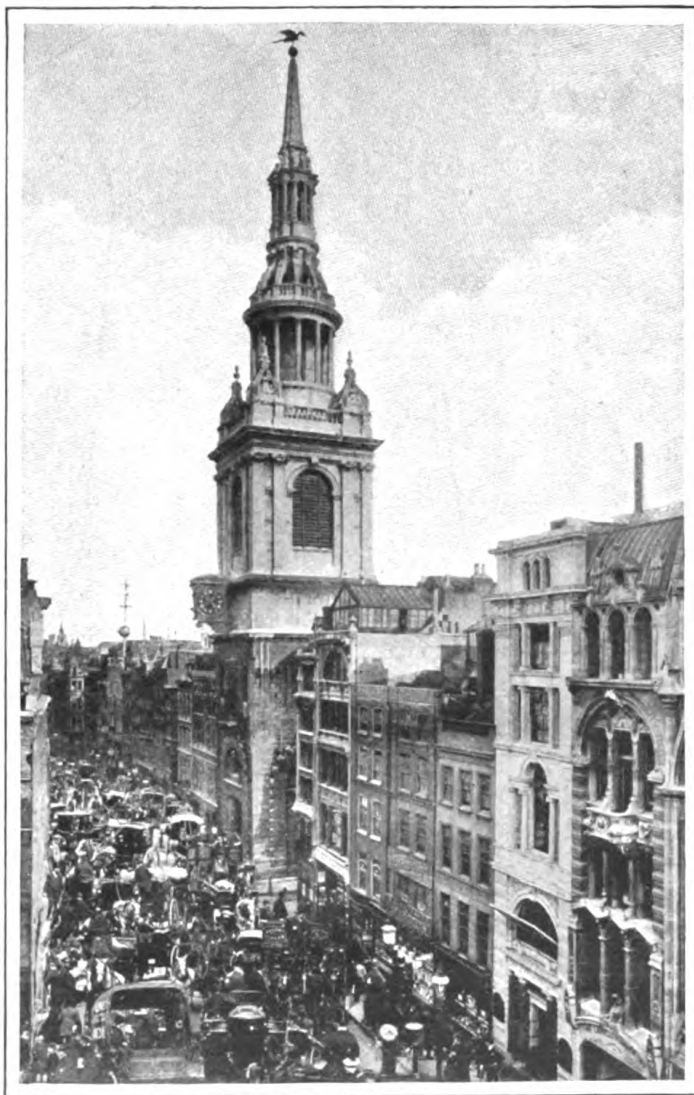
CHURCH OF THE DUTCH IMMIGRANTS  
(From an old print)

tinguish the coster. But among the customers, whose number all but forbade our passage through the street, with the noise of their feet and voices, there were, far beyond counting, those short, stubbed girls and women as typically cockney still as the costers ever were. They were of plinthlike bigness up and down, and their kind, plain, common faces were all topped with rather narrow-brimmed sailor hats, mostly black. In their jargoning hardly an aspirate was in its right place, but they looked as if their hearts were, and if no vowel came from their lips with its true quality, but with that soft curious London slur or twist, they doubtless spoke a sound business dialect.

When we traversed the dense body of the market and entered Roscoe Street from Whitecross, we were surprisingly soon out of its hubbub in a quiet befitting the silent sectaries who once made so great a spiritual noise in the world. We were going to look at the grave of George Fox, because of his relation to our colonial history in Pennsylvania and Rhode Island, and we thought it well to look into the Friends' Meeting-house

on the way, for a more fitting frame of mind than we might have brought with us from Whitecross Street. A mute sexton welcomed us at the door, and held back for us the curtain of the homely quadrangular interior, where we found twoscore or more of such simple folk as Fox might have preached to in just such a place. The only difference was that they now wore artless versions of the world's present fashions in dress, and not the drabs of outdated cut which we associate with Quakerism. But this was right, for that dress is only the antiquated simplicity of the time when Quakerism began, and the people we now saw were more fitly dressed than if they had worn it. We sat with them a quarter of an hour in the stillness which no one broke, the elders on the platform, with their brows bowed on their hands, apparently more deeply lost in it than the rest. Then we had freedom (to use their gentle Quaker parlance) to depart, and I hope we did so without offence.

Cunningham says that Fox was buried in Bunhill Fields, but he owns there is no memorial of him there; and there



By Courtesy of London Stereoscopic and Photograph Company

BOW-BELLS (ST. MARY LE BOW, CHEAPSIDE)

is a stone to mark his grave in the grassy space just beyond the meeting-house in Roscoe Street. If that is really his last resting-place, he lies under the shadow of a certain lofty warehouse walls, and in the shelter of some trees which on that sunny First Day morning stirred in the soft breeze with the stiffness by which the English foliage confesses the fall before it drops sere and colorless to the ground. Some leaves had already fallen about the simple monumental stone, and they now moved inertly, and now again lay still.

I will own here that I had more heart in the researches which concerned the ancestral Friends of all mankind, in-

cluding so much American citizenship, than in following up some other origins of ours. The reader will perhaps have noticed long before that our origins were nearly all religious, and that though some of the American plantations were at first the effect of commercial enterprise, they were afterwards by far the greater part undertaken by people who desired for themselves, if not for others, freedom for the forms of worship forbidden them at home. Our colonial beginnings were illustrated by sacrifices and martyrdoms even among the lowliest, and their leaders passed in sad vicissitude from pulpit to prison, back and forth, until exile became their refuge from oppression. No nation could have a nobler source than ours had in their heroic fidelity to their ideals; but it cannot be forgotten that the religious freedom which they all sought some of them were not willing to impart when

they had found it; and it is known how, in New England especially, they practised the lessons of persecution they had learned in Old England. Two provinces stood conspicuously for toleration, Rhode Island, for which Roger Williams imagined it the first time in history, and Pennsylvania, where for the first time William Penn embodied in the polity of a state the gospel of peace and good will to men. Neither of these colonies has become the most exemplary of our commonwealths; both are perhaps for some reasons the least so in their sections; but above all the rest their earlier memories appeal to the believer in the universal right to religious liberty, and in

the ideal of peaceful democracy which the Quakers alone have realized. The Quakers are no longer sensibly a moral force; for

God fulfils himself in many ways,  
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world,

but the creed of honest work for daily bread, and of the equalization of every man with another, which they lived, can never perish. Their testimony against bloodshed was practical; their doctrine of equality, as well as their practice of it, was their legacy to our people, and it remains now all that differences us from other nations. It was not Thomas Jefferson who first imagined the first of the self-evident truths of the Declaration, but George Fox.

We went, inappropriately enough, from where George Fox lay in a grave level

with the common earth, to where in Finsbury Pavement the castellated armory of the Honourable Artillery Company of London recalls the origin of the like formidable body in Boston. These gallant men were archers before they were gunners, being established in this quality first when the fear of Spanish invasion was rife in 1585. They did yeoman service against the King in the Civil War, but later fell into despite and were mocked by poets no more warlike than themselves. Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle" was of their company, and Cowper's John Gilpin was "a train-band captain." Now, however, they are so far restored to their earlier standing that when they are called out to celebrate the Fourth of July, or on any of the high military occasions demanding the presence of royalty, the King appears in their uniform.

## The Lost Comrade

BY EMMA BELL MILES

WE were mothered by the forest and the sky, you and I—  
(Oh, the rock-pent roaring river, oh, the cow-bells and the corn)  
Do you love them still, I wonder—would you like to be up yonder  
Where the gray bluff stares forever sphinxlike eastward to the morn?

For our year began with blossoms frail and small, first of all;  
(Oh, the dust and dodder-tangles down a briery berry-lane)  
Man-of-earth and morning-glory, ringed moons and dewfall hoary,  
Then the first frost on the fodder, and the chestnuts ripe again.

Would to God we had not grown away, day by day!  
(Oh, the virgin mist whose meshes melt above a blue-cold creek)  
There be simpler laws of beauty showing forth the ways of duty  
Face to face with burning bushes in the Soil of Earth that speak.

Let us eat our bread in sweat of honest toil by the soil—  
In the light of sunsets golden let us learn the living Truth.  
Out to meet the wind and weather! Oh, with naked hearts together.  
In the folk-speech quaint and olden, but to speak as in our youth!

Come you back then unto freedom, oh, my brother brave and true,  
Back unto the silent mountains and the life that once we knew.

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# Keepers of a Charge

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

THE Doctor's brougham stood at the door; the Doctor's liveried servants waited at the foot of the stairs; the Doctor himself in his study was gathering together his paraphernalia for the day, and the Doctor's face was a study.

He was tired; he was cross; he was feeling ill. His nervous hands were unsteady; his movements were by jerks; his face was a knitted tangle of lines. He had rheumatism in both shoulders, and a headache, and a pain in his chest. He had slept but little, and one of his patients had had the happy idea of despatching a messenger for him in the dead hour of the night. The Doctor never went out nights, and she ought to have known this, but her only son was ill and she was persuaded he could not survive a dozen hours together without the Doctor's personal attendance.

It never seemed to occur to any of his patients that his own life was of the smallest consequence in the balance with theirs or that of any member of their families. Occasionally, when his rheumatism was exceptionally severe or his cough racking, this reflection embittered the Doctor. At other times—and this was generally—he accepted with philosophy this integral selfishness of clients as a part of their inevitable constitution. They were a set of people necessarily immersed and absorbed in their own woes, or in that extension of their woes which was still more passionately their own, and even more unmercifully insisted upon in proportion to the decent vincer of altruism it possessed.

Without being strictly a handsome man, the Doctor produced the effect of one. Nothing gives distinction like character, and this he had and to spare. He was not a popular physician, but a famous one; the day was long past when his professional success depended upon anything so personal as appearance or manner. He could afford to be—and

he frequently was—as disagreeable as he felt; desperate sufferers could not afford to resent it, and their relatives, in the grim struggle for a precious life, swallowed without a protest the brusqueries and rebuffs of the man who held in the hollow of his potent hand their jewel of existence.

He had his passionate detractors and his personal devotees, and these last afflicted him far more than the first. Like the priest, the physician cannot escape taking on superhuman proportions in the eyes of those to whom he has rendered back life, their own or a dearer, and the Doctor (having long outlived the time when it flattered him) was often exasperated to the limits of endurance by the blind faith which asked miracles of him as simply as cups of tea. The strain these women—they were mostly women, of course—put upon him was beyond belief, and he got but a mild pleasure out of the reflection that, being in their nature foolish, they could not help it.

It was quite in keeping, therefore, that one of them should have broken up his night's sleep. He knew those attacks of the boy's by heart; there was exactly one chance in one hundred that his presence should be necessary. He had sent a safe remedy, telephoned a severe but soothing message, and mentally prayed now for patience to meet the irrational, angered eyes of maternity, and to administer a reproof equally gentle and deterrent—gentle, for of course the woman's nerves had to be allowed for; she had been nursing this boy for months. The Doctor slipped into his long, fur-trimmed overcoat and reached for his tall hat.

"You may as well send those Symphony tickets to somebody," he said, impatiently, to his wife; "I sha'n't be able to go. Ten to one I shall be late to dinner, and I doubt if I get home to lunch at all."



His wife, who was patiently holding his gloves and cigar-case, looked at him with a sweet maternal anxiety as he tumbled together the papers on the table, but she only said, "Very well." As he turned to take the gloves and cigar-case, she added, quickly, with a second anxious glance:

"Do try to get a few minutes' rest somewhere. Any of our friends will be so glad to give you a cup of tea—or a little music—and it always rests you so."

The Doctor took the things from her hands; he looked abstractedly at his wife, then stooped hurriedly and kissed her.

"Don't worry about me; I shall be all right," he said, as he hastened from the room. It was characteristic of him that he forgot his clinical thermometer, and was never known to have a prescription-pad or pencil.

One servant opened the house door for him, and another the carriage door; the Doctor stepped in quickly, growling out a direction and ignoring the bows of his retainers. He kept his own for the benefit of his clients, he was wont cynically to say. He settled himself in the seat, and before the door was fairly closed had lighted a cigar and unfurled a medical journal.

As the carriage whirled recklessly down the street and around corners, several feminine patients looked longingly after, as if virtue went out from it, and several masculine ones raised their hats, but the Doctor, his eyes glued to the paper, saw none of them.

Perhaps his most restful moments were these spent in his brougham. It was almost his only time for reading; he had found, moreover, that this served to keep his mind fresh from case to case, detaching it from one train of thought and bringing it with new concentration to the next. These brief intervals between one sick-room and another belonged wholly to himself. His home was never safe from invasion, and little time and less strength remained to him for domestic joys.

Life had not brought to him all that he was conscious might have been within its gift. Professionally, indeed, he had reached great heights, but these only enabled a measure of the territory beyond, and if to his patients he appeared

as a species of demigod, to himself he was merely a "lucky" physician—his peculiar luck consisting in that sixth sense which put him so easily into his patients' skins and pierced through obscure maladies to possible sources. How he knew a great many things puzzled them, but puzzled him still more. Simply at certain crises he was aware that mysteries were momentarily revealed to him. Back of that he possessed, of course, the usual outfit of medical knowledge, open to any one, but which had never yet made a great physician since the world with all its aches and pains began. For *that* other things were needed: a coloring of the artistic temperament, a dash of the gambler's, a touch of femininity, as well as the solid stratum of cool common sense at the bottom of all; *these* eked out the modicum of scientific knowledge which is all mankind has yet wrested from secretive nature. The Doctor sometimes described himself as a "good guesser." Surgery might be an exact science; few things in medicine were exact, and what was never exact was the material upon which medicine must work. The great bulk of his fraternity went through their studious, conscientious, hard-working, and not infrequently heroic lives under the contented conviction of having to deal with two principal facts—disease and medicine—both accessible through study. To them the imponderable factor of the patient represented such or such an aggregation of material—muscle, nerve, blood, brawn, bone, and tissue—which might be counted upon to respond to such and such a treatment in such and such a manner, with very slight variation. The Doctor envied them their simplicity of faith. To him, on the contrary, the patient was a factor which could not be counted on at all—a force about which he knew virtually nothing, acting upon a mechanism about which he knew little more, and capable of interactions, reactions, and counteractions innumerable, reversing and nullifying all past experience at a moment's notice—an *unforeseen* moment always.

He eyed this mystery, accordingly, with respect, lying in wait for hints from it, and frequently reversing in his turn patiently prepared plans of action.

with a prompt speed impossible to a less supple mind,—impossible at all, quite often, to any process of conscious thought. To have these intuitions—that was his touch of femininity; to risk largely upon them was the gambler in him; his swift appropriation of the subject's temperament betrayed the artist in his own; while the hard common sense which drew the rein on all these was a legitimate inheritance—both national and personal. So was his manner—not often extremely courteous and quite often extremely rude. In this latter case his adorers called it “abstracted,” while his enemies qualified it as “ill-bred.” But his voice, ordinarily abrupt and harsh, could pass to exquisite intonations in the sick-room, and there were moments when to anxious watchers therein the man seemed more than a man.

The affinity between physician and artist is one of the most curious and suggestive. Every one will recall the famous surgeon-etcher, and the distinguished specialist in nerves and novels. The Doctor's artistic passion was for music. Unfortunately, it was not materially portable, like a writing-pad, and there would have been something unseemly in the spectacle of a physician fiddling in his carriage, so he nursed this love in seclusion. His violin was his one indulgence, and when he permitted himself to dream, it was of a life with music in it. Sometimes he wished his wife were musical; more often he congratulated himself that she was not. He was sincerely attached to her, owing—and, what was more significant, realizing that he owed—her much besides the promising twins; most of all, perhaps, that she consented to be his wife on his own terms. But she was distinctly not musical; if she bore the Symphonies, it was for his sake.

The Doctor laid down his paper and took up his mail, and a disagreeable expression came into his face. It was one of the pleasant features of his professional career that his brother physicians occasionally vented their jealousy of him upon one of their joint patients—stabbing him, so to speak, through *their* lungs or heart, wherein he was most vulnerable. Just as he expected! They had deliberately neglected his prescrip-

tions, after calling him a winter-journey north to deliver them, and as deliberately allowed the victim to die according to their treatment rather than permit him to live according to the Doctor's.

The look upon his face was ugly to behold; he flung open the door with unnecessary violence before the carriage had stopped, and his foot was on the pavement before the footman could descend. Then he braced his rheumatic shoulders for the four steep flights of stairs; he could not justly complain of the number, since he himself had sent the patient there to be high and dry and quiet. On the way up he had one of his nameless seizures of intuition, and in the dark upper hall his hand fell sharply away from the knocker and his face set whitely. There had been just one chance in a hundred that his presence was necessary; before the door opened he knew this had been the hundredth chance.

The ghastly woman's face which met him added nothing to that certitude, yet he winced before it in every nerve.

“You have come too late,” she articulated only.

“No!” thundered the Doctor. He put her aside like a piece of furniture and strode into the darkened room beyond.

It was more than an hour later when he emerged. The woman stood exactly where he had left her. It was another, tall and young, who turned from the window and looked at him with eyes that hurt. But he did not wince this time.

“It's all right!” he said, cheerfully. His voice quite sang with sweetness. He came and stood a moment by the window, breathing hard. His face was gray, but his eyes smiled, and there was something boyish in his aspect. He looked from one woman to the other sunnily.

“Bless me—you ought never to let yourselves go like that! He'll pull through all right.”

The younger woman continued to look at him silently, but the elder, with a long quivering sigh, fainted.

“Best thing she could possibly do,” said the Doctor, his fingers on her pulse. “Get her to bed as soon as you can,—and have these prescriptions sent out. I'll come back later. He'll sleep hours now.”

He ran down-stairs, consulting his visiting-list as he ran, and jumped into the brougham, calling an address as he pulled the door to with a slam. This time, however, he did not take out his papers, but sat with an unlighted cigar between his lips, gazing intently at nothing.

In the course of the next few hours he looked over an assortment of ailing babies, soothed as many distracted mothers, ordered to a gay watering-place one young girl whom he was obliged to treat for 'chronic headache—chronic heartache not being professionally recognizable,—administered the pathetically limited alleviations of his art to a failing cancer-patient (she happened to be a rich woman, going with the fortitude of the poor down the road to the great Darkness), and so, looking in on various pneumonias and fevers, broken souls and bruised bodies, by the way, brought up at last at the hospital to see how yesterday's operation was going on. It was going on in so very mixed a manner that he telephoned he should not return to lunch—prophesying long after the event.

It was turning dusk when he started on his second round of visits homeward, stopping on the outskirts to rebandage, in one of the tenements, a child's broken arm. He had not returned his footman's salutation that morning, but had carried in his subconsciousness all day this visit to the footman's child. In one manner or another that inconvenient locality had been compassed in his circuit for the past three weeks. From it he passed to his daily ordeal, another rich patient, a nervous wreck, whose primary ailment—the lack of anything to do—had passed into the advanced stages of an inability to do anything, with its sad Nemesis of melancholia—the registered protest of the dying soul. It was a case which took more out of the Doctor than all his day's practice put together; he always came from it in a misery of doubts.

The dusk was becoming the dark when he set his foot wearily on the carriage step once more, and with his hand on the carriage door paused suddenly. He was sick of sickness, mortally tired of mortality! For the first time in the whole day he hesitated; an odd, irresolute

look came into his face; he pulled out his watch, glanced, and changing his first-given address for another, threw himself back on the cushions with closed eyes. He did not open them again until the carriage, rolling through many streets and round many turnings, came to a halt under some quiet trees, before an apartment-house. There were yellow dafodils between white curtains—very white and high up. As he stepped out, the Doctor glanced involuntarily towards them, and a half-breath of relief escaped him, instantly quenched in a nervous frown and jump as his arm was seized by a firm gloved hand.

"Doctor,—this is really *providential!* You are the very person I wished to see!"

It was the younger of two heavily upholstered and matronly ladies who spoke, in a voice of many underscorings. The Doctor, who had removed his hat with a purely mechanical motion, knew himself a prey, identified his captor, and eyed her with restrained bitterness.

"Doctor,—it is about my Elsie;—she hasn't a particle of color, and she complains of feeling languid all the time—"

"No wonder!—What do you expect?"—it was the Doctor's harshest tone. "She is loaded up with flesh,—she doesn't exercise,—you stuff her. Send her out with her hoop,—make her drink water,—stop stuffing her. What she wants is thinning out."

"*Elsie!*—Why, Doctor, the child eats *nothing*,—I have to tempt her all the time;—and when she goes out she complains of feeling tired."

"Let her complain,—and let her get tired;—it will do her good. Don't feed her in betweentimes,—and when you do feed her, give her meat—something that will make red blood,—not slops, nor sweets, nor dough. She's logy, that's all. There's nothing in the world the matter with her." He lifted his hat and strode on up the stairs.

Maternity, grieved and outraged, stared after him, speechless, then turned for sympathy in the nearest feminine eye.

"Really, dear,—I think that was almost *vulgar*,—as well as unkind," murmured the other mother at her side.

"*Vulgar! Unkind!* Well, it is the last time he will have the opportunity to insult me! The idea! *Elsie!*—But

it's not the first time I have thought of changing physicians!" (This was true,—but she never did; the solid Elsie was her only one.) "And such desperate haste;—he must have a *most critical* case!" She cast an indignant glance at the building, as if to make it an accessory to the fact, started perceptibly, gasped, and turning a kindling and interrogative glance upon her companion, encountered one of profound and scintillating significance. For a moment they contemplated their discovery breathlessly in each other's eyes.

"Did you ever!" exclaimed number one at last. "Oh, of course I had heard things,—but I will do myself the justice to say I *never* believed a word of it before! *This*, of course, makes it plain enough;—this explains *all*!"

The two—good women, but wounded withal—coruscated subtle knowledge all down the street.

Meantime the Doctor climbed the stairs. He was perfectly conscious that he had been, in fact, both unkind and rude, even though his mood did not incline him to take measure of the extent of his delinquency. He knew equally that he should presently have to write a note of apology—and that it would not do an atom of good. *Tant pis*. He rang at the door of the daffodil-room, and it was opened by the tall girl whose eyes had hurt him that morning. They did not hurt him now, but enveloped him with a keen and soft regard that left no question unanswered. In another moment she had put out a firm hand and drawn him over the threshold in its clasp.

"Don't speak,—don't try to say a word! There!" She had taken from him his hat and gloves and pushed forward a low chair in front of the fire, all in one capable movement. "What is it? Tea? Coffee? A glass of wine?"

"*Music!*" answered the Doctor, raising two haggard eyes, with the exhausted air of an animal taking shelter.

The girl turned away her own and walked towards the piano, stopping on the way, however, to push forward a little table set forth with a steaming tea-urn and cups, matches and a tray, and to lift to its farther edge a bowl of heavy-scented violets. Her every motion was full of ministry, as devoid of fuss.

The room was low, broad, and large, and full of books, flowers, low seats, and leaping firelight. A grand-piano, piled with music, dominated the whole. The girl seated herself before it and began to play, with the beautiful, powerful touch of control. After the first bars, the Doctor's head sank back upon the cushions of the chair and the Doctor's hand stole mechanically to the matches. He smoked and she played—quiet, large music, tranquilly filling the room: Bach fugues, German Lieder, fragments of weird northern harmonies, fragments of Beethoven and Schubert, the Largo of Handel,—and all the time she played she looked at the man who lay back in the chair, half turned from her, the cigar drooping from his fingers. There was no sound in the room but the music and light leaping of little flames in the fireplace,—no motion but theirs and the pulsing fingers on the keys. The girl played on and on, till the fire began to die, and with a sudden sigh the Doctor held up his hand. Then she rose at once, and going forward, stood as simply at the side of the fireplace opposite him. She was not beautiful, but, oh, she was beautiful with health and calm vigor.

The Doctor let his eyes rest on her.

"If you knew," he said, with a little, half-apologetic laugh.

In her turn she held up one of her long hands.

"But I do;—you forget I was there all the morning. And you pulled him through. As for the rest—" She stooped suddenly and began to pile together the logs; the Doctor watched her, noting with a trained and sensitive eye the muscular ease and grace of the supple arms and shoulders—like music. "Of course"—she spoke lightly—"they will kill you some day, among them; but—it's worth while, isn't it?—and there isn't much else that is, is there?" Still kneeling, she turned and looked straight up at him. "Do you know what it was like this morning—before you came?"

The Doctor shook his head.

She hesitated a moment, smiling a little. "'Lord, if *Thou hadst been here*, our brother had not died!'" she quoted.

The Doctor got up quickly from his chair. He knocked the ash from his

cigar and laid it down on the tray. "Well," he said, lightly, "I must be off." He squared his shoulders and held out his hand; its grip upon her own trembled very slightly, but he smiled sunnily. "I'll come back for some more music some day."

"Do," the girl said. She had risen and was smiling too.

The Doctor looked about the room wistfully. "Jolly place,—I don't get up very often, do I?"

"Not very."

They smiled at each other again, then the girl, turning abruptly away, walked to the window and came back with a double handful of yellow flowers.

"Will you carry these to your wife?" she said. "They are the first of the year."

She held the door open for him, and from the little landing watched him down the stairs. At their turn he glanced up for a moment, holding his hat raised silently. She waved him a mute acknowledgment, then going into the room again, closed the door.

The firelight still leaped languidly on the hearth, and on the half-smoked cigar and pile of ashes in the tray. The girl stood a moment looking at these things and the chair, then walked quietly to the piano and sat down before it. But she did not play again.

Meantime the Doctor, an erect and urgent presence in the dusk, had driven through dim streets and climbed again the four flights of the morning, to find the hush of heaven fallen on the house.

"I knew *you* could save him!" said the pale mother only, lifting blind eyes of worship from the couch.

The Doctor laughed, poured her out with his own hands a sleeping-draught, and sat patiently beside her till she slept, then stole away, leaving injunctions with the nurse, established in his absence, to telephone if there came a crisis—"even," after a moment's hesitation, "in the night."

"Home!"—he gave the order briefly. There were black circles beneath his eyes, making him look thinner than when he left the house that morning; he had no distinct reminiscence of lunch, and he was very tired; but his shoulders no

longer ached, his headache was gone, and his hands were perfectly steady.

Odd bits of music hummed perversely through his head, mixing themselves up with all things and rippling the air about him into their own large waves, bearing now and then upon them, like the insistent iteration of an oratorio chorus, fantastic fragments—"If Thou hadst been here!—If Thou hadst been here!" His fingers ached towards the responsive strings, and pulling out his watch, he made a hasty calculation. There should be good fifteen minutes, he decided—toilet allowed for—and he hurried the coachman again and leaned forward, looking with bright, eager eyes into the night, and humming to himself.

One liveried servant opened the house door, another the carriage door, and a third relieved him of his hat and coat. Out of the warmth and brightness his wife advanced to meet him, a child in either hand, their long curls brushed and tied with bright ribbons. Her face was filled with tender solicitude.

"You must be worn out;—what a long day you have made! Would you like the dinner sent in at once, or would you rather wait? Children, don't hang so on papa; he must be dreadfully tired. Oh, and there's a man been waiting over an hour; he simply *wouldn't go*; but you'll let him come back to-morrow?—you won't try to see any one else to-night?"

The Doctor hesitated a moment, letting all the warmth and brightness sink into him, while his hands played with the soft hair of his little son and daughter. He smiled at his wife, a bright, tired smile.

"Robin," he said, "run down to the carriage; there are some posies there for mamma—from Miss Graham, Louise,—you see I did get a moment's rest."

"Yes," said his wife. She continued to gaze compassionately at the tired man. After a moment she repeated gently, "And the dinner, dear—?"

"No,—don't wait for me; I'll not be long. Have it brought in at once, and—send the man into the office, please."

He stooped and kissed the children, and turning away, went into his office and closed the door behind him.



# Shannon and Pictorial Portraiture

BY CHRISTIAN BRINTON

IT is not the mundane, nor the psychological, nor the photographic portrait that Mr. J. J. Shannon paints, but the portrait which may be designated as pictorial. More than any one he continues that eloquent tradition which came from Rubens, and which Van Dyck carried across the Channel, to the enrichment of Reynolds, Gainsborough, and Romney. The debt Mr. Shannon owes to this school is, however, more implied than expressed. He may have been influenced on the one side by the gracious allure of English art in the eighteenth century, and on the other by that swift, vital impressionism which descends direct from Velasquez, yet the formula he uses is his own, and appeals to him with a conviction which is unique. Whatever Mr. Shannon has accomplished is individual, for few painters have studied less, and relied more upon innate, inherent impulse. Other men view things in line or in mass, veiled in mystery or sharpened by actuality. Mr. Shannon will first and last see an object pictorially, thus treating it with reference to its value as a picture, as something having independent existence within prescribed limitations. The idea is not an exclusive possession; it is practised in a measure by every painter, but few employ it so consistently, and few achieve a similar charm and unity of effect.

It need not be inferred that Mr. Shannon spends feverish days devising pictorial combinations. He is not one of those worthy individuals who set the stage before beginning a portrait. Gifts both visual and temperamental enable him to divine the decorative possibilities of a scene. Fluent technical mastery makes it easy for him to transcribe his impressions in all their vividness and spontaneity. It is in just this spirit that Mr. Shannon has painted *Maid of Honor* and *Marchioness*, flower girl

from the sun-bright street or blustering Master of Hounds.

The man who, for a score of years, has been painting such a gracious procession of English men and women is not, as many assume, an Englishman, nor yet an Irishman. Mr. Shannon was born, some forty years since, in Auburn, New York, and spent his boyhood at St. Catherines, in Canada. Despite his zest for graphic expression, Mr. Shannon does not come from a race of painters, the nearest approach to an artist the family had previously produced being his grandfather, who was an architect. As in the case of any one who achieves distinction, Mr. Shannon's youth and early struggles have been enriched by legends picturesque and apocryphal. Needless to say, he is grateful that none of these happenings ever took place outside the agile brains of biographers and critics. Never, he smilingly avers, did he wander about Canada painting posters for agricultural shows or selling colored copies of Landseer's canine and bovine masterpieces. He neither studied in Munich nor starved in Paris. It is true he began in a small way, but the way was wholesome and ingenuous.

In a shop-window he often passed hung a still-life composition which impressed the future exhibitor at the Royal Academy as being more ambitious than exact. It showed a rabbit and a partridge dangling on a nail, and though the work of an eminent local painter, it failed to satisfy the boy's maturing ideals. Craving a more accurate representation of the same theme, the young realist forthwith shot his own rabbit and bird, and suspended them in an unoccupied room at the back of the house. There, with nothing better at his disposal than plain unprepared cardboard and common house-paint, the work was begun. The boy had to play truant while thus engaged, so after painting all morning or afternoon,



LADY MARJORIE MANNERS





THE MARCHIONESS OF GRANBY

he would put on his cap and mitts and dash into the house breathless and aglow, pretending he had been to school. At the end of several days the game got so "high" that the family insisted upon investigating the situation; but the picture, which had almost reached completion, was finished with full parental approval. Matters did not, however, end there, for the boy's effort was exhibited in the same shop-window side by side with the elder artist's canvas, the consensus of critical opinion distinctly favoring the new school of still-life painting.

The success of his first attempt being so manifest, the latent Associate was now

placed in the care of Wright, St. Catherine's' foremost painter. At the end of a few months the amiable and conscientious Wright, who could paint anything from a bowl of fruit to a coach and four, confessed that his pupil had exhausted the artistic resources of St. Catherine's. Wright urged that the boy be sent to London or Paris to complete his training. For family and other reasons London was the choice, so at the end of sixteen Mr. Shannon found himself a student at the South Kensington Schools, along with Menpes and Clausen. It was his original intention to remain for a limited time only, but

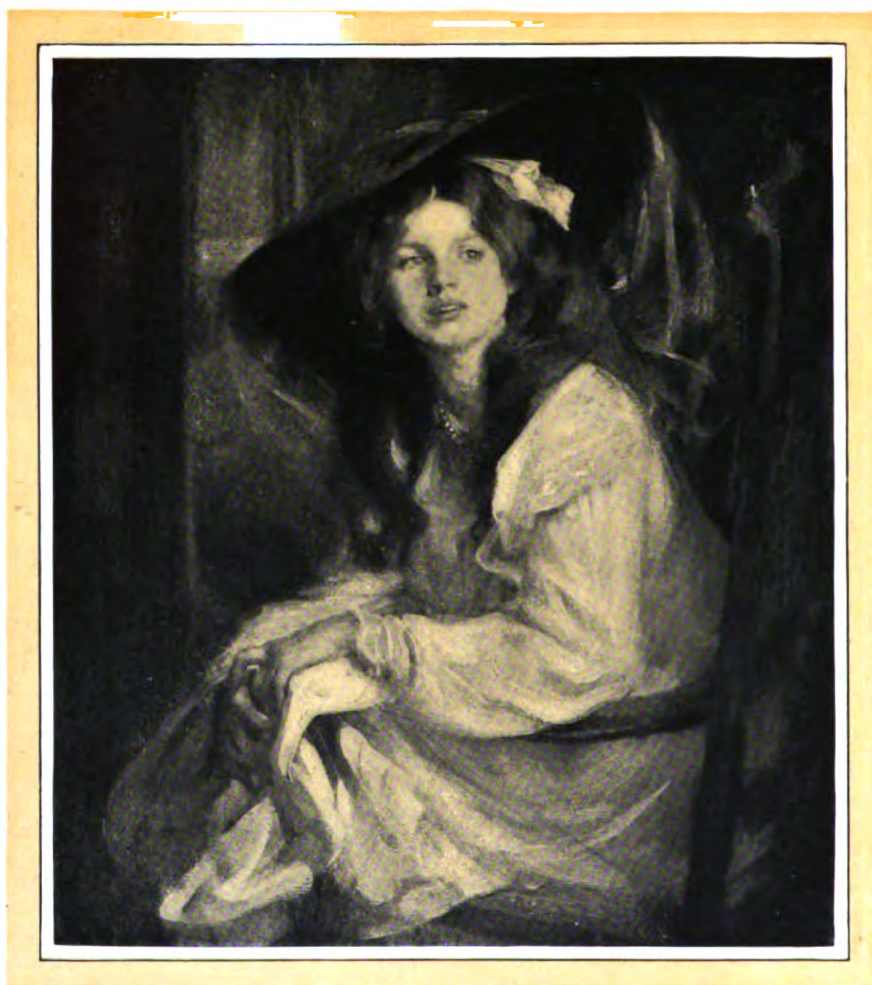


HENRY VIGNE ESQUIRE, MASTER OF THE EPPING FOREST HOUNDS

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MISS MARJORIE SHANNON  
(Niece of the artist)

so exceptional was the progress made by the former painter of "A Rabbit and a Partridge" that Mr. (now Sir Edward) Poynter wrote with enthusiasm to the lad's parents, commending his ability and urging that he be allowed to continue at the Schools. Mr. Shannon, however, declined to be enslaved by preceptor or suffocated by routine. He preferred to move faster than is customary at South Kensington. He took the silver medal for his first year's work in the life room, and at the close of his second was awarded the gold medal in the national competition. Portraiture was of course his chief preoccupation. While still a student he was commissioned to paint Miss Horatia Stopford, one of the Maids of Honor, the canvas later being exhibited at the Academy by Royal command.

Yet the youth who at eighteen painted his first court beauty had still to convince a lethargic public that he possessed both a manner and a message. Though Mr. Shannon rented a studio and began work with infectious optimism, it cannot be said that specific results were attained until four years later, when he sent to the Grosvenor Gallery a simple, broad, and direct full-length of Mrs. Shannon, which was catalogued as "A Lady in Black." The insidious influence of Whistler was apparent, but the picture more than established the painter's claim to consideration. With the exhibition at the same gallery the following year of a masterly portrait of the late Henry Vigne Esquire, Mr. Shannon's position was assured. Forceful in characterization, fluent in draughtsmanship as well as



showing a fulfilling sense of color and of design, the canvas was not only received with enthusiasm in England, but subsequently won first honors in Paris, Berlin, and Vienna. There was now no question of the artist's success. Beginning with an order from the Marchioness of Granby, he was inundated by commissions, and within a decade was elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, of

which his former professor, Sir Edward Poynter, had previously become President.

Among his single figures there is scant choice between the eager, unconscious anticipation of "Miss Kitty" standing against a panelled wall in her green habit and the pensive reverie of Lady Marjorie Manners.

Though æsthetic portraiture is his chief expression, it must not be supposed that



MISS KITTY SHANNON  
(Daughter of the artist)





MRS. J. J. SHANNON

Mr. Shannon neglects what is pompously called the psychological portrait. His Henry Vigne Esquire, his Josef Hofmann, his sketch of Sir Henry Irving as "Louis

XI.," his Martin Harvey as "Sidney Carton," and, above all, his Phil May, belong to this class.

There are reasons for contending that



the art of Mr. Shannon finds a more personal accent not in explicit portraiture, but on that border-land between fact and fancy where lingers "The Flower Girl," where one listens to "Tales from the Jungle," or watches "The Sirens" sporting amid translucent waters. Most of these compositions, which include, among others, "The Squirrel," "The Doll," and "War," have been undertaken in purely occasional moods, as a refuge, possibly, from routine effort. It was certainly not a commission that impelled Mr. Shannon to transfer to canvas the melting pink, green, gold, and black of "The Flower Girl" or the intimate fascination of

"Tales from the Jungle." Both of these, as well as "The Sirens," sprang spontaneously into being. Observation furnished the elements, but it was the painter who selected and perfected. The story of "The Flower Girl" is, with variations, the story of the other pictures. She used to go about the streets of Eastbourne, the real flower girl, wearing a flowing, dotted gown, and carrying on one arm a basket of roses and on the other a baby. It was only a step from the street to the garden, so she came and sat under the trees just as she was—baby, basket, and big feathered hat. Frankly, sincerely, with brilliant brush-strokes, she was



LADY DIANA MANNERS





THE FLOWER GIRL

Painted during those golden August afternoons, not in a studio, but outdoors, with the sunlight filtering through the leaves on sitter and on canvas. There is small wonder that when the picture went up to London it proved the success of the Academy, and was pur-

chased by the trustees of the Chantrey Bequest for the Tate Gallery. It is consoling to know that there appear at times bits of beauty and brightness which even trustees find it hard to overlook.

Though Mr. Shannon's art is characterized by qualities which are the

reverse of aggressive, it seldom lacks requisite elements of vigor and strength. The likeness is invariably accurate and the brush-work shows decision and certitude. From first to last these canvases are a reproach to those who exalt the supremacy of mere cleverness. There is here neither overstatement nor understatement. One is neither exasperated by oppressive fidelity nor tantalized by vagueness. In its essence his is a sensitive, emotional art, modern, yet looking backward to the days when beauty was still deemed a necessity. Unlike so much contemporary work, it is neither Gallic nor Japanese, but simple and Anglo-Saxon, more a matter of aspiration than of observation.

The painter of "A Rabbit and a Partridge," "The Flower Girl," and all that lies between, lives in London at 3 Holland Park Road, adjoining the famous Leighton home. Around the house, which is built in the Dutch renaissance style, runs a high brick wall with wrought-iron gates. At the back stretches a spacious garden, rich in roses and hollyhocks. Throughout the various rooms are quantities of old furniture and tapestries. Here and there hangs a canvas or two. The studio is a large room panelled in oak, resembling the banquet-hall of a Tudor mansion, and it is here that Mr. Shannon paints dowager, duchess, or his own delightful wife and daughter. He is a rapid, dashing workman, using a generous, rich-set palette and large brushes. He studies his subject minutely, yet when he decides on an effect seldom hesitates, and rarely or never makes a preliminary sketch.

Although he enjoys a vogue almost without parallel, Mr. Shannon continues frank and unaffected. He enjoys more describing his boyish experiences as an amateur jockey than telling of the grand folk he has met and painted. His views on art are temperate and tonic, for he believes in little besides the conquest of beauty and of truth. Of aversions he

boasts but one, an utter detestation for the photographic portrait—the portrait which is a mere copy, not a creation. On the other hand, he always seeks to avoid exaggeration, having small love for sharply accented drawing or a vivid welter of color. While he occasionally paints with prismatic brilliancy, as in "Springtime" and in "The Flower Girl," he prefers, as a rule, the subdued appeal of softly modulated tones. Faded pinks, pearl grays, and silver-blacks are among his favorite hues. Mr. Shannon confesses to a wholesome admiration for the work of his contemporaries. He believes that each man who strives honestly produces something entirely different from his fellows, and hence genially maintains that there can be no such thing as rivalry.

Because he is an American and does not wish to lose touch with things American, Mr. Shannon has lately returned to this country, where he is now painting a number of portraits in New York, Boston, and elsewhere. It is probable that in future he will spend a portion of each season here, for despite a long residence abroad he likes our restless, expressive life and our sharp contrasts of light and shade quite as well as the more stolid British temperament or the fogs that brood over London town.

Aside from theories diverting and ingenuous, painting is primarily a matter of vision. The vision of Watts was a spiritual vision, the vision of Rossetti was sensuous, that of Sargent is external and physical, while that of Shannon is decorative and pictorial. There is little reason to suppose that, wherever he goes, Mr. Shannon's work will suffer any material change, for the distinction of his style and the delicate beauty of his coloring are permanent, not local nor accidental qualities. The enduring spirit of his art will remain the same whether he paints the nervous, magnetic splendor of the American woman or the lithe elegance of her sister overseas.





# The Real Fourth of July

BY PAUL LELAND HAWORTH

ON the 3d of July, 1776, John Adams, then one of the representatives of Massachusetts in the Continental Congress, wrote to his wife Abigail,

"Yesterday the greatest question was decided which was ever debated in America, and a greater perhaps never was nor will be decided among men."

In a second letter, written the same day, he said:

"But the day is past. The 2d of July will be the most memorable epocha in the history of America. I am apt to believe that it will be celebrated by succeeding generations as the great anniversary festival. It ought to be commemorated as the day of deliverance by solemn acts of devotion to God Almighty. It ought to be solemnized with pomp and parade, with shows, games, sports, guns, bells, bonfires, and illuminations, from one end of this continent to the other, from this time forward, for evermore."

The weighty decision, the news of which John Adams thus conveyed with such commendable promptness to his wife, had not been reached without much searching of hearts. The American colonists had not rebelled against Great Britain in order to secure their independence. They had a deep reverence and a sincere love for the British Empire; they took a personal pride in its power and its glory; they looked to it for aid and protection;—in a word, they had much the same feeling toward it as Canada and Australia have to-day. They rebelled because their rights as Englishmen had been infringed upon by the acts of an indifferent Parliament and a tyrannical king, not because they wished to set up an independent state; and it was only after the failure of all attempts at an equitable settlement of the difficulties that the colonists were driven to the step of declaring their complete and final separation from the British nation.

It is not too much to say that up to the battle of Concord and Lexington there were but few, if any, men in America who wished for separation. Statements upon the subject by prominent leaders bear out this assertion. George Washington wrote in October, 1774, that "no such thing" as independence "is desired by any thinking man in all North America." Benjamin Franklin assured the Earl of Chatham in the following March that he had never heard in "any conversation from any person, drunk or sober, any expression in favor of independence." Thirty-seven days before the war began John Adams published in Boston, "That there are any who pant after independence is the greatest slander on the province." Years after the Revolution Thomas Jefferson declared that before the 19th of April, 1775, "I had never heard a whisper of a disposition to separate from Great Britain." The blood spilled on Lexington Green originated the first strong desire for separation. Even then there was no immediate, unanimous movement in favor of independence.

It was not until the month of April, 1776, that official action looking toward a definite separation began to be taken by towns, counties, and colonies. North Carolina was the first colony directly to empower her delegates to vote for independence. This was done in April. In the following month the people of Massachusetts met in their town meetings and voted almost unanimously for independence, declaring that they would defend the measure with "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor." By the end of June all the colonies, with the single exception of New York, whose Assembly believed itself powerless to give instructions, had either directly or indirectly empowered their delegates to concur in a declaration of separation. Meanwhile the subject

had been taken up in the Continental Congress, the body that must make the final decision. The way was paved by the three following resolutions introduced on the 7th of June by Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia:

"1. That these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown; and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved.

"2. That it is expedient forthwith to take the most effectual measures for forming foreign alliances.

"3. That a plan of confederation be prepared and transmitted to the respective colonies for their consideration and approbation."

The resolutions were at once seconded by John Adams, but action was postponed until the next day, Saturday, and then again on Saturday to Monday, the 10th. In debate, says Jefferson, "it appeared that some of the colonies were not yet matured for falling from the parent stem, but that they were fast advancing to that state." Congress, therefore, in order that all the delegates might be able to get instructions from their respective States, decided to postpone the consideration of the first resolution until Monday, the 1st of July. But that no time be lost, a committee was chosen "to prepare a declaration to the effect of the said first resolution." The committee consisted of John Adams, Benjamin Franklin, Roger Sherman, R. R. Livingston, and Thomas Jefferson.

At the request of the rest of the committee, the task of writing the declaration was undertaken by Jefferson. When his draft was completed, it was shown to the other members, and after a few slight changes by Adams and Franklin, it was reported to Congress on the 28th of June. After being read, it was laid on the table, and Congress adjourned until the 1st of July.

On that day Congress, in committee of the whole, with Mr. Harrison, father of President William Henry Harrison and great-grandfather of President Benjamin Harrison, in the chair, took up and considered the first resolution proposed by Lee. After a long debate the

resolution was carried in the affirmative. Nine States voted for and two—Pennsylvania and South Carolina—against it. The New York delegates declared themselves in favor of the step, but as they were not empowered to vote on the matter they did not do so. Only two delegates were present from Delaware, and as one was for and the other against the resolution, her vote was not cast. At the request of Rutledge, of South Carolina, the final vote was postponed until next day, the 2d of July.

Of the debates upon the resolution and of the later debates upon Jefferson's declaration of reasons no record has been kept; but it is known that the leading part on the affirmative was taken by John Adams, whom Jefferson long afterward called the "colossus" of the contest. Whether or not Adams made use of the celebrated sentence, "Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote," attributed to him by Webster, is doubtful, but it is certain that he did much to convince the laggards of the wisdom of separation.

When the resolution was taken up on the 2d, all the States, except New York, voted to accept it. Thus, on the 2d day of July, 1776, the independence of the Thirteen United Colonies from the throne of Great Britain was definitely decided upon. The 2d, and not the 4th, may be called the true date of the separation. We could with propriety celebrate the "Fourth" two days earlier. That the participants in the work considered the 2d as the true date is shown by the letters written by John Adams, quoted at the beginning of this article. The popular fancy, however, seized upon the 4th, the date of acceptance of Jefferson's more dramatic declaration of the reasons for the separation, as the proper day to celebrate.

On the 2d of July Jefferson's declaration was also discussed, and its consideration was continued on the 3d and 4th. Several changes were made in the original draft. Some passages censuring the English people were cut out, as was another concerning the slave trade. Says Jefferson in his *Autobiography*: "The clause, too, reprobating the enslaving the inhabitants of Africa was struck out in complaisance

to South Carolina and Georgia, who had never attempted to restrain the importation of slaves, and who, on the contrary, still wished to continue it. Our northern brethren also, I believe, felt a little tender under these censures; for though their people have very few slaves themselves, yet they had been pretty considerable carriers of them to others."

The debate upon the document was continued until the afternoon of the 4th, and, says Jefferson, might have run on interminably at any other season of the year. But the weather was oppressively warm, and the hall in which the deputies sat was close to a stable, "whence the hungry flies swarmed thick and fierce, alighting on the legs of the delegates and biting hard through their thin silk stockings. Treason was preferable to discomfort," and at last the delegates were brought to such a state of mind as to agree to the Declaration without further amendment.

It is a mistake to suppose that the document was signed by the delegates on that day. It is improbable that any signing was done save by John Hancock, the president of the Congress, and Charles Thomson, the secretary.

It is also a mistaken idea that there was any great and immediate rejoicing over the Declaration. Some writers with an eye to dramatic effects have, it is true, pictured scenes of frantic outbursts of enthusiasm in Philadelphia on receipt of the news. As a matter of history, there was no marked demonstration until noon, the 8th of July, when the Declaration was read in the State House yard to an assemblage composed of members of the provincial Congress, members of the Continental Congress, militia, and citizens. Doubts have been thrown upon the truth of the story of the boy crying to his grandsire, who was waiting in the belfry, to "Ring, grandpa, ring." The story must be consigned to the same fate as that which has overtaken the story of Romulus and Remus, of George Washington and the cherry-tree, of Frederick the Great's presentation of a sword to Washington, of how Marcus Whitman saved Oregon, and so many other his-

torical myths. It naturally follows, therefore, that the so-called Liberty Bell has been given a portion of wholly unwarranted prominence. The Declaration was, however, received throughout the country, where, by order of Congress, it was distributed and read, with much enthusiasm and rejoicing.

Soon after the acceptance of the Declaration the work of engrossing it upon parchment was begun, and, this work completed, the Congress on the 2d day of August signed the document. By this time, however, the membership had changed slightly, so that the "Signers" were not quite identical with the body of delegates who had declared independence.

Presumably it was at this time, if ever, that Hancock, "making his great familiar signature, jestingly said that John Bull could read that without spectacles; then becoming more serious, began to impress upon his comrades the necessity of their all 'hanging together in this matter.' 'Yes, indeed,' interrupted Franklin, 'we must all hang together, or assuredly we shall all hang separately.' 'When it comes to the hanging,' said Harrison, the luxurious, heavy gentleman from Virginia, to the little meagre Gerry of Massachusetts, 'I shall have the advantage of you; it will all be over with me long before you have done kicking in the air.'"

Thus did the Congress complete its work. And though what had been done was merely the verbal declaration of an already existing state of affairs, though long and gloomy years full of toil, of bloodshed, and of terrible privation were necessary to maintain the Declaration, yet the importance of that work can never be overestimated. It united the country in pursuance of a definite aim, and made backward steps impossible. It rendered possible the aid from France. Not least of all, it gave to the world that document, the Declaration itself. In these days it is somewhat in fashion to question the doctrines set forth in that instrument as "impracticable." Notwithstanding, the Declaration remains one of the grandest monuments in the progress of human freedom.

# The Inner Imperative

BY ABBY MEGUIRE ROACH

THE last of her six children, the one longest, most exclusively hers, she had worried because he had not, rejoiced over it, hoped he did not mean to, feared he never would. And now he had. She was glad, of course. He would be a happier man, and a better, if possible. But she talked of him unconsciously in the past tense and with faltering anecdote, as of the dead. Now *She* would have first place. It was right, desirable; his mother would not have it otherwise; she hoped she had trained him properly. But he would discuss with *Her* now the new-style derby and the safety of P. and Q. stocks. His free time, his ins-and-outs, would be filled with *Her*. They would want to be alone. Empty hours and empty hands! His assurance that no one could take mother's place was only a sweet evasion—like Davey.

Not that she spoke any of this. She listened, sympathized, planned. She was to be richer by a daughter, not poorer by a son. Yet when she first took the girl to her arms she was conscious of a fine quick pang that David had chosen his wife so different from his mother. Belle was tall and blond and well modelled and brisk and matter-of-fact. Mrs. Durant had never had shoulders at her best. She had the bright, timid, quick eyes and darting movements of a little wild thing. She felt small and shy before David's wife.

In the room she had arranged and rearranged for them she waited vaguely for something; until Belle, tired, accepted her good-night easily. Even then, unsatisfied, she hurried back with a pitcher of ice-water in her fine, tremulous, lace-ruffled hands. The door was still open. Belle, taking off her hat before the mirror, fluffed up her crushed hair thoughtfully.

"Yes, now. But it won't be, when I'm old, like your mother's. What beautiful silver hair, David, over that crinkly smooth, baby-bloom face!" A retreating heel sounded on the step. "Oh, Mrs.

Durant! Fie, for shame! Eavesdropping! Listeners, you know—"

"Oh, my dear child, I wasn't listening. I just— Surely you don't think—" But David dropped an eyelid toward her, always his way of notifying her that it was a joke and time to laugh.

"I'm glad she heard you," he hinted, later. "Things like that mean a good deal to her."

"Oh!" said Belle, and forgot all about it. She never thought to try to please; it hadn't been necessary; and the other girls overdid it; and it seemed more important that people should please her. She believed it was that attitude that had assured her against mistake about her husband, about David.

"There's no question of duty, auntie," the girl had answered an attempt to instruct her, "where there's love. Duty's such a sorry makeshift. Of course we'll work together, David and I, because we do."

"That's nice," her aunt smiled. "But even so, you won't be defrauded of chances for unselfishness, never fear."

The very next day Mrs. Durant's alert eyes spied changes in her most careful arrangements of "the children's room." Somehow the girl did seem out of place in it—the mother felt it herself,—so new and bright and modern. Indeed, the house of the older woman fitted the younger no more than her clothes would have done. It was natural that Belle should have visions of Colonial-Dutch-Morrisy-Roycroftie hybrids. This handsome, stuffy house with its handsome, stuffy furniture was of a later generation than the old model of the new style. There were great gilt-framed mirrors, chandeliers with innumerable prism-drops, plush draperies and upholstery, thick carpets to the surbases, walnut heavy and carved; all beautiful and costly enough to go, following the circuit of fashion, through servants' quarters and second-hand shops,

back to high-priced demand again. But not yet. And meantime small furnishings that had to be renewed from time to time were no more of the same generation with the plush than the girl. And the girl simply, flatly, did not like any of it.

"It's easy to see the experiment isn't going to work," she remarked, casually, to David, the second evening.

"Oh, I hope you won't form an opinion too quickly."

Her eyebrows lifted. "I thought forming an opinion was just what I was to do. You said I was not to think it settled or necessary; we would just try it."

"And we have tried?"

"Why, David!" A fine sharp irritation pointed the surprise.

"One moment, dear. You and mother are the two dearest things I have. I do so want you to be friends."

"Perhaps we would be better friends not so close together." But the antagonism of her manner was already wavering under the influence of his voice and hands.

"At least I hope you won't make up your mind to that right at the start. If we all try—"

"But, David dear,"—how stupid he was, and stubborn!—"love doesn't come with trying. I—I didn't even want to love you."

"But you did; you do."

Her face rippled with color like a rose in a breeze. "Now isn't that a man's way of arguing?—No; listen to me. I'm not objecting to her; I think she's going to be quite dear. It will be nice if we happen to like each other, won't it? But I hate dinner in the middle of the day; and the table, David—that caster! and those nice light rolls baked yesterday and served cold to-day! and—oh, you know. Why, David, you can't like—"

"Of course I know, dear, and of course I don't like some things. But there will always be disadvantages in any arrangement; one has to consider all the points, and it takes time to see what they all are. It's worth while to learn to see things as through a prism in all lights. Mind, dear, it's to be as you decide. I only ask you not to be too hasty."

"Yes, I know I am," she murmured.

"I'm perfectly sure you'll do the right thing in the end."

"Then you think the right thing is going to be to stay here *forever*?" The word had never sounded so long and dreary.

"Not necessarily." He smiled. "Usually, on general principles, I think such arrangements a mistake. It's a problem of circumstances and personalities. With us, it all depends. We're to see, and you're to say."

"David, you *are* a nice boy."

"Can I help you unpack?"

"Oh, would you like to see my things?" Belle's usual cordial ruthlessness. "That's what a bride's clothes are for—other people to look at."

"What a handsome puce lutestring!"

"A what?"

"Yes, I know you have another name for it now; but I like the old names better; they come to me quicker. When I was a girl they taught us to call the last letter of the alphabet Zed, and David teases me now because not long ago I ordered a box of that E-Zed silver-polish, and he says I missed all the mental help I was paying for."

"And you say 'puce lutestring' for a pansy taffeta! It sounds fairly medieval."

"But it's quite the same goods. And a gathered skirt? and those shoulders! They made them just so when I was young. How the styles swing around again!"

"Yes, always changing, and yet nothing new but the name."

"Isn't it a little plain, though?"

"I thought so." Belle's forehead wrinkled at once. "I told the dressmaker it needed another touch."

"Now I wonder if I haven't something." The old lady looked up with her watchful, inquiring eyes, debating, not her generous impulse, but its probable reception. "Do you like old things?"

"Some old things." Belle smiled down at her significantly. Instantly a spark of liking leaped between the two, leaving a warm glow of personal good-will.

"No, no; I meant— Oh, my dear—" Mrs. Durant was as fluttered as a *débutante*. David was not always at hand with his enlightening eyelid, but Belle's puckered mouth somehow looked



like him. "Oh, all right. I believe I have just the thing. Here." She was gone as swift and straight as a bird.

"What a nice chest of treasures, Mother Durant!" Trinkets and slippers and fans, all the curious and pathetic gods that were revelation and proof of a past so remote and unreal its traditions seemed mere myths.

"There, that was what I meant."

"That silver fringe? Lovely on a portière."

"No, no; this."

"That lace? For me?"

"I won't exactly give it to you, but you're cordially welcome to use it. It will make that silk just sweet."

"Yes, indeed. It'll do nicely."

"It's a very handsome piece," Mrs. Durant murmured, faintly.

Belle was inspecting it closely. "I can see that. And quite what the dress needs." She held it off critically. "It looks just like you, Mother Durant—fine and rich and mellow." She mentioned it casually, impersonally. "So does that amber comb."

"No, that looks like you." The old woman had grown suddenly girlish, and Belle looked at her, wondering. "My dear, see it in your hair. And anything here you want, use. They are pretty, aren't they?" She fingered things wistfully. "Not for me any more, most of them; but if David's wife—my daughter—Wear them while part of his pleasure in you is to see you look pretty." She would never have thought of saying, "while part of your pleasure in life is to look pretty." "We'll leave them in the chest; it's safest; and put the key here, where—"

"—any burglar would find it convenient?"

"Oh, do you think so? Dear me! What shall we do, then? Where—" Again Belle's look reminded her of David's. "Oh, well."

From her height the girl put a hand on each shoulder and a kiss on each rose-velvet cheek. "What a Mother-D. it is!"

Mrs. Durant felt vaguely that it was a fitting, easy sort of thanks and a qualifying smile, but the christening with that pet name! The child *was* trying to be friends.

In truth, Belle had no idea either of

effort or of effect. She said what she thought. She objected to the theory that you should look for nice things to think, as insulting to the intelligence of all concerned. But, being warm-tempered and happy and quite unstudiedly attractive, she had occasion to think a great many pleasant things; and it was their very spontaneity that made them so grateful to others.

"It's a very handsome piece," Mrs. Durant repeated, hesitating, warningly, as Belle carried it off. Then she checked herself with a blush for David's mother, and a secret apology to David and David's wife. Rare and fragile articles, babies, her finger nails, and the truth a lady knew instinctively how to care for.

Belle wore the gown a couple of times without thinking to show it, before Mrs. Durant spied it passing through the hall; then pleasantly she threw off her cloak. The lace was on a bertha and both sleeves. Cut! in three pieces! Mrs. Durant got to her own room and sat down and held her trembling hands. Cut in three pieces! She had used that lace only a couple of times in twenty years, because it was an awkward length, too much for a bertha, too little for a skirt flounce. And that girl had cut it!

And Belle went out unconscious, unconcerned.

This was the worst yet. But there were so many things. Tidies, footstools, ornaments, through the house, had a way of disappearing. Things changed places. At table, why didn't she have this? Did she know thus and so?

The young woman was alive with the instinct of nest-building, of self-expression, the creative impulse of youth. The old woman clung with equal instinct to all the fixed things in a world on which her hold was loosening, and to confidence in what life had proved and established for her. The idea of those children thinking they knew better than she! But the deeper motive of the motive was the same with both—the need of place in the world.

"It's a right as well as an obligation to be useful," Belle declared to David.

"But isn't it more truly useful to fill a need than to make one? There are so many more willing bosses than willing hands."

"Perhaps I could help," she mused.

That very day, Mrs. Durant out, she braved the cook's blighting disregard, and whipped up for dinner one of the desserts at which she was particularly deft. She herself said nothing when it appeared, watching the mistress of the house, expectant, dubious. Mrs. Durant served it without comment and without tasting it herself. Belle, freezing, ignored equally the alien presence and its reception.

After all, David's loves were not so contradictory. In fundamental ways his wife and mother were akin. They differed where the mother had failed; and it developed that, in supplementing those deficiencies, the wife had her own. But their tenacities and silences were of the same fibre. Nature works for persistence as well as variation of types.

The girl was too wounded to speak of it first even to David. But, "She might have had the justice and courtesy to try it," she answered him.

"It wasn't that at all, dear. It's Lent. She never touches sweets then."

"At least she could have mentioned that."

"I fancy she thought it finer courtesy and modesty not to call attention to it at all."

"Well, if she does want to be uncomfortable six weeks in the year, she has no right to make others so. Besides, I don't believe in Lent. I say, Eat the tenderloin first; maybe you won't have to do any chewing at all."

"One of her ideas, I judge, is to keep the teeth in training."

"Oh, life gives you practice enough!"

"Yes, I think so myself." They were standing, facing each other, clasped hands swinging between them. "If we do make the best of natural opportunities. But I see her idea, too,—circumstances have no authority unless there is the inner imperative." He smiled deep into her eyes, his grave waiting smile.

Belle stirred restlessly and flushed. "You treat me like a child sometimes, David."

"Well?" Humorous indulgence. And as she smiled back, half unwillingly, warm and rosy, "One of my ways of loving you is as a woman loves a baby."

"David!"

"Why, you don't mind? It's only one way, and a very nice one."

To some temperaments, things and habits are so fused with their sentiments that a transubstantiation takes place. Mrs. Durant had felt that she could not give up David's mending—and was outraged that it was not required of her.

"Socks? Why, Mother-D., you needn't bother with them any more!"

"It's no bother, dear child; it has always been a pleasure."

"Oh!" Then she stopped short in passing. "What darning! I would think it *would* be a pleasure to do anything as perfectly as that!"

It was one of Belle's warm honesties without motive, but afterward she recalled, with a smile between amusement and impatience, the inner glow that illumined the translucent old face; though Mrs. Durant only said, "Darning is an accomplishment every lady should have."

"Oh, I can darn, but not as a fine art." Belle was going out; she was always going out. "Understand, Mrs. Durant, if you don't want to do it, leave it to me. If you really enjoy it, I wouldn't think of depriving you." She laughed. "Pleasure wouldn't exactly be my reason." But as she went down the steps, she reflected. "Help her? She won't even leave me my own duties?"

And Mrs. Durant's lips straightened over her work. It should be a pleasure to any right-minded wife! The hands with their gracious lace ruffles dropped to her lap. She was not always satisfied that David's wife had the proper sentiments. From the first she had thought her heedless, careless of his evident devotion, taking everything done for her too much for granted. She accepted everything as her right without bothering about other people's. Then, as with use and wont her embarrassment and reserves lightened, she actually flirted, with her own husband, before others, in a most unseemly way,—so that David's explanatory wink was kept active. But there had been one night when he came in late—cold, tired, hungry, with a dull headache,—and Belle had waited on him, comforted him, crooned over him, until the very mem-



Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

"DARNING IS AN ACCOMPLISHMENT EVERY LADY SHOULD HAVE"

ory made his mother's eyes benevolent and approving.

"David, how long is this to go on? I don't see any obligation to spoil our lives for her notions. It isn't fair that some one else should dictate our circumstances." She started hot, tearful; but somehow with David her tumults and rebellions always quieted; her angry thoughts seemed slipping away; she couldn't remember just why the latest trifle had galled so,—just what it was, in fact; it seemed inconsequential, irrelevant. Helpless clutching after vanishing ideas heightened her irritation. "It isn't as if there was money necessity; she's as independent as we. And why should we be responsible, and not any of the others? It isn't fair. I want a home, David—our home. One's chairs and china express one's individuality as much as manners or clothes or interests. Let's go by ourselves, David, do." She began belligerent, ran out of argument, ended with pleading.

"I know," said David. "She feels it too."

"She—*she*! You think more of her happiness than of mine; care more for her than for me."

He had feared this, had fended it off, hoping against it. But he had not dreamed how it could hurt. He only put a finger on her lips.

"Oh, you're so good!" She flung from him. "I hate you when you're so good.—And you said it should be as I wished," she added, as the pause grew long, justifying, apologizing.

"It shall be as you say.—Perhaps she could get a companion," he considered, steadily; "or maybe it would be better for her to sell the place, and board, or visit among us."

There was not much in the words, even in the tone. He waited; Belle was still. At last she looked up. "She would die."

"Yes, I'm afraid she would. I've always thought that."

"Oh, David! Oh, David, to have had six children and not to have any! If it's that way it isn't worth while."

He put his hand over hers. After a little, "Are you so unhappy, sweetheart?"

"Oh, David, you're dear! I love you. But it is hard."

"I know."

"I'm not a daughter here as it was at home, nor quite a boarder, nor quite a guest. And I can't have my friends; things are so—different. Maybe it doesn't follow that our ways are better, but they suit us. It isn't her fault or ours; it's in the nature of things. And she gets so nervous and excited over the least break in the routine that her hands shake until it hurts to look, and things spill. And just because she's getting a little unsure herself, she is all the more sensitive and determined to keep on. And she talks to them about how busy she is, until I'm ashamed. And she's hurt and perplexed if they don't fairly stuff with everything on the table. She thinks that's hospitality." She put down the recurring irritation. "If she would only give me some place in the house, the charge of something—the table, say. It isn't fair for one side to do all the giving up. I believe in reciprocity, mutual compromise."

"Oh, you do?" thought David. "Hurrah for you! You're coming on. I knew you would." Aloud he said: "Perhaps she would. Let's talk it over with her."

Mrs. Durant listened while he talked it over, all by himself. Wasn't she tired of housekeeping? So many years, and so exacting. What were young folks for? and daughters? If Belle took the marketing, now, the table, wouldn't it save her a great deal?

The knitting-needles flew faster and faster. At last he ran down. "Davey," she said, after they had waited a long time—"Davey, don't I keep house to suit you any more?" ("Oh, mother!") "You used to say nobody had such good things to eat. If you would just tell me what you want, either of you—"

"Well,"—Belle spoke, since David would not, and she was determined to have it out this time; and the effort it was to speak at all, let alone defying David's pleading eyes, made her sound positively fierce,—*"one of the worst things is the midday dinner."*

"But, my dear child, we have always had it so, and the servants like to get off early at night."

"Of course, the same old argument, and unanswerable! One of the best reasons I know *for* changing things is that

they have always been the same?" ("When they are right and good?" Mrs. Durant thought, with a mental gasp.) "And I notice other homes are run for the family, not the servants." Her skirts whipped the doorway as she went out.

And David sat still. Neither did he look up. When her hands were steady enough and her voice dared, Mrs. Durant took up her knitting and talk of the weather. She could not have excused David if he had either left his mother or apologized for his wife.

The little old woman was very lonely these days. David talked as frankly as ever before her, before them both. But the third person was there and was the one to speak. Mrs. Durant knew to keep silent. Belle was in and out, mostly out, making her new friends, chiefly not among their old ones. Capable and independent, she needed no help over the shade of a gown or the choice of two invitations. She told David everything worth while; the need of others or of the mere telling was not hers, nor was she at all demonstrative. And the value of flattering concessions was still hardly a suggestion in her mind. The mother felt that she had lost intimacy with the son without gaining it with the daughter. She felt it most in one connection. Mrs. Durant never spoke of a baby, whether it be the new kitten in the shed or the third child of an acquaintance, without much the same proud embarrassment as the young matron's over her own first-born. She had supposed she understood both the shyness and reluctance of the bride; but that, after more than a year, there should have been no confidences on the subject seemed to her unnatural, unwomanly. She felt excluded, disappointed for everybody. Yet all her prides and delicacies kept her as silent as Belle.

But Mrs. Durant never questioned David's wife, nor detected in her a dissatisfaction, however incomprehensible, without an instinctive service or gift. Poor, futile love, trying to make it up in another way! Yet the repetition was slowly wearing through the girl's self-centred obliviousness, through her opulent superiority to mere love and effort and intention. Not sensitive herself, her lack of sympathy was lack of observation and imagination; besides, that it has small

sense of responsibility or obligation is a truism concerning youth. Meantime the very similarities that made them clash were bringing them slowly to understanding and fellow-feeling.

The great loves of life are cosmic—spontaneous, often instantaneous; like the attraction of stars or the affinities of atoms. But they are few, and the superficial and momentary are often at first mistaken for them. The run of life's good-comradeships is made up of acquired friendships, adjusted temperaments, tolerances, justices, generosity. Of the first are life's rare and ultimate joys; of the second, the lifelong means to growth and content.

That night David found no argument waiting in his room. Belle met him, hands out. "I was horrid, I know. I don't understand what's the matter with me the last few weeks. Worse than ever, just when I'm trying hardest."

"Oh, well, if you are trying!"

"Of course it doesn't excuse *me*, but, David, she is set and unreasonable."

"Yes, dear; you have to make allowances for old people as you do for babies."

"And for young folk and middle-aged," she admitted, apologetic.

Things went on as they were. To Mrs. Durant her seat at the head of the table was an office, the tea-things the insignia of all that was sacred and dear in life—duty, responsibility, authority; remembrance, fulfilment; the essence of her womanhood. It was as vital as breathing, or loving her children—all of them. Her creamy, finely crinkled hands continued to pour, a bit unsteadily, perhaps, but with the grace and distinction of lace ruffles, inalienable aristocracy, and essential femininity.

"David, don't say *ma'am* to your mother."

Mrs. Durant's eyes looked quick surprise. "Why not, dear child? I'm sure it's eminently proper."

"It's eminently amusing in a grown man, and wretched form in any age."

"But, my dear," with tolerance for her inexperience, "you can't teach a child to be respectful without *sir* and *ma'am*."

"Oh, I've seen it without; and not always with." It is the convention of the young generation to decry conven-



tion; and its cult of the unprejudiced and unsentimental has developed the good habit of looking for the other side to the extreme where it becomes fairly an instinct for contradiction and denial. "But respectful? Why? To what?"

Mrs. Durant set down her cup swiftly and clasped her hands in her lap, and the talk rippled by her unheeding, a goddess deposed, amid her discredited attributes and emblems.

"It's wofully American and middle-class, and belongs to the day when Mr. Brown introduced Mrs. Brown merely as 'my wife.'"

"Why, why not? I would have thought it very cold for my husband to do anything else."

"And yet you spoke to him as 'Mr. Durant,' probably?" David was trying to signal her, but she was entertained, without consideration or malice. "It's a mere matter of custom. In Germany one speaks of her husband as Mister only to servants; to an equal it's offensive. When the manners of the best people are imitated and caricatured by exaggeration and have had time to prove their bad points, they are left to the kitchen and shop."

What radical iconoclasm! Next thing she would be saying the decalogue was a mere matter of fashion.

"I can't see," Mrs. Durant said, severe but tremulous, "that the new manners are a gain. For one thing, there is much less reverence for age than when I was young."

"Oh, doubtless. The very idea that age has a right to reverence is part of the same old patriarchal point of view. Like the superstition that because people are of your blood they can take advantage of it." And now Mrs. Durant was quite still, like a wounded thing, watching, waiting its chance to escape. "But as for gain, I don't know that there's much fundamental difference. There's some gain and some loss always. Our manners will run the same course. But they're the thing now. Conventions are simply conveniences to avoid confusion by certain well-known rules. They are a sort of secret signal service for people of your own order.—Another cup of tea, Mother-D?"

The old woman lifted the pot with

jerking hands, tilted it—too much! There was a gush, a falling lid; she clutched at it. Oh, how did it happen? The scalding stuff splashed all over her hand—things crashed!—over the table edge on to her knee.

Even in her pain and nervousness she was aware of the quick, quiet capacity of the girl. Everything was done before David got the doctor there. There was nothing more but to bear it and wait. But there would be no more moving around for a time, nor even any knitting.

"Oh, mother, you *would* keep the head!" It was David's one outcry first and last.

"Well, I don't wonder," said Belle. "I had just been looking at her and thinking,—if ever I had such hands! They look like heirlooms!"

For the first time since David was a baby, thirty-five years now, Mrs. Durant must be idle and waited on. Belle hoped, not wholly selfishly, it might give her a taste for the luxury of ease, and a luxury she tried to make those days. But Mrs. Durant had never been of that disposition. She did not chafe. She simply bent all her will and self-control to getting around again.

"I have always thought," David said, "that when mother goes it will be the sudden snapping of something. A long illness would kill her itself at once." They were both glad for the bull to smile over.

Many things fell inevitably to the girl's attention. That, again, she hoped would prove an opportunity. But the household had run so long, it ran half-automatically. The servants were trained in their grooves. The whole equipment was adapted to the established system.

"It's no use," she sighed to David. "There couldn't be any worth-while changes without a regular revolution. She could never understand our way. Probably it would suit her less than hers does us. We'll have to give up." She sighed lightly, a sigh of resignation; and laughed, a laugh between amusement and irritation. "If it's hard for a young person like me to give up, what must it be for an old woman with the fixed habit of having her way?"

"Moral," smiled David. "Don't fix the habit."

"I'm safe, apparently. Well, we're young; we can wait. And perhaps it's just as well now for me not to have too much on hand. I want to keep well, David, and nice! Please help me, won't you, to be nice? We must do everything we can for It from the very start."

It flashed on David what motherhood might do for her, since the mere prophecy of it was stirring in her the beginnings of that otherism which even their love had largely failed to rouse, perhaps because it was so beautifully equal and reciprocal. "Then it's all right, dear?"

"Yes, yes, it's all right, David—now. I did hope I wouldn't have to be tied down that way. But I ought to be willing to do my share, of course. And I know I'll be glad afterward. It's all right now, dear."

The shock had done more harm than the burns. And more harmful than either was the numb, dumb heartache that was not new, but that idleness gave too much time for dwelling upon. Mrs. Durant felt old and withered under the cruelty of youth—youth flaunting its advantages and superiorities, impatient, or slighting with "the gay injustice of laughter."

She saw Belle and David apply more and more successfully the methods of friendly debate to their matrimonial politics, and, out of her life-old pride of silence and self-repression, she marvelled. But their influence brought her once nearer confession and complaint than ever before in her life.

"I don't know why you are so sweet and attentive to me, dear child, unless you have more regard for age and obligation than you admit." She spoke fearfully, watching the girl with her vivid eyes like a small creature of the woods waiting the warning to retreat.

"Obligation? and age? Bless the child! How many years have you, anyway? Oh, you sly, vain puss, never to tell. Why should we respect you for your age? You couldn't help it. Besides, you haven't so much. And, moreover, you're young for that." She smiled to David at the rising pink in his mother's cheeks—the smile with which one humors a child. "Does she think we're handling her with care simply be-

cause she's a valuable antique not to be duplicated?"

This was teasing, of course; Mrs. Durant could tell it by the droop of David's eye and the twist of Belle's mouth. "Child, you rattle on so I don't half know what you mean." But she smiled, a pale promissory smile.

"Why, Mother-D."—merely conversation to amuse the invalid—"when people are weak or dependent or helpless you show them every courtesy, of course. If they are good, or have experience or sense, or have done something, you respect them for that. Every year puts the odds in their favor to get it all. But lots of people don't. You mustn't worship the symbol above the thing." The grip on the old heart was loosening, loosening. S-o; it was like styles and materials,—the same old thing with a new name; a paraphrase, a mere distinction; the elements of good morals and good manners were always the same. "The whole idea goes with the notion that years are a calamity for which there must be compensations. Who minds getting old? Not I!"

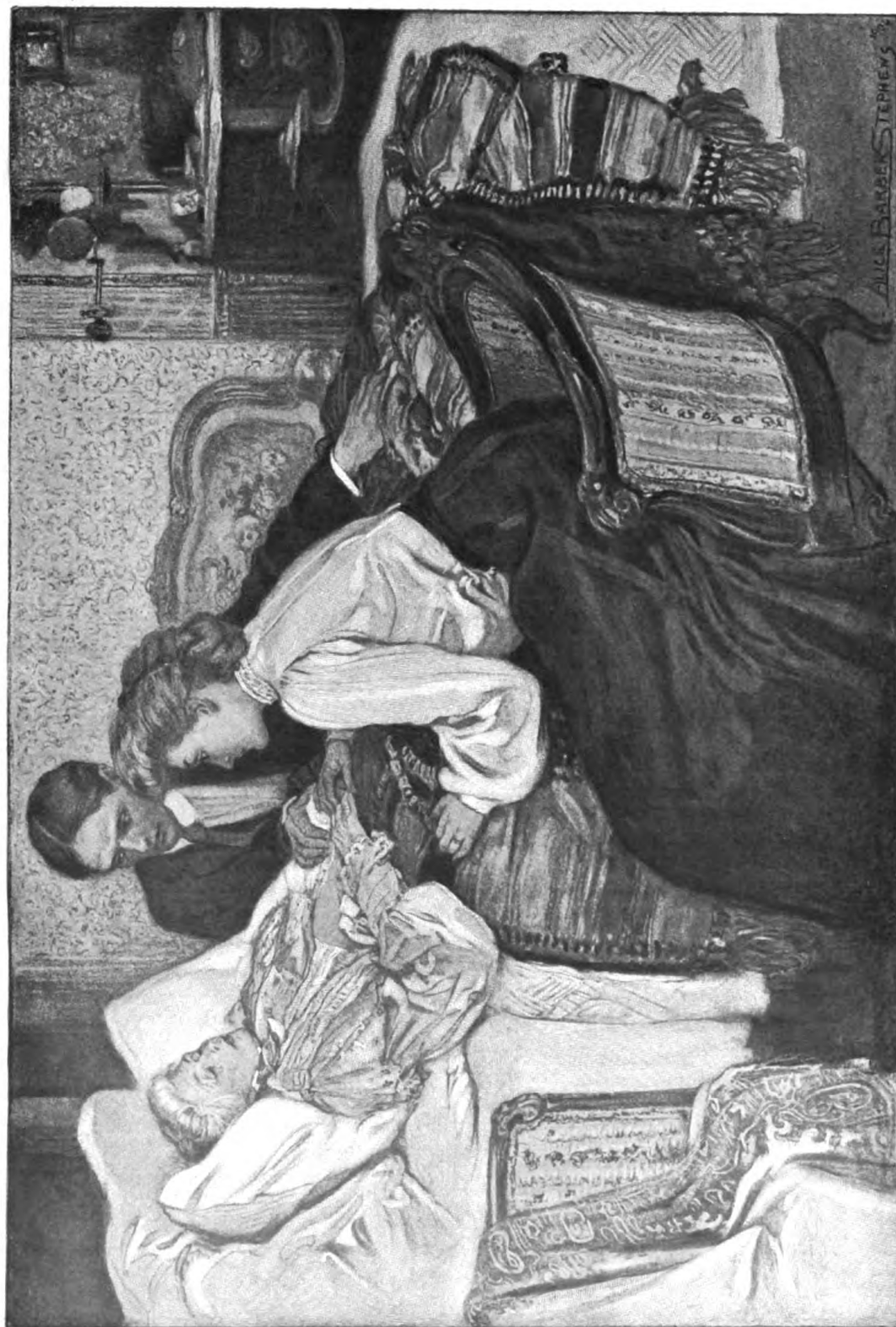
"You?" Mrs. Durant saw the joke unaided for once.

"But if you think I'm being respectful or polite, you miss the point wofully." There would hardly seem danger of that. No one had ever before treated Mrs. Durant with such habitual levity, with the delightful equality of disrespect. "Don't you think you could guess why?" The girl's eyes were laughing and much more. "You're the dearest old ivory-handled, silver-headed family skeleton any young couple ever had." David looked up quickly, fearing implications, but the happiness of sudden ease after long pain was in the delicate old face. "Well?" Belle reminded her from under sly lashes. "It's up to you now. Surely you can't renig."

"God bless you, dear child; you're making my boy happy."

Instantly the lights of the girl's face went out.

David saw, and looked at them both indulgently. "And the other night the only reason you could give for satisfaction with your work with me was that I had known how to choose a wife." Belle's face flashed up again understand-



SHE WOULD NEVER QUITE UNDERSTAND THEM, BUT SHE DIDN'T CARE ANY MORE

ingly. "Do you know, mother, you never paid me a direct compliment in all my life?"

"Oh, Davey! And I'm sure I couldn't pay any woman a higher compliment than to tell her her influence was for good."

"Why only the woman?" wondered Belle. "People always hold the woman accountable for her husband; and I'm sure just as much depends on what he is to her. David has done everything for me."

"No, no," David said, hastily; "it's just life giving you some pointers and a chance. Now this little way of mother's—I suppose it was the fashion in your day? It wasn't well-bred to show emotion, nor modest to betray affection, nor wholesome to express approval? And it was tempting Providence, too, eh?"

"Oh, Davey!" she repeated, but more to the tone than the words. She was growing deliciously drowsy. She would never quite understand them, but she

didn't care any more; the sting was gone. Belle slipped up her pillow, drew the robe over her feet. "What a little mother you are getting to be!" she breathed. The girl's look shocked her back into a moment's full consciousness. "Belle?" Her eyes flashed, keen and startled. Her heart leaped back fifty years to a supreme moment of terror and exultation in the bridehood of her essentially feminine life. It was not Davey,—Davey had his own story. It was the first—Henry—Davey— In the mist of sleep and sentiment, nebulous visions drifted, blurred, submerged her like a fog. "I'll—be—up—to-morrow."

Belle, with face hidden, felt the lace trail across her hand, the fingers close and cling. The young folks looked across at each other, motionless, with smiling eyes and quivering chins. "Do you know what she reminds me of?" she whispered. "The violets you find in sheltered places late in the fall."

## Raleigh's Song

BY ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

LOVE who singest before the dawn,  
Give thy kisses unto me.

Love who singest when day is gone,  
Bring thy sad tears unto me.  
On earth below, in heaven above,  
I would know all the ways of love.

Love who art sad, thine eyes are sweet  
And, ah, thy lips are lovely still.  
Love who art glad, thy happy feet  
May climb the path of heaven's hill.  
But here on earth, or there above,  
I would know all the ways of love.

# New York Harbor

BY JAMES B. CONNOLLY

PERHAPS as good a way as any other to enter into the spirit of New York Harbor life is to slip into the Hudson at almost any point above the vortex of business—up opposite the Palisades will do—and from there drift gently down.

One will first notice that, though this be the age of motor craft, there is still good business for sailing-vessels—even up here, some distance removed from the broad waters of the ocean where the combination of wind and canvas is supposed to have its best chance. What we see here, however, are rarely the able-looking craft of the high seas; rather are they creations of old-fashioned model—sloops and schooners of wide square sterns, and bows that might have well suited Hendrik Hudson, full and round below, and above flaring widely for greater deck-room. Freighting sand and bricks from up-river banks and kilns, or huge granite blocks and crushed stone from up-river quarries are these; and always they seem to be making a slow passage of it, with never a leading wind, but ever beating, beating, tacking laboriously. Worn decks, patched sails, and unpainted planking are in keeping with their speed, and they are loaded so deep that the least chop, and water comes aboard.

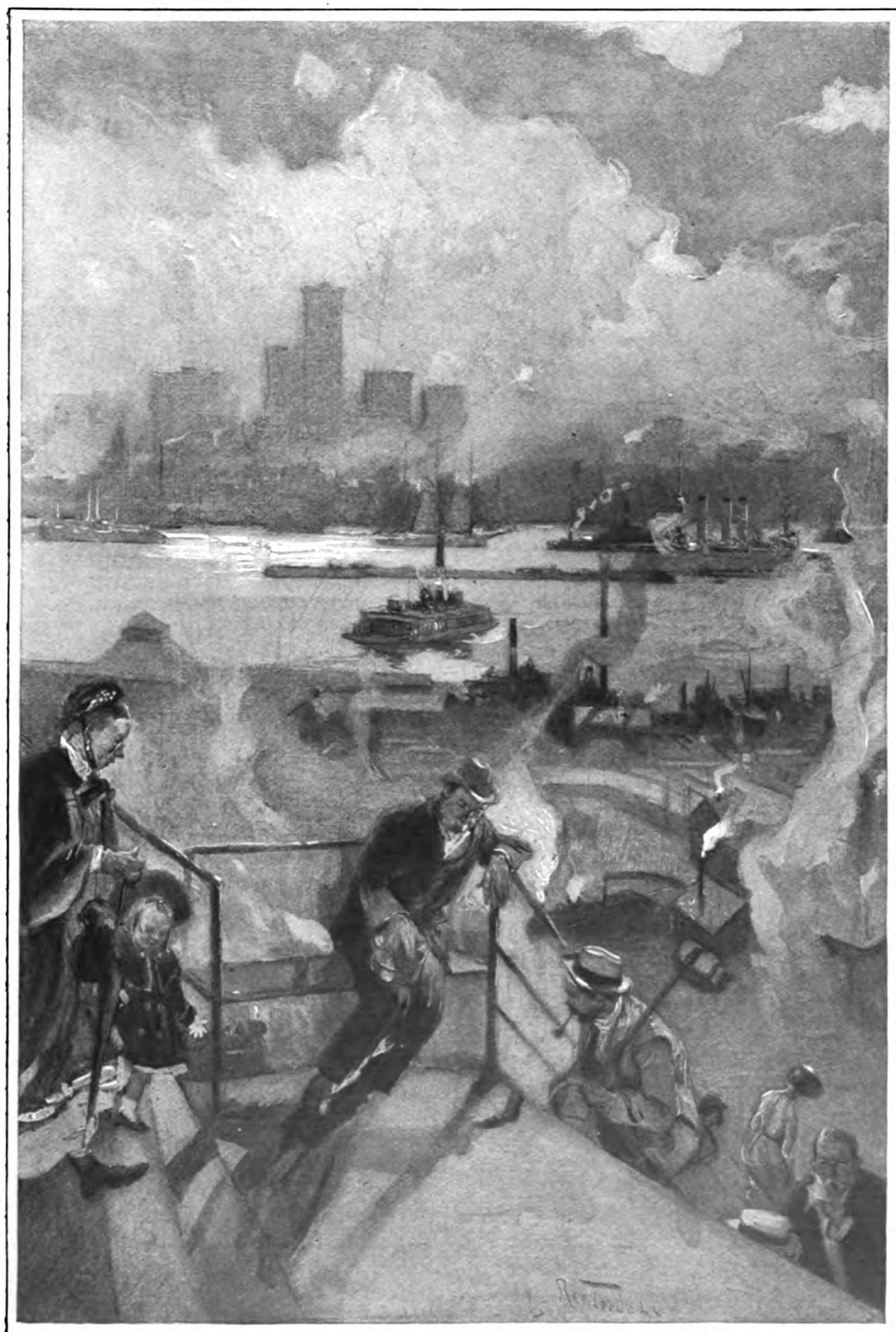
Coeval, by power of never-failing suggestion, with the brick-sloop (serene Dutch countries and placid artificial waterways coming to mind), are the canal and ice barges, which in strings of three, six, eight, or ten drag along in the wake of hard-working little tugs. To protect the freight from the heat of the sun the ice-barges support a great shed, with a little windmill aft to pump out whatever of the cargo may melt in the hold. The "canallers," filled to the wide hatches with a miscellaneous invoice, and resembling as much a house ashore as a ship afloat, have had a protracted cruise

of it—all the way from Buffalo and the Great Lakes by way of Erie Canal. At one end, their heads poking through to view the life about them, are the horses that towed the barge through the long canal. They have now only to eat and doze till they are back in Troy. At the other end are the quarters of the family, with two feet or so of the cabin-house showing above the deck; that two feet giving the women a chance to indulge the housewifely tastes; you see the bit of muslin or lace by way of a curtain, or the plant or two in the way of decoration.

The brick-sloops and canallers are all very well, but larger and more modern ships are in prospect. While it is yet a long stretch of river to the bay, with the heights of Weehawken on the Jersey shore yet to come abreast, you begin to make out pier after pier of the ocean-going craft, of such length and beam that each seems to need an entire slip, with barely room to squeeze in the coal-barges between her side and the next dock. These are the great Atlantic liners you have read about; and handy to them are the names of the managing companies lined out in huge letters on the ends of numbered piers. New York is a crowded harbor, and to find room in which to discharge, some companies have been forced over to the New Jersey side of the river; and on that side in the slips are also tied up the—well, you feel like calling them creatures, because their existence is so bound up with human interest. Not one of them but what some friend or relative has crossed on, and you have heard their various merits discussed; or maybe you yourself have crossed on one of them, and you remember how she churned and throbbed and cleft the seas for you—swiftly, intelligently almost, with a mind to your safety or your hurry. With a glass you can easily read the names either side as in midstream you drift by.

All the record-breakers seem to be in





THE MAN-OF-WAR ANCHORAGE OFF FORTY-SECOND STREET, NORTH RIVER  
View from stairway of the Palisades, New Jersey shore

port. There is the steamer that made the record run from Queenstown, there the holder of the record from Cherbourg; and that other one has never been beaten from Southampton, nor this one from Plymouth, and so on. And there is the largest ship that was ever launched; though she will not be so for long, because they are building them larger and faster, and will continue to build them larger and faster for some time to come, and the new ones will run to New York also. And therein is something of the spirit of the country expressed through the business of the port—America earns the most, demands the most, gets the most (in her commercial life at least), and whoever is to lead her must lead the world.

Then there are the port liners, the ferry-boats, built only to shoot across the river and back again. They seem ever to be clear of the docks, out in the stream always, and always crowded. There is a big one with a great railroad's name on her side. She is a double-decker, with propellers at each end, and must be carrying three or four thousand passengers.

As numerous as the ferry-boats, but lacking the feverish human interest, are the freight lighters of the railroads. They are all over the place, sometimes singly, with a towboat fast alongside or bridled to a line ahead, sometimes in pairs, with the towboat sandwiched in between. Of all sizes and capacities are they; here one with three rows of eight freight-cars, and again one with two rows, and a platform in between, exactly as if it were a section of a freight-shed station picked up bodily, tracks and all, at Jersey City, and deposited on this immense wooden float, to be carried across the river and by and by set down again bodily in Brooklyn or elsewhere on the other side of the harbor. Some lighters are topped with a large shed, evidently intended for the protection of the cargo from rain or the splash of river water. Such seem to have need of a watchman; and so, built on one end is a little cabin, wherein, as on the canallers, you get a glimpse of family life. Rarely is the man in sight. He is busy tending to his freight doubtless; but the wife, with maybe a woman friend, is there, the pair of them gossiping in the shade of the

after-end of the house, rocking comfortably, a line of clothes hanging out to dry, and an eye to a couple of children, tied for safety sometimes, but more often allowed to crawl unchecked around the limited bit of deck. It is while observing the children that you get to wondering how they regard life ashore. Would a five-room Harlem flat to them seem spacious? Also you wonder, do they ever fall overboard?

On the east side of Manhattan the waters of the Harlem River and Long Island Sound meet at Hell Gate, and thence on it is the East River that is in charge. Hell Gate, clear of rocks, is no longer a dreaded spot, but the waters there still sluice and gurgle, furnishing a mild excitement to the passengers on the huge inland paddle-wheel steamers that come from the Sound way. Passing Blackwells Island, some prisoners are at work about the grounds, and, imagination no less than sympathy stirred, you wonder how many more are inside the barred windows of the stone buildings; and seeing the island steamer at the landing with more to unload, you wonder what they all did to bring them there.

Farther down is the marvellous new East River bridge, all white and handsome, and much steel girdering in its construction. The Navy Yard is there, vested not at all in the panoply of war—not a jackie nor marine, not even an overseeing officer in sight. There is, however, a cruiser or two up in the slip, and a long white-painted supply-ship to the dock. Looking farther, you see a great red-leaded hull, and listening, you can make out the tattoo of hammer and chisel against the steel plates. When completed, that will be the most powerful battle-ship in the world—turrets, barbettes, fighting-tops, and all kinds of guns—and she will fly the flag of the greatest republic to the fore.

And now looms Brooklyn Bridge, the like of which we shall never see again. Not that she is to remain the greatest, measured materially—no. Already her dimensions have been exceeded—the bridge up the river has also sixteen hundred feet in the main span. It is not that her construction advanced perceptibly the rating of American engineers,





THE EAST RIVER, BROOKLYN BRIDGE IN BACKGROUND

nor that she was the first of her immense kind. Not that exactly. The public do not cherish these records of cables, trusses, piers, and caissons. Such they can get out of a technical handbook any time they care. It is rather that life comes and goes in such great tides by way of Brooklyn Bridge, throbbing life—the rush of men and women. Every morning and every night the whirl is there. Away up in the air, above the masts of tall ships, you see the evidence of it—trains whizzing, trolleys clanging, and hurrying foot-passengers, whose legs and bodies you see, twinkling vitascope-like behind the screens of crossed cables. There are multitudes of people who are yet looking forward to a trip over the Brooklyn Bridge. An experience that! Suppose something happened up there on this thing that depends on the holding power of wires that are not even stretched taut—that sag in the middle—!

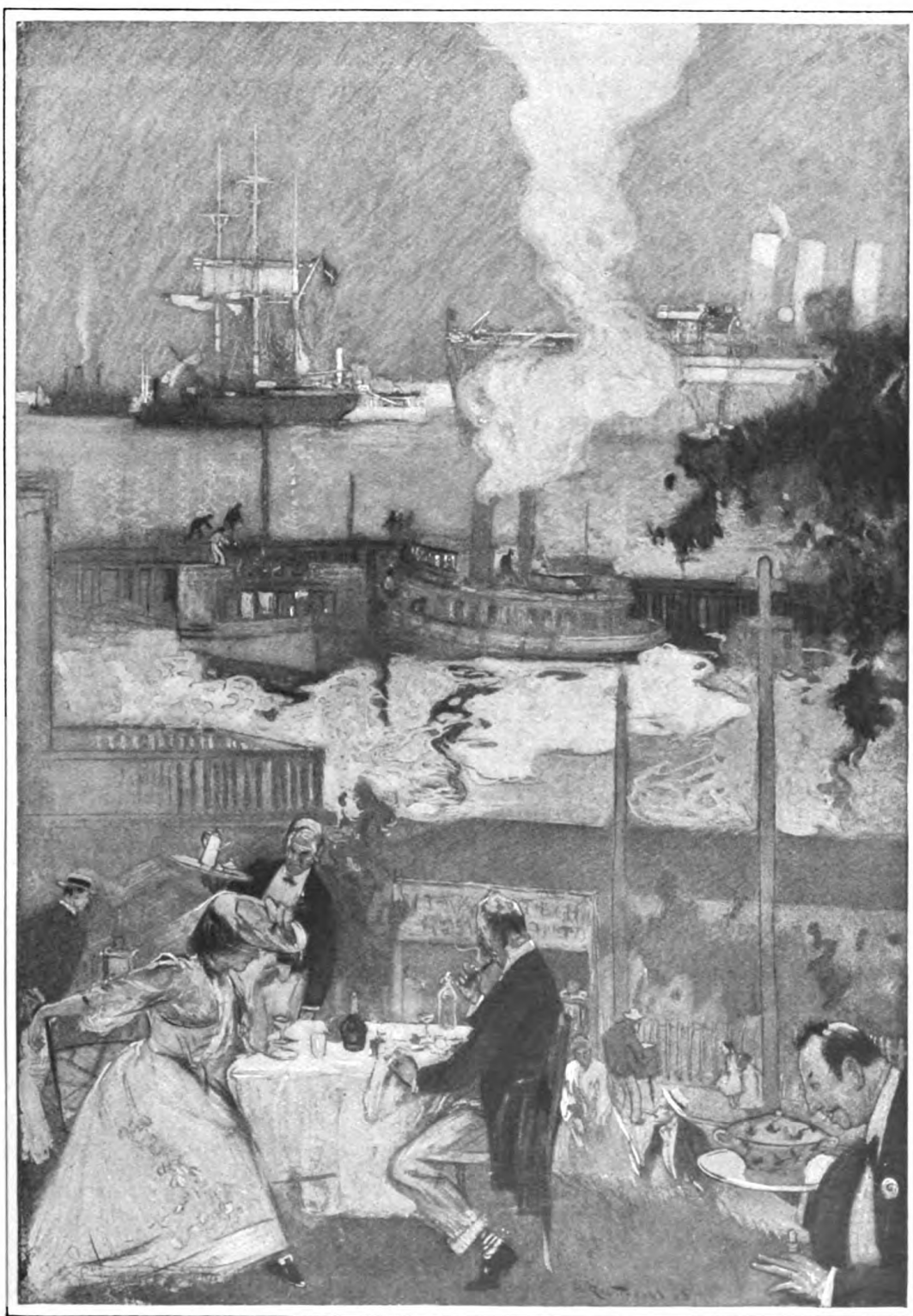
As Hudson River shelters most of the North Atlantic liners while in port, so does East River harbor those that go to make up the truly foreign fleets. Here they are, pier after pier of them—the steamers that go to the far countries. Mind the roll,—Brazil, Argentine, Chile, Peru, West Coast of Africa, Australia, India, China, Japan! And hark again to the call of the ports,—Rio Janeiro, Buenos Ayres, Valparaiso, St. Paul de Loanda, Cape Town, Tamatave, Sydney, Singapore, Hongkong, Yokohama! And the strange stuff of their cargoes! Rubber from the Amazon swamps—see the naked Indians tapping the trees, and the slimy reptiles in the shadowy ooze; horn and tallow from the pampas—mark the centaurlike vaquero and his whirling riata; gold-dust, ivory, palm-oil from the West Coast. Dreams for you there! Palm-oil and gold-dust and ivory: elephants and sacrificial fires and trains of captive slaves; hemp, tea, silks, and smuggled opium—and do not believe that opium is not smuggled into New York Harbor to this day. You think of all that and your imagination flames, and the essence of every line of every printed page you ever absorbed mounts subtly to your glowing brain—the rainy days in the attic, and the nights and the shaded light of the forbidden lamp—and fancy takes charge of you, and you see brown

and black and yellow peoples, Japs, Chinks, Pee-Wee Islanders, and—"Sail on the port bow!" roars the lookout. "Looks like a pirate junk, sir,"—and another, and another, "a whole fleet, sir, pirates all—their flag is showing now, sir." And "Cut loose your starboard battery," you say to that, low and cool.

Oh, the junks, and the proas, and the sandalwood traders! But the ordinary-looking craft that stirred you so are lying at their undistinguished docks, with the stevedores and the husky longshoremen and the chew-chew donkey-engines working overtime. And the crews who will by and by sail back to the strange countries and through the strange seas—there are they, looking very much as if they wished somebody would come along and break the monotony.

In other days, on the New York side of East River, were docked the famous clipper ships that drew all eyes whenever they came to anchor in foreign ports. To walk along South Street then was to pass under a roof of overhanging jib-booms that stretched clear across the street and into the upper windows of the ship-chandlers' shops. On this day there were three square-riggers south of the bridge, and one of them a brigantine, which is only half square-rigged. Of the two full-rigged ships in the river this fine August day, both were disappointing in that they were built of steel. Beyond that, one was a disgrace—slack rigging, sides rusty, disordered deck, sails slovenly stowed. No display here of old-time pride of ownership, no evidence of any high-handed skipper on her quarter to swear blue oaths and set things right. But the other had something of the look of the old clipper. Four masts, to be sure, and (again a pity) her hull of steel; but long and sharp was she, and her tall spars rose so nobly above the smoke-stacks! And there was a whip-like pennant snapping from her main-truck, while on her stern was a name to rejoice one's soul—*Star of Bengal*. Her length and leanness suggested the days when our clipper-ships used to make the lime-juicers seem canal-boats; the days when the captains were not only shipmasters at sea but merchant princes ashore, who could not only take a ship through a typhoon, but walk up to the





### THE GATEWAY TO THE HARBOR

Quarantine as seen from a little French restaurant on the Staten Island shore; large steamers and ships in the Narrows awaiting Health Officers of the Port



exchange after she was docked and trade with the best of them. Great men of their kind were they, who knew how to order, and flog if need be, and carry sail—"No bloody foreigner could show them the way"—men who made fortunes in a single voyage, and oftentimes spent it before they put out again. Those were the days—the very names tell the story—*Dreadnaught, Sovereign of the Seas, Great Republic, Southern Cross, Red Jacket, Star of the East, Great Mogul, Emperor, The President, Constitution.*

But such things were. It is steam now. You cannot get away from it—ferry-boats, barges, launches, towboats. Always towboats. The East River, above every other strip of water in the world, seems to belong to towboats, the finest and the most disreputable commingled. Great powerful iron fellows that can take a crippled 12,000-ton liner and walk her along as if she were a lady out for exercise, and decrepit little fellows that you would rather not be aboard if they were to bump the dock at even half-speed. But able and well-kept, or battered and neglected, as their craft may be, their masters are the most expert of steam-boatmen. No uniform, no hatband, no anything to denote commandership, unless it be their manner, and that quite often tinged with disorder, as of a man that has just turned out of the locker-bunk, which you may see behind the pilot-house glass—a manner betokening a palpitating readiness to argue to a decision the most obscure point bearing on the right of riverway. From the pilot-house they lean out, one hand to the wheel and the other ready to bell or whistle, eye always up or down or across stream.

In East River it is always congestion and everybody in a hurry. Down-stream will be a tug, two or three tugs, half a dozen tugs, all hurrying alongshore, with lighters or barges or a vessel—whatever it is—in tow. Three or four others are bearing down from up-stream with barges, and always in a hurry are they. Ferry-boats are ploughing across stream, each striving to get into her slip—she has a schedule to make and intends to make it—and there are a couple of big brutes of ocean tugs, one with a two-million-gallon oil-tanker, and the other with a three-thousand-ton barge of coal

in tow, and they don't give a blue light for anybody. The man at the wheel must not only have eyes ahead and to either side, but behind—on all sides and up in the air sometimes. It is a never-ending series of escapes from collision.

To present to the mind an easily conjured picture, one might make the comparison of the upturned right hand, with the long straight forefinger for the lower stretch of the Hudson, with the thumb, joint turned out, standing for the bent East River, and the palm of the hand representing upper New York Bay. The three together make up the harbor of New York.

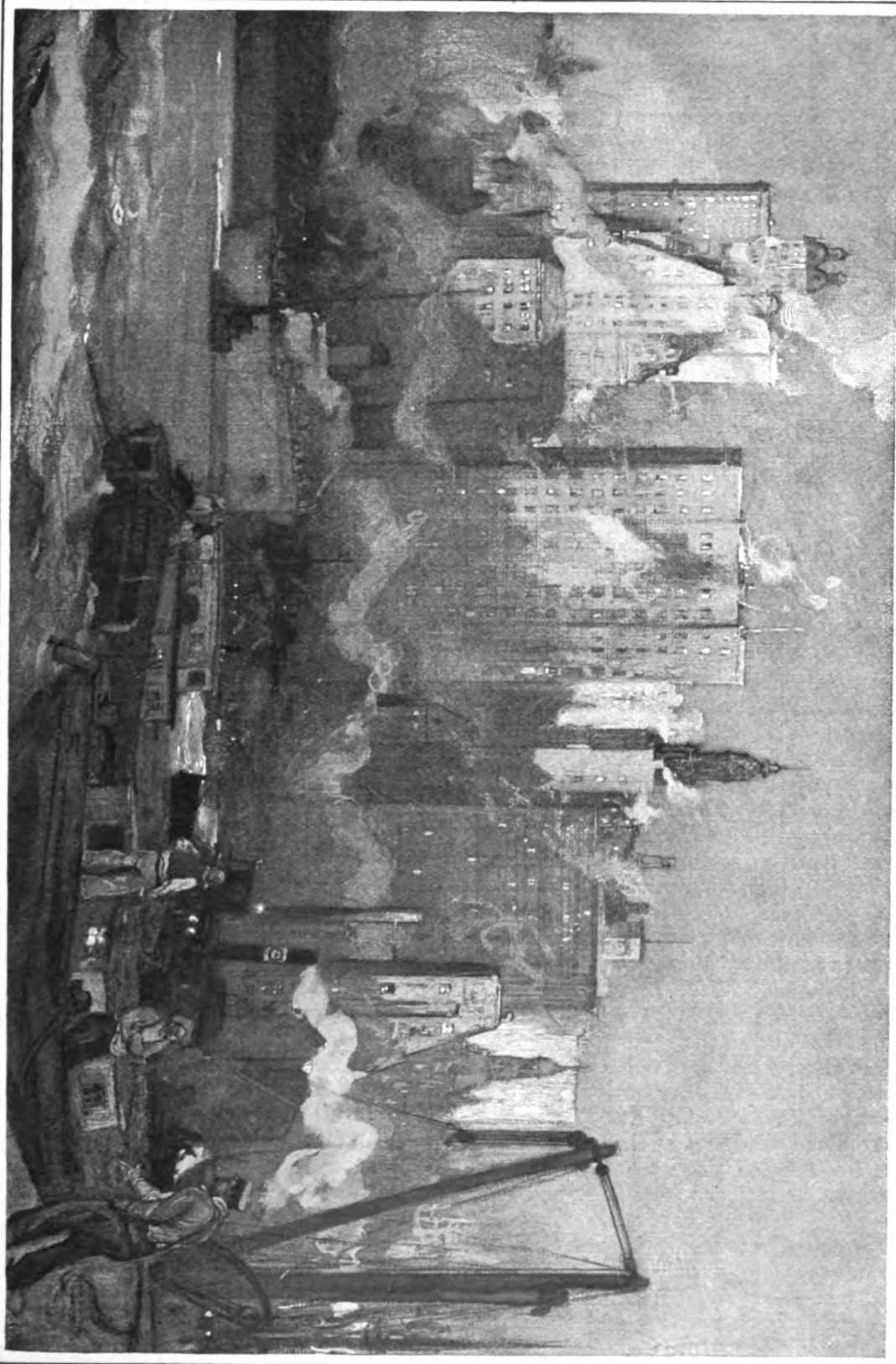
North (or Hudson) and East Rivers converge at the Battery (or southern end of Manhattan Island), whence, across the palm of the harbor and through the Narrows, the way to the ocean lies. Whoever has to come from East River into North River, or *vice-versa*, or whoever from the Jersey shore has occasion to run over to the Long Island shore, or also the other way about, skirts the Battery as closely as he can. So at the Battery the confusion of harbor traffic seems to be most pronounced. Everybody is looking for the shortest road, nobody wants to give way. The tugboats are ever here, the barges and lighters are numerous; the ferry-boats are even in greater hurry. It is never-slacking, a crossing and re-crossing, backing and plunging, whistles rapid and discordant.

The cross-tide adds to the difficulties, and the gentlemen in the pilot-houses are not always in placid moods. Wild-eyed men glare out from pilot-houses aloft, like eagles from their eyries, and pass the time of day. Says one: "Where d' y' think you're going? Back, will you?"

And the other: "Back? Me back? Me?"

"You? Yes, you, you slop-eyed, slack-mouthed, spine-twisted fresh-water goob—you square-headed, fatherless"—and so on, detailing irremediable flaws in the genealogy,—after which both back down and avert the impending collision. That is off the Battery.

From the Battery the larger business of the port is carried on in less confined areas. The great liners that you no-



THE JAM OF MARINE TRAFFIC AROUND THE BATTERY

Half-tone plate engraved by H. L. Church

ticed at the docks of the rivers may now be seen proceeding to sea. You gave them a glance as they lay to their piers, but a steamer to her pier does not begin to show her size. Out here in the broad harbor you are made to realize that a great steamer, with crowded decks and bound to foreign parts, is a majestic thing to the eye. The sense of power she radiates! Observe the length of her, the height from water to bridge, and then think of the thirty feet or so under water that you do not see. Over her rail are leaning people who have never left home before, who have bidden hysterical adieus to weeping friends on the pier behind—people who still regard a trip across the Atlantic in summer as a voyage of peril, to whom the sea is ever a fearful mysterious thing, always to be dreaded, from its depths no telling what dangers ready to spring—great seas, horrid monsters. And coming in is one with her decks even more crowded, and forward deck more than all—people with handkerchiefs out ready to wave on the slightest provocation, to whom the most beautiful sight in all their travels is New York Harbor coming home again. On a deck below them, their heads barely visible above the high rail, are the immigrant people, gazing with curious, wondering eyes, trying to see more than human eyes can see at one glance. Think what it means to them. They know not, many of them, where their first dollar is to come from. Yet here is where they are to begin their new life, and their descendants after them to be cradled.

The touch of the greater sea-life is here—all kinds of it. The little coasters and the big coasters—three, four, and five-masters, that have come here from no farther than Perth Amboy or New London, or Savannah, or St. Johns, Newfoundland, or Bangor, Maine; and there is the fleet of deep-sea ships awaiting orders, bark-rigged mostly—again only a single full-rigged ship to remind us that once the proudest clippers of all the wide seas were ours.

And the great barges of coal from Newport News, a string of two or three in tow of a powerful iron tug of the kind that could walk along a liner "like she was a lady"; and the great oil-tank steamers

from the new fields of Texas, burning their own cargo for fuel, and loaded deep as the coal-barges. Seeing them now, you can fancy them ploughing by Cape Hatteras in a gale—low-squatting, decks awash, only the bridge and its helmsman standing clear of the seas. The hundred miscellaneous craft of the harbor are there,—the clanking dredges, raising mud ceaselessly, and their scows moored alongside; the odoriferous garbage-scows under tow to Sandy Hook; the three-deck excursion-steamers with their thousands of men, women, and children stowed above and below, handkerchief-waving and holiday bound, paddles flaying the stream and bands rending the atmosphere.

This and much more, and the whole but patches of an amazing commerce.

But there is no beauty to all this? Pretty much as you look at it is that. Take it now, when the first approaches of night are but faintly shadowed and you are sailing away from it across the broad harbor—say just about the time it is a golden glow from over the Jersey shore. Ere you pass the Narrows, look back and watch—watch the points of light that are beginning to flicker, to come like stray sparks into tall buildings that project through a hundred steam and smoke trailings—chalk-white, blue-white, coal-black driftings—and watch on till the golden glow is purple, and the purple has become a blue-black, and a star-pointed sky is doming it over all; and the single lights of the tall buildings give way to sudden illuminations, to groups and columns and whole rows of lights—white, yellow, blue, and the touch of violet that is sometimes born of electricity—shifting red and green lights, too, harbor craft in action—and all not merely lights that illumine, but lights that flash and sparkle and grow intense,—and you sail out the broad harbor till you can see no more, till even the gorgeous sky-line has disappeared, till there only remain the unpillared floor, the untrussed dome, and the light of the infinite stars. There are those who say it lacks picturesqueness, but to some who have seen many there is nothing elsewhere to equal it.

# Gravitation and the Ether

BY C. W. SALEEBY

THE reader who likes his science dogmatic must not read this article, for it will contain hardly more than one dogmatic statement—that made by Newton when his towering mathematical genius had descried, hidden in Kepler's laws of planetary motion, the law of universal gravitation. We are here at one of the root-problems of scientific inquiry. Much as we know, we are yet without the master-word. The present century will have established an inextinguishable claim to imperishable remembrance if—as well may happen—it should reveal the hitherto undiscovered *cause* of gravitation.

Let us first try to gain some conception of the value of this omnipresent force. I desire to bring forward two considerations, the first of which has not so far, I believe, been clearly formulated. We have often heard of the many consequences of gravitation, and of the remarkable happenings that would follow its sudden abolition. But I have nowhere seen it stated that the human race owes its very existence to gravitation. Yet this may be easily shown. Every one knows that the earth owes practically all its energy to the sun. The tides we owe in the main to the moon—in virtue of gravitation, be it noted. For the rest we are indebted to the light and heat of the sun, without which life could never have been evolved upon the earth, and with the decline of which it threatens to cease. Thus the famous Haeckel of Jena declares that the worship of the life-giving sun seems to him the most rational he has met. But a great fellow countryman of Haeckel, the physician Helmholtz, has proved that the sun obtains its energy from its own shrinkage. If there be other sources, their power is small. Now the shrinkage of the sun is *entirely* due to the action of gravitation between the innumerable atoms of which it is composed. Humanity, therefore,

owes its existence to gravitation, without which neither should I be here to discuss it, the reader to follow me, nor would the plant from which this paper is made ever have come into being.

Gravitation—or rather its Immanent Cause—having given us life, and ever binding us to the preserving sun, from which our planet would otherwise hurl itself in suicide, it actually proceeds to supply the human mind with the best proof of what is perhaps its most lofty conception. That conception is that this vast and multifarious world, magazines and comets, flowers and stars, men and meteors, is a *Universe, One*, a Cosmos, not a Chaos. We see apparent chance or caprice everywhere. It is a delusion. There is neither chance, caprice, nor contradiction in the cosmos; for it is an organic whole, of which no one fact is inconsistent with any other. Until Newton, who taught us, as Spencer says, “how the universe is balanced,” it was only the poet or seer that had divined this truth. But none of them has put it better than a poet now alive. In his “Mistress of Vision” Mr. Francis Thompson has these lines:

All things by immortal power,  
Near or far,  
Hiddenly  
To each other linked are,  
That thou canst not stir a flower  
Without troubling of a star.

It is *literally* true. Newton showed us that “every atom in the universe attracts every other atom in the universe with a force that varies directly as their mass, and inversely as the square of the distance.” You cannot stir a flower—you cannot even move the atoms in your brain in *intending* to stir a flower—without thereby altering the position of every atom in the cosmos. Every breath you draw affects the path of Sirius and the Pleiades. I ask you to contemplate the dry mathematical statement of this stu-

pendous law, and say whether it does not answer to the definition given by Kepler, whose work it was that enabled Newton to discover it. Kepler had been a long time on the roof of his house with a telescope watching the stars. When he came down, his wife asked him what he had been doing; the answer was sublime: "I have been thinking the thoughts of God." And so we can understand the meaning of Emerson, who knew that the real is One, and who sought an identity between even purity of soul and this mathematical law—this thought of God.

But we must seek lower ground. I have not been able to refrain from attempting to show the magnificence of the theme, but we must now try to discover how gravitation acts. When the sun pulls the earth—and the earth the sun—how do they do it? There is no rope between them. This very obvious consideration plunges us at once into the lifeless abysses of metaphysics. Generations of philosophers have argued as to whether or not two things can act on one another without a medium, and there are yet a few belated survivors of the party which asserts that they can. The old phrase is *actio in distans*, meaning not, as usually rendered, action at a distance, but action without anything in between. You see where we are. Unless I take care I shall be arguing about telepathy or thought-transference in a minute. This question of action without an intervening medium to convey the action has very wide bearings, you will see. At any rate, we may adopt the old test, and ask whether such action is conceivable. Can you honestly conceive of the *actio in distans*? The modern verdict is that it is not really thinkable, and that all the medieval metaphysicians who thought it was were beguiled by what Herbert Spencer calls a pseudo-idea—an idea which is really not an idea, since the mind is really deceived when it thinks that it can entertain it.

And so we imagine a thing in between, and call it the ether. When scientists are squabbling in the newspapers, as recently happened in the *London Times*, you may always predict that the biologists will tell the physicists that their "ether" is a mere "hypothesis." And certainly, though no sane person doubts the exist-

ence of the ether, we are sorely troubled when we are asked to describe it, for we are almost forced to give it properties incompatible with one another. This you will see when I enumerate all the functions which this utterly mysterious entity discharges. It conveys the force of gravitation. It has the power of vibrating from side to side, and these vibrations, according as they are fast or slow, have the most varied results upon us. They all travel along at the same speed, which is that of light—186,000 miles a second,—but the waves may oscillate from side to side as they go, either two or three times a minute (or less), or even a million times a minute (or more). When the waves are very slow we call them electric waves. When they are a little faster we call them Hertzian waves, and telegraph across oceans with them. When a little faster we call them Blondlot rays—a new discovery which almost needs an article to itself. A little faster, they are called heat rays, or radiant heat. A little faster, they are called red *light*, then yellow, and so on to violet. Then they become invisible again, as they were before, and we call them ultra-violet light. Then, a little faster, we call them Becquerel rays, and the fastest we know yet we call Roentgen rays. I have missed out more than I have named, and there are many gaps yet to fill, but you will agree with me that the entity whose vibrations cause electricity, heat, light, and Roentgen rays, besides conveying the force of gravitation, must be a very remarkable substance. And more than that, it is supposed that all ponderable matter is really made out of the ether. By ponderable matter we mean matter which is subject to gravitation and therefore has weight. The ether itself, which conveys the gravitation, is conceived of as being itself without weight.

It comes to this, then, that in the ether modern science recognizes the most profound of all its problems, except that of consciousness. By gravitation it makes the universe one, by its movements it makes the universe alive, and it is the stuff of which the material universe is made. Let us consider this last point, for this is surely the crux of the question. If we knew the relation of ordinary matter



to the ether, we might understand the cause of gravitation. We might see, so to speak, the "rope" that binds the matter of the earth to the matter of the sun.

The brilliant theory that matter consists of ethereal vortex rings is, in outline, simplicity itself—especially to smokers. It was by studying the properties of such rings as issue from a practised smoker's mouth that Lord Kelvin, that grand master of contemporary science, evolved his famous theory. Roughly speaking, the most noteworthy properties of a smoke ring, as compared with the air through which it passes, are these: It has something of the property of indestructibility which we believe to be characteristic of an electron. (A year ago I would have said an "atom," but now that we know atoms to be made of electrons we must refer to the smaller body, which has taken the place of the atom as the *unit of ponderable matter*.) A smoke ring has the property of "dodging" a knife brought near to cut it. If one smoke ring be blown against another, they do not collide or fuse or destroy one another, but evade one another just when you expect one or other of these consequences to follow. Then, again, there is a most singular type of internal movement occurring in a vortex ring—a movement of rotation of all its parts, and yet a preservation of the unity of the ring. Possibly this internal movement may have some parallel in that internal movement of matter which constitutes heat. Heat we believe to be a mode of motion. The radiant heat from the sun we have seen to be a mode of motion in the ether. When this falls upon a body exposed to the sun's rays, and that body becomes hotter, must it not be that the motion of the ether has been transformed into an internal motion (perhaps rotary, perhaps vibratory) in the atoms of the body which thus becomes hotter?

But we must leave this vortex-ring theory of the nature of matter, and see if we can form any notion of this ether, which no one has ever seen or felt, or ever will see or feel, but of the existence of which we are nevertheless certain, and which we credit with the most diverse and all-important functions.

It is only when we see the varying con-

clusions reached by different thinkers that we appreciate the point of the gibe that the ether is but an "intellectual figment" or, as the late Lord Salisbury called it, "a half-discovered entity." Now, of course, we know exactly how the human mind works. The unknown—or unknowable—it always conceives in terms of the known. Seeking for a First Cause, primitive minds imagine a very powerful and magnified *man*: and theology is not yet free of this anthropomorphic tendency. Similarly with the ether. The human mind can only imagine in terms of what it already knows, and so the ether is thought of by nearly everybody as a very light and highly rarefied sort of gas: something like air, but thinner, so to speak. The latest and most distinguished upholder of this view is the great Russian chemist, Professor Mendeleéf of St. Petersburg. His paper on the subject has only just been translated from the Russian, but I fear that his views, though coming from such a distinguished source, are of little worth. It is enough to say that a gas, such as he conceives the ether to be, could not transmit the vibrations of light. An opaque ether is really of no use to us.

Then there is the famous theory long upheld by Lord Kelvin, and brought freshly to remembrance by the recent reprinting of the remarkable lectures which he delivered before the Johns Hopkins University of Baltimore in 1884. Lord Kelvin, then Sir William Thomson, upheld the view that the ether is really a continuous, elastic solid. A solid, having rigidity and elasticity, could transmit the waves of light, heat, electricity, etc., and so far the theory is all right. But it is not obvious how stars and planets can move through a solid without resistance; nor are we much helped by the view that they do not push it aside, as a ship cleaves the waters, but flow through it—or it through them. Then again, whilst the continuous solid theory was fine in suggesting that there is no such thing as empty space, that there is not a hole in the universe, so to speak, and whilst the continuousness of the ether seems necessitated by gravitation (for how could gravitation act across a crack or an empty space?), yet Herbert Spencer's mind, inquiring into the ideas lying under the

words, pointed out that you could not have waves in a continuous medium. If the ether is moving from side to side, sending a ray of light to the earth, then there is breach of continuity between the parts that are moving and those that are at rest; if the thing is continuous, it must all move together from one pole of the universe—if there be such—to the other; if not, you have one part moving past another, and there is no longer continuity.

Plainly we are befogged. In order to satisfy one requirement our ether must be continuous; in order to satisfy another it must be discontinuous; similarly it must be solid and yet anything but solid. It has been conceived as vastly heavier and more rigid than steel—which is a difficult mental feat, but satisfies some of the conditions,—and as infinitely more “ethereal” than hydrogen.

Now it seems to me that when the secret is at last discovered it will be almost incredibly simple, despite all the difficulties and apparent contradictions I have described. And my reason for this is very obvious. What could be simpler than the mathematical law of gravitation? Remember it is not merely that every atom in the universe attracts every other, but that the force with which they do so bears the simplest possible relation to their mass and the distance between

them. Add to the mass and the force is added to in proportion; double the distance and the force is reduced to a fourth of what it was before. This holds whether you deal with two marbles on the table before you, or with Sirius and the dark companion of his which the law of gravitation has discovered for us, or with one of the marbles and Sirius. Alter the conditions as you please, as to distance, mass, disparity between the two bodies. The law holds to a hair. Plainly therefore the medium which displays such constant and invariable results must itself be constant, simple, and invariable.

In the law of gravitation we have the means of predicting events years before they occur, of discovering new stars which no human eye has ever seen or ever will see. We have, indeed, that which can foretell and weigh the unseeable, which is applicable to all times and circumstances, such universal applicability being the hall-mark of a universal truth and of that alone. But if we knew the cause of gravitation—as we doubtless one day will; if we could carve new atoms out of the ether, as we some day may; if we could do any other thing you care to conceive—do you for a moment imagine that there would not still be questions the remembrance of which would teach us that our power and knowledge are but impotent nescience?

## Twilight

BY LINDSAY BASHFORD

THE glow of sunset on a sweep of shore;  
 A madrigal of birds in silent trees;  
 Through groves of silence wanders a child-breeze  
 As evening gathers. Legendary lore  
 Of ages, in this dark enchanted hour,  
 Assumes reality; from legends facts,  
 From dreams of deities strong human acts,  
 Like meteors falling in swift radiant shower.

Thus dreams upon the stimulus of dark  
 Become resolves, then deeds, then memories.  
 Each stage of human life embodied lies  
 In this enchanted twilight. I embark  
 On boundless seas of meditation free  
 As twilight dreams replace reality.

# The Conquest of Canaan

## A NOVEL

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

### CHAPTER IV

#### THE DISASTER

ARIEL had worked all the afternoon over her mother's wedding-gown, and two hours were required by her toilet for the dance. She curled her hair frizzily, burning it here and there, with a slate-pencil heated over a lamp-chimney, and she placed above one ear three or four large artificial roses, taken from an old hat of her mother's, which she had found in a trunk in the storeroom. Possessing no slippers, she carefully blacked and polished her shoes, which had been clumsily resoled, and fastened into the strings of each small rosettes of red ribbon; after which she practised swinging the train of her skirt until she was proud of her manipulation of it. She had no powder, but found in her grandfather's room a lump of magnesia, that he was in the habit of taking for heartburn, and passed it over and over her brown face and hands. Then a lingering gaze into her small mirror gave her joy at last: she yearned so hard to see herself charming that she did see herself so. Admiration came and she told herself that she was more attractive to look at than she had ever been in her life, and that, perhaps, at last she might begin to be sought for like other girls. The little glass showed a sort of prettiness in her thin, unmaturing young face; tripping dance-tunes ran through her head, her feet keeping the time,—ah, she did so hope to dance often that night! Perhaps—perhaps she might be asked for every number. And so, wrapping an old waterproof cloak about her, she took her grandfather's arm and sallied forth, high hopes in her beating heart.

It was in the dressing-room that the change began to come. Alone, at home in her own ugly little room, she had thought

herself almost beautiful, but here in the brightly lighted chamber crowded with the other girls it was different. There was a big cheval-glass at one end of the room, and she faced it, when her turn came—for the mirror was popular—with a sinking spirit. There was the contrast, like a picture painted and framed. The other girls all wore their hair after the fashion introduced to Canaan by Mamie Pike the week before, on her return from a visit to Chicago. None of them had "crimped" and none had bedecked their tresses with artificial flowers. Her alterations of the wedding-dress had not been successful; the skirt was too short in front and higher on one side than on the other, showing too plainly the heavy-soled shoes, which had lost most of their polish in the walk through the snow. The ribbon rosettes were fully revealed, and as she glanced at their reflection she heard the words, "*Look at that train and those rosettes!*" whispered behind her, and saw in the mirror two pretty young women turn away with their handkerchiefs over their mouths and retreat hurriedly to an alcove. All the feet in the room except Ariel's were in dainty kid or satin slippers of the color of the dresses from which they glimmered out, and only Ariel wore a train.

She went away from the mirror and pretended to be busy with a hanging thread in her sleeve.

She was singularly an alien in the chattering room, although she had been born and lived all her life in the town. Perhaps her position among the young ladies may be best defined by the remark, generally current among them that evening, to the effect that it was "very sweet of Mamie to invite her." Ariel was not like the others; she was not of them, and never had been. Indeed, she

did not know them very well. Some of them nodded to her and gave her a word of greeting pleasantly; all of them whispered about her with wonder and suppressed amusement; but none talked to her. They were not unkindly, but they were young and eager and excited over their own interests,—which were then in the “gentlemen’s dressing-room.”

Each of the other girls had been escorted by a youth of the place, and, one by one, joining these escorts in the hall outside the door, they descended the stairs, until only Ariel was left. She came down alone after the first dance had begun, and greeted her young hostess’s mother timidly. Mrs. Pike—a small, frightened-looking woman with a prominent ruby necklace—answered her absently, and hurried away almost immediately to see that the imported waiters did not steal anything.

Ariel sat in one of the chairs against the wall and watched the dancers with a smile of eager and benevolent interest. In Canaan no parents, no guardians nor aunts, were haled forth o’ nights to duenna the junketings of youth; Mrs. Pike did not reappear, and Ariel sat conspicuously alone; there was nothing else for her to do. It was not an easy matter.

When the first dance reached an end, Mamie Pike came to her for a moment with a cheery welcome, and was immediately surrounded by a circle of young men and women, flushed with dancing, shouting as was their wont, laughing inexplicably over words and phrases and unintelligible monosyllables, as if they all belonged to a secret society and these cries were symbols of things exquisitely humorous, which only they understood. Ariel laughed with them more heartily than any other, so that she might seem to be of them and as merry as they were, but almost immediately she found herself outside of the circle, and presently they all whirled away into another dance, and she was left alone again.

So she sat, no one coming near her, through several dances, trying to maintain the smile of delighted interest upon her face, though she felt the muscles of her face beginning to ache with their fixedness, her eyes growing hot and

glazed. All the other girls were provided with partners for every dance, with several young men left over, these latter lounging hilariously together in the doorways. Ariel was careful not to glance toward them, but she could not help hating them. Once or twice between the dances she saw Miss Pike speak appealingly to one of the superfluous, glancing, at the same time, in her own direction, and Ariel could see, too, that the appeal proved unsuccessful, until at last Mamie approached her, leading Norbert Flitcroft, partly by the hand, partly by will-power. Norbert was an excessively fat boy, and at the present moment looked as patient as the blind. But he asked Ariel if she was “engaged for the next dance,” and, Mamie having flitted away, stood disconsolately beside her, waiting for the music to begin. Ariel was grateful for him.

“I think you must be very good-natured, Mr. Flitcroft,” she said, with an air of raillery.

“No, I’m not,” he replied, plaintively. “Everybody thinks I am because I’m fat, and they expect me to do things they’d never dream of asking anybody else to do. I’d like to see ’em even *ask* ’Gene Bantry to go and do some of the things they get me to do! A person isn’t good-natured just because he’s fat,” he concluded, morbidly, “but he might as well be!”

“Oh, I meant good-natured,” she returned, with a sprightly laugh, “because you’re willing to waltz with *me*.”

“Oh, well,” he returned, sighing, “that’s all right.”

The orchestra flourished into “La Paloma”; he put his arm sadly about her, and taking her right hand with his left, carried her arm out to a rigid right angle, beginning to pump and balance for time. They made three false starts and then got away. Ariel danced badly; she hopped and lost the step, but they persevered, bumping against other couples continually. Circling breathlessly into the next room, they passed close to a long mirror, in which Ariel saw herself, although in a flash, more bitterly contrasted to the others than in the cheval-glass of the dressing-room. The clump of roses was flopping about her neck, her crimped hair looked frowzy, and there



SHE WAS AN ALIEN IN THE CHATTERING ROOM





was something terribly wrong about her dress. Suddenly she felt her train to be ominously grotesque, as a thing following her in a nightmare.

A moment later she caught her partner making a burlesque face of suffering over her shoulder, and, turning her head quickly, saw for whose benefit he had constructed it. Eugene Bantry, flying expertly by with Mamie, was bestowing upon Mr. Flitcroft a condescendingly commiserative wink. The next instant she tripped in her train and fell to the floor at Eugene's feet, carrying her partner with her.

There was a shout of laughter. The young hostess stopped Eugene, who would have gone on, and he had no choice but to stoop to Ariel's assistance.

"It seems to be a habit of mine," she said, laughing loudly.

She did not appear to see the hand he offered, but got to her feet without help and walked quickly away with Norbert, who proceeded to live up to the character he had given himself.

"Perhaps we had better not try it again," she laughed.

"Well, I should think not!" he returned, with the frankest gloom. With the air of conducting her home he took her to the chair against the wall whence he had brought her. There his responsibility for her seemed to cease. "Will you excuse me?" he asked, and there was no doubt that he felt that he had been given more than his share that evening, even though he was fat.

"Yes, indeed." Her laughter was continuous. "I should think you *would* be glad to get rid of me after that! Ha, ha, ha! Poor Mr. Flitcroft, you know you are!"

It was the deadly truth, and the fat one, saying, "Well, if you'll just excuse me now," hurried away with a step which grew lighter as the distance from her increased. Arrived at the haven of a far doorway, he mopped his brow and shook his head grimly in response to frequent rallies.

Ariel sat through more dances, interminable dances and intermissions, in that same chair, in which, it began to seem, she was to live out the rest of her life. Now and then, if she thought people were looking at her as they passed, she

broke into a laugh and nodded slightly, as if still amused over her mishap.

After a long time she rose, and laughing cheerfully to Mr. Flitcroft, who was standing in the doorway and replied with a wan smile, stepped out quickly into the hall, where she almost ran into her great-uncle, Jonas Tabor. He was going toward the big front doors with Judge Pike, having just come out of the latter's "study" across the hall.

Jonas was breathing heavily and extraordinarily pale; he looked old and broken. He turned his back upon his great-niece sharply and went out of the door. Ariel turned from him quite as abruptly and reentered the room whence she had come. She laughed again to her fat friend as she passed him, and, still laughing, went toward the fatal chair, when her eye caught sight of Eugene Bantry and Mamie coming in through the window from the porch. Still laughing, she went to the window and looked out; the porch seemed deserted and was faintly illuminated by a few Japanese lanterns. She sprang out, dropped upon the divan, and burying her face in her hands, cried heart-brokenly. A moment later she felt something alive touch her foot, and, her breath catching with alarm, she started to rise. A thin hand, issuing from a shabby sleeve, had stolen out between two of the green tubs and was pressing upon one of her shoes.

"'Sh!" said Joe. "Don't make a noise!" His warning was not needed; she had recognized the hand and sleeve instantly. She dropped back with a low sound which would have been hysterical if it had been louder, while he raised himself on his arm until she could see his face dimly as he peered at her between the palms.

"What were you going on about?" he asked, angrily.

"Nothing," she answered. "I wasn't. You must go away, and quick. It's too dangerous. If the Judge found you—"

"He won't!"

"Ah, you'd risk anything to see Mamie Pike—"

"What were you crying about?" he interrupted.

"Nothing, I tell you!" she repeated, the tears not ceasing to gather in her eyes. "I wasn't."

"I want to know what it was," he

insisted. "Didn't the fools ask you to dance? Ah! You needn't tell me. That's it. I've been here for the last three dances and you weren't in sight till you came to the window. Well, what do you care about that for?"

"I don't!" she answered. "I don't!" Then suddenly, without being able to prevent it, she sobbed.

"No," he said, gently, "I see you don't. And you let yourself be a fool because there are a lot of fools in there."

She gave way, all at once, to a gust of sorrow and bitterness; she bent far over and caught his hand and laid it against her wet cheek. "Oh, Joe," she whispered, brokenly, "I think we have such hard lives, you and I! It doesn't seem right—while we're so young! Why can't we be like the others? Why can't we have some of the fun?"

He withdrew his hand, with the embarrassment and shame he would have felt had she been a boy. "Get out!" he said, feebly.

She did not seem to notice, but, still stooping, rested her elbows on her knees and her face in her hands. "I try so hard to have fun, to be like the rest,—and it's always a mistake, always, always, always!" She rocked herself, slightly, from side to side. "I am a fool, it's the truth, or I wouldn't have come to-night. I want to be attractive—I want to be in things. I want to laugh like they do—"

"To laugh just to laugh, and not because there's something funny?"

"Yes, I do, I do! And to know how to dress and to wear my hair—there must be some place where you can learn those things. I've never had any one to show me! Ah! Grandfather said something like that this afternoon—poor man! We're in the same case. If we only had some one to show us! It all seems so *blind*, here in Canaan, for him and me! I don't say it's not my own fault as much as being poor. I've been a hoyden; I don't feel as if I'd learned how to be a girl yet, Joe. It's only lately I've cared, but I'm seventeen, Joe, and—to-day—to-day—I was sent home—and to-night—" She faltered, came to a stop, and her whole body was shaken with sobs. "I hate myself so for crying—for everything!"

"I'll tell you something," he whispered, chuckling desperately. "'Gene made me unpack his trunk, and I don't believe he's as great a man at college as he is here. I opened one of his books, and some one had written in it, '*Prigamaloo Bantry, the Class Try-To-Be*!' He'd never noticed, and you ought to have heard him go on! You'd have just died, Ariel—I almost bust wide open! It was a mean trick in me, but I couldn't help showing it to him."

Joe's object was obtained. She stopped crying, and, wiping her eyes, smiled faintly. Then she became grave. "You're jealous of Eugene," she said.

He considered this for a moment. "Yes," he answered, sadly, "I am. But I wouldn't think about him differently on that account. And I wouldn't talk about him to any one but you."

"Not even to—" She left the question unfinished.

"No," he said, quietly. "Of course not."

"No? Because it wouldn't be any use?"

"I don't know. I never have a chance to talk to her, anyway."

"Of course you don't!" Her voice had grown steady. "You say I'm a fool. What are you?"

"You needn't worry about me," he began. "I can take care—"

"'Sh!" she whispered, warningly. The music had stopped, a loud continuous clatter of voices and laughter succeeding it.

"What need to be careful," Joe assured her, "with all that noise going on?"

"You must go away," she said, anxiously. "Oh, please, Joe!"

"Not yet; I want—"

She coughed loudly. Eugene and Mamie Pike had come to the window, with the evident intention of occupying the veranda, but perceiving Ariel engaged with threads in her sleeve, they turned away and disappeared. Other couples looked out from time to time, and finding the solitary figure in possession, retreated abruptly to seek stairways and remote corners for the things they were impelled to say.

And so Ariel held the porch for three dances and three intermissions, occupying a great part of the time with entreaties that her obdurate and reckless companion should go. When, for the fourth time, the music sounded, her agitation had so

increased that she was visibly trembling. "I can't stand it, Joe," she said, bending over him. "I don't know what would happen if they found you. You've *got* to go!"

"No, I haven't," he chuckled. "They haven't even distributed the supper yet!"

"And you take all the chances," she said, slowly, "just to see her pass that window a few times."

"What chances?"

"Of what the Judge will do if any one sees you."

"Nothing; because if any one saw me I'd leave."

"Please go."

"Not till—"

"Sh!"

A colored waiter, smiling graciously, came out upon the porch bearing a tray of salad, hot oysters, and coffee. Ariel shook her head.

"I don't want any," she murmured.

The waiter turned away in pity and was reentering the window, when a passionate whisper fell upon his ear as well as upon Ariel's.

"Take it!"

"Ma'am?" said the waiter.

"I've changed my mind," she replied, quickly. The waiter, his elation restored, gave of his viands with the superfluous bounty loved by his race when distributing the product of the wealthy.

When he had gone, "Give me everything that's hot," said Joe. "You can keep the salad."

"I couldn't eat it or anything else," she answered, thrusting the plate between the palms.

For a time there was silence. From within the house came the continuous babble of voices and laughter, the clink of cutlery on china. The young people spent a long time over their supper. By and by the waiter returned to the veranda, deposited a plate of colored ices upon Ariel's knees with a noble gesture, and departed.

"No ice for me," said Joe.

"Won't you please go now?" she entreated.

"It wouldn't be good manners," he responded. "They might think I only came for supper."

"Hand me back the dishes. The waiter might come for them any minute."

"Not yet. I haven't quite finished. I eat with contemplation, Ariel, because there's more than the mere food and the warmth of it to consider. There's the pleasure of being entertained by the great Martin Pike. Think what a real kindness I'm doing him, too. I increase his good deeds and his hospitality without his knowing it or being able to help it. Don't you see how I boost his standing with the Recording Angel? If Lazarus had behaved the way I do, Dives needn't have had those worries that came to him in the after-life."

"Give me the dish and coffee-cup," she whispered, impatiently. "Suppose the waiter came and had to look for them? Quick!"

"Take them, then. You'll see that jealousy hasn't spoiled my appetite—"

A bottle-shaped figure appeared in the window and she had no time to take the plate and cup which were being pushed through the palm-leaves. She whispered a syllable of warning, and the dishes were hurriedly withdrawn as Norbert Flitcroft, wearing a solemn expression of injury, came out upon the veranda.

He halted suddenly. "What's that?" he asked, with suspicion.

"Nothing," answered Ariel, sharply. "Where?"

"Behind those palms."

"Probably your own shadow," she laughed; "or it might have been a draught moving the leaves."

He did not seem satisfied, but stared hard at the spot where the dishes had disappeared, meantime edging back cautiously nearer the window.

"They want you," he said, after a pause. "Some one's come for you."

"Oh, is grandfather waiting?" She rose, at the same time letting her handkerchief fall. She stooped to pick it up, with her face away from Norbert and toward the palms, whispering tremulously, but with passionate urgency, "Please *go*!"

"It isn't your grandfather that has come for you," said the fat one, slowly. "It is old Eskew Arp. Something's happened."

She looked at him for a moment, beginning to tremble violently, her eyes growing wide with fright.

"Is my grandfather—is he sick?"

"You better go and see. Old Eskew's waiting in the hall. He'll tell you."

She was by him and through the window instantly. Norbert did not follow her; he remained for several moments looking earnestly at the palms; then he stepped through the window and beckoned to a youth who was lounging in the doorway across the room.

"There's somebody hiding behind those plants," he whispered, when his friend reached him. "Go and tell Judge Pike to send some of the niggers to watch outside the porch, so that he doesn't get away. Then tell him to get his revolver and come here."

Meantime Ariel had found Mr. Arp waiting in the hall, talking in a low voice to Mrs. Pike.

"Your grandfather's all right," he told the frightened girl, quickly. "He sent me for you, that's all. Just hurry and get your things."

She was with him again in a moment, and seizing the old man's arm, hurried him down the steps and along the front walk almost at a run.

"You're not telling me the truth," she said. "You're not telling me the truth!"

"Nothing has happened to Roger," panted Mr. Arp. "Nothing he'll mind, I mean. Here! We're going this way, not that." They had come to the gate, and as she turned to the right he pulled her round sharply to the left. "We're not going to your house."

"Where are we going?"

"We're going to your uncle Jonas's."

"Why?" she cried, in supreme astonishment. "What do you want to take me there for? Don't you know that he's stopped speaking to me?"

"Yes," said the old man, grimly, with something of the look he wore when delivering a clincher at the "National House," "he's stopped speaking to everybody."

## CHAPTER V

### BEAVER BEACH

THE *Canaan Daily Tocsin* of the following morning "ventured the assertion" upon its front page that "the scene at the Pike Mansion was one of unalloyed festivity, music, and mirth; a fairy bower of airy figures wafting here and there to the throb of waltz-

strains; a veritable temple of Terpsichore, shining forth with a myriad of lights, which, together with the generous profusion of floral decorations and the mingled delights afforded by Minds's orchestra of Indianapolis and Caterer Jones of Chicago, was in all likelihood never heretofore surpassed in elegance in our city. . . . Only one incident," the *Tocsin* remarked, "marred an otherwise perfect occasion, and out of regard for the culprit's family connections, which are prominent in our social world, we withhold his name. Suffice it to say that through the vigilance of Mr. Norbert Flitcroft, grandson of Colonel A. A. Flitcroft, who proved himself a thorough Lecoq (the celebrated French detective), the rascal was seized and recognized. Mr. Flitcroft, having discovered him in hiding, had a cordon of waiters drawn up around his hiding-place, which was the charmingly decorated side piazza of the Pike Mansion, and sent for Judge Pike, who came upon the intruder by surprise. He evaded the Judge's indignant grasp, but received a well-merited blow over the head from a poker which the Judge had concealed about his person while pretending to approach the hiding-place casually. Attracted to the scene by the cries of Mr. Flitcroft, who, standing behind Judge Pike, accidentally received a blow from the same weapon, all the guests of the evening sprang to view the scene, only to behold the culprit leap through a crevice between the strips of canvas which enclosed the piazza. He was seized by the colored coachman of the Mansion, Sam Warden, and immediately pounced upon by the cordon of Caterer Jones's dusky assistants from Chicago, who were in ambush outside. Unfortunately, after a brief struggle he managed to trip Warden, and, the others stumbling upon the prostrate body of the latter, to make his escape in the darkness.

"It is not believed by many that his intention was burglary, though what his designs were can only be left to conjecture, as he is far beyond the age when boys perform such actions out of a sense of mischief. He had evidently occupied his hiding-place some time, and an idea of his coolness may be obtained from his having procured and eaten a full meal through an unknown source. Judge Pike



is justly incensed, and swears that he will prosecute him on this and other charges as soon as he can be found. Much sympathy is felt for the culprit's family, who feel his shame most keenly, but who, though sorrowing over the occurrence, declare that they have put up with his derelictions long enough, and will do nothing to step between him and the Judge's righteous indignation."

The Pike Mansion, "scene of festivity, music, and mirth" (not quite so unalloyed, after all, the stricken Flitcroft keeping his room for a week under medical supervision), had not been the only bower of the dance in Canaan that evening; another Temple of Terpsichore had shone forth with lights, though of these there were not quite a myriad. The festivities they illumined obtained no mention in the paper, nor did those who trod the measures in this second temple exhibit any sense of injury because of the *Tocsin's* omission. Nay, they were of that class, shy without being bashful, exclusive yet not proud, which shuns publicity with a single-heartedness almost unique in our republic, courting observation neither in the prosecution of their professions nor in the pursuit of happiness.

Not quite a mile above the northernmost of the factories on the water-front, there projected into the river, near the end of the crescent bend above the town, a long pier, relic of steamboat days, rotting now, and many years fallen from its maritime uses. About midway of its length stood a huge, crazy shed, long ago utilized as a freight storeroom. This had been patched and propped, and a dangerous-looking veranda attached to it, overhanging the water. Above the doorway was placed a sign whereon might be read the words, "Beaver Beach, Mike's Place." The shore end of the pier was so ruinous that passage was offered by a single row of planks, which presented an appearance so temporary, as well as insecure, that one might have guessed their office to be something in the nature of a drawbridge. From these a narrow path ran through a marsh, left by the receding river, to a country road of desolate appearance. Here there was a rough enclosure, or corral, with some tumble-down sheds which afforded shelter,

on the night of Joseph Loudon's disgrace, for a number of shaggy teams attached to those decrepit and musty vehicles known picturesquely and accurately as Night-Hawks. The presence of such questionable shapes in the corral indicated that the dance was on at Beaver Beach, Mike's Place, as surely as the short line of cabs and family carriages on upper Main Street made it known that gayety was the order of the night at the Pike Mansion. But among other differences was this, that at the hour when the guests of the latter were leaving, those seeking the hospitalities of Beaver Beach had just begun to arrive.

By three o'clock, however, joy at Mike's Place had become beyond question unconfined, and the tokens of it were audible for a long distance in all directions. If, however, there is no sound where no ear hears, silence rested upon the countryside until an hour later. Then a lonely figure came shivering from the direction of the town, not by the road, but slinking through the snow upon the frozen river. It came slowly, as though very tired, and cautiously, too, often turning its head to look behind. Finally it reached the pier, and stopped as if to listen.

Within the house above, a piano of evil life was being beaten to death for its sins and clamoring its last cries horribly. The old shed rattled in every part with the thud of many heavy feet, and trembled with the shock of noise—an incessant roar of men's voices, punctuated with women's screams. Then the riot quieted somewhat; there was a clapping of hands, and a violin began to squeak measures intended to be Oriental. The next moment the listener scrambled up one of the rotting piles and stood upon the veranda. A shaft of red light through a broken shutter struck across the figure above the shoulders, revealing a bloody handkerchief clumsily knotted about the head, and, beneath it, the face of Joe Loudon.

He went to the broken shutter and looked in. Around the blackened walls of the room stood a bleared mob, ap-  
plausively watching, through a fog of smoke, the contortions of an old woman in a red calico wrapper, who was dancing in the centre of the floor. The fiddler—

a rubicund person evidently not suffering from any great depression of spirit through the circumstance of being "out on bail," as he was, to Joe's intimate knowledge—sat astride a barrel, resting his instrument upon the foamy tap thereof, and playing somewhat after the manner of a 'cellist; in no wise incommoded by the fact that a tall man (known to a few friends as an expert in the porch-climbing line) was sleeping on his shoulder, while another gentleman (who had prevented many cases of typhus by removing old plumbing from houses) lay on the floor at the musician's feet and endeavored to assist him by plucking the strings of the fiddle.

Joe opened the door and went in. All of the merry company (who were able) turned sharply toward the door as it opened; then, recognizing the newcomer, turned again to watch the old woman. One or two nearest the door asked the boy, without great curiosity, what had happened to his head. He merely shook it faintly in reply, and crossed the room to an open hallway beyond. At the end of this he came to a frowzy bedroom, the door of which stood ajar. Seated at a deal table, and working by a dim lamp with a broken chimney, a close-cropped, red-bearded, red-haired man in his shirt-sleeves was jabbing gloomily at a column of figures scrawled in a dirty ledger. He looked up as Joe appeared in the doorway, and his eyes showed a slight surprise.

"I never thought ye had the temper to git somebody to split yer head," said he. "Where'd ye collect it?"

"Nowhere," Joe answered, dropping weakly on the bed. "It doesn't amount to anything."

"Well, I'll take just a look fer myself," said the red-bearded man, rising. "And I've no objection to not knowin' how ye come by it. Ye've always been the great one fer keepin' yer mysteries to yerself."

He unwound the handkerchief and removed it from Joe's head gently. "Whee!" he cried, as a long gash was exposed over the forehead. "I hope ye left a mark somewhere to pay a little on the score o' this!"

Joe chuckled and dropped dizzily back upon the pillow. "There was another

who got something like it," he gasped, feebly; "and, oh, Mike, I wish you could have heard him going on! Perhaps you did—it was only three miles from here."

"Nothing I'd liked better!" said the other, bringing a basin of clear water from a stand in the corner. "It's a beautiful thing to hear a man holler when he gits a grand one like ye're wearing to-night."

He bathed the wound gently, and hurrying from the room, returned immediately with a small jug of vinegar. Wetting a rag with this tender fluid, he applied it to Joe's head, speaking soothingly the while.

"Nothing in the world like a bit o' good cider vinegar to keep off the festerin'. It may seem a trifle scratchy fer the moment, but it assassinates the blood-p'ison. There ye go! It's the fine thing fer ye, Joe—what are ye squirmen' about?"

"I'm only enjoying it," the boy answered, writhing as the vinegar worked into the gash. "Don't you mind my laughing to myself."

"Ye're a good one, Joe!" said the other, continuing his ministrations. "I wisht, after all, ye felt like makin' me known to what's the trouble. There's some of us would be glad to take it up fer ye, and—"

"No, no; it's all right. I was somewhere I had no business to be, and I got caught."

"Who caught ye?"

"First, some nice white people"—Joe smiled his distorted smile,—"and then a low-down black man helped me to get away as soon as he saw who it was. He's a friend of mine, and he fell down and tripped up the pursuit."

"I always knew ye'd git into large trouble some day." The red-bearded man tore a strip from an old towel and began to bandage the boy's head with an accustomed hand. "Yer taste fer excitement has been growin' on ye every minute of the four years I've known ye."

"Excitement!" echoed Joe, painfully blinking at his friend. "Do you think I'm hunting excitement?"

"Be hanged to ye!" said the red-bearded man. "Can't I say a teasing word without gittin' called to order fer it? I know ye, my boy, as well as ye

know yerself. Ye're a queer one. Ye're one of the few that must know all sides of the world—and can't content themselves with bein' respectable! Ye haven't sunk to 'low life' because ye're low yerself, but ye'll never git a damned one o' the respectable to believe it. There's a few others like ye in the wide world, and I've seen one or two of 'em. I've been all over, steeplechasin', sailorman, soldier, pedler, and in the *po-lice*; I've pulled the Grand National in Paris, and I've been handcuffed in Hongkong; I've seen all the few kinds of women there is on earth and the many kinds of men. Yer own kind is the one I've seen the fewest of, but I knew ye belonged to it the first time I laid eyes on ye!" He paused, then continued with conviction: "Ye'll come to no good, either, fer yerself, yet no one can say ye haven't the talents. Ye've helped many of the boys out of a bad hole with a word of advice around the courts and the jail. Who knows but ye'd be a great lawyer if ye kept on?"

Young people usually like to discuss themselves under any conditions—hence the rewards of palmistry,—but Joe's comment on this harangue was not so responsive as might have been expected. "I've got seven dollars," he said, "and I'll leave the clothes I've got on. Can you fix me up with something different?"

"Aha!" cried the red-bearded man. "Then ye *are* in trouble! I thought it 'd come to ye some day! Have ye been dinnymitin' Martin Pike?"

"See what you can do," said Joe. "I want to wait here until daybreak—"

"Lie down, then," interrupted the other. "And fergit the hullabaloo in the throne-room beyond."

"I can easily do that"—Joe stretched himself upon the bed,—“I've got so many other things to remember."

"I'll have the things fer ye, and I'll let ye know I have no use fer seven dollars," returned the red-bearded man, crossly. "What are ye sniffin' fer?"

"I'm thinking of the poor fellow that got the mate to this," said Joe, touching the bandage. "I can't help crying when I think they may have used vinegar on his head, too."

"Git to sleep if ye can!" exclaimed the Samaritan, as a hideous burst of

noise came from the dance-room, where some one seemed to be breaking a chair upon an acquaintance. "I'll go out and regulate the boys a bit." He turned down the lamp, fumbled in his hip pocket, and went to the door.

"Don't forget," Joe called after him.

"Go to sleep," said the red-bearded man, his hand on the door-knob. "That is, go to thinkin', fer ye won't sleep; ye're not the kind. But think easy; I'll have the things fer ye. It's a matter of pride with me that I always knew ye'd come to trouble."

## CHAPTER VI

"YE'LL TAK' THE HIGH ROAD AND I'LL TAK' THE LOW ROAD"

THE day broke with a scream of wind out of the prairies and such cloudbursts of snow that Joe could see neither bank of the river as he made his way down the big bend of ice. The wind struck so bitterly that now and then he stopped and, panting and gasping, leaned his weight against it. The snow on the ground was caught up and flew like sea spume in a hurricane; it swirled about him, joining the flakes in the air, so that it seemed to be snowing from the ground upward as much as from the sky downward. Fierce as it was, hard as it was to fight through, snow from the earth, snow from the sky, Joe was grateful for it, feeling that it veiled him, making him safer, though he trusted somewhat the change of costume he had effected at Beaver Beach. A rough, workman's cap was pulled down over his ears and eyebrows; a knitted comforter was wound about the lower part of his face; beneath a ragged overcoat he wore blue overalls and rubber boots; and in one of his red-mittened hands he swung a tin dinner-bucket.

When he reached the nearest of the factories he heard the exhaust of its engines long before he could see the building, so blinding was the drift. Here he struck inland from the river, and, skirting the edges of the town, made his way by unfrequented streets and alleys, bearing in the general direction of upper Main Street, to find himself at last, almost exhausted, in the alley behind the Pike Mansion. There he paused, leaning

heavily against a board fence and gazing at the vaguely outlined gray plane which was all that could be made of the house through the blizzard. He had often, very often, stood in this same place at night, and there was one window (Mrs. Pike's) which he had guessed to be Mamie's.

The storm was so thick that he could not see this window now, but he looked a long time through the thickness at that part of the gray plane where he knew it was. Then his lips parted.

"Good-by, Mamie," he said, softly. "Good-by, Mamie."

He bent his body against the wind and went on, still keeping to the back ways, until he came to the alley which passed behind his own home, where, however, he paused only for a moment to make a quick survey of the premises. A glance satisfied him; he ran to the next fence, hoisted himself wearily over it, and dropped into Roger Tabor's back yard.

He took shelter from the wind for a moment or two, leaning against the fence, breathing heavily; then he stumbled on across the obliterated paths of a vegetable-garden until he reached the house, and beginning with the kitchen, began to make the circuit of the windows, peering cautiously into each as he went, ready to tap on the pane should he catch a glimpse of Ariel, and equally ready to run if he stumbled upon her grandfather. But the place seemed empty: he had made his reconnaissance apparently in vain, and was on the point of going away, when he heard the click of the front gate and saw Ariel coming toward him, her old water-proof cloak about her head and shoulders, the patched, scant, faded skirt, which he knew so well, blowing about her tumultuously. At the sound of the gate he had crouched close against the side of the house, but she saw him at once.

She stopped abruptly, and throwing the waterproof back from her head, looked at him through the driven fog of snow. One of her hands was stretched toward him involuntarily, and it was in that attitude that he long remembered her: standing in the drift which had piled up against the gate almost knee-deep, the shabby skirt and the black waterproof flapping like torn sails, one hand outstretched like that of a figure

in a tableau, her brown face with its thin features mottled with cold and unlovely, her startled eyes fixed on him with a strange, wild tenderness that held something of the laughter of whole companionship in it mingling with a loyalty and championship that was almost ferocious—she looked an Undine of the snow.

Suddenly she ran to him, still keeping her hand outstretched until it touched his own.

"How did you know me?" he said.

"*Know you!*" was all the answer she made to that question. "Come into the house. I've got some coffee on the stove for you. I've been up and down the street waiting for you ever since it began to get light."

"Your grandfather won't—"

"He's at Uncle Jonas's; he won't be back till noon. There's no one here."

She led him to the front door, where he stamped and shook himself; he was snow from head to foot.

"I'm running away from the good Gomorrah," he said, "but I've stopped to look back, and I'm a pretty white pillar."

"I know where you stopped to look back," she answered, brushing him heartily with her red hands. "You came in the back way. It was Mamie's window."

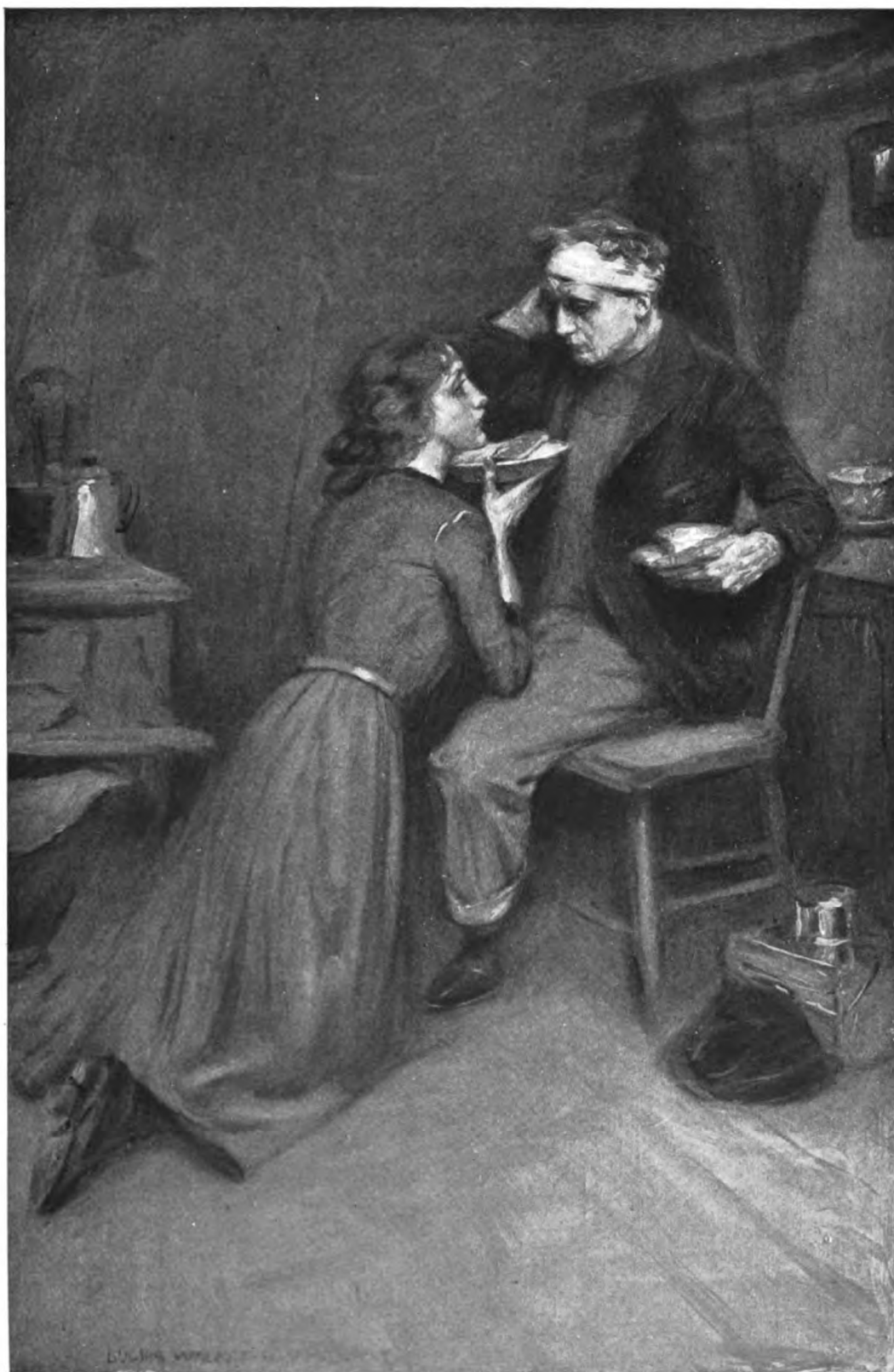
He did not reply, and the only visible token that he had any consciousness of this clairvoyance of hers was a slight lift of his higher eyebrow. She wasted no time in getting him to the kitchen, where, when she had removed his overcoat, she placed him in a chair, unwound the comforter, and, as carefully as a nurse, lifted the cap from his injured head. When the strip of towel was disclosed she stood quite still for a moment with the cap in her hand; then with a broken little cry she stooped and kissed a lock of his hair, which escaped, discolored, beneath the bandage.

"Stop that!" he commanded, horribly embarrassed.

"Oh, Joe," she cried, "I knew! I knew it was there—but to *see* it! And it's my fault for leaving you—I *had* to go or I wouldn't have—I—"

"Where'd you hear about it?" he asked, shortly.

"I haven't been to bed," she answered. "Grandfather and I were up all night



"ARIEL," HE SAID, "IF I EVER COME BACK—"





at Uncle Jonas's, and Colonel Flitcroft came about two o'clock, and he told us."

"Did he tell you about Norbert?"

"Yes—a great deal." She poured coffee into a cup from a pot on the stove, brought it to him, then placing some thin slices of bread upon a gridiron, began to toast them over the hot coals. "The Colonel said that Norbert thought he wouldn't get well," she concluded; "and Mr. Arp said Norbert was the kind that never die, and they had quite an argument."

"What were you doing at Jonas Tabor's?" asked Joe, drinking his coffee with a brightening eye.

"We were sent for," she answered.

"What for?"

She toasted the bread attentively without replying, and when she decided that it was brown enough, piled it on a warm plate. This she brought to him, and kneeling in front of him, her elbow on his knee, offered for his consideration, looking steadfastly up at his eyes. He began to eat ravenously.

"What for?" he repeated. "I didn't suppose Jonas would let you come in his house. Was he sick?"

"Joe," she said, quietly, disregarding his questions,—“Joe, have you got to run away?"

"Yes, I've got to," he answered.

"Would you have to go to prison if you stayed?" She asked this with a breathless tensiety.

"I'm not going to beg father to help me out," he said, determinedly. "He said he wouldn't, and he'll be spared the chance. He won't mind that; nobody will care! Nobody! What does anybody care what I do!"

"Now you're thinking of Mamie!" she cried. "I can always tell. Whenever you don't talk naturally you're thinking of her!"

He poured down the last of the coffee, growing red to the tips of his ears. "Ariel," he said, "if I ever come back—"

"Wait," she interrupted. "Would you have to go to prison right away if they caught you?"

"Oh, it isn't that," he laughed, sadly. "But I'm going to clear out. I'm not going to take any chances. I want to see other parts of the world, other kinds of people. I might have gone, anyhow,

soon, even if it hadn't been for last night. Don't you ever feel that way?"

"You know I do," she said. "I've told you—how often! But, Joe, Joe,—you haven't any *money*! You've got to have money to *live*!"

"You needn't worry about that," returned the master of seven dollars, genially. "I've saved enough to take care of me for a *long* time."

"Joe, *please*! I know it isn't so. If you could wait just a little while—only a few weeks,—only a *few*, Joe—"

"What for?"

"I could let you have all you want. It would be such a beautiful thing for me, Joe. Oh, I know how you'd feel; you wouldn't even let me give you that dollar I found in the street last year; but this would be only lending it to you, and you could pay me back sometime—"

"Ariel!" he exclaimed, and, setting his empty cup upon the floor, took her by the shoulders and shook her till the empty plate which had held the toast dropped from her hand and broke into fragments. "You've been reading the *Arabian Nights*!"

"No, no," she cried, vehemently. "Grandfather would give me anything. He'll give me all the money I ask for!"

"Money!" said Joe. "Which of us is wandering? *Money*? Roger Tabor give you *money*?"

"Not for a while. A great many things have to be settled first."

"What things?"

"Joe," she asked, earnestly, "do you think it's bad of me not to feel things I *ought* to feel?"

"No."

"Then I'm glad," she said, and something in the way she spoke made him start with pain, remembering the same words, spoken in the same tone, by another voice the night before on the veranda. "I'm glad, Joe, because I seemed all wrong to myself. Uncle Jonas died last night, and I haven't been able to get sorry. Perhaps it's because I've been so frightened about you, but I think not, for I wasn't sorry even before Colonel Flitcroft told me about you."

"Jonas Tabor dead!" said Joe. "Why, I saw him on the street yesterday!"

"Yes, and I saw him just before I

came out on the porch where you were. He was there in the hall; he and Judge Pike had been having a long talk; they'd been in some speculations together, and it had all turned out well. It's very strange, but they say now that Uncle Jonas's heart was weak—he was an old man, you know, almost eighty,—and he'd been very anxious about his money. The Judge had persuaded him to risk it; and the shock of finding that he'd made a great deal suddenly—”

“I've heard he'd had that same shock before,” said Joe, “when he sold out to your father.”

“Yes, but this was different, grandfather says. He told me it was in one of those big risky businesses that Judge Pike likes to go into. And last night it was all finished, the strain was over, and Uncle Jonas started home. His house is only a little way from the Pikes', you know; but he dropped down in the snow at his own gate, and some people who were going by saw him fall. He was dead before grandfather got there.”

“I can't be sorry,” said Joe, slowly.

“Neither can I. That's the dreadful part of it! They say he hadn't made a will, that though he was sharper than anybody else in the whole world about any other matter of business, that was the one thing he put off. And we're all the kin he had in the world, grandfather and I. And they say”—her voice sank to a whisper of excitement—“they say he was richer than anybody knew, and that this last business with Judge Pike, the very thing that killed him—something about grain—made him five times richer than before!”

She put her hand on the boy's arm, and he let it remain there. Her eyes still sought his with a tremulous appeal.

“God bless you, Ariel!” he said. “It's going to be a great thing for you.”

“Yes. Yes, it is.” The tears came suddenly to her eyes. “I was foolish last night, but there had been such a long time of *wanting* things; and now—and now grandfather and I can go—”

“You're going, too!” Joe chuckled.

“It's heartless, I suppose, but I've settled it! We're going—”

“I know,” he cried. “You've told me a thousand times what *he's* said ten times a thousand. You're going to Paris!”

“Paris! Yes, that's it. To Paris, where he can see at last how the great ones have painted,—where the others can show him! To Paris, where we can study together, where he can learn how to put the pictures he sees upon canvas, and where I—”

“Go on,” Joe encouraged her. “I want to hear you say it. You don't mean that you're going to study painting; you mean that you're going to learn how to make such fellows as Eugene ask you to dance. Go ahead and say it!”

“Yes—to learn how to *dress*!” she said.

Joe was silent for a moment. Then he rose and took the ragged overcoat from the back of his chair. “Where's that muffler?” he asked.

She brought it from where she had placed it to dry, behind the stove.

“Joe,” she said, huskily, “can't you wait till—”

“Till the estate is settled and you can coax your grandfather to—”

“No, no! But you could go with us.”

“To Paris?”

“He would take you as his secretary.”

“Aha!” Joe's voice rang out gayly as he rose, refreshed by the coffee, toast, and warmth she had given him. “You've been story-reading, Ariel, like Eugene! ‘Secretary’!”

“Please, Joe!”

“Where's my tin dinner-pail?” He found it himself upon the table where he had set it down. “I'm going to earn a dishonest living,” he went on. “I have an engagement to take a freight at a water-tank that's a friend of mine, half a mile south of the yards. Thank God, I'm going to get away from Canaan!”

“Wait, Joe!” She caught at his sleeve. “I want you to—”

He had swung out of the room and was already at the front door. She followed him closely. “Good-by, Ariel!”

“No, no! *Wait*, Joe!”

He disappeared in a white whirlwind.

She stood for several minutes shivering in the doorway. Then it came to her sharply that she would not know where to write to him. She ran down to the gate and through it. Already the blizzard had covered his footprints.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# The Angels

BY EMERY POTTLE

WE were sitting on the veranda of Mrs. Grenley's cottage—several of us—tolerantly peaceful, and not ill disposed to one another. The tea, the cigarettes, and easy talk were scarcely strenuous enough to over-balance the comfort of the late afternoon, the clean coolness of the sea-breeze whiffing freshly into our faces.

I had but just arrived that afternoon; Mrs. Grenley had sent for me—and of course I came. I knew on the instant that it was a matter of Syd's affairs—it's always Syd's affairs for me. We had been going over the situation half-humorously.

Amy leaned back in her chair and regarded me with amusement. "You're not to be alarmed. It's a game. I'm tired of watching it alone. So I sent for you."

"We sit on the side lines?"

"That's as may be. I'm not sure how you'll take it, Landan. You're so absurd, you know, about sport."

"I like fair play, to be sure, and decent spirit—if that's what you mean by being absurd."

She reverted—with a smile for my energy. "I don't know, really—and so I've sent for you, Landan. Sydney can't help making love, bless the boy! He does it as naturally as he takes his food and exercise. I think it is inherited—" She paused, with a twinkling eye.

"My dear Amy! But Syd lost his heart years ago. You remember the 'Angel of Churches' I told you of—Syd's 'Angel'? He saw her first in Notre Dame, kneeling—she's always kneeling, it appears,—and fell in love with her. By Jove! you ought to hear the boy talk about the 'golden aureole of her auburn hair.' Then they met again in Rome—St. Peter's—still kneeling. And again in one of the English cathedrals—devout as ever. They never spoke, and he's never seen her since—this was three years ago. But I assure you it's always been the red-haired girl for Syd."

"That doesn't, however, prevent him from taking his recreations. He hasn't seemed to pine of late, my dear. The girl—our girl—Lucy Langworthy—rides like a wild thing; they're off together now. That's how it began—through the riding, I mean."

"Well, after all, why shouldn't it begin?" said I, with a touch of parental pride in the boy.

Mrs. Grenley gazed absently off to the blue of the sea, now slowly growing cold and greenish and alien in the darkening light.

"Why, indeed! Only there's her mother—Mrs. Langworthy. She's here, too, with her. She's rather awful. But—it all depends, in the end, on *her*?"

"Her mother?"

"No—Lucy. Doesn't it? On how well Lucy is trained?"

"Is she trained—?"

"That's to be seen. Here they are now," she added.

"Jove!" I heard Syd say, as the two of them came up the drive, "I believe my soul it's the old boy." And the girl looked up quickly, shot me a glance out of her startled eyes, and then leaned over her mare's neck, patting her—with that secure confidence which means, first and last, love of a horse and understanding of the animal.

He is a fine boy, and, thank God, he's mine—with his mother's smiling blue eyes. If he reads this story—which he probably won't—he'll know that when he ran up the veranda steps, in his riding-things, his face flushed, bareheaded, six feet of good, well-set-up, clean pinkness and muscle, the "old boy's" heart warmed to him with a pride. But that's nothing to be written here.

"Hello, father!" it was, and, "Hello, Syd!" and a hand-shake.

And then for the girl. Syd led her to me deferentially enough. "It's Miss Langworthy, father. And I give you my

word she *rides*. It's the way to win him"—explaining me to her—"ride straight into his heart. A horse will do it."

"A kingdom was offered for a horse once before, wasn't it?" she said, softly.

Mrs. Grenley, approaching, heard it and laughed. "Very pretty, my dear."

"Nonsense! Who'd want a broken-down old principality like mine?" said I.

Mrs. Langworthy, who had hovered about restlessly, put in, "Perhaps, Colonel, your heart is Rome—the Eternal City."

"In that case," I was moved to say, tartly—"in that case, my dear Mrs. Langworthy, let us be thankful it has outlived at least its period of heathen divinities."

"Bully, dad! You're still in the ring. You didn't take the count, did you?" and in the general laugh at Syd's agreeable humor the group of us broke up.

It was nearly twelve when I strolled into the library that night. Syd was waiting. "Thought I'd drop in and smoke a cigarette with you," he said.

"Everything all right with you?" I asked.

"Right? Right as anything, sir."

He took a cigarette and we smoked in silence, both knowing instinctively that nothing was to come of our talk—at least I knew it. And nothing did. It was only later, on the veranda—where we stood a moment before separating for the night—that anything definite took shape.

"You remember 'The Angel,' dad? Our angel we kept running across in Europe?"

"Your angel, boy. I'm too old for anything of the earthly angelic; it's time I turned my thoughts toward the heavenly conception of such creatures. Yes—I remember her. Why?"

"Well—I saw her to-day."

"Kneeling, I'll warrant."

Syd's voice was a little irritable. "Yes. Lu—Miss Langworthy and I stopped a while on the way. She wanted to look into a little stone chapel affair along the road—it was open. And—well, she was there. She didn't notice her, I think, but—gad! she— Funny, wasn't it?"

"I believe, Sydney, your pronouns wouldn't stand the cold eye of rhetoric. Well?"

"Well—that's all." Syd whistled softly.

"You won't think me intruding if I ask if 'The Angel' is as attractive—and as evanescent—as ever?"

Syd tossed his cigarette away. It was one of the moments when I am almost led to believe the boy will let the romance in him—for it's there—come out. He didn't.

"She's corking. Good night, dad," he said, briefly.

He lingered, however, uncertainly. We lighted fresh cigarettes and waited.

"For God's sake, my boy, tell it," I had to say at last, for the tattoo of Syd's fingers on the railing got on my nerves. "Tell it and get it over with."

I could hear him sigh relievedly in the darkness. "You're all right, dad." He hesitated. "I—I've been playing rather hard, the fact is, with— Well, you know, father, how it is: nice girl, out-of-doors, horses, and all that sort of thing. You sort of get started and—you know, hang it!"

"I can imagine."

"And Lucy—"

"Then it is Miss Langworthy?"

"Sure thing."

"All right—go on."

"I mean, of course, that nothing rotten has happened. I don't go in for—"

"I believe you, Syd."

"Thanks. Well, we rather drifted along—and said things—and—I thought she'd understand all right. She's a bully good sort, really. I thought, you know, she'd think that— Oh, confound it! there's been nothing to take seriously—except—this afternoon something happened. I didn't mean to say so much, but going through a wood, with everything quiet and pretty and—you know, I—"

He didn't see me smile. I went on softly: "Exactly—but she's not the first girl who has ever been kissed in a wood where everything was quiet and pretty, and from perfectly innocent motives."

Syd walked hastily to the end of the veranda. I could almost swear I heard him chuckle. He was grave enough when he came back.

"I'm afraid she didn't understand," he continued, anxiously.

"How do you know she didn't?" I asked, a little impatiently.





Half-tone plate engraved by Frank E. Pettit

"A KINGDOM WAS OFFERED FOR A HORSE ONCE BEFORE. WASN'T IT?"

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He wondered. "Why—why—"

"Do you want her to take it seriously, Syd?"

"For Heaven's sake, no—but if—"

"See here, I wouldn't worry over this thing very much, if I were you. If you've been decent throughout and all that—and you have, I take it. Leave matters alone for a day or two and I'll find out from Mrs. Grenley—who intuitively finds out everything—what we are to expect. And, Sydney?"

"Yes, dad."

"For goodness' sake bear in mind that I have no patience with a silly sort of chivalry practised by persons of romantically disturbed consciences."

"I don't quite—"

"No, I dare say. I'll explain it later—if it's necessary. Good night, boy."

"Good night"—and he almost wrung my hands off. "And thanks—I'm awfully grateful for—"

"There! there! I guess we understand it."

"I wonder," I murmured, when he had gone—"I wonder just how well trained Lucy is?"

But of one thing I was sure—it was still the red-haired angel for Syd.

When I came down the next morning the house was opened wide, good clean sun and a live breeze sifting through the rooms. Mrs. Grenley's butler told me Mr. Sydney had breakfasted very early, and had then gone off for a day's fishing, he thought—somewhere.

"He left no word, Benham?"

"No, sir, no word."

The little breakfast-room was a pool of yellow sunshine. It was early—perhaps not half after seven—and I was the only breakfaster. At least until she came down. I fancied that she very nearly gave a start on seeing me. However, a lean old chap of fifty-six in flannels and, thank God, a good temper, is not the most disconcerting thing in the world.

"Good morning, my dear Miss Langworthy—I hail you as one of the children of the morning. Dear me, if more people in this world had ever seen the sun rise, there'd be fewer souls going begging for analysis and—"

"And more poets," she laughed, gently.

"Well, well, there never yet was a plan of salvation that didn't have its drawbacks."

She laughed again—that pleasant laugh of one who is in a friendly mood, with no desire to make clever retorts. Curious as I was about the girl, I found myself liking her presence.

"I think if you'd be good enough to pour the coffee," said I, "the morning would really be complete."

She talked little—for which I liked her the more,—though her silence were not the dreary spaces of those breakfasters whose utterances are still dammed with sleep. Her hands were nervous, playing rapidly and vaguely about the coffee equipage, though her eyes were steady enough.

Lucy Langworthy at the coffee-urn was, at the instant, scarcely the genteel adventuress—or I have met none of the type. She had her mother's slightness of figure, and also, one imagined, the inner steel fibre of her endurance; she had, too, a fineness of quality, something to be felt, not seen; deep gray eyes that, as I watched, suffused with gentleness, hardened sharply to determination, and, again, quivered with a startled girlishness. Her face, colorless, though suggesting color, was well cut; the mouth in particular was overlarge, but gracious and flexible, likely to droop at the corners in despondent curves if in the course of time things went wrong with her. And there were, of course, as Amy had said, her sweet manners. The riding-clothes she wore were perfect.

"When I looked for you after dinner last night," I explained, presently, "you were nowhere to be found."

She glanced at me quickly. "No. I went up early. I was overtired. We—your son and I—rode too far, perhaps,—the sun was blistering."

"He said he was a bit fagged himself."

She let the fact drop. But into her eyes crept a little smile.

"It's a mistake to ride—too far," I hazarded.

The smile went out. Subtly she was on the defence.

"I am a good horsewoman, I believe," she said, quietly. "And one often has to wait for time to prove the mistake, doesn't one?"

"Time has rather a nasty way of doing that," I answered, briefly.

"I'm always making mistakes," she smiled winningly, "and wishing I were well out of them. It's wretched to feel that one is always to get into trouble one doesn't at all want."

"No one *wants* trouble, I infer," I returned.

"One wants such a lot of things," she said, aimlessly.

"One gets such a lot of things—in one way or another," I said, looking straight in her eyes.

She didn't flinch. "Yes."

"All—at any rate, almost all—of the troubles in this world, I suspect, might be remedied if people were only born with a sense of proportion—or acquired it,—a sense that would give the proper valuation to—"

"To improper things?" she caught me up.

"In a way, if you like."

She rose, gravely, and stood at her place, drawing on her gloves slowly, carefully.

"I dare say you are right," she said, at last, "though your observation would be more correctly, or more frankly, put if you changed *people* to *women*, would it not?"

Well, we understood each other. Evidently she guessed Syd had been talking to me; I hesitated, at a loss, for a moment. The ground was new.

"It isn't fair," she went on, quickly but quietly. "It isn't fair—to make women the recording angels of men's accounts with them."

"You're right, Miss Langworthy." She had the better of it.

She faced me impetuously. "You came to see me. Now that you have seen me—well?" Her voice shaded from bitterness to insolence.

"My dear Miss Lucy, I—"

"Now that you know us—how we live—they've told it all—what's to be done? Am I to be allowed to play with your son politely—provided I keep my head and take a flirtation merely as a flirtation? I mustn't fall in love with him. And of course he won't fall in love with me. I'm not the sort for him. I'm hunting a fortune—and they call my mother the Ancient Mariner."

She stopped, trembling, as I imagine, in terror and a crude youthful pride at her own effrontery. Her cheeks flushed in two curious red blotches directly under her eyes; the slenderness of her body was strongly accentuated by the pulsations of emotion that bent and swayed her waywardly.

Her next words at least showed the frankness of her spirit.

"You think now I've proved myself all you thought me, don't you? That I am nothing, after all, but a bundle of wretched taste and hurt pride—it's true, I suppose."

As she turned her back on me uncertainly, it was not so much the mortified tears in her eyes, too sudden a flood to hide, as the unexpectedly girlish droop of her shoulders, the loosened slope of her head into her slim neck, that put the situation into key for me. I laughed—not, believe me, brutally. But I laughed at the situation. She was, after all, such a child.

Miss Langworthy eyed me at the sound, tightly clenching her hands.

"Oh!" she cried, helplessly. "Oh!"

"At any rate," said I, genuinely distressed at her position, "the morning hasn't turned out poetically, has it? Here we are like two people in a Bowery theatre wrangling over who shall have The Child."

Her eyes filled warmly and the deeply indented corners of her mouth contracted.

"I didn't mean to do it," she murmured, painfully. "Really, I—I am not quite the kind you think me—yet."

"Dear young lady, I don't remember having expressed any thought of you I might have this morning. Indeed, I'm certain I have not. You have forced on me an issue—pardon me—just a trifle unwarrantably. I don't know exactly what you expect me to say or to do. I might roar out in a passionate voice that you sha'n't have my son, or I suppose I might pat your hand and tell you it's a hard world, and that self-sacrifice is a noble though lonely trait. I'm really not fitted for the do-your-worst-woman rôle, and somehow the kindly, moist-eyed old father rather bores me. You must, however, grant me the right of having something more than an ephemeral interest

in the welfare of my son—I dare say I'm very old-fashioned to cherish such an interest, my dear lady. I don't mind saying that so far in our history my son and I have been very good friends—'pals,' he calls it—and you can't expect me to go back on him without a tremendous reason."

The confusion of her mind was evident in the childlike uncertainty of her movements—little shiftings of head and hands and feet. The red blotches under her eyes glowed unpleasantly. With a fine effort she got herself together.

"I'm very confused—and ashamed," she said, quietly. "There is something I want to say—and I can't get it into words. It's something to explain myself. And there's no way for me to think it out now. You'd have to know so many things about me to make it all clear. And if I told you wouldn't—care. Inside me somewhere I'm right about a good many things, but you've confused me—put me so hopelessly outside of you. Oh, I can't find any opening in your armor. That's what you and he stand for—I can't even express that. But you're so satisfied—no, not that word—complete, perhaps; you don't need to bother about me." She went out swiftly.

"It is still a question," said I to Mrs. Grenley, an hour or two later, "whether the Ancient Mariner has trained her Lucy properly."

"Tell me," she said, quickly.

"You will observe when I finish the account," I returned, confidentially, "that so far from coming to any decision on the interesting case of Lucy, I have succeeded in complicating my own position in the matter horribly."

She laughed. "I could have told you would do that."

The accident I have never very clearly comprehended—and, after all, it is rather useless to dig out the details of such an event. I have often felt distinctly uncomfortable over the reflection that I was the last one the poor girl talked with before she met with her hurt. Even the sense of the ultimate justification of one's position is rarely enough to compensate for the disagreeable reflection that another attitude might so easily have begotten another issue. I suppose that she

flung herself upon her horse and dashed off recklessly—anywhere. Horses seem created to carry people to heaven or hell, in the popular conception. At any rate, the mare went wild, reared and plunged, and in the end fell wretchedly—Lucy under her.

And Syd—in the inscrutable hands of the Pawn-mover—coming home from fishing, found her in a thicket, senseless and bruised and bleeding, and brought her home, anguish and remorse in his eyes. That is the bare statement of the fact. The subtler emotional states of us all during the ensuing week were, I dare say, open to analysis—yet—well, we continued to go about with covert questions in our eyes; and on our lips, conventionally, How is she to-day?

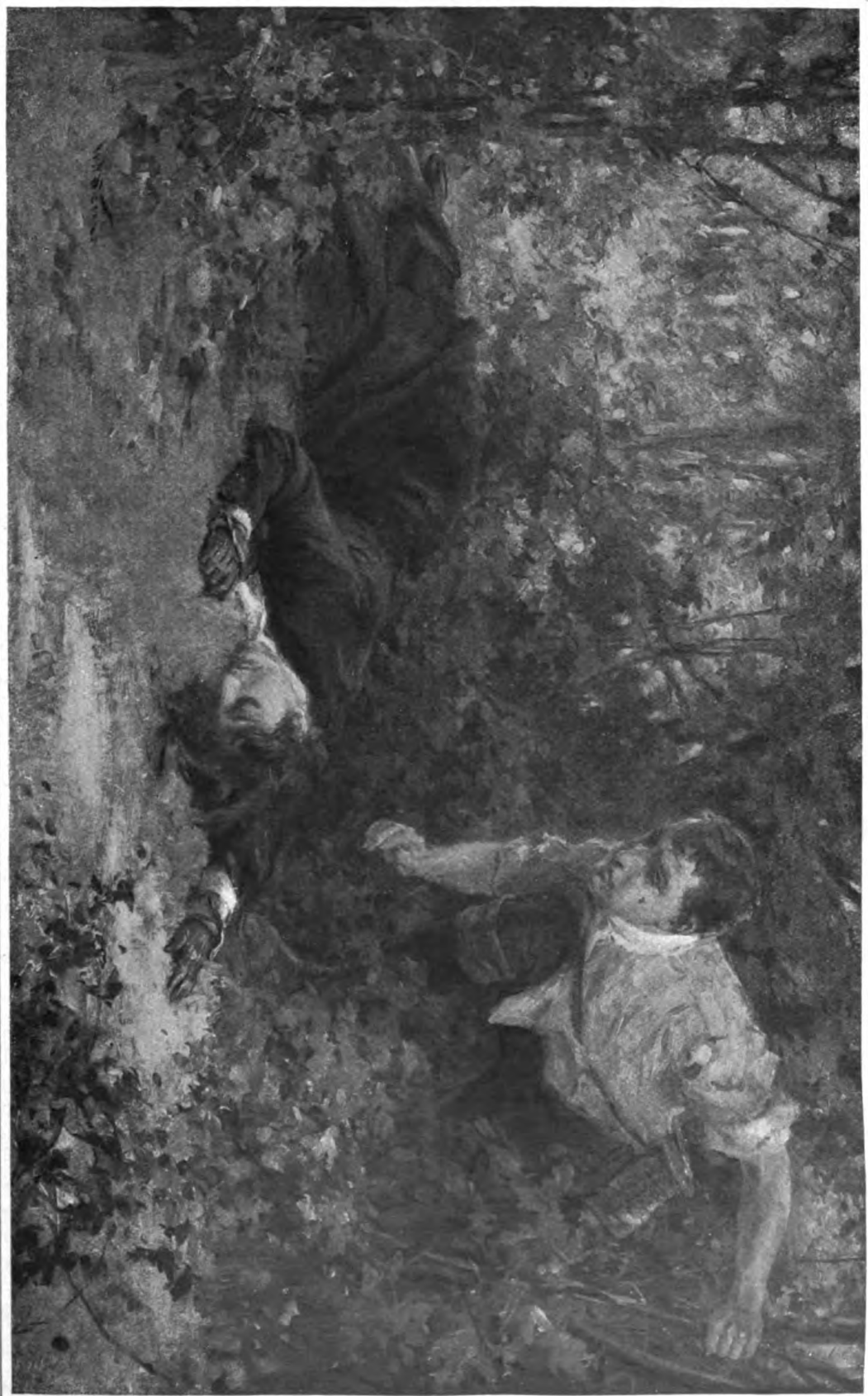
With me it was all what course Syd was to take. The boy was tremendously shocked, of course, and saddened. I've seen in my day many regrettable things happen to a man when he has been shocked and saddened—over a girl. But just now I was in no position to say a word to him—honorably. I was annoyed more than I cared to admit by the echo of a girl's voice, by the memory of a white, sharpened face—handsome in its distress. "It isn't fair," I kept hearing. I did not like to tell Syd of the talk Lucy and I had had the very morning of the accident. I've known hot-blooded youth to curse its parent for less than this. In short, I had nothing to do but wait—more or less on the outside of it all.

The Ancient Mariner was insufferable—as one might expect her to be. A more unpleasant person I never encountered. And her unpleasantness lay not so much in what she said as in the suppressed, sorrows-on-sorrows air she diffused.

I am willing to take my share in the day of reckoning for Lucy Langworthy's hurt, physical and mental, but I'm convinced that it will be her mother who will pay heaviest. I can see her now, walking the piazza, wringing her dry little hands and dabbing at her dry, pale eyes. I knew, and Amy knew, that it was not all for the broken and battered girl up-stairs the dry little hands and the dry, pale eyes so suffered.

Lucy had lain for a week, piteously suffering, they told me, unconscious of her surroundings, and muttering a name

HE FOUND HER IN A THICKET, SENSELESS AND BRUISED





endlessly—a man's name. We had had specialists up from New York and Boston who looked her over gravely, dispassionately. Afterward we gave them luncheon and tried to extract information from them—politely. At the end of the week we got something. It was bad enough, the Lord knows, and gave the last touch to our rasping nerves.

"She'll probably never walk again," said the great surgeon. "I'm inclined to think the hip is hopelessly injured. Of course, of course—in the lapse of time—she may—but really—it's most unfortunate, my dear Colonel Darrow— Oh, as to her living? She might live on for five years—more, perhaps; it is difficult to say."

"My God! father," muttered Syd. "It's awful." And he left us.

I looked at Mrs. Grenley; in her fine eyes there were tears.

"Who is it, Amy," said I, impatiently, "who gives these twists to mortal affairs?"

Later in the day—at twilight, in fact—Syd came to me in an excited, high-strung mood. There was in his blue eyes the light of lofty purpose I used to mark in his mother. I intuitively knew I was in for a case of chivalry.

"Walk with me, dad," he said, earnestly. "There's something I've got to talk out."

He went at it briefly.

"It's this," said he, striding along nervously. "This. You know about Lucy—this terrible doctor business has about made me sick, dad. It's cruel. But that's not the thing. This afternoon—I was in the library and couldn't help hearing—her mother went on to Mrs. Grenley at an awful rate. About me and Lucy, you know. She said the poor girl had—had, well, just been lying there muttering my—name—for all this week. God! it's awful to think of her, isn't it? So gone to pieces. And she—her mother—said that Lucy was awfully in love with me—this sounds like rot to put into words—and that she had told her—the night before the accident—that we were practically engaged—and all that." He paused awkwardly, but I maintained silence. "And she—her mother—said that now, in addition to her frightful burden of lameness, Lucy would have to

carry about a broken heart. Because—because no man would tie himself up to a cripple, a weak, helpless cripple. No man—she said it awfully pitifully—would be expected to do that. She wept and seemed tremendously cut up—she's awfully fond of Lucy, after all."

Syd looked at me imploringly.

"Well?" said I at last.

"Well? Why, there's only one thing in the world for a decent chap to do, dad! You see that. I'm going to—"

"Stop. You needn't put it into words. I know what you're about to say."

"I—" he began, sternly.

"Sydney, my boy, have you thought this thing out? Do you know what you are doing? I can't believe it possible. No, no, don't protest. There never yet was a young man who hasn't thought out the ends of the earth and the stars of heaven—if asked. Put aside this chivalry, I beg of you, for a moment. There have been more broken hearts, more restless, wayward men, more pining women, by reason of this devil of misplaced honor—what you may call it makes no difference."

"I'm sorry you misjudge me," he said.

"Confound you, I don't misjudge you. I wish I did—I wish I did. I know you and your kind too well. Oh, you're bound to engage yourself to Lucy—marry her, I suppose. That's what you've come to. Think it out! Why? Why? Why do it? Because you believe yourself bound by a tie that never existed. Simply to soothe mentally an unfortunate girl with a more unfortunate mother—"

"If you please, father—"

"Oh, I apologize—if that's what you want. You know your own heart, I take it, and you've told me yourself you had no thoughts of love for Lucy. You must not argue that because your conscience, or whatever it is that sentimentally works at such times as these, pricks you to a conclusion, that conclusion is sane. I tell you, my boy, you are utterly absolved from any need to give your life to that girl—utterly."

Syd bent his head doggedly and strode on rapidly.

"Do you know what it means—this?" I went on intemperately. "It means tying your body to an invalid whom you don't— *Do you love her?*"

He shook his head dumbly.

"Whom, then, you don't love; cutting yourself off from your own sort; growing meek and outwardly kind—a nice gift, indeed, to a woman who is a man's wife; and letting your mind and soul go straying through hell, a domesticated, petty hell, till you— Do you want all this?"

The boy drew his breath in sharply. He was having his struggle. His hat was pulled grimly over his eyes, and he puffed fiercely at his pipe.

"I—I don't mean to be rough on you, dad," he said, finally. "But I reckon we can't get together on this. It's something that we don't quite hit off together. Always before this we've been pretty good pals— I— You're right enough from your point, maybe, but"—he shook his head obstinately—"but I can't see it. It's—it's up to me, dad—I'm sorry you aren't with me."

There wasn't anything more to say; Syd and I are not the sort who quarrel and bicker.

I gave him my hand. "You're wrong, bitterly, foolishly wrong, from my view of it, my son. No, I'm not going over it all again; I've said it all. You're man enough to shut up and bear what comes to you, I believe. And, Syd?"

"Yes?"

"When you want me I'm ready to help—where I can."

"She was too weak and tired and sick to resist him, Landan, my dear," said Amy Grenley. And this was another week later, when it was clear that Lucy wasn't, at least, to die on our hands in melancholy haste.

"For Syd," she whispered, "swept everything aside the day he saw her, you know. He was like a holy flame, I fancy. There's something of the religious enthusiast in him, after all."

"There's something of the fool in him, after all," I answered, irritably.

Amy let her eyes stray unseeingly off to the sea.

"She lies there very content, Landan—very still and white and content. Like a little girl—she is a little girl, dear—who has gone to bed with her belovedest doll."

"He told her—he must have had to tell her—he loved her?"

"I suppose he did—poor Lucy."

"Poor Syd."

"If you could see her, Landan. Almost I think you wouldn't grudge her Syd. She's too sick and broken to think—she's just happy, dear."

I shook my head. "No—don't. It's all Syd for me."

"Landan—don't you know? Lucy loves Syd—*loves* him. It's come to her. And she couldn't give him up. Don't you see?"

We both repeated it.

"Poor Lucy."

We had been away from Mrs. Grenley's—Syd and I—for a month. We went to our own place in the Adirondacks at Syd's request. And I hope that in my declining years a kind Providence will never let me spend so dismal a period again. He was moody and dull and spiritless. Naturally we spoke not at all of the events of the past month at Mrs. Grenley's. My heart ached for him—ached that he had to put on the garment of a man's experience so soon.

Then at last the letters came—Lucy's letters—one for me and one for Syd. They came to change everything. What she said to him I don't know. In fact, I'm always to be grateful that I don't know. I'm spared that, at least. Somewhere in my papers there's a little leather case—I can find it at this moment easily—which has a letter—Lucy's letter to me, written tremblingly, I know now painfully, and with infinite labor, from her bed.

"MY DEAR COLONEL DARROW,—I give you back your son to-day. I know now why it all came about, for my mother has told me the truth—the sorry truth—that Mrs. Grenley reluctantly confirmed. It is, to me, as bitter as it must be to you—more I cannot say. I don't know quite why I ever allowed Sydney to become engaged to me except that I fancied I might die and wanted the bit of happiness. I wanted to believe it true for a little while. Please don't think me all bad—I'm not. I'd like to feel that you forgive me—everything—that morning we were together and this other. It will help me in getting well or in lying like this till something better comes to end things.

LUCY LANGWORTHY."

I suppose I sat for a long time with the letter in my hand. There were tears, I'm bound to say, in my eyes, and I was muttering: "Poor little girl! Poor Lucy! Poor little Lucy!" when Syd came in softly.

Then I wondered what it all meant to him.

"You heard, too?" I said. He nodded.

So we sat and smoked in silence—glad enough of each other's company. Neither of us felt quite guiltless, I suspect, though I'm not quite clear why. But, somehow, between us there was the sorry feeling that we crushed in our hands a little bird, and had hurt it cruelly.

"It looks like the end of it," I said, after a long time, tentatively.

Syd looked up miserably. "It's hell, isn't it?"

"Something like that," said I.

It was at Newport—for we had left the camp after Lucy's letters came—we met her—the Angel of the Churches, the red-haired angel. And Amy Grenley brought it about—brought her about, I might say. Amy had come down from Bar Harbor for a part of August.

Amy was rather secretive over the matter of the meeting. She said merely that she wanted us—Syd and me—to lunch with her on her yacht, the *Israfel*, and cruise about for the afternoon; and that there was to be the prettiest girl in the world with her.

Neither Syd nor I had recovered our spirits since those heavy days in the camp. Beyond a good bit of riding and driving—and polo for Syd—we found little to amuse ourselves over. But a day with Amy always puts one right, and Syd, down as he was, couldn't quite pass by unheeded the prettiest girl in the world.

When we went aboard they were there, just the two women, aft under the awnings. As I remember it, both the boy and I stopped short at the sight; Syd gasped and blushed.

"By Jove! dad," he stammered, "it's—it's—"

"It's your Angel, Syd," I said.

And it was.

She was wonderfully beautiful in her white yachting-clothes—nearly as lovely as Amy Grenley at twenty. She met us with becoming shyness, but in her eyes

I saw the light of recognition for Syd. It was natural that presently the two should drift away together. I was grateful to be alone with Amy.

"Have you a chapel aboard the boat anywhere, Amy?" I asked, interestedly. "The young woman isn't complete without it—she'll be kneeling on your decks, I'm certain, at any moment. Perhaps she brings along a toy chapel wherever she goes, and wax tapers."

Amy was indulgent. "She's beautiful, isn't she? You must know her—talk to her. She is— But you'll want to find out for yourself."

"I want to talk to you about other things—about—"

"I know," she said. "Not to-day, dear. She and her mother are still at my house. And she's getting better—she's going to live, to walk again, they think. Don't ask any more now."

And at that moment luncheon was announced.

I'm not going into the discussion of that day. In the light of things now I perceive that it had to be. Perhaps it was a mild penance for our past sins—Syd's and mine; perhaps it was a taste of the higher life. In any case, I can't enter into it adequately.

I talked with the Angel for twenty minutes after luncheon, and then I handed her handsomely back to Syd and returned to Amy.

"I begin to understand," said I, with reserve.

"Yes?"

"She—ah—has a fine character."

"Has she not?"

"She has—I believe it is called so—temperament?"

"Yes, my dear, temperament."

"She has a soul."

"You noticed that?"

"I was compelled to, though it did not seem quite delicate of me."

"I know—she is almost too—"

"She fingers it as if it were a bead on a string."

"She'll amuse Syd."

"Ye-e-s, oh yes."

"Strange he should meet her at last."

"Delightful."

"You know it's always been the girl with the red hair for Syd?"

"Always."

We were silent. Over on the other side of the boat was the murmur, not of voices, of a voice. I caught, "Life is a wonderful dreamy thing—like a beautiful jewel—haven't you found it so?"

"*That to Syd!*" said I to Amy.

"She hates horses," Amy answered.

"And society, she says."

"And dogs."

"And coaching."

"And cigarettes."

"And light talk."

I sighed comfortably. "Well, if I were Syd—I mean if Syd were me—he'd push her off the boat."

"Perhaps he likes it."

Late that night Syd and I were together. He seemed strangely placid and at ease; his blue eyes shone softly, as if he had hit upon an agreeable secret. I had not seen him so for weeks. I had a sudden chill at my heart. "Good Lord!" thought I. "Maybe it is the Angel for Syd, after all."

I had to probe gently, though.

"She's a nice girl," I advanced, genially.

"Who?"

"The Angel."

"Um-m—yes."

"Very handsome."

"Corker."

A long silence.

"Queer you should meet her at last."

"Wasn't it?"

"I dare say we'll see a great deal of her," I continued, carefully.

Syd faced me with a laugh and thrust

out his hand to me. "Why don't you say it?" he grinned.

I took his hand with relief. "Thank Heaven, Syd. I don't need to. But she's nice in a church."

"Bully—in a church."

His eyes were still smiling over that pleasant secret of his, and he kept wringing my hand.

"You won't mind if I leave you to-morrow, dad?" he began, shyly.

"Oh no. Going away?"

"Yes."

"Might I ask where?"

He hesitated long enough for me to guess the truth.

"Not—" I cried.

"That's it, dad."

"God bless you, boy; she's worth all you can give her."

"Right-o."

"And so it's Lucy for you, after all?"

"Yes, sir—yes, if she'll have me. I knew it to-day. And, dad, she's an angel!"

"Lucy?"

"Sure thing. A real live angel."

And we said no more.

"There's one thing, though," said I to Amy Grenley the next day, when we had gone over it all from end to end, "the Ancient Mariner is a hard pill to swallow, I'm bound to admit."

"She's rather awful."

"But we've settled the question of—"

"Of Lucy's training? Yes. But you know I believed in Lucy all along, Landan."

## The Faith in Doubt

BY HENRY FLETCHER HARRIS

THE peace of God descends more softly shed  
Than light upon the deep,  
And sinks below the tumult of my years  
Deeper than dreams or sleep.

And somehow, as of dusk was born the star  
Whose fire is on the sea,  
Another star from doubt's profounder dark  
Is risen and shines on me.

# The Search for Men

BY HERBERT JACKSON HAPGOOD

THERE is a saying, oft repeated in song and story, to the effect that "Opportunity knocks only once at a man's door and is then forever gone." If this were true once, it certainly is not to-day—at least not in the American business world. Opportunity is knocking continuously at the door of every business man, whether he be the young boy who has just left school, or the general manager who awaits only the presidency of his company. The individual still continues to play the all-important part in the business world. Great corporations may be formed and merged into still greater combinations, and system may reduce business to an apparently machinelike routine, but there still remains an ever-increasing need for brainy, energetic men.

Three types of ability are in constant demand for the more important positions in the business world—the ability to organize, direct, and manage; the ability to create new markets, either by advertising or personal arguments; and the ability to supervise detail work and devise labor and time saving devices. For these abilities employers are willing to pay salaries that formerly would have been considered fabulous. It is the possession or lack of one or all of these types which divides men into three great classes. At one extreme are the extraordinary, capable executives, salesmen, and detail men; at the other extreme men who possess none of these qualifications, but are fitted to do manual labor or automatically perform routine clerical duties. Between them comes a large class—the mediocre man, too proud to work with his hands, and with only a limited amount of executive, selling, or detailing ability.

Never in the world's history were there such opportunities for the man of extraordinary ability, coupled with so much power and such unlimited salaries, as

exist to-day. Probably there are now more men who receive a salary of \$25,000 or more a year than drew \$10,000 a year in the seventies, and as the world moves from greater to still greater things, the demand has apparently removed all limits to the salary that will be paid the men who can stand at the head and successfully manage the immense aggregations of capital recently formed.

Never in the world's history was the condition of the employee who works with his hand or automatically with his pen equalled in grade of living, pleasures, or opportunities for education and improvement. The skilled laborer to-day receives more than his superintendent of the seventies.

Between these two classes there is, however, the man of mediocre ability—conscientious, faithful, and hard-working, but not executive, inventive, or brilliant. He lives more luxuriously than ever before, but because of his limitations cannot rise to power or accumulate wealth. He supports himself and family comfortably during life, but lays aside little or nothing for old age and death. If he had lived between the fifties and eighties, he could have perhaps become the head of a business, a power in the community, or a man of wealth and influence. But business has progressed so rapidly and become so strenuous that his limitations now prevent his making a place in the business world.

The public does not realize the great scarcity and universal demand for men who have the calibre to fill responsible positions. The mechanic or bookkeeper of to-day may be general superintendent or general manager to-morrow. He rises on his merits, and employers are watching eagerly for others who can follow in his footsteps. Hundreds of concerns have the same difficulty expressed by the general manager of a large Chicago concern, "We cannot train up capable men



fast enough to keep pace with the growth of our business." Only a year ago the United States Steel Corporation was hunting for a man capable of acting as its executive head, and finally was obliged to divide the duties among several, no one man being equal to the position.

The business world is looking for men who can achieve results. All others are hurriedly pushed aside. The keen competition among employers for high-grade men is shown by the frequent changes that are always being made in responsible positions. No sooner does a man make a satisfactory record than rival employers begin bidding for his services. The market value of such men has risen with the demand, and there are now several men in the United States who are receiving over \$100,000 per year, scores who are receiving \$50,000 and better, and hundreds who are earning \$25,000 or more, while an uncountable host are earning over \$10,000.

To those who have not made a study of this question the great demand for high-grade men and the thoroughness of the search that is constantly being made for them are surprising. For the past eighteen months a Chicago concern has been trying to find the right man for a position that will pay from \$15,000 to \$20,000 a year. It is a common expression among large employers, "I would rather pay \$10,000 than \$1000 to a man," and they mean it. They want men who can handle men, men who can discover and stop business leaks, men who can abolish unnecessary moves, find short cuts, consolidate plants, make a market where none existed before, overcome competition—men who can make their year's work yield tenfold on the yearly balance-sheet. The manager of a large New York department house stated recently, "We are looking for five executive men, to whom we are willing to pay from \$3500 to \$10,000 a year. These positions are filled at present," he added, "but they are not filled satisfactorily, and we are anxious to find better men."

The question of salary becomes a secondary consideration when employers see the man that they want. "We do not care how much we pay," said the president of a million-dollar manufacturing company, provided we can get a man who

can manage our sales department as it should be managed and show the right results." The one great ever-crying demand is for results; expensive machinery is purchased and installed, only to be thrown aside for something better. Old methods pass quicker than the years, and along with the old methods the old men. The business of a firm expands at an alarming rate, and the older men are forced into retirement nowadays at an age when formerly they would have been considered in their prime. The day when a man could stand on his past record is gone. Results alone count. When a man cannot produce, the business world quickly demands some one in his place. To-day is the day of the young man. The pendulum of business demand has swung from one extreme to the other. The young man of thirty now holds the position formerly held only by a man in his sixties. The energy, push, and determination of the young man are given great preponderance over the conservatism and experience of the older man. A few years more will undoubtedly place a man's maximum earning ability five to ten years farther along in life than it is considered to-day.

The most successful of the large companies of to-day realize the absolute necessity of having the best men of their kind in all grades of work. They also appreciate the scarcity of good men and the difficulty of finding them. The securing of employees, formerly more or less a matter of chance, is now carried on systematically, and the heads of a number of large corporations say that they give more attention to surrounding themselves with the proper kind of men than to any other of their numerous duties. Many companies maintain at considerable expense employment departments, whose duties are to watch for and employ high-grade men. These departments keep an elaborate card-system record of all the men who were ever in the employ of the company, and of all men who apply for positions, and also in some cases a complete concise record of the earning ability and salaries paid to men in the employ of competitors. The successful general manager knows through this department where the most capable men in all lines of work



are to be found, and what it will cost to secure them when they are needed. Several agencies have sprung up within the last few years that make a business of this very work of keeping in touch with the available material in all lines of work, and claim to be able to supply, at any time, "the right man for the right place." Formerly responsible positions were filled by relatives, friends, or the friends of friends, but to-day the successful manager says, "Deliver me from my relatives and friends," and conscientiously avoids employing any one to whom he may be directly or indirectly under obligations.

Many large concerns, with a far-seeing policy, are now employing every year a fixed number of college, university, or technical-school graduates, taking young men of good education and teaching them every detail of the business, and developing them into the type of managers that they will need five to ten years hence.

With more systematic and intelligent methods of selecting employees have come a more definite demand for results and a fixed determination to know what every employee is accomplishing, so as to retain the money-makers and get rid of the incompetents. The twentieth-century employer must not only know his business and himself, but he must also know the capacity of every employee and the exact results that are being produced by every man in his employ, from office-boy to general manager. No longer are men retained because of friendship. Employers nowadays do not hesitate to dispense promptly with the services of men who are "not making good." When such men are retained the loss to their employer is represented not only by the difference between the amount of salary paid them and the amount of business produced, but also by the dissatisfaction and half-hearted effort which their retention inspires among the really hard-working men in the force. One up-to-date employer has a fixed rule never to employ or retain in his service any man concerning whose ability to perform his work satisfactorily he has any doubt. He claims that enough men in whom he has confidence will fail without taking any chances with doubtful cases.

Nowadays men are not retained for

life, no matter how long or how valuable the service they have given. Many firms, however, have pension systems which enable them, without injustice, to retire faithful employees as soon as they have outgrown their usefulness.

Civil service is much more beautiful in theory than in practice. A system by which men are promoted regularly, competent and incompetent alike, may do well for the government, but it is not satisfactory in private enterprises. Unfortunately it is impossible to select uniformly good material at the start, and as the men develop and advance, step by step, in wage and responsibility, the uniform advancement does not give proper appreciation to the man with exceptional ability. He is held down by the incompetency of his associates, and is either compelled to cut loose and enter a smaller business or else lose his ambition and, to a certain degree, his personality. Knowing his advancement will be evidenced by only \$100 per year, the edge of his ambition is dulled, and there is no feeling that he will receive proper reward for extraordinary efforts, and thus a valuable man is lost to the company. One of the largest manufacturing companies of New York and Chicago, because of this civil-service method of advancing employees, has lost the choicest and smartest men from its employ. Every year sees an exodus of the brightest minds who have been from two to three years with the company, and who have been educated to the point where they could soon be developed into executive positions.

But a fixed civil-service rule may cripple a company when a vacancy occurs. The next man in line to be promoted may be an incompetent, who will lose by mistakes not only an amount of money equal to his own and ten associates' salary, but also opportunities of progress that may cost the company incalculable amounts. A majority of firms establish a civil-service system for the encouragement and retention of their best material, but it is as much honored in the breach as in the observance. Successful firms promptly advance those men who are worthy, but if they do not have the right man in their employ, they as promptly go outside and get him.

Salaries and promotions are measured by results, and the wise employer seldom delays raising a man's salary when he can show he is worth more money. They realize that the success of their business depends upon the men in their employ, and every effort is made to impress their entire working force with the idea that the interests of employer and employee are inseparable. Welfare-work, profit-sharing, sales or gifts of stock to heads of departments and other valuable employees, are successfully used to accomplish this result. A uniform respect not only for the personnel of the firm but also for the policy of the company is absolutely essential. Some successful firms have a private ledger in which is kept a record of every man, and every dollar that is received by the company is credited to the account of the man who earned it, so that the non-money-earners can be promptly picked out and discharged, and the valuable men retained, with proportionate increases of salary.

At the termination of 1902, a period of unequalled prosperity, the average wage paid high-grade men was at least ten per cent. higher than at the present time; and because of the exceptional scarcity of available material, many men were drawing salaries far in excess of their actual worth. The last two years has seen a revision. In many companies, like the United States Steel Corporation, there has been a general weeding out of men who were not producing results,

and also a general decrease of from ten to twenty per cent. in the wages paid all grades of men. Other smaller companies accomplished the same thing by removing their old expensive men, on the plea of economy, and replacing them by hustling young men at half the salaries, who will accomplish the same work besides introducing new ideas. The shrewd managers of some companies take advantage of a depression in business to replace the poorer grades of men with better men from the ranks of other companies, at the same or even less salaries. With all its peculiarities, human ability is really a commodity, and the economic law of supply and demand applies exactly as it does to the sale of iron, steel, or other material things.

As stated above, however, the demand for exceptionally good men is always greater than the supply. To satisfy this demand schools of commerce and special courses have been established in many of our great universities. Schools of practical teaching have been instituted by the big insurance companies and other large corporations, and every effort is being made to hasten the growth and development of men who can step into the responsible positions.

Never in the world's history has there been such a demand for ability as there is to-day, and no employee has reason to complain of the opportunities in the business world. His advancement is limited only by his ambition and ability.



# A Romance of Whooping Harbor

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

THE trader *Good Samaritan*—they called her the *Cheap and Nasty* on the Shore; God knows why! for she was dealing fairly for the fish, if something smartly—was wind-bound at Heart's Ease Cove, riding safe in the lee of the Giant's Hand: champing her anchor chain; nodding to the swell, which swept through the tickle and spent itself in the landlocked water, collapsing to quiet. It was late of a dirty night, but the schooner lay in shelter from the roaring wind; and the forecastle lamp was alight, the bogie snoring, the crew sprawling at ease, purring in the light and warmth and security of the hour. . . . By and by, when the skipper's allowance of tea and hard biscuit had fulfilled its destiny, Tumm, the clerk, told the tale of Whooping Harbor, wherein the maid met Fate in the person of the fool from Thunder Arm; and I came down from the deck—from the black, wet wind of the open, changed to a wrathful flutter by the eternal barrier—in time to hear. And I was glad, for we know little enough of love, being blind of soul, perverse and proud; and love is strange past all things: wayward, accounting not, of infinite aspects—radiant to our vision, colorless, sombre, black as hell; but of unfailing beauty, we may be sure, had we but the eyes to see, the heart to interpret. . . .

"We was reachin' up t' Whoopin' Harbor," said Tumm, "t' give the *White Lily* a night's lodgin', it bein' a wonderful windish night; clear enough, the moon sailin' a cloudy sky, but with a bank o' fog sneakin' round Cape Muggy like a fish-thief. An' we wasn't in no haste, anyhow, t' make Sinners' Tickle, for we was the first schooner down the Labrador that season, an' 'twas pick an' choose your berth for we, with a clean bill t' every head from Starvation Cove t' the Settin' Hen, so quick as the fish

struck. So the skipper he says we'll hang the ol' girl up t' Whoopin' Harbor 'til dawn; an' we'll all have a watch below, says he, with a cup o' tea, says he, if the cook can bile the water 'ithout burnin' it. Which was wonderful hard for the cook t' manage, look you! as the skipper, which knowed nothin' about feelin's, would never stop tellin' un: the cook bein' from Thunder Arm, a half-witted, glossy-eyed lumpfish o' the name o' Moses Shoos, born by chance and brung up likewise, as desperate a cook as ever tartured a stummick, but meanin' so wonderful well that we loved un, though he were like t' finish us off, every man jack, by the slow p'ison o' dirt.

"Cook, you dunderhead!" says the skipper, with a wink t' the crew. "You been an' scarched the water agin."

"Shoos he looked like he'd give up for good on the spot—just like he *knowed* he was a fool, an' *had* knowed it for a long, long time,—sort o' like he was sorry for we an' sick of hisself.

"Cook," says the skipper, "you went an' done it agin. Yes, you did! Don't you go denyin' of it. You'll kill us, cook," says he, "if you goes on like this. They isn't nothin' worse for the system," says he, "than this here burned water. The alamnacs," says he, shakin' his finger at the poor cook, "I'll tell you *that*!"

"I 'low I did burn that water, skipper," says the cook, "if you says so. But I isn't got all my wits," says he, the cry-baby; "an' God knows I'm doin' my best!"

"I always did allow, cook," says the skipper, "that God knowed more'n I ever thunk."

"An' I never *did* burn no water," blubbers the cook, "afore I shipped along o' you in this here dam' ol' flour-sieve of a *White Lily*."

"This here *what*?" snaps the skipper.

"This here dam' ol' basket," says the cook.

"'Basket!' says the skipper. Then he hummed a bit o' 'Fishin' for the Maid I Loves,' 'ithout thinkin' much about the toon. 'Cook,' says he, 'I loves you. You is on'y a half-witted chance-child,' says he, 'but I loves you like a brother.'

"'Does you, skipper?' says the cook, with a grin, like the fool he was. 'I isn't by no means hatin' you, skipper,' says he. 'But I can't *help* burnin' the water,' says he, 'an' I 'low I don't want no blame for it. I'm sorry for you an' the crew,' says he, 'an' I wisht I hadn't took the berth. But when I shipped along o' you,' says he, 'I 'lowed I *could* cook. I knows I isn't able for it now,' says he, 'for you says so, skipper; but I'm doin' my best, an' I 'low if the water gets scarched,' says he, 'the galley fire's bewitched.'

"'Basket!' says the skipper. 'Ay, ay, cook,' says he. 'I just *loves* you.'

"They wasn't a man o' the crew liked t' hear the skipper say that; for, look you! the skipper didn't know nothin' about feelin's, an' the cook had more feelin's 'n a fool can make handy use of aboard a Labrador fishin'-craft. No, zur; the skipper didn't know nothin' about feelin's. I'm not wantin' t' say it about that there man, nor about no other man; for they isn't nothin' harder t' be spoke. But he *didn't*; an' they's nothin' else *to* it. There sits the ol' man, smoothin' his big red beard, singin', 'I'm Fishin' for the Maid I Loves,' while he looks at the poor cook, which was washin' up the dishes, for we was through with the mug-up. An' the devil was in his eyes—the devil was fair grinnin' in them little blue eyes. Lord! it made me sad t' see it; for I knowed the cook was in for bad weather, an' he wasn't no sort o' craft t' be out o' harbor in a gale o' wind like that.

"'Cook,' says the skipper.

"'Ay, zur?' says the cook.

"'Cook,' says the skipper, 'you ought t' get married.'

"'I on'y wisht I could,' says the cook.

"'You ought t' try, cook,' says the skipper, 'for the sake o' the crew. We'll all die,' says he, 'afore we sights ol' Bully Dick agin,' says he, 'if you keeps on burnin' the water. You *got* t' get married, cook, t' the first likely maid you sees on the Labrador,' says he, 't'

save the crew. She'd do the cookin' for you. It 'll be the loss o' all hands,' says he, 'an you don't. This here burned water,' says he, 'will be the end of us, cook, an you keeps it up.'

"'I'd be wonderful glad t' 'blige you, skipper,' says the cook, 'an' I'd like t' 'blige all hands. 'Twon't be by my wish,' says he, 'that anybody 'll die o' the grub they gets.'

"'Cook,' says the skipper, 'shake! I knows a *man*,' says he, 'when I sees one. Any man,' says he, 'that would put on the irons o' matrimony,' says he, 't' 'blige a shipmate,' says he, 'is a better man 'n me, an' I loves un like a brother.'

"Which cheered the cook up considerable.

"'Cook,' says the skipper, 'I 'pologize. Yes, I do, cook,' says he, 'I 'pologize.'

"'I isn't got no feelin' agin' matrimony,' says the cook. 'But I isn't able t' get took. I been tryin' every maid t' Thunder Arm,' says he, 'an' they isn't one,' says he, 'will wed a fool.'

"'Not one?' says the skipper.

"'Nar a one,' says the cook.

"'I'm s'prised,' says the skipper.

"'Nar a maid t' Thunder Arm,' says the cook, 'will wed a fool, an' I 'low they isn't one,' says he, 'on the Labrador.'

"'It's been done afore, cook,' says the skipper, 'an' I 'low 'twill be done agin, if the world don't come to an end t' oncet. Cook,' says he, 'I *knows* the maid t' do it.'

"The poor cook begun t' grin. 'Does you, skipper?' says he. 'Ah, skipper, no, you doesn't!' And he sort o' chuckled, like the fool he was. 'Ah, now, skipper,' says he, '*you* doesn't know no maid would marry me!'

"'Ay, b'y,' says the skipper, 'I got the girl for *you*. An' she isn't a thousand miles,' says he, 'from where that dam' ol' basket of a *White Lily* lies at anchor,' says he, 'in Whoopin' Harbor. She isn't what you'd call handsome an' tell no lie,' says he, 'but—'

"'Never you mind about that, skipper,' says the cook.

"'No,' says the skipper, 'she isn't handsome, as handsome goes, even in these parts, but—'

"'Never you mind, skipper,' says the cook. 'If 'tis anything in the shape o' woman,' says he, 'twill do.'



"'I 'low that Liz Jones would take you, cook,' says the skipper. 'You ain't much on wits, but you got a good-lookin' hull; an' I 'low she'd be more'n willin' t' skipper a craft like you. You better go ashore, cook, when you gets cleaned up, an' see what she says. Tumm,' says he, 'is sort o' shipmates with Liz,' says he, 'an' I 'low he'll see you through the worst of it.'

"'Will you, Tumm?' says the cook.

"'Well,' says I, 'I'll see.'

"I knowed Liz Jones from the time I fished Whoopin' Harbor with Skipper Bill Topsail in the *Love the Wind*, bein' cotched by the measles thereabouts, which she nursed me through; an' I 'lowed she *would* wed the cook if he asked her, so, thinks I, I'll go ashore with the fool t' see that she don't. No; she wasn't handsome—not Liz. I'm wonderful fond o' yarnin' o' good-lookin' maids; but I can't say much o' Liz; for Liz was so far t' peward o' beauty that many a time, lyin' sick there in the fo'c's'le o' the *Love the Wind*, I wished the poor girl would turn inside out, for, thinks I, the pattern might be a sight better on the other side. I *will* say she was big and well-muscled; an' muscles, t' my mind, counts enough t' make up for black eyes, but not for cross-eyes, much less for fuzzy whiskers. It ain't in my heart t' make sport o' Liz, lads; but I *will* say she had a club foot, for she was born in a gale, I'm told, when the *Preacher* was hangin' on off a lee shore 'long about Cape Harrigan, an' the sea was raisin' the devil. An', well—I hates t' say it, but—well, they called her 'Walrus Liz.' No; she wasn't handsome, she didn't have no good looks; but once you got a look into whichever one o' them cross-eyes you was able to catch, you seen a deal more'n your own face; an' she *was* well-muscled, an' I 'low I'm goin' t' tell you so, for I wants t' name her good p'int's so well as her bad. Whatever—

"'Cook,' says I, 'I'll go along o' you.'

"With that the cook fell to on the dishes, an' 'twasn't long afore he was ready to clean hisself; which done, he was ready for the courtin'. But first he got out his dunny-bag, an' he fished in there 'til he pulled out a blue stockin', tied in a hard knot; an' from the toe o'

that there blue stockin' he took a brass ring. 'I 'low,' says he, talkin' to hisself, in the half-witted way he had, 'it won't do no hurt t' give her mother's ring.' Then he begun t' cry. "'Moses," says mother, "you better take the ring off my finger. It isn't no weddin'-ring," says she, "for I never was what you might call wed," says she, "but I got it from the Jew t' make believe I was; for it didn't do nobody no hurt, an' it sort o' pleased me. You better take it, Moses, b'y," says she, "for the dirt o' the grave would only spile it," says she, "an' I'm not wantin' it no more. Don't wear it at the fishin', dear," says she, "for the fishin' is wonderful hard," says she, "an' joolery don't stand much wear an' tear." Oh, mother! says the cook, 'I done what you wanted!' Then the poor fool sighed an' looked up at the skipper. 'I 'low, skipper,' says he, 'twouldn't do no hurt t' give the ring to a man's wife, would it? For mother wouldn't mind, would she?'

"The skipper didn't answer that.

"'Come, cook,' says I, 'leave us get under way,' for I couldn't stand it no longer.

"So the cook an' me put out in the punt t' land at Whoopin' Harbor, with the crew wishin' the poor cook well with their lips, but thinkin', God knows what! in their hearts. An' he was in a wonderful state o' fright. I never *seed* a man so took by scare afore. For, look you! he thunk she wouldn't have un, an' he thunk she would, an' he wisht she would, an' he wisht she wouldn't; an' by an' by he 'lowed he'd stand by, whatever come of it, 'for,' says he, 'the crew's g-g-got t' have better c-c-cookin' if I c-c-can g-g-get it. Lord! Tumm,' says he, 'tis a c-c-cold night,' says he, 'but I'm sweatin' like a p-p-porp-us!' I cheered un up so well as I could; an' by an' by we was on the path t' Liz Jones's house, up on Gray Hill, where she lived alone, her mother bein' dead an' her father shipped on a barque from St. Johns t' the West Indies. An' we found Liz sittin' on a rock at the turn o' the road, lookin' down from the hill at the *White Lily*: all alone—sittin' there in the moonlight, all alone—thinkin' o' God knows what!

"'Hello, Liz!' says I.

"Hello, Tumm!" says she. "What vethel'th that?"

"That's the *White Lily*, Liz," says I. "An' here's the cook o' that there craft," says I, "come up the hill t' speak t' you."

"That's right," says the cook. "Tumm, you're right."

"T' thpeak t' me!" says she.

"I wisht she hadn't spoke quite that way. Lord! it wasn't nice. It makes a man feel bad t' see a woman hit her buzzom for a little thing like that."

"Ay, Liz," says I, "t' speak t' you. An' I'm thinkin', Liz," says I, "he'll say things no man ever said afore—t' you."

"That's right, Tumm," says the cook. "I wants t' speak as man t' man," says he, "t' stand by what I says," says he, "meanin' it afore G-god!"

"Liz got off the rock. Then she begun t' kick at the path; an' she was lookin' down, but I 'lowed she had an eye on the cook all the time. 'For,' thinks I, 'she's sensed the thing out, like all the women.'"

"I'm thinkin'," says I, "I'll go up the road a bit."

"Oh no, you won't, Tumm," says she. "You thtay right here. Whath the cook wantin' o' me?"

"Well," says the cook, "I 'low I wants t' get married."

"T' get married!" says she.

"That's right," says he. "Damme! Tumm," says he, "she got it right. T' get married," says he, "an' I 'low you'll do."

"Me?" says she.

"You, Liz," says he. "I got t' get me a wife right away," says he, "an' they isn't nothin' else I've heared tell of in the neighborhood."

"She begun to blow like a whale; an' she hit her buzzom with her fists, an' shivered. I 'lowed she was goin' t' fall in a fit. But she looked away t' the moon, an' somehow that righted her."

"You better thee me in daylight," says she.

"Don't you mind about that," says he. "You're a woman, an' a big one," says he, "an' that's all I'm askin' for."

"She put a finger under his chin an' tipped his face t' the light."

"You ithn't got all your thentheth, ith you?" says she.

"Well," says he, "bein' born on Hol-low eve," says he, "I *isn't* quite all there."

But," says he, "I wisht I was. An' I can't do no more."

"An' you want t' wed me?" says she. "Ith you sure you doth?"

"I got mother's ring," says the cook, "t' prove it."

"Tumm," says Liz t' me, "you ithn't wantin' t' get married, ith you?"

"No, Liz," says I. "Not," says I, "t' you."

"No," says she. "Not—t' me." She took me round the turn in the road. "Tumm," says she, "I 'low I'll wed that man. I want t' get away from here," says she, lookin' over the hills. "I want t' get t' the Thouthern outporth, where there'th life. They ithn't no life here. An' I'm tho wonderful tired o' all thith! Tumm," says she, "no man ever afore athked me t' marry un, an' I 'low I better take thith one. He'th on'y a fool," says she, "but not even a fool ever come courtin' me, an' I 'low nobody but a fool would. On'y a fool, Tumm!" says she. "But I ithn't got nothin' t' boatht of. God made me," says she, "an' I ithn't mad that He done it. I 'low He meant me t' take the firth man that come, an' be content. I 'low I ithn't got no right t' thtick up my nothe at a fool. For, Tumm," says she, "God made that fool, too. An', Tumm," says she, "I want thome-thin' elthe. Oh, I want thomethin' elthe! I hateth t' tell you, Tumm," says she, "what it ith. But all the other maidth hath un, Tumm, an' I want one, too. I 'low they ithn't no woman happy without one, Tumm. An' I ithn't never had no chanth afore. No chanth, Tumm, though God knowth they ithn't nothin' I wouldn't do," says she, "t' get what I want! I'll wed the fool," says she. "It ithn't a man I want tho much; no, it ithn't a man. Ith—"

"What you wantin', Liz?" says I.

"It ithn't a man, Tumm," says she.

"No?" says I. "What is it, Liz?"

"Ith a baby," says she.

"God! I felt bad when she told me that. . . ."

Tumm stopped, sighed, picked at a knot in the table. There was silence in the forecastle. The *Good Samaritan* was still nodding to the swell—lying safe at anchor in Heart's Ease Cove. We heard the gusts scamper over the deck and shake

the rigging; we caught, in the intervals, the deep-throated roar of breakers, far off—all the noises of the gale. And Tumm picked at the knot with his clasp-knife; and we sat watching, silent, all. . . . And I felt bad, too, because of the maid at Whooping Harbor—a rolling waste of rock, with the moonlight lying on it, stretching from the whispering mystery of the sea to the greater desolation beyond; and an uncomely maid, alone and wistful, wishing, without hope, for that which the hearts of women must ever desire. . . .

"Ay," Tumm drawled, "it made me feel bad t' think o' what she'd been wantin' all them years; an' then I wished I'd been kinder t' Liz. . . . An', 'Tumm,' thinks I, 'you went an' come ashore t' stop this here thing; but you better let the skipper have his little joke, for 'twill on'y s'prise him, an' it won't do nobody else no hurt. Here's this fool,' thinks I, 'wantin' a wife; an' he won't never have another chance. An' here's this maid,' thinks I, 'wantin' a baby; an' *she* won't never have another chance. 'Tis plain t' see,' thinks I, 'that God A'mighty, who made un, crossed their courses; an' I 'low, ecod!' thinks I, 'that 'twasn't a bad idea He had. If He's got to get out of it somehow,' thinks I, 'why, I don't know no better way. Tumm,' thinks I, 'you sheer off. Let Nature,' thinks I, 'have doo course an' be glorified.' So I looks Liz in the eye—an' says nothin'.

"'Tumm,' says she, 'doth you think he—'

"'Don't you be scared o' nothin',' says I. 'He's a lad o' good feelin's,' says I, 'an' he'll treat you the best he knows how. Is you goin' t' take un?'

"'I wathn't thinkin' o' that,' says she. 'I wathn't thinkin' o' *not*. I wath jutht,' says she, 'wonderin'.'

"'They isn't no sense in that, Liz,' says I. 'You just wait an' find out.'

"'What'th hith name?' says she.

"'Shoos,' says I. 'Moses Shoos.'

"'With that she up with her pinny an' begun t' cry like a young swile.

"'What you cryin' for, Liz?' says I.

"'I 'low I couldn't tell what 'twas all about. But she was like all the women. Lord! 'tis the little things that makes un weep when it comes t' the weddin'.

"'Come, Liz,' says I, 'what you cryin' about?'

"'I lithp,' says she.

"'I knows you does, Liz,' says I; 'but it ain't nothin' t' cry about.'

"'I can't thay Joneth,' says she.

"'No,' says I; 'but you'll be changin' your name,' says I, 'an' it won't matter no more.'

"'An' if I can't say Joneth,' says she, 'I can't thay—'

"'Can't say what?' says I.

"'Can't thay Thooth!' says she.

"'Lord! No more she could. An' t' say Moses Shoos! An' t' say Missus Moscs Shoos! Lord! It give me a pain in the tongue t' think of it.

"'Jutht my luck,' says she; 'but I'll do my betht.'

"So we went back an' told the cook that he didn't have t' worry no more about gettin' a wife; an' he said he was more glad than sorry, an', says he, she'd better get her bonnet, t' go aboard an' get married right away. An' she 'lowed she didn't want no bonnet, but *would* like to change her pinny. So we said we'd as lief wait a spell, though a clean pinny wasn't *needed*. An' when she got back, the cook said he 'lowed the skipper could marry un well enough 'til we overhauled a real parson; an' she thought so, too, for, says she, 'twouldn't be longer than fall, an' *any* sort of a weddin', says she, would do 'til then. An' aboard we went, the cook an' me pullin' the punt, an' she steerin'; an' the cook he crowed an' cackled all the way, like a half-witted rooster; but the maid didn't even cluck, for she was too wonderful solemn t' do anything but look at the moon.

"'Skipper,' said the cook, when we got in the fo'c's'le, 'here she is. I isn't afeared,' says he, 'and *she* isn't afeared; an' now I 'low we'll have you marry us.'

"Up jumps the skipper; but he was too much s'prised t' say a word.

"'An' I'm thinkin',' says the cook, with a nasty little wink, 'that they isn't a man in this here fo'c's'le,' says he, 'will *say* I'm afeared.'

"'Cook,' says the skipper, takin' the cook's hand, 'shake! I never knowed a man like you afore,' says he. 'T' my knowledge, you're the on'y man in the Labrador fleet would do it. I'm proud,' says he, 't' take the hand o' the man

with nerve enough t' marry Walrus Liz o' Whoopin' Harbor.'

"The devil got in the eyes o' the cook—a jumpin' little brimstone devil, ecod!

"Ay, lad,' says the skipper, 'I'm proud t' know the man that isn't afeared o' Walrus—'

"Don't you call her that!' says the cook. 'Don't you do it, skipper!'

"I was lookin' at Liz. She was grin-nin' in a holy sort o' way. Never seed nothin' like that afore—no, lads, not in all my life.

"An' why not, cook?' says the skipper.

"It ain't her name,' says the cook.

"It ain't?' says the skipper. 'But I been sailin' the Labrador for twenty year,' says he, 'an' I ain't never heard her called nothin' but Walrus—'

"The devil got into the cook's hands then. I seed his fingers clawin' the air in a hungry sort o' way. An' it looked t' me like squally weather for the skipper.

"Don't you do it no more, skipper,' says the cook. 'I isn't got no wits,' says he, 'an' I'm feelin' wonderful queer!'

"The skipper took a look ahead into the cook's eyes. 'Well, cook,' says he, 'I 'low,' says he, 'I won't.'

"Liz laughed—an' got close t' the fool from Thunder Arm. An' I seed her touch his coat-tail, like as if she loved it, but didn't dast do no more.

"What you two goin' t' do?' says the skipper.

"We 'lowed you'd marry us,' says the cook, 'til we come across a parson.'

"I will,' says the skipper. 'Stand up here,' says he. 'All hands stand up!' says he. 'Tumm,' says he, 'get me the first Book you comes across.'

"I got un a Book.

"Now, Liz,' says he, 'can you cook?'

"Fair t' middlin',' says she. 'I won't lie.'

"'Twill do,' says he. 'An' does you want t' get married t' this here dam' fool?'

"An it pleathe you,' says she.

"Shoos,' says the skipper, 'will you let this woman do the cookin'?''

"Well, skipper,' says the cook, 'I will; for I don't want nobody t' die o' my cookin' on this here v'y'ge.'

"An' will you keep out o' the galley?'

"I 'low I'll have to.'

"An', look you! cook, is you sure—is you *sure*,' says the skipper, with a shudder, lookin' at the roof, 'that you wants t' marry this here—'

"Don't you do it, skipper!' says the cook. 'Don't you say that no more! By God!' says he, 'I'll kill you if you does!'

"Is you sure,' says the skipper, 'that you wants t' marry this here—woman?'

"I will.'

"Well,' says the skipper, kissin' the Book, 'I 'low me an' the crew don't care; an' we can't help it, anyhow.'

"What about mother's ring?' says the cook. 'She might's well have that,' says he, 'if she's careful about the wear an' tear. For joolery,' says he t' Liz, 'don't stand it.'

"It can't do no harm,' says the skipper.

"Ith we married, thkipper?' says Liz, when she got the ring on.

"Well,' says the skipper, 'I 'low that knot 'll hold 'til fall. For,' says he, 'I got a rope's end an' a belayin'-pin t' make it hold,' says he, 'til we gets 'long-side of a parson that knows more about matrimonial knots 'n me. We'll pick up your goods, Liz,' says he, 'on the s'uthard v'y'ge. An' I hopes, ol' girl,' says he, 'that you'll be able t' boil the water 'ithout burnin' it.'

"Ay, Liz,' says the cook, 'I been makin' a awful fist o' b'ilin' the water o' late.'

"She gave him one look—an' put her clean pinny to her eyes.

"What you cryin' about?' says the cook.

"I don't know,' says she; 'but I 'low 'tith becauthe now I knowth you *ith* a fool!'

"She's right, Tumm,' says the cook. 'She's got it right! Bein' born on Hol-low eve,' says he, 'I couldn't be nothin' else. But, Liz,' says he, 'I'm glad I got you, fool or no fool.'

"So she wiped her eyes, an' blowed her nose, an' give a little sniff, an' looked up, an' smiled.

"I isn't good enough for you,' says the poor cook. 'But, Liz,' says he, 'if you kissed me,' says he, 'I wouldn't mind a bit. An' they isn't a man in this here fo'c's'le,' says he, lookin' around, 'that 'll say I'd mind. Not one,' says he, with the little devil jumpin' in his eyes.

"Then she stopped cryin' for good.

"Go ahead, Liz!" says he. "I ain't afeared. Come on!" says he. "Give us a kiss!"

"Motheth Thooth," says she, "you're the firht man ever athked me t' give un a kith!"

"She kissed un. 'Twas like a pistol-shot. An', Lord! her poor face was shinin' . . ."

In the forecastle of the *Good Samaritan* we listened to the wind as it scampered over the deck; and we watched Tumm pick at the knot in the table.

"Was she happy?" I asked, at last.

"Well," he answered, with a laugh, "she sort o' got what she was wantin'. More'n she was lookin' for, I 'low. Seven o' them. An' all straight an' hearty. Ecod! sir, you never *seed* such a likely litter o' young uns. Spick an' span, ecod! from stem t' stern. Smellin' clean an' sweet; decks as white as snow; an' every nail an' knob polished 'til it made you blink t' see it. An' when I was down Thunder Arm way, last season, they was some talk o' *one o' them bein' raised for a parson!*"

I went on deck. The night was still black; but beyond—high over the open sea, hung in the depths of the mystery of night and space—there was a star.

## The Promise

BY THOMAS BICKET

WHAT shall I say to you, O my Soul,  
When the winds and the waves run high,  
What shall I say of quiet and calm  
In the dark of a tempest sky—  
When the sea runs white in the roaring night  
In storm and battle-breath,  
And struck and blind in the pitiless wind  
The ships go down to death?

What shall I say to you, O my Soul,  
When prayers unheeded fall,  
What shall I say of trembling lips  
That all unanswered call—  
When rolling wide on the burdened tide  
The sea-prey drifts ashore  
And the grief-cries start from a woman's heart  
Who knows her watch is o'er?

This will I say—that yester morn,  
In humble faith full free,  
I marked the majesty of dawn  
Flame on the farthest sea,  
And east and west from sea to crest  
There swung His promise plain  
That God above and Life and Love  
Shall be again,—again.



# The Greek Sponge-Divers of Tripoli

BY CHARLES WELLINGTON FURLONG

IN the eastern half of the Mediterranean, along the coast from Tunis to the Levant, including the islands of the Ægean Sea, stretch great reaches of sponge colonies. Those extending for three hundred and fifty miles along the North-African coast, from the Tunisian frontier to Mesurata on the east, are known as the Tripoli grounds, and here, with the last north winds of the rainy season, come the sponge-fleets from the Greek archipelago.

A party of us sat about a table in the garden of the Turkish Army and Navy Club in Tripoli. Near by, the dark sapphire-blue walls of the ancient castle of the Bashaws stood silhouetted against a west of yellow amethyst. Its great shadow had crept across the garden to where we sat, on over the dry bed of a neighboring wadi (river), finally lengthening across the Suk-el-Thalat, where the distant Arab houses stood out, a level golden line from the dusk shadows of the purple twilight.

"Yes, sewn up in a bag!" The speaker was a Greek naval officer. "It was in the Gulf of Sirte, two years ago," he continued. "A diver from one of the machine-boats had gone down for sponges, and crawling over the bottom of the sea came upon a large bag. Perhaps the thought of sunken treasure caused him to rip open more hastily its half-rotten threads. . . . Well, there were two of them in it; both were found to have been sponge-divers."

"Buried at sea?" I queried.

A peculiar smile played for a moment around the white teeth of the olive-skinned Greek. "Yes! but we could find no record of the burial!"

"And that case of the diver in a sponge-boat off Derna?" added an Englishman. "Paralysis didn't creep fast enough, and he was only dead wood aboard, so they buried him alive in the hot sand of the Sahk-ra [Sahara]. Even

after he was dead some thieving Arabs stole his clothes."

"Well, there may be cases of foul play," the Greek admitted; "yet they are insignificant compared with that deadly enemy of the scaphander\*—divers' paralysis. Why, out of the seven hundred scaphanders working on this coast, from sixty to a hundred die every year, and sooner or later hardly a man escapes from it in one form or another. Of course these conditions are due in great part to the ignorance and brutality of the men engaged in the industry. On the other hand, there have been captains from Ægina who have been in business fifteen years and have never lost a diver. With those two vessels in the bay, the hospital-ship *Crete* and the corvette *Paralos*, and a sponge-divers' hospital on shore, the Greek government is doing everything possible to remedy the conditions. But owing to the extensive area of the sponge-grounds and other causes, it is almost impossible to keep close watch and detect those who violate the laws."

One bit of interesting information led to another: how the common diver who dives naked with a piece of marble and line suffers only slight affections of the ears; how with the scaphander the greatest danger occurs in the rapid ascent producing sudden relief of pressure, dangerous symptoms appearing only when he emerges into the fresh air, generally shortly after the helmet is removed; and how, strange as it may seem, on the descent, a partially paralyzed diver recovers the use of his limbs again, and his circulation becomes normal. Many of them in the prime of life, paralyzed and crippled, unfitted for anything else, continue to drag themselves about at their wearisome work, believing the disease to be indispensable to the vocation.

\* Divers who use the scaphandra or machine (air-pump, suit, helmet, and tube).

One hot day, not long after, we stood out in one of her whale-boats under a small lug-sail to meet the deposit-boat *Panayea*. Close-hauled, she bore down upon us, her rakish rig with big lateen sails and jib straining at every line and spar. On she came, painting two long diverging lines of foaming white on the sparkling blue. She crossed our bows, her great sails flapped, she came into the wind; and as she filled away I climbed aboard, and we stood to the edge of the sponge-grounds, which extend from five to twenty miles off the Tripoli coast.

So began my acquaintance with the Greek sponge-divers, whose day's work is the season's work, and who for six months of the year, from April to October, labor from sunrise to sunset, generally on a rough sea and under the scorching rays of an African sun.

We scudded by some small *harpun* (harpoon) boats and *gangara* (trawlers), near enough to the former to see their small crews, of from three to five men each, at work. They carefully examined the sea-bottom, sometimes to a depth of twenty metres, with a special glass of their own, and pulled up the marketable sponges with harpoons attached to the ends of long poles. The slightly larger *gangara*—the *gargameleon* of the ancients—slowly trawled for sponges, dragging their destructive nets along the bed of the sea to a depth of seventy-five metres, tearing and accumulating everything in their path. But these methods have practically been abandoned along this coast for the more productive grounds of Cyprus and Crete.

Attacks by ferocious fish have frightened away the "common" divers who dive naked with a piece of flat marble (scandli) and line. They dive with great rapidity, forty-five to eighty metres, and usually remain below two minutes. Experts have stayed as long as four. The best divers are from Kalimno and Symi. A few years ago that hideous black creature the dogfish bit a diver in two and desperately wounded several others; and one of the most thrilling escapes ever recorded is that of a diver who, as he descended, holding the scandli in front of him, entered the mouth of a huge shark. The scandli

being edgewise prevented the huge jaws from closing, and the diver with difficulty wriggled out and was hauled up. The shark, ejecting the scandli, pursued him to the surface, and was seen by those in the boat to leap for his prey as the crew hauled the diver aboard. By careful nursing, the wounded man recovered from the long deep scratches of the monster's teeth on his chest and back. Now, virtually, the scaphanders (divers who use air-pump, suit, and helmet) alone remain to claim the profits of this industry, the proceeds of which in a single year have amounted to almost a million dollars.

Reaching the grounds, we were transferred to the machine-boat *El-Pish*. The greater number of sponge-boats fly the Greek flag, and are manned by Greeks hailing mainly from the islands of Hydra and Ægina, while a few fly the crescent flag of the Ottoman Empire and come from the Turkish islands of Kalimno, Symi, and Khalki in the Archipelago, whose crews are made up of subjugated Greeks from those islands.

During the long, cold winter months the sponge-fishers spend most of their time ashore in their island homes. When the first balmy airs of the African spring are wafted across the Mediterranean from the oleander-fringed wadis and oases of the Sahk-ra, the little seaport towns of the sponge-fishers bestir themselves, the last boats are put in commission and the final contracts among owners, captains, and crews are drawn up.

For equipment, provisions, and advance payment of the crews, each captain is required to provide a capital of forty to sixty thousand drachmas—a drachma being approximately twenty cents, but at present much depreciated. Capitalists advance this money at a rate of from two to three per cent. per month for the season, which is deducted at once from the capital. The novice receives from three to seven hundred drachmas for the season, the experienced diver from one to three thousand, and experts even higher than five thousand. In some instances the diver shares in the profits, but it more often happens that his season's earnings are less than his advanced pay, in which case he must work out the difference the next year.



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A GREEK SPONGE-BOAT UNDER SAIL

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Should he be injured or disabled, his pay continues on the same basis, and in case of death his heirs receive his money.

After the final haul is made and the sponges sold, the commission to the Turks for fishing off the African coast

or disabled by their arch-enemy divers' paralysis, they become unfitted for any other work, and are provided for by the captains during the winter.

The deck of the *El-Pish*, where I slept, save for its dirt and confusion,



CREW OF THE "EL-PISH"

was not unlike that of the ordinary fishing-schooner. At daybreak I threw off the dew-soaked canvas that served as my covering at night. A number of sponge-boats disturbed the placid rose surface of the water; high up in the air several white gull forms overhead broke the tender blue, mingling their cries with the voices of the men and the creaking of blocks.

The first rays of the morning sun

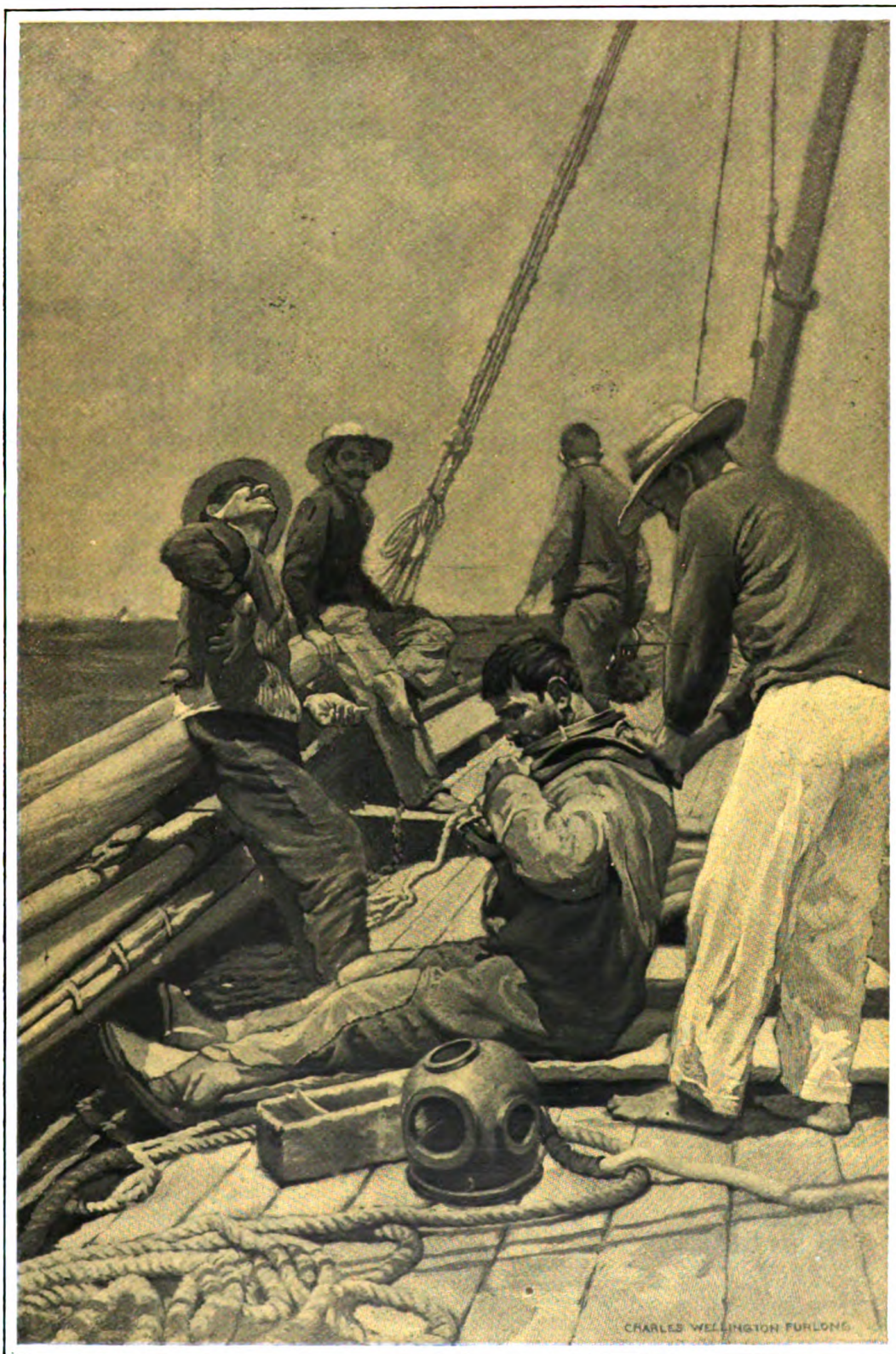
is first taken out of the proceeds, a third of the remainder goes to the captain for ship's expenses and equipment, and from the remaining two-thirds must be taken the expense for provisions. Of the final balance, one and a half shares go to the captain and supervisor each, four shares to each diver, and one to each sailor.

Not only to increase the proceeds, but to come out even on the outfit, the captains are obliged to treat the divers with great severity, and hire overseers, who devise most brutal means of forcing them to fish at any cost. On the other hand, the divers give much cause for complaint. They come from all parts of Greece and the Archipelago; many are nondescripts who have never been sailors, and are persuaded to go into this for easy gains, failing to realize the dangers of the life; for once they are injured

lit up the bronzed features of the overseer as he bent to examine the air-pump, in which are three cylindrical leather-lined compartments. Through these the air is pumped to the diver below. The warmth of this air, which is often blown from the heated sands of the desert, is increased by friction in the compartments, and is obviated by coolers supplied every half-hour with cold water. On the deck by his side was a rubber tube which must resist the pressure of twenty atmospheres, and is consequently reinforced on the inside by coiled wire.

Screwing one end of the tube to the air-pump and the other to the back of a heavy brass helmet, the overseer ordered the two sailors into the main-hatch, to stand by the big pump-wheels of the machine. On a board placed across the deck sat Basilio Pteroudiz, a diver, pre-





A DIVER PREPARING FOR THE DESCENT





HE DESCENDED OVER THE SIDE

paring for the descent. He had already donned the main garment, which was made of strong, double, water-proofed cotton cloth with an interlayer of rubber; around his neck was a collar of rubber, to which was attached the brass collar of the helmet; at his wrists, which were soaped to aid suction, the garment ended in tightly fitting rubber wristbands, and under this garment he wore heavy woollen underwear and socks. The buoyancy of the suit when inflated necessitated the addition of a seventeen-pound lead weight attached to each shoe, while about his chest and back were fastened a ten and a seven pound weight respectively.

With assistance he staggered to the forward rail, where a ladder hung by

which the divers descend to the water. A sign from the overseer, and the men gave way at the pumps, a sailor seized the helmet with its four glass windows, placed it over the head of Pteroudiz, and screwed and bolted it to the brass collar. The suit at once became inflated as far as the waist, where a rope was fastened. This, with the tube, was paid out, and taking a net sponge-bag he descended over the side. Even with the extra hundred and seventy-five pounds of equipment it was some seconds before he was able to

sink. The rope was held by the overseer, serving not only as a safeguard, but also as a means of communication. From time to time the overseer consulted the *manometrom* in the machine, which indicates the pressure of the air in the diver's suit, consequently his depth.

I followed his sinking form, as the last glint of his shining helmet, radiating shafts of refracted light in all directions, disappeared into the oblivion of the mysterious depths, where every ten metres equalled another atmospheric pressure. Crawling along the bottom, taking care not to wrench the weights from his feet, which would cause him to turn head downward, he searched among the wonders and beauties of the semi-tropical sea-garden, and when he found

a colony of the reddish-brown Tripoli sponge, signalled to the overseer, whereupon the spot was buoyed. Discarding among others the few black and worthless male sponges, he selected only the marketable ones, the best of which he gathered from the rocks. 'Way above and over him, seen through the luminous half-lights of the sunlit sea-water, the fishlike shape of the *El-Pish* rocked on the surface; and as he sought new spots, she followed him, her four huge finlike sweeps stirring and churning the water as though breaking and scattering myriads of jewelled braids. Sometimes the shadowy form of a huge shark, or dog-fish, glided dangerously near him, notwithstanding the repeated piping of the air-whistle on deck—though as yet their attacks have been confined to the common diver.

In the helmet to the right and behind the head was a valve, against which he pressed his head from time to time in order to expel the expired air, which rose to the surface like magnified wobbling globules of quicksilver, assisting those above in locating his position. The descent generally takes about two minutes, the diver staying down occasionally as long as fifty, and sometimes reaching a depth of seventy-five metres, absolutely disregarding the limit of thirty-eight metres set by the laws of the Greek Navy Department. About two minutes are occupied in pulling him up by rope, but usually he buoys himself to the surface in less than a minute, ascending more rapidly than the rope can be hauled in; and to this cause in particular can be attributed divers' paralysis and other common injuries.

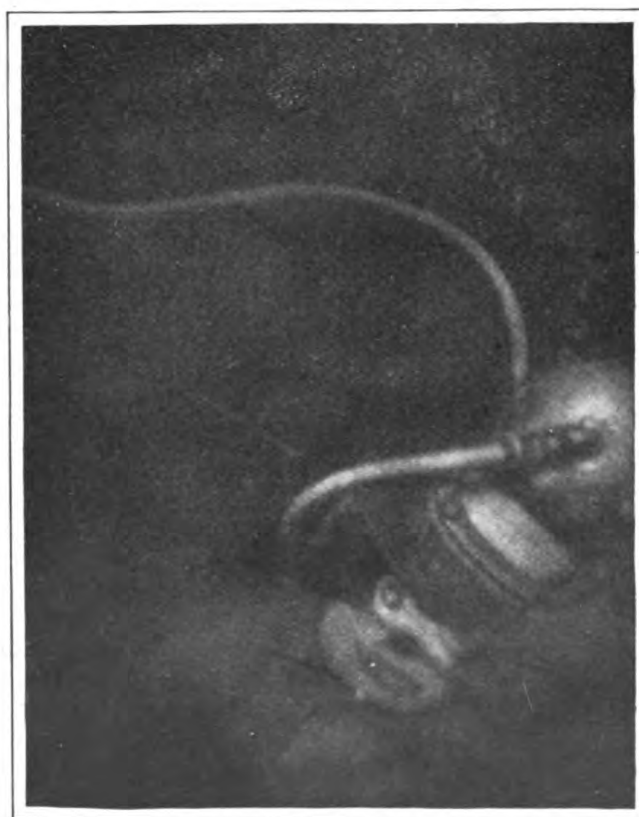
Suddenly Pteroudiz made his appearance at the surface, the water rolling off his helmet and shoulders as from some great amphibious creature; and the bag of dark, heavy sponges, dripping and streaming with

ooze and sea water, was hauled aboard. No sooner had he appeared on deck and removed his helmet than another diver, dressed and waiting, at once made the descent, and so it goes on through the hot day.

The captains and overseers pay practically no attention to depth and time, compelling the diver to descend again at once if his sponges are too few or of inferior quality. Often no attention is paid to the defenceless diver as, staggering and almost overcome in the depths below, he signals to come up; and if he buoys himself to the surface, he is forced to go down again.

Overseers not only direct the descents, deciding the diver's time below, but frequently take command when the captains are ashore.

Sometimes the overseers not only secretly fix the pumps so that less pressure is indicated, but instead of using pure vaseline they grease the machines with old lard and oil, which leak into the tube,



A PHOTOGRAPH OF A SPONGE-DIVER UNDER WATER,  
TAKEN THROUGH A WATER-TELESCOPE



sending foul air down to the diver. The coolers, too, are so neglected that the water becomes unbearably hot to the touch, and the air forced down even hotter. The suit is sometimes neglected, and twice in the year preceding my visit the helmet became detached while the diver was below. One of the men was saved, the other drowned immediately.

And so it is not strange that divers often bribe their overseers in order to secure leniency, and even at the moment of descent make agreements by signs to spare their lives.

As soon as the sponges are brought aboard they are thrown in heaps on deck near the scuppers, where the barefooted sailors tramp and work out the ooze; then, strung on lines, they are soured over the side, and trail overboard some ten hours during the night. To break and separate from them shell-fish and other parasites, they are beaten with heavy sticks on deck or on the reef rocks off Tripoli; and after being well

soaked in the sea again, many are bleached by being immersed in a tub of water containing a certain solution of oxalic acid, from which they emerge a yellowish color, care having been taken to avoid burning them.

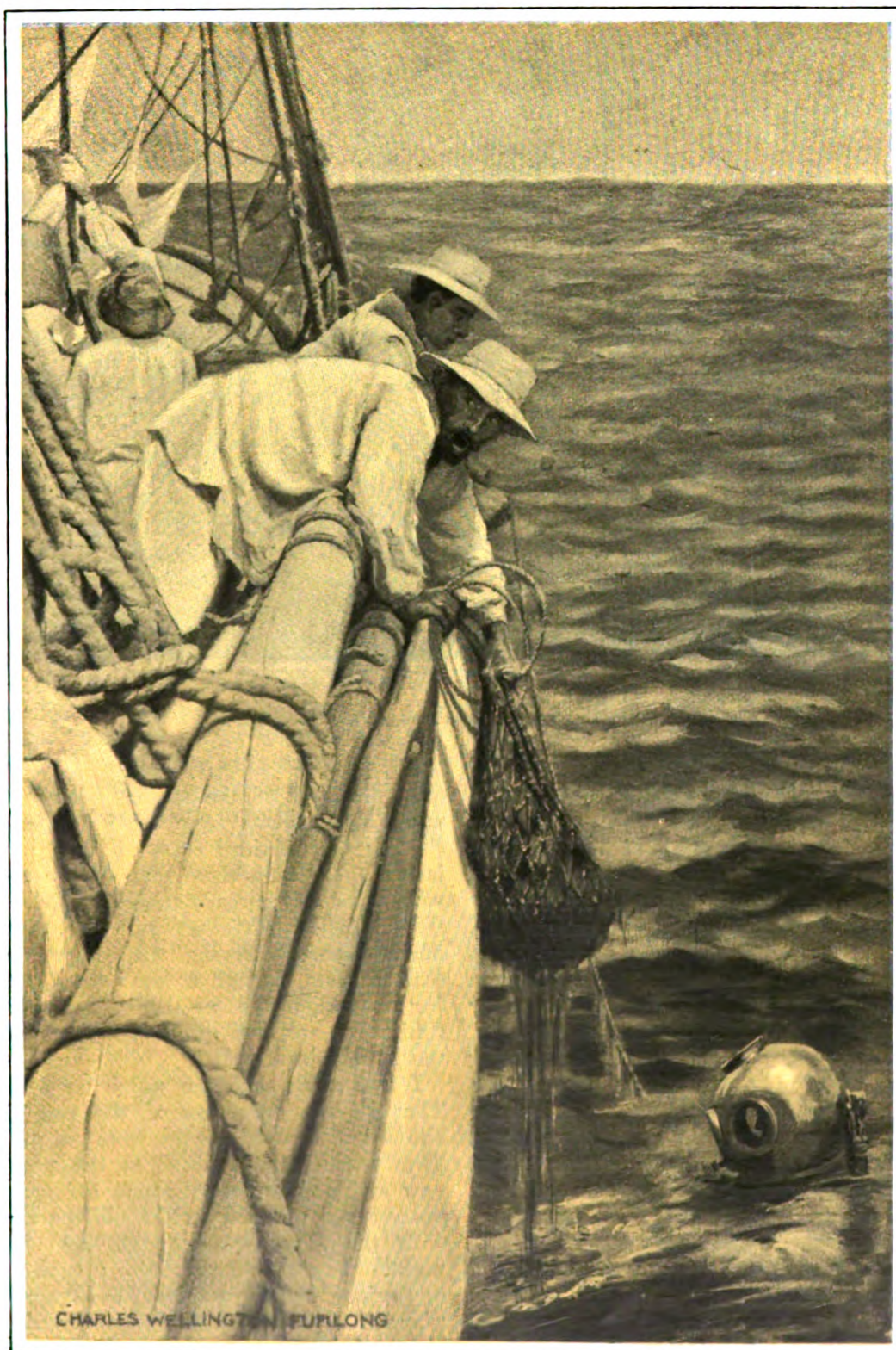
Often great strings of sponges bleaching and drying in the sun cover large portions of the standing rigging of deposit-boats when in port. When dry they are worked up in sand, then packed in boxes ready for shipment; a quarter to a third of the crop is sold direct from Tripoli, mainly to England and to France and Italy; the bulk of the crop, unbleached and unprepared, is taken at the close of the season to the islands from which the boats came, where long experience, manipulation, and cheap labor prepare them for the European market.

At sundown, after the last descent had been made and the sponges put over the side, the machine was housed and the crew boarded the *Panayea*. The smoke from her galley stove drifted lazily to-



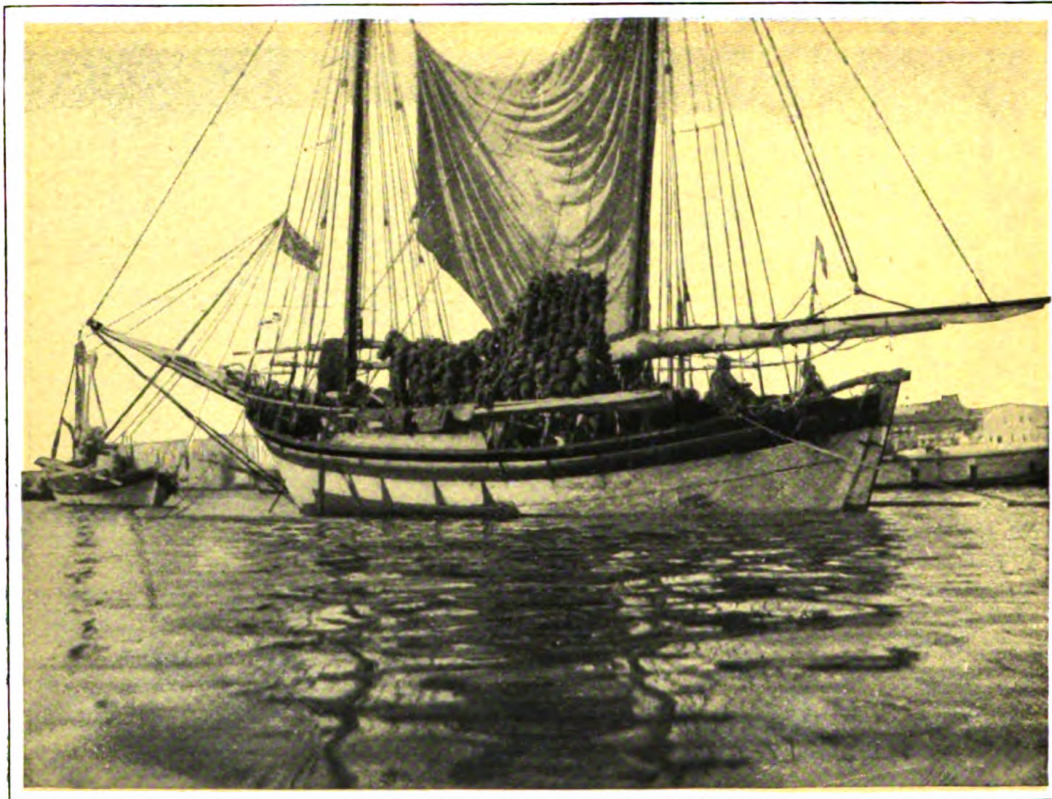
THE BAREFOOTED SAILORS TRAMP THE SPONGES AND WORK OUT THE OOZE





THE DIVER REAPPEARED, AND THE BAG OF SPONGES WAS HAULED ABOARD





STRINGS OF SPONGES ON THE STANDING RIGGING OF DEPOSIT-BOATS

ward the distant low-lying coast of Africa, where was just visible the long palm-fringe of the oasis of Tripoli. Until dark the men lounged around the deck, an occasional group at cards, but most of them absorbed in smoking or conversation.

The glittering eyes and bronzed faces of the crew reflected the light from a ship's lantern and the glow of the galley stove, near which, squatting on the deck, spare boxes, or spars, we ate the evening meal, the only one of the day allowed the divers on account of the character of their work; but the sailors fare better, having at noon a meal of cheese, olives, herring, and rice. To-night we sat down to sun-dried goat's flesh, hardtack, a hot dish of lentils, and a pint of wine each.

In less than an hour the crew had turned in for the night—on deck or below, as the case might be. A few paralyzed divers had dragged themselves, or been assisted, to the unspeakably foul-smelling, congested quarters below, where between the narrow bunks the spaces were filled with provisions, clothes, water-casks, and fuel.

At the end of the season, when the winds sweep down from the north, and the jagged reef-lined coast of Tripoli is lashed into foam, these men of the sea who have not already weighed anchor for unknown ports set sail for their island homes, carrying with them the season's haul, though a few remain, going out when the weather permits, or fishing on certain protected parts of the Archipelago.

I was alone with the watch on deck. Through the crisscross of the rigging and spars I could see his dim moonlit form as he gave a spoke at the wheel now and then. Over the side the phosphorescence mingled in the quiet water with the silver star-dust of the blue night. I gazed down into the dark, mysterious, and seemingly bottomless sea, where I too had felt the first suffocation and tight congestion, that strange sense of entire isolation and chance,—then the depth and the wonder of it all.

So it is with some of the men who go down to the sea in ships.



# The Second Venture

BY NELSON LLOYD

"I T'S been gittin' lonesomer and lonesomer up here on the hill, Colonel," said Harvey Homer to his hound. He was standing before a bit of cracked mirror trying to twist his collar on, and in spite of the plaint in his words his tone was lithesome, and he smiled as he looked down at his companion. Colonel, of course, said nothing in reply, only beat his tail upon the floor.

"How do you figger she'll like me now?" Harvey laughed. "I allow I'm pretty well slicked up. My bow's tasty, ain't it?" He laid his great hand across his tie to make sure that it was straight. "Kitty Holmes is wery particular, Colonel, and big-feelin'. The Holmeses is the best family in the walley; but, after all, it ain't blood that counts nowadays. If it was blood she was lookin' for, she might take Preacher Spink's boy; but even if the Homers ain't as ayristocratic as the Spinks, I've sixty acres and a tight house, though it is a mile from town."

The hound again beat the floor with his tail to show that he agreed thoroughly.

"Mind me now," the man went on, squeezing himself into his Prince Albert. "It had ought to be let out, Colonel. I really think I had ought to marry agin just to git this coat let out. Why, it won't button no more, even; but I can th'ow it back careless like, as if that was the way it was wore. How's that, Colonel?"

The hound seemed to think that no one would notice the tightness of the garment, for he showed his teeth and smiled.

"Now we're off," the master said, pulling his cap over his ears. "It's pretty sharp out, old boy, but I don't want to spoil the effect with that torn overcoat of mine. Weemen is queer, Colonel; weemen is queer. They allus pre-fers a cold dude to a man that's ragged and warm."

So Harvey Homer went out into the bitter winter afternoon, and with his dog

at his heels walked blithely toward the village. He was not an egotist. He had not even made his conquest as yet, nor was he altogether sure of success. His happiness was of another source. His whistling had a deeper note. He was stepping out of two lonely years into a bright life again. The doors had closed upon the past, shutting from him the memories of days over which he had long been brooding, and the future was holding out to him many promises. The future in concrete lay before him. It was there in the village at the foot of the slope; it was there in the yellow house by the church where Kitty Holmes was waiting. That Kitty was waiting he had no doubt. He had not specifically informed her that he was coming, but he had called on her yesterday and the day before, and still the day before that. Indeed, her uncle Martin had twitted him about it at the store, and if the ancients there expected another visit, surely she could not be blind.

At the crest of the hill Harvey turned for a glance at his own distant home, its fresh coat of paint glistening in the afternoon sun. From down there in the village she could not see it, but he seemed to feel her in the spirit at his side admiring it. For one it was a lonely place. For two it would be a snug spot. Perhaps she would think it a bit small, the Holmeses had always had so much, and she might find three rooms a trifle cramped, but he was planning an addition toward the barn and perhaps a summer kitchen by the milk-house.

"It will be fine with that extension, now won't it, Colonel?" he said. "We'll have to make it two stories, with a room overhead for the hired girl—she'll have to have a hired girl; the Holmeses allus has a hired girl."

The hound agreed thoroughly, licking the hand held out to him and wagging his tail vociferously.

The world was going well with Harvey Homer. He went swinging on, whistling more gayly than ever, his coat flaring open wide, his broad chest defying the bitter wind. The very thought of a hired girl seemed to have added to his stature. A few years ago it would have been a dream. To-morrow it might be a reality. A few years ago—that was before the long, dark time; that was when Martha was living; that was before the lonesome time. He stopped whistling. He shortened his steps. He buttoned his coat against the wind.

In those other happy days of his, their ideas had been strangely simple. They had found three rooms ample for their way of living. True, they had planned some time to have a summer kitchen, but that was away off in the future when they should be rich, and of riches the stony farm held little promise. Of a hired girl they had never dared to dream. The blissful state of Nirvana were as easy to attain. Strange it was, too, how contented they had been, though so narrow. Then the angels had come and taken her. Strange it was that they should pass the village by and visit the loneliest house in all the valley, and take, of all its people, the one who would be most missed. So she had left him to work in solitude and desperation. Work was all of life that remained, it seemed, and it had added a fat meadow to his acres and turned the timber in his woods to bank deposits. What had been her dreams he had won, but for another. To that other he was going now to lay the prizes at her feet. He had never gone for Martha. He had never put on fine raiment for her. They had known each other too well for that. Born on neighboring clearings, they had grown up together, and he could not remember the time when she had not been a part of his life. A day came, of course, as naturally as comes a birthday or a Christmas, when they went together before a preacher, and she moved to his home.

Harvey was standing still in the road. For that moment there only was one woman. He turned and slowly retraced his steps till the house was in view again, bringing with it a clearer memory,—not of the days when she was there, but of the days just gone, through which he had

been plodding with only Colonel at his side, of the long evenings when he had spelled his lonely way through the mysteries of the Good Book. This was the lonesome time. To this he was returning. This was the past to which he would close the way, the memory from which he was fleeing. So he wheeled again, and with face set and quickened steps went down the hill.

In all his life Harvey Homer had not received a dozen letters, and the county paper only came once a week. But every day, the year round, however wild the weather, he presented himself at the glass-fronted case at the end of the store counter and inquired for his "news." It had become a habit with him. It was a solemn service. Thus he asserted his intellectuality. In his bold inquiry he was partaking of the blessing of a free government which gives to every citizen, great and small, the right to ask for mail. This custom of his now wrought for him much evil, for by the time he reached Six Stars he was intent upon his purpose; he was remembering only the lonesome years, and was reaching out for life again. Then that time-embedded habit turned him from the way for just one moment, though he could have named no one in all the world who would likely write to him.

There was a letter for him, and it came not as from one on earth. His solemn inquiry brought through the little window a printed envelope addressed to Mrs. Harvey Homer, and when he saw it he sank down on the bench and sat there staring at it vacantly. The past had returned. He could not shut it out. It had been awakened by this letter of a quack, a belated answer to his dying wife's widespread and vain appeal for healing. There had been a time when he had cherished these strange missives. Then they had come more often, and he had fancied that in them he saw her hand. They gave him a sense of her nearness, and the transition was slight from seeing in these letters from a land as far off and mysterious as heaven itself, not messages for her, but from her to him, mute reminders that she had lived and would not be forgotten. He did not even open it. The envelope alone apprised him of its real contents, so he just sat fumbling it.

"I thought they'd quit comin' a month ago," he said to himself. "It do seem like she's wrote agin. I s'pose it's really jest an accident, but it's curious how it come to-day. It do seem like a warnin'. It do seem like them doctors was instruments in her hands to keep me from forgettin' what I hadn't otter."

"I s'pose, Harvey," said Martin Holmes, speaking in his most insinuating tones from his seat by the stove—"I s'pose you're on your way to set up with Kitty. She was tellin' me how as she was expectin' you."

"I hadn't thought of it," was the other's answer. "Mebbe I will and mebbe I won't. That wasn't what I come for, anyway."

He sauntered out with all the nonchalance he could assume, turning homeward with head bowed and lagging steps. At the bridge he paused, to rest there on the railing and watch the water playing through the rifts in the ice. For that moment his mind was fully made up that he must go back into the old home and the old time to end a life with only dogs and memories to bear him company. The letter fixed that. He held it in his hand, still unopened, for he knew its contents. He had read enough of its kind to know that it guaranteed a cure with one dozen bottles, and offered a trial bottle free on receipt of fifty cents in postage-stamps. That was the apparent message, but not the one conveyed to him. All it meant to him was that she would not be forgotten.

The gray of the winter afternoon was creeping over the valley. Snow clouds had overcast the sky, and his hill was in their shadow. Bleak it looked up there on the ridges, but he must go back to it. He started. Then he paused for a last look up the village street to the yellow house. He fancied he saw a girl's face at the window. It was pure fancy, perhaps, but he turned about and watched intently. Suddenly he hurled the letter from him. The brisk wind caught it and swept it over the bridge; the water caught it and whisked it away. There was no going back now. She must have seen him do it. She must understand. To her the message was returning, by the stream to the river, by the river to the sea and the unknown. She must forgive him.

So Harvey Homer hurried into life again.

"Why, this is a surprise!" said Kitty Holmes, though she had been sitting through the long afternoon waiting for him.

Harvey had thought to take her by storm, but in her presence all his courage fled from him, as it so often does with men in like case. A moment since a bold, determined fellow, now he was shyly sidling to a chair.

"It looks for snow," he said.

"It does," said she, "and it beats all how it will keep cloudin' over every day, and blowin' up, and, after all, nothin' happens."

For a very long time they discussed that most interesting of all topics—the weather. They reviewed the conditions of the week past, and compared them with the conditions of the same week in the preceding year. They touched the effect on crops and live-stock in the valley. They prophesied for the months to come, expressing their hopes and fears with as much gravity as if it made some difference to them whether it blew hot or cold. It was engrossing. Of course Harvey knew that all this talk meant nothing, but it kept him with her, and she looked so plump and rosy, so full of life and jollity, that he wanted to stretch out his arms and gather her in, but he dared not. He had still to scale the great wall of convention that divides man from woman, and he feared to make the leap lest he fall. He planned to go up gently and surely.

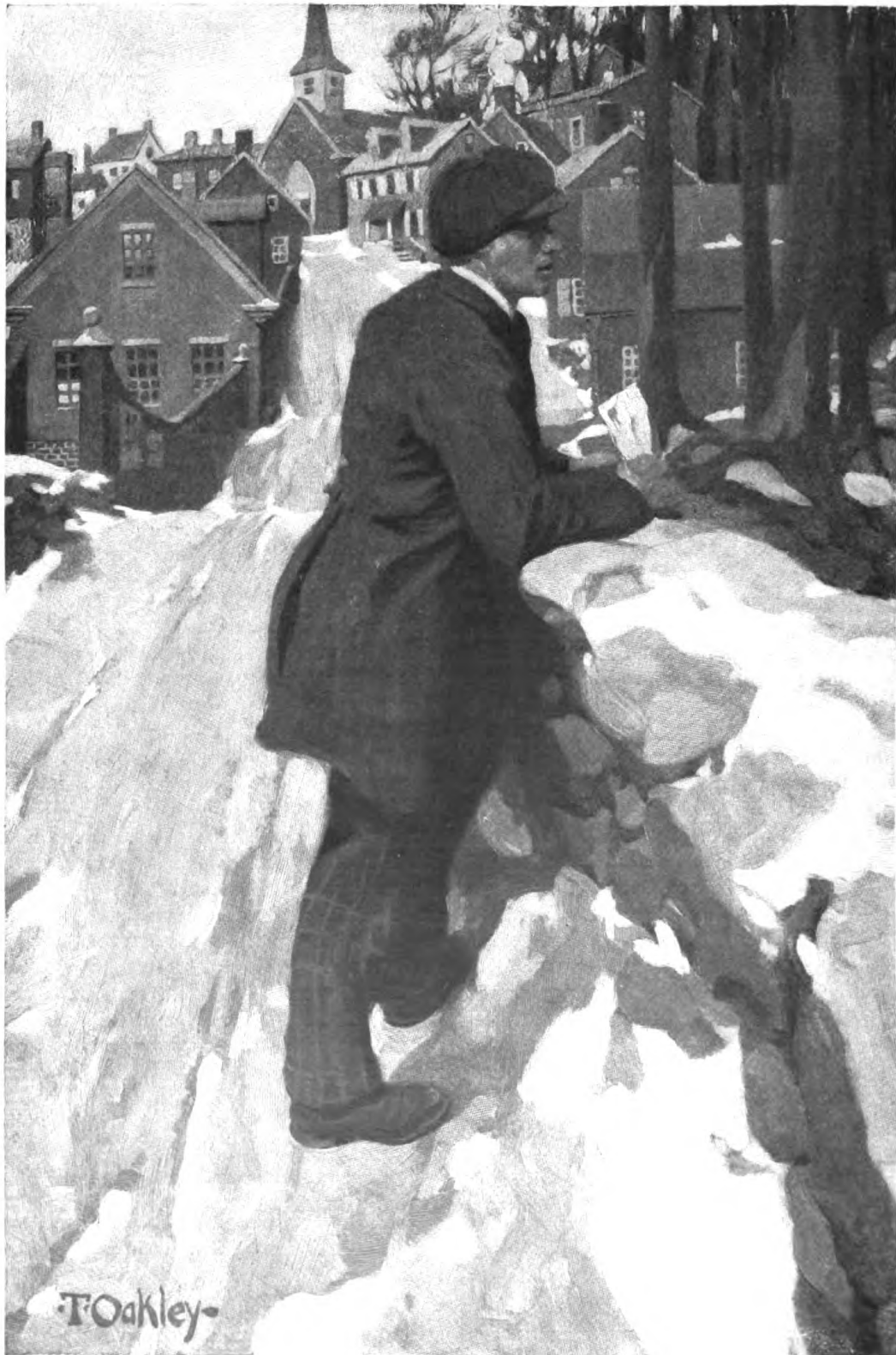
"I'm figgerin' on an extension to my house," he began, with a slight tremble in his voice, after the long pause that marked the exhaustion of the weather. "Now where do you think it ought to be?"

"Is it for a settin'-room?" Kitty asked.

"A parlor," said he, nonchalantly. He almost feared to overwhelm her. "I thought I'd ought to have a parlor, and I allow I'll buy me a full set of furniture."

"In-deed!" cried Kitty, surprised but still not overwhelmed. "A parlor—then you must put it toward the road, so folks can see it."

"I hadn't thought of that," said Harvey; "I was goin' to run it toward the



HIS MIND WAS FULLY MADE UP THAT HE MUST GO BACK

barn, thinkin' I'd put on a second story for the hired girl, and she could hear at nights if there was trouble in the stable."

"A hired girl?" cried Kitty. "Indeed! Why, Harvey, you must be thinkin' of gettin' married!"

Now had Harvey admitted his intentions then and there he might have seen the end of all his troubles; but, as men so often do when women would lead them gently, he lost his courage for the moment; his tongue balked, though his heart and head would have followed her.

"Oh no," he stammered. But he began to shift about in his chair so uneasily that Kitty knew better, and she had no mind to let him back away.

"You needn't tell me you ain't takin' notice somewhere," she said, softly. "You ain't thinkin' of buildin' a parlor and gettin' a full set of furniture for a hired girl, Harvey."

Now he was wondering if she could be blind. Had all his visits been so unavailing? Did she believe some other woman was in his mind? The thought for the moment stunned him, and he stared mutely at her.

She was looking at the floor. That was better.

"You're gettin' lonesome, ain't you, Harvey?" she said, gently.

Now heart and head and tongue went wild together. Now he understood her and she understood him. Courage came.

"Yes, Kitty," he said. "I'm lonesome. It's nice up there on the hill for two, but for just the one it's awful. A dog's company, but it ain't human. The Good Book's consolin', but readin' is wearin'. It's when dark has come you feel it most. When the wind's a-whistlin' and even Colonel's gone to sleep, so there's nothin' to do but set and think. And I've thought 'most everything there is, and it gits tiresome thinkin' it all over agin—over and over. But now, Kitty—"

The door opened. The cold blast checked him, and he turned. Irving Killowill stood before him, holding out a letter.

"It's for you, Harvey," panted the boy. "It come floatin' down the creek as I was huntin' mus'rats, and I thought I had better fetch it to you."

It was her letter. He could not escape it. She would not let him forget her.

"You done right, Irving," the man said, taking the envelope and putting it in his pocket, dripping though it was. "You done right. Next time I see you I'll give you a penny. Don't forget to remind me."

"I won't," the boy cried, closing the door behind him with a bang, and speeding away to his hunting.

"He done right, Kitty," Harvey said.

He seemed to think she understood him. He had scaled the wall. She was standing there before him, just waiting, but the man was looking over and beyond her.

"As I was sayin', it's mighty lonesome up on the hill," he went on. "Sometimes I think I'd like to catch somethin'—somethin' that's real fatal.—But I've stayed longer than I laid out to, for I must git home and do the feedin'. Good afternoon."

"You needn't be so lonesome," the girl cried, looking up.

The door was half closed on him, and he pretended not to hear. A moment later he was hurrying by the store, and Martin Holmes, at the window, saw him.

"Somethin's the matter with Harvey, boys," the old man said. "He's lookin' mighty peekit-like. I think he wants to marry Kitty, and all he has to do is to ast. Yet he don't. I allow she'd take him quick. The Holmeses is the best family in the walley, and it'd be a comedown for one of 'em to marry a Homer, who even when they was in Turkey Walley wasn't first-class. But weemen can't be choosers. Somethin's holdin' him back. It must be them paytent-medicine circulars agin. They'll drive him to the grave, boys, and had ought to be stopped. The government shouldn't allow it, I says, and I don't think the government would if it knowed."

The government never knew. Law-bound, it would have been heartless, anyway, and continue performing its mail-carrying functions despite the unhappiness it might cause. So the store thought, for it pondered much over Harvey Homer's case that winter, his very absence keeping him in mind. Once a week he came to get his county paper, but he always hurried away. Occasionally his rifle could be heard barking along the ridges, and sometimes Colonel would run a rabbit through the village yards.





"YOU WAS SAYING YOU WAS SO LONELY"

Harvey was back in his old life, brooding again, and thinking the old thoughts over and over.

"It's curious how quiet she has kep' lately, Colonel," he said one evening, looking up from the Good Book. It was one of those silent evenings when there was no wind even to keep him company, for the snow was falling heavily. "It's three months now since we've got any mail at all. She seems to be forgettin'. That must be a pretty place, jedgin' from what the Good Book says there in Revelations, but it's kind o' full of animals, and she was never much on animals. But I s'pose she's gittin' used to it, and ain't mindin' about me so much. There must be lots of her folks there, Colonel, and mebbe she sees how lonesome we are, and thinks we might go on with the extension and all them plans. It seems to me if she didn't like it she had ought to wrote."

It was curious. Days went by, weeks passed; no letters came, and Harvey began to brighten. He resumed his daily trips to the village, arriving there on the minute with the stage, and anxiously watching the distribution of the mail. The county paper was the only answer to his formal inquiry.

"She must be forgettin' me," he would say to himself, and he would smile softly.

Then on a warm day in early spring, when the store doors were open wide for the first time in the year, and the worthies were on the bench again basking in the sunshine, they saw him go by whistling. The old Prince Albert, flaring open, was adorned with a geranium on the lapel, matching in brilliancy his new tie. He stopped as by a sudden thought and called back to them.

"Is the stage in yit?"

"Yes," said Martin Holmes, looking at the ceiling. "But there's no news for you. I minded that petiekler."

Harvey hurried on, whistling louder.

"I was speakin' last fall about my bein' so lonesome up there on the hill, Kitty," he began, as if there never had been any weather.

She had stepped behind him and quietly shot the bolt, and then stood very, very near him.

"Well, I've got the lumber for the extension," he went on, "and as you sug-

gested it, I'm kind o' thinkin' of gittin' married. Now who does you guess I'm—"

There was a loud knocking at the door.

"Go on, Harvey," Kitty said, but he had dropped feebly into a chair.

"It mowt be Irving Killowill," he cried.

"You was sayin' you was so lonely," said the girl, almost in a whisper.

The knock was more insistent.

"It mowt be Irving," Harvey whispered.

"He can't get in," returned Kitty, quietly. "And I think I can guess."

Harvey arose slowly and looked at the door. His eyes caught the bolt and he turned to her. She was standing very, very near him.

Where do women learn this way? Who has taught them to tell so much though saying nothing? There is much we see in woman's eyes, but it is when they are turned from us that they speak most. Harvey Homer had no past then. All the lonesome time was over. He was living, really living, in the present.

"Some one's rappin' on the window," she cried, suddenly, springing from him.

"I don't care if it is Irving," said he, grimly. But pressed against the pane he saw a bearded face.

"How could you 'a' peeped?" demanded Kitty, standing by the open door, furiously blushing.

"How was we to know?" said Martin Holmes. "We didn't mean no harm, did we, boys?"

The worthies shook their heads. "Soloman sais 'a wise woman pulleth down the curtain,'" said old man Killowill. "He otter knowed, fer he had a thousand wives. Now he must 'a' had lots o' practice poppin' the question. He must 'a'—"

"See here, Killowill, we're not here to listen to no sermon," cried Martin Holmes. "We come to deliver this mail as has been accumulatin' at the store all winter fer Mrs. Harvey Homer."

Harvey had sat down very abruptly, and was staring at the company, one hand outstretched to receive the packet. But Kitty was too quick for him.

"You're deliverin' it a day early," she said, smiling. "But I won't open 'em till to-morrow."

"Burn 'em," said Harvey. "You ain't ailin', Kitty, and from what I know of doctors you'll git lots more of 'em—lots."

# Agricultural Ants

BY HENRY C. McCOOK, D.D., Sc.D., LL.D.

FROM remote antiquity men have believed that ants are harvesters of grain. Thus much, at least, of the farmer cult they were thought to possess. On few matters of natural history is ancient literature so accordant. Virgil in his *Æneid* compares the departing Trojans to swarms of harvesting-ants invading fields of yellow grain.

Early English writers accepted this fact solely on the testimony of antiquity. Milton's lines will be recalled in the matchless account of the creation of living things, placed in the mouth of Raphael. The Angel with zoological accuracy places the Hymenoptera at the head of the orders of insects:

First crept  
The parsimonious emmet, provident  
Of future, in small room large heart enclosed;  
Pattern of just equality perhaps  
Hereafter, joined in her popular tribes  
Of commonalty.

—*Paradise Lost*, Book VII., l. 484 seq.

Milton doubtless wrote better than he could have known at that period, when he found in ants a pattern of a just, equal, and provident society.

Thus the record ran without break until the close of the eighteenth century, when Gould, an English clergyman, who had made some admirable studies of British ants, raised a note of doubt. He found no harvesting-ants in England; therefore he challenged the accuracy of antiquity, Solomon included.

Doubt has a bacterial quality of dissemination and multiplication, and ere long the ancient belief in harvesting-ants was reversed. Latreille, at the head of French entomologists, declined to "be so weak as to perpetuate the popular error." The Swiss Huber, the incomparable historiographer of ants, as charming in style as accurate and original in observation, "relinquished the

opinion." The English Kirby, a high authority in entomology (and like Gould an Anglican clergyman), cautiously concurred in the prevailing doubt, and opined that an extraneous interpretation had been fathered upon Solomon's words.

Even that noble work of sacred scholarship *Smith's Bible Dictionary*, in the American edition of 1868, apologizes for Solomon as adapting his language to the common belief that the kernels carried by ants into their nests were used for food instead of for building material.

Here and there was heard a note of dissent, harking back to the early faith. Thompson, the American missionary, in his now classical work *The Land and the Book*, and Moggridge of England in his delightful studies of the harvesting-ant of southern Italy, gave testimony that ought to have prevailed, but failed to reverse the popular opinion. It is quite true, although not the current belief, that science is conservative toward well-rooted notions, and often inhospitable to the new and radical. Thus it came about quite naturally that the old belief in harvesting-ants was not reestablished until the publication in 1880 of a book (now out of print) by the writer of this article, entitled *The Agricultural Ant of Texas*.

The author's interest was awakened by a number of old manuscripts placed in his hands by the eminent hymenopterist Ezra T. Cresson. They were written by Dr. Gideon Lincoecum, of Texas, and had been kept in the archives of the American Entomological Society, but under the shadow of serious doubt as to their accuracy. Nevertheless, the papers impressed me as having a basis of truth, and in the summer of 1877 I visited Texas, prepared to investigate and if possible solve the old question which science had negatived, but which had thus again been raised: Do ants harvest grain?



SCENE IN A HARVEST-FIELD—ANTS HARVESTING BUFFALO-GRASS

And, if so, what are their agricultural habits?

Camp was made in a live-oak grove on the Barton Creek hills, three miles southwest of Austin, in easy reach of numerous nests of the insects to be studied. The tent door was a half-dozen steps from several large communities, and the tent itself was a gangway for the busy creatures. They are large ants, about the size of our common black Pennsylvania carpenter-ants (*Camponotus Herculeanus-Pennsylvanicus*), and of a uniform bright mahogany color. There are two forms of workers, the worker-major and worker-minor, the former being seven-sixteenths, the latter five-sixteenths of an inch long. The females and males are winged, the former ten-sixteenths, the latter eight-sixteenths of an inch long. The males, as is usual among ants, are drones, and like the females are dependents. At the pairing season they leave the gates, to return no more. A tuft of reddish hair beneath

the face gives the ant its scientific name—*Pogonomyrmex barbatus*—literally rendered, the bearded bearded-ant.

The workers compose the bulk of the emmet population, and they are in enormous numbers. They are not secretive in habit, and were everywhere in evidence. They were found along the roadsides; they were met in all parts of Austin, in the streets, on the trodden sidewalks, in gardens and yards. Even in the open court of the hotel there was a community in full activity. Through the cement joints of stone slabs the workers had cut a gateway, into and out of which they went all day long. In such sites, of course, the native emmet industry was modified, but in the open and untilled spaces about our camp the natural habit appeared.

As if to invite observation and challenge assail of foes, the agricultural ants have plainly marked their city bounds. Here on the grassy opens surrounding camp are smooth, flat, circular, verdure-

less spaces of various sizes, some as large as twelve feet in diameter. They have three noteworthy features in common. They are in the open; the agriculturals love sunlight and shun the shade. The common gateway is near the centre of the disk. Roads, varying in number and size, radiate from the edges into the surrounding herbage. There are some differences in form. Although most of the disks are flat, some have small conical heaps of gravel piled around the gate, which have been brought up from the excavated galleries and granaries underneath. Occasionally one sees a decided truncated cone raised in the centre of a circle, with the gate piercing the disk-shaped top.

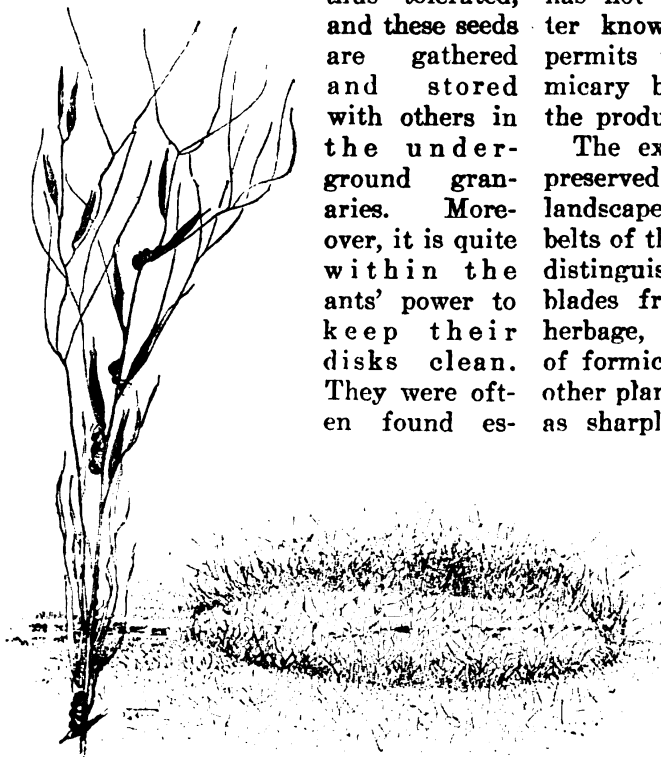
Another striking variation appears. Most of the flat disks are wholly without vegetation, but here and there are nests whose circular pavement around the gate has a bordering band covered with two species of grass, *Aristida oligantha* and *Aristida stricta*, known as ant-rice, or, more popularly, needle-grass. That this is permitted by the ants is plain. No

other plant is thus tolerated, and these seeds are gathered and stored with others in the underground granaries. Moreover, it is quite within the ants' power to keep their disks clean. They were often found es-

tablished in a thicket of wild sage, daisy, and other vigorous weeds, with stalks as thick as one's thumb and standing several feet high. This rank growth, quickened by the fat soil and semi-tropical sun, is as thoroughly under the control of our Barbati as are the cleared fields amid the woods under the settlers' control. Not a plant is allowed to intrude upon the formicary bounds; and although often seen, it was an interesting sight, after pushing through the high weeds, to come upon one of these nests, and observe the tall, tough vegetation standing in a well-nigh perfect circle around the edge of the clearing. The weeds had crowded up as closely as they dared, and were held back from the forbidden grounds by the insects, whose energy and skill could easily limit their bounds. Certainly, ants capable of such work could readily have cleared away growing stalks of the *Aristida*. In fact, after the seed has ripened in the late summer they are said to clear away the dry stalks in order to make way for a new crop. It is this that justifies the reputation of Barbatus as a farmer. She has not been seen—as far as the writer knows—sowing the seeds, but she permits them to grow upon her formicary bounds, and afterward utilizes the product.

The extent to which the *Aristida* is preserved appeared by a glance over the landscape. On all sides one saw circular belts of that grass rising above and easily distinguished by its yellowish stalks and blades from the prevalent surrounding herbage, and exactly marking the sites of formicaries on which they stood. No other plant was tolerated. The belts were as sharply marked as fields of Indian corn in the midst of meadows or wheat-fields. About one-third of the formicaries in sight were thus covered. The *Aristida* is thus a "raised" crop in the sense that it is exclusively permitted.

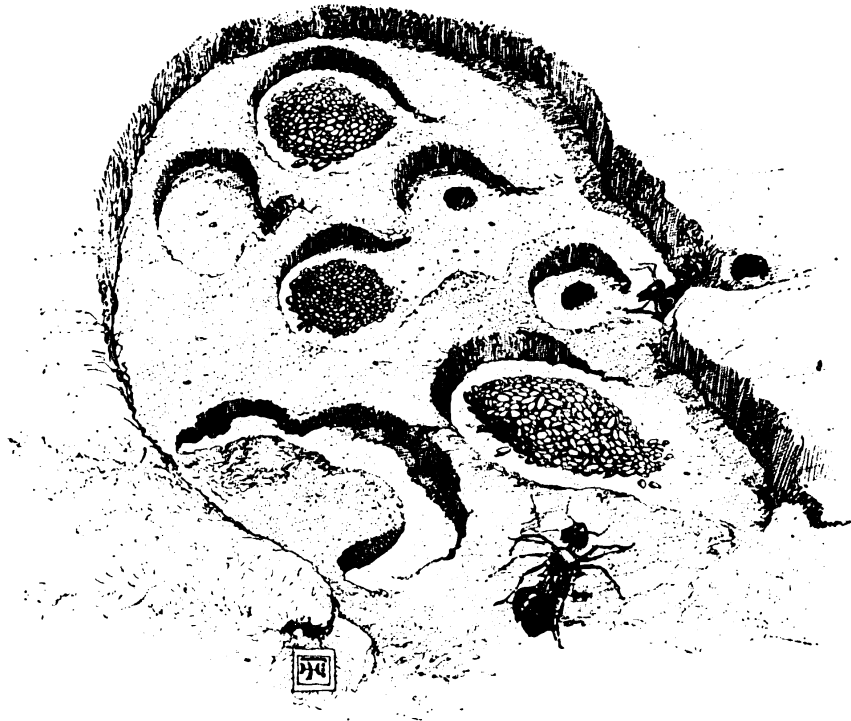
If the gathering, threshing, and storing of seeds warrant the name "agricultural," our Barbati have a clear title thereto. To make proof of this, let



A DISK COVERED WITH A CROP OF ANT-RICE  
A single stalk shown at the left



us direct attention upon this large nest. From its border on all sides radiate roads as smooth and clear as the disk itself. There are seven of them (the number is commonly less), of varying lengths, one over three hundred feet long, forking toward the point where it is lost in the wild grass. All are much wider where they enter the disk. Standing by one of these roads, we see a double



HORIZONTAL SECTION OF AN AGRICULTURAL ANT'S NEST  
Arrangement of rooms and granaries shown

column of ants hurrying along, one outward bound and unladen, the other home bound and carrying seeds of various kinds, mostly of buffalo-grass, *Buchloë dactyloides*. We must play footpad in the interest of science and rob some of the grain-bearers. A light tap upon the back causes the little carrier to drop her burden. After a moment's pause, in manifest surprise and perplexity, she scurries across the pavement and disappears within the gate. The next porter is not so placid. She drops her seed, but rising upon her hind legs, stands rampant, with quivering antennæ and wide-open jaws. This highway robbery goes on until a small paper box (a pill-box) is filled with plundered seeds.

Now we must follow the outgoing column. Robbing ants is easy, but this is hard work. One individual must be chosen, marked, and followed as she pushes out along the main road, turns into a narrow side trail, and at last plunges into the forest of surrounding grasses. With head bent toward the ground, antennæ outstretched and in continual agitation, every pose and movement

showing intense eagerness, the worker passes from point to point, now to this side, now to that, now around and around, but always pushing farther into the grassy jungle. It is a severe trial of one's patience to follow her movements. Stooping over on hands and knees, or prone upon the face, crawling slowly along with eyes fixed upon the eager insect, one was sometimes led a tiresome chase.

All this while the harvester at intervals applies her mouth to various objects upon the ground, most of which are dropped seeds. From seed to seed she goes, feeling, handling, turning, rejecting. Why this fastidiousness? It is quite like a shopping excursion! The abandoned seeds seem precisely like those which her plundered sisters were carrying. Is this merely fickleness? Or indulgence in the natural gratification of examining, testing, choosing? Or is she seeking and sensitive to some quality beyond human ken?

At last a satisfactory seed is found. It is lifted from the ground with the strong mandibles or upper jaws, turned,

pinched, adjusted, balanced. This is done by the jaws and fore feet usually, but sometimes aided by the point of the abdomen. Stiffening out the legs, the body is elevated, and the abdomen swung underneath until the apex touches the seed in the jaws. Thus braced, the load is the better adjusted, and the insect moves away. She is a good forester, with a true sense of direction, and starts straight homeward. Many obstacles are to be overcome ere she reaches the open trail—pebbles, clods, bits of wood, obtruding rootlets, fallen stalks of grass, and weeds as huge to her as tree trunks to the woodman. They were scarcely noticed when the ant was empty-handed. But they are troublesome barriers now that she has a load quite as thick, twice as wide, and half as long as herself.

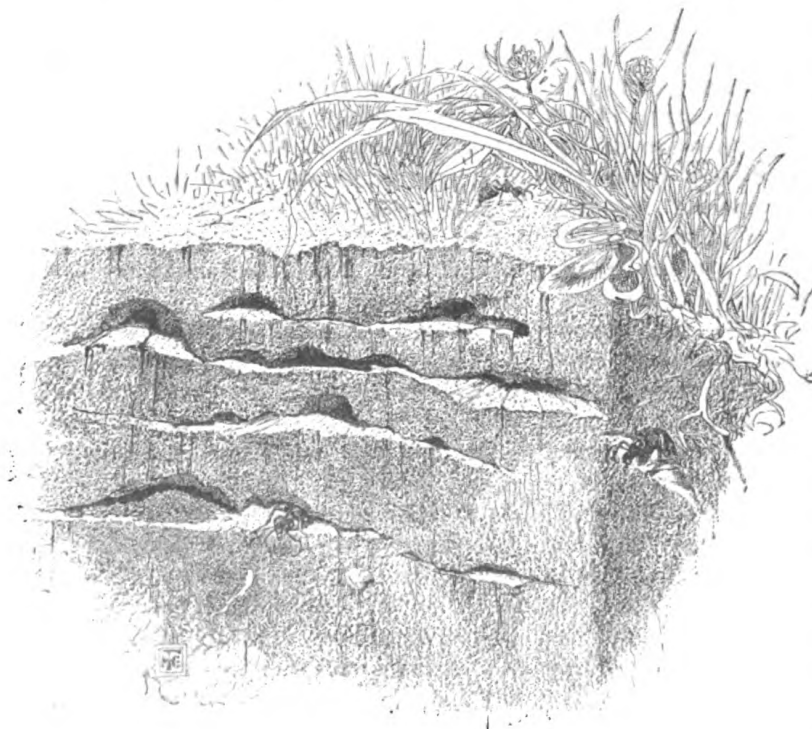
It is interesting to watch the strength, skill, and rapidity with which the little porter swings her burden over or around, or pushes it beneath these obstacles. Now the seed has caught against the herbage as she dodges under a too narrow opening. She backs out and tries another passage. Now the sharp points

of the husk are entangled in the grass. She pulls the burden loose and hurries on. The road is reached at last, and progress is easy. Holding the grain in her mandibles well above the surface, the ant breaks into a trot, and a pretty fast one, and without further interruption except the elbowing of her fellows, gets safely home. There are variations from this behavior, more or less marked, but this is a typical example of the mode of ingathering an ant harvest. The work is wholly individual, at least as the writer saw it. There is no working in gangs, no overseers; each ant is a law unto itself. But thousands of individuals are on the harvest-grounds, and the aggregate of their labor is great.

Meanwhile other workers are issuing from the gates bearing what seem to be seeds. Curious! Are these creatures working at cross-purposes? Here at one side of the disk they are dumping their loads, and quite a heap has already been formed. Let us look at them. They are not seeds, but husks! This is a kitchen-midden, and inside those gates the work of husking the grain is going on. What

a merry "shucking-bee" it must be—to quote a pioneer phrase. Boxes of this chaff and refuse are collected as another step in our inquiry.

The last step in our field investigations remains. The interior of one or more of these formicaries must be explored. It is the most difficult task of all; for these Agriculturalists are "embattled farmers." Peaceful industrials as they are, when aroused to defend their possessions they are terrible adversa-



CROSS-SECTION THROUGH AN AGRICULTURAL ANT'S NEST  
The storied arrangement of galleries and granaries underground



EXAMPLES OF ABRADED DENTITION OF THE MANDIBLES OF AGRICULTURAL ANTS

The first figure shows the perfect mandible

ries. They merit their popular name of "stinging-ants," for they have a barbed sting whose wound is more painful than that of bee or wasp or hornet. Laborers could not be hired at double wages to dig up the nests, and the investigator, gloved, muffled, booted, padded, with openings to arms, and neck and legs heavily wrapped, had to wield pick and spade and trowel as well as sketch-book and note-book and attend to the plaster-casting.

Briefly, the interior formicary was found to be a series of large chambers arranged in irregular stories like the Roman catacombs, and connected at many points by tubular galleries leading to the central gate. Some of these caves were used as nurseries for eggs, larvæ, and antlings; some were occupied by the winged queenlings and males, and by the fertile queens. But many were granaries. Nearest the top were unhusked seeds, such as the ants had been seen gathering. Farther down were store-rooms of naked seeds, and these were identified as ant-rice, needle-grass, buffalo-grass, and various oily seeds or nuts, such as had been taken from the workers in the field, and whose shells had been found in the kitchen-midden. The demonstration was complete, as far as field observation could go. *Pogonomyrmex barbatus* is a true harvester, a veritable "Agricultural ant"!

The excavation was necessarily slow, since the purpose was to study the interior architecture and collect material. This required to be done piecemeal and most carefully, constantly guarding against the falling in of the soil. Only a few feet in depth were therefore accomplished, but this sufficed. In one nest, however, fortunately exposed by a deep cutting, the galleries and chambers were traced to a depth of fifteen feet. One may imagine the enormous work involved in carrying the formicary to such

a depth, or even much less, beneath the space covered by a circle ten or twelve feet in diameter.

The strain of such use upon the ants' working-tools—the mandibles—must be great. How does it affect them? An interesting fact developed from examinations of the mandibles of many specimens. The normal jaw has well-defined teeth, sharp and hard. The jaws of workers showed all stages of abrasion, from a pointless long tooth to absolute toothlessness.

This is seen elsewhere in the insect world. The teeth and dentations on the outer side of the tibia of fossorial beetles are frequently worn to the extent of their entire disappearance; and the same is true of the mandibular teeth. The surface sculpture will in like manner disappear, the striations upon the back so wearing away by rubbing against stones and logs that they are readily known as second-season species. One wonders what becomes of these toothless ants, since their efficiency as masons must be impaired, and in a measure as harvesters and pioneers also. Perhaps they are detailed to the nursery departments? That would be quite humanlike!

Not the varied industries of agricultural ants in general communal service, but those directly associated with the harvesting habit, are those to which this article is especially devoted. And there remains only space to add that the last step in solving the query with which we started was left for home demonstration. A number of well-stocked artificial formicaries were taken from Texas to Philadelphia, and there, under constant observation, it was shown that the ants use for food various seeds, both oily and farinaceous, which they store in their granaries, and others like them. Further study has disclosed that there are other harvesting species, widely distributed throughout the United States.

# The Feel Doll

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL

THE minister uttered a suppressed note of warning as solid little steps sounded in the hall. It was he who threw a hasty covering over the doll. The minister's wife sewed on undisturbedly. She did worse than that.

"Come here, Rhoda," she called, "and tell me which you like better, three tucks or five in this petticoat?"

"Five,"—promptly, upon inspection. Rhoda pulled away the concealing cover and regarded the stolid doll with tilted head. "She's 'nough like my Pharaoh's Daughter to be a blood-relation," she remarked. "She's got the Pharaoh complexion."

"Spoken like *my* daughter!" laughed the minister. "But I thought new dolls in this house were always surprises. And here's Mrs. Minister making doll petticoats out in the open!"

"This is Rebecca Mary's—I'm dressing a doll for Rebecca Mary, Robert. She's eleven years old and never had a doll! Rhoda's ten and has had— How many dolls have you had, Rhoda?"

"Gracious! Why, Pharaoh's Daughter an' Caiapha, an' Esther the Beautiful Queen, an' the Children of Israel—five o' them,—an' Mrs. Job, an'—"

"Never mind the rest, dear. You hear, Robert? Do you think Rhoda would be alive now if she'd never had a doll?"

The minister pondered the question. "Maybe not, maybe not," he decided; "but possibly the dolls would have been."

"Don't make me smile, Robert. I'm trying to make you cry. If Rebecca Mary were sixty instead of eleven I should dress her a doll."

"Then why not one for Miss Olivia?"

"I may dress her one," undauntedly, "if I find out she never had one in her life."

"She never did." The minister's voice was positive. "And for that reason, dear, aren't you afraid she would not approve

of Rebecca Mary's having one? Isn't it rather a delicate mat—"

"Don't, Robert, don't discourage me. It's going to be such a beautiful doll! And you needn't tell me that poor little eleven-year-old woman-child won't hold out her empty arms for it. Robert, you're a minister—would it be wrong to give it to her *straight*?"

"Straight, dear?"

"Yes; without saying anything to her aunt Olivia. Tell me. Rhoda's gone. Say it as—as liberally as you can."

The minister for answer swept doll, petticoat, and minister's wife into his arms, and kissed them all impartially.

"Think if it were Rhoda," she pleaded.

"And you were 'Aunt Olivia'? You ask me to think such hard things, dear! If I could stop being a minister long enough—"

"Stop!" she laughed; but she knew she meant keep on. With a sigh she burrowed a little deeper in his neck. "Then I'll ask Aunt Olivia first," she said.

She went back to her tucking. Only once more did she mention Rebecca Mary. The once was after she had come downstairs from tucking the children into bed. She stood in the doorway with the look in her face that mothers have after doing things like that. The minister loved that look.

"Robert, nights when I kiss the children—you knew when you married me that I was foolish—I kiss little lone Rebecca Mary too. I began the day Thomas Jefferson died—I went to the Rebecca-Mary-est window and threw her a kiss. I went to-night. Don't say a word; you knew when you married me."

Aunt Olivia received the resplendent doll in silence. Plummer honesty and Plummer politeness were at variance. Plummer politeness said: "Thank her. For goodness' sake, aren't you going to thank the minister's wife?" But Plummer honesty, grim and yieldless, said,

"You can't thank her, because you're not thankful." So Aunt Olivia sat silent, with her resplendent doll across her knees.

"For Rebecca Mary," the minister's wife was saying in rather a halting way. "I dressed it for her. I thought perhaps she never—"

"She never," said Aunt Olivia, briefly. Strange that at that particular instant she should remember a trifling incident in the child's far-off childhood. The incident had to do with a little white nightgown rolled tightly and pinned together. She had found Rebecca Mary in her little waist and petticoat cuddling it in bed.

"It's a dollie. Please 'sh, Aunt Olivia, or you'll wake her up!" the child had whispered in an agony. "Oh, you're not a-going to turn her back to a nightgown? Don't unpin her, Aunt Olivia—it will kill her! I'll name her after you if you'll let her stay."

"Get up and take your clothes off." Strange Aunt Olivia should remember at this particular instant; should remember, too, that the pin had been a little rusty and came out hard. Rebecca Mary had slid out of bed obediently, but there had been a look on her little brown face as of one bereaved. She had watched the pin come out and the nightgown unroll, in stricken silence. When it hung released and limp over Aunt Olivia's arm she had given one little cry:

"She's dead!"

The minister's wife was talking hurriedly. Her voice seemed a good way off; it had the effect of coming nearer and growing louder as Aunt Olivia stepped back across the years.

"Of course you are to do as you think best about giving it to her," the minister's wife said, unwillingly. This came of being a minister's wife! "But I think—I have always thought—that little girls ought—I mean Rhoda ought—to have dolls to cuddle. It seems part of their—her—inheritance." This was hard work! If Miss Olivia would not sit there looking like that—

"As if I'd done something unkind!" thought the gentle little mother, indignantly. She got up presently and went away. But Aunt Olivia, with the doll hanging unhealthily over her arm, followed her to the door. There was some-

thing the Plummer honesty insisted upon Aunt Olivia's saying. She said it reluctantly:

"I think I ought to tell you that I've never believed in dolls. I've always thought they were a waste of time and kept children from learning to do useful things. I've brought Rebecca Mary up according to my best light."

"Worst darkness!" thought the minister's wife, hotly.

"She's never had a doll. I never had one. I got along. I could make butter when I was seven. So perhaps you'd better take the doll—"

"No, no! Please keep it, Miss Olivia, and if you should ever change your mind—I mean perhaps some time— Good-by. It's a beautiful day, isn't it?"

Aunt Olivia took it up into the guest-chamber and laid it in an empty bureau drawer. She closed the drawer hastily. She did not feel as duty-proof as she had once felt, before things had happened—softening things that had pulled at her heart-strings and weakened her. The quilt on the guest-chamber bed was one of the things; she would not look at it now. And the sheets under the quilt,—and the grave of Thomas Jefferson that she could see from the guest-chamber window. Aunt Olivia was terribly beset with the temptation to take the doll out to Rebecca Mary in the garden.

"Are you going to do it?" demanded Duty, confronting her. "Are you going to give up all your convictions now? Rebecca Mary's in her twelfth year—pretty late to begin to humor her. I thought you didn't believe in humoring."

"I unpin the nightgown," parried Aunt Olivia, on the defensive. "I never let her make another one."

"But you're weakening now. You want to let her have *this* doll."

"It seems like part of—of her inheritance."

"Lock that drawer!"

Aunt Olivia turned the key unhappily. It was not that her "convictions" had changed—it was her heart.

She went up at odd times and looked at the doll the minister's wife had dressed. She had an unaccountable, uncomfortable feeling that it was lying there in its coffin—that Rebecca Mary would have said, "She's dead."



It was a handsome doll. Aunt Olivia was not acquainted with dolls, but she acknowledged that. She admired it unwillingly. She liked its clothes—the minister's wife had not spared any pains. She had not stinted in tucks nor ruffles.

Once Aunt Olivia took it out and turned it over in her hands with critical intent, but there was nothing to criticise. It was a beautiful doll. She held it with a curious, shy tenderness. But that time she did not sit down with it. It was the next time.

The rocker was so near the bureau, and Aunt Olivia was tired—and the doll was already in her arms. She only sat down. For a minute she sat quite straight and unrelaxed, then she settled back a little—a little more. The doll lay heavily against her, its flaxen head touching her breast. After the manner of high-bred dolls its eyes drooped sleepily.

Aunt Olivia began to rock—a gentle sway back and forth. She was sixty, but this was the first time she had ever rocked a *chi*—a doll. So she rocked for a little, scarcely knowing it. When she found out, a wave of soft pink dyed her face and flowed upward redly to her hair.

"Well!" Duty jibed, mocking her.

"Don't say a word!" cried poor Aunt Olivia. "I'll put her right back."

"What good will that do?"

"I'll lock her in."

"You've locked her in before."

"I'll—I'll hide the key."

"Where you can find it! Think again."

Aunt Olivia thrust the doll back into its coffin with unsteady hands. The red in her face had faded to a faint abiding pink. She locked the drawer and drew out the key. She strode to the window and flung it out with a wide sweep of her arm.

The minister's wife, ignorant of the result of her kind little experiment, resolved to question Rebecca Mary the next time she came on an errand. She would do it with extreme caution.

"I'll just feel round," she said. "I want to know if her aunt's given it to her. You think she must have, don't you, Robert? By this time— Why, it was six weeks ago I carried it over! It was such a nice, friendly little doll! By this time they would be such friends—if her aunt gave it to her. Robert, you think—"

"I think it's going to rain," the minister said. But he kissed her to make it easier.

Rebecca Mary came over to bring Aunt Olivia's rule for parson-cake that the minister's wife had asked for.

"Come in, Rebecca Mary," the minister's wife said, cordially. "Don't you want to see the new dress Rhoda's doll is going to have? I suppose you could make your doll's dress yourself?" It seemed a hard thing to say. Feeling round was not pleasant.

"P'haps I could, but she doesn't wear dresses," Rebecca Mary answered, gravely.

"No?" This was puzzling. "Her clothes don't come off, I suppose?" Then it could not be the nice, friendly doll.

"No'm. Nor they don't go on, either. She isn't a feel doll."

"A—what kind did you say, dear?" The minister's wife paused in her work interestedly. Distinctly, Miss Olivia had not given her *the* doll; but this doll—"I don't think I quite understood, Rebecca Mary."

"No'm; it's a little hard. She isn't a *feel* doll, I said. I never had a *feel* one. Mine hasn't any body, just a soul. But she's a great comfort."

"Robert," appealed the minister's wife, helplessly. This was a case for the minister—a case of souls.

"Tell us some more about her, Rebecca Mary," the minister urged, gently. But there was helplessness, too, in his eyes.

"Why, that's all!" returned Rebecca Mary, in surprise. "Of course I can't dress her and undress her or take her out calling. But it's a great comfort to rock her soul to sleep."

"Call Rhoda," murmured the minister's wife to the minister; but Rhoda was already there. She volunteered prompt explanation. There was no hesitation in Rhoda's face.

"She means a make-believe doll. Don't you, Rebecca Mary?"

"Yes," Rebecca Mary assented; "that's her other name, I suppose, but I never called her by it."

"What did you call her?" demanded practical Rhoda. "What's her name, I mean?"

"Rhoda!"—hastily, from the minister's wife. This seemed like sacrilege. But Rhoda's clear blue eyes were fixed upon

Rebecca Mary; she had not heard her mother's warning little word.

A shy color spread thinly over the lean little face of Rebecca Mary. For the space of a breath or two she hesitated.

"Her name's—Felicia," then, softly.

"Robert"—the children had gone out together; the minister's wife's eyes were unashamedly wet—"Robert, I wish you were a—*a* sheriff instead of a minister. Because I think I would make a better sheriff's wife. Do you know what I would make you do?"

The minister could guess.

"I'd make you *arrest* that woman, Robert!"

"Felicia!" but she saw willingness for her to be a sheriff's wife come into his own eyes and stop there briefly.

"Don't call me 'Felicia' while I feel as wicked as this! Oh, Robert, to think she named her little soul-doll after me!"

"It's a beautiful name."

Suddenly the wickedness was over. She laughed unsteadily.

"It wouldn't be a good name for a sheriff's wife, would it?" she said. "So I'll stay by my own minister."

One day close upon this time Aunt Olivia came abruptly upon Rebecca Mary in the grape-arbor. She was sitting in her little rocking-chair, swaying back and forth slowly. She did not see Aunt Olivia. What was this she was crooning half under her breath?

"Oh, hush, oh, hush, my dollie;  
Don't worry any more,  
For Rebecca Mary 'n' the angels  
Are watching o'er,  
—O'er 'n' o'er 'n' o'er."

The same words over and over—growing perhaps a little softer and tenderer. Rebecca Mary's arm was crooked as though a little flaxen head lay in the bend of it. Rebecca Mary's brooding little face was gazing downward intently at her empty arm. Quite suddenly it came upon Aunt Olivia that she had seen the child rocking like this before—that she must have seen her often.

"Rebecca Mary 'n' the angels  
Are watching o'er,"

sang on the crooning little voice in Aunt Olivia's ears.

The doll in its coffin up-stairs; down here Rebecca Mary rocking her empty arms. The two thoughts flashed into Aunt Olivia's mind and welded into one. All her vacillations and Duty's sharp reminders occurred to her clearly. She had thought that at last she was proof against temptation, but she had not thought of this. She was not prepared for Rebecca Mary, here in her little rocking-chair, rocking her little soul-doll to sleep.

The angels were used to watching o'er, but Aunt Olivia could not bear it. She turned away with a strange, unaccustomed ache in her throat. The minister's wife would not have wanted her arrested then.

Aunt Olivia tiptoed away as though Rebecca Mary had said, "'Sh!" She was remembering, as she went, the brief, sweet moment when she had sat like that and rocked, with the doll the minister's wife had dressed in her arms. It seemed to establish a new link of kinship between her and Rebecca Mary.

She ran plump into Duty.

"Oh!" she gasped. She was a little stunned. Aunt Olivia's Duty was robust and solid.

"I know where you've been. I tried to get there in time."

"You're too late," Aunt Olivia said, firmly. "Don't stop me; there's something I must do before it gets too dark. It's six o'clock now."

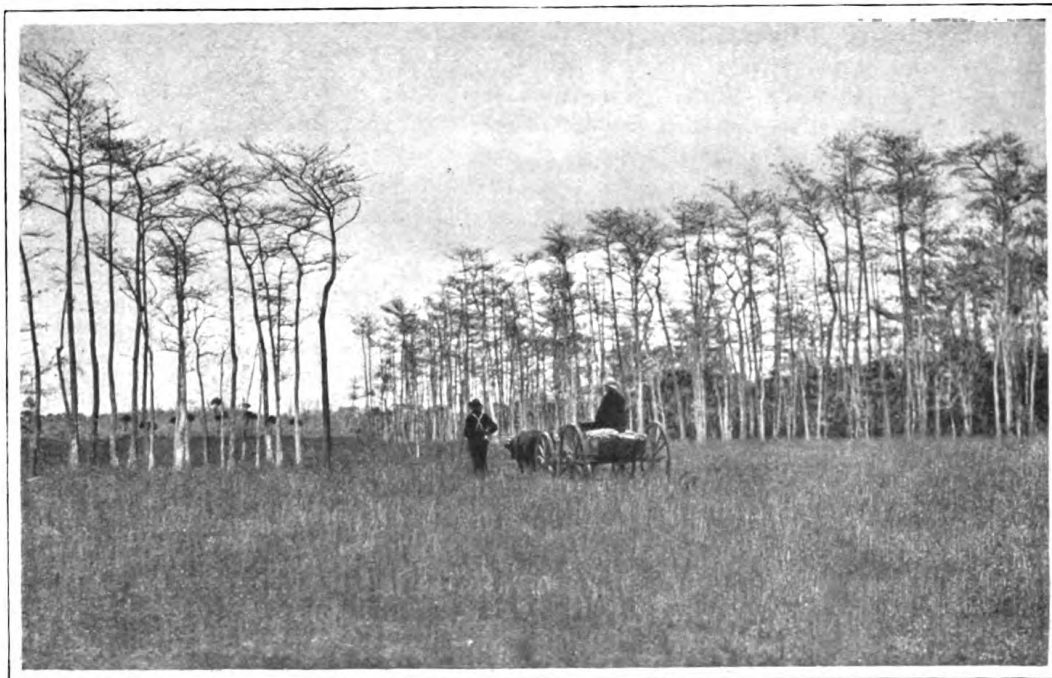
"Wait!" commanded Duty. "Are you crazy? You don't mean—"

"Go back there and look at that child—and hear what she's singing! Stay long enough to take it all in—don't hurry."

But Duty barred her way, grim and stern. Palely she put up both her hands and thrust it aside. She did not once look back at it.

Already it was dusky under the guest-chamber window. She had to stoop and peer and feel in the long tangle of grass. She kept on patiently with the Plummer kind of patience that never gave up. She was eager and smiling, as though something pleasant were at the end of the peering and stooping and feeling.

Aunt Olivia was hunting for a key.



A PRAIRIE LEVEL AS THE SEA, THREADED WITH STRANDS OF CYPRESS

## A Southern Industrial Experiment

BY A. W. DIMOCK

Illustrations by Julian A. Dimock

A FEW years ago a Florida cowboy, whose range work extended from the Kissimmee River in South Florida to the Gulf of Mexico, and from the Caloosahatchee River southward indefinitely, dreamed dreams as he sat in the saddle by day and lay under the stars at night.

The Florida cowboy was less known to fiction than his brother of the plains, but he lived the strenuous life. He dealt with cattle wild and wicked though small, yet he learned to thrust his right arm across the back of one he wished to throw, and seizing it by nose and horn, deftly turn it upside down in the air as it bucked. In place of a lasso he carried a whip, called a cow-dragger, twenty feet long, of braided buckskin dragged upon the ground until it was slick, with a snapper that made a report like a gun and was well understood by the cattle it

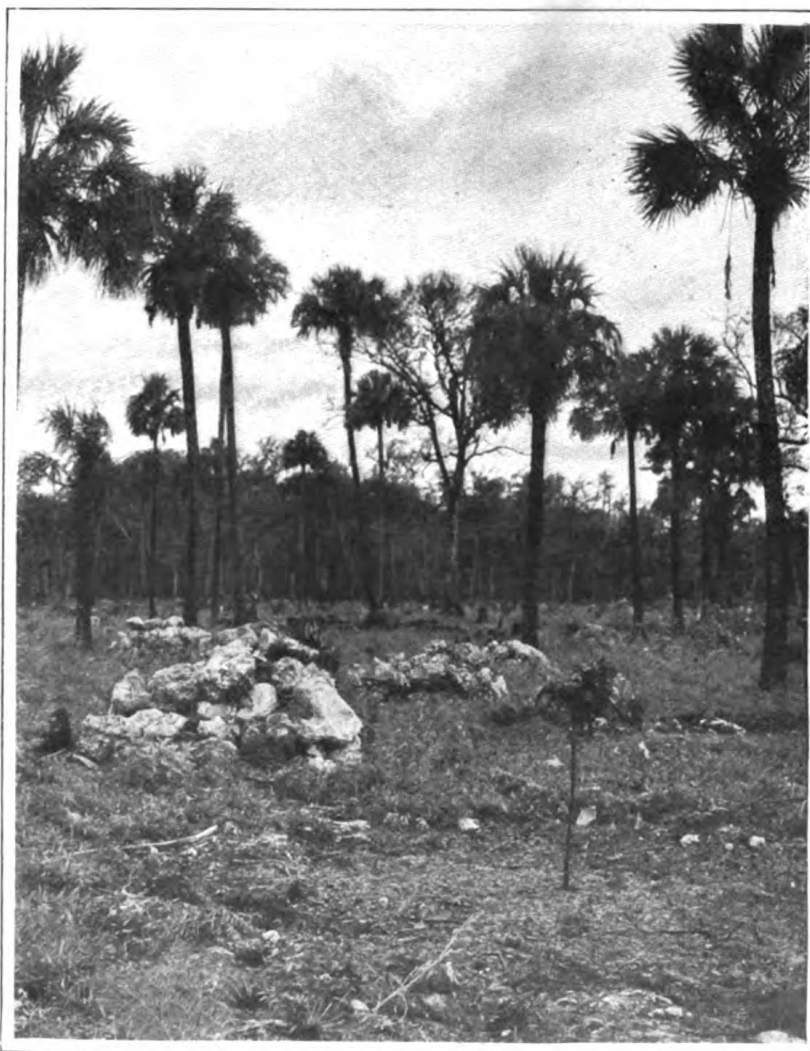
controlled. When cattle were rounded up for branding, certain cowboys, famed for their skill, would call off brands as calves were thrown, dividing hundreds of calves among scores of brands with never a mistake, simply from having seen the calves running with their mothers in the herd. The maverick of the West is the harrydick—from heretic, out of the fold—of Florida, and often goes to the small owner, whose interest is looked out for, and his calves branded for him by the big cattlemen.

Our cowboy could see a cow farther through the woods than any of his fellows, and for this was distinguished among them, but he also saw other things, more distant, and quite beyond their vision. He saw great tracts of land, fertile but flooded, near to the Gulf and above its level, only waiting for the water to be drained away. Within that in-

definite region which the imaginative maps of Florida call the Big Cypress Swamp, he explored islands containing hundreds of acres of rich hummock-lands densely covered with forests of palm and pine; live and water oak; bays, red, white, and sweet; wild guava, fig, and other choice trees, with vines and flowers growing in tropical profusion. Within the swamp proper, much of which is dry half the year, he found forests of cypress, with individual trees containing five thousand feet of lumber, a dozen miles from the coast where men were paying sixty dollars a thousand feet for cypress boards. He knew the country as it was known to the hunter, trapper, and Indian, and he knew its resources better than they. He dreamed of railroads and canals, fruit farms and vegetable gardens, sawmills and sugar-mills.

Three years ago he sought to interest capital, and found men from the North ready to be inspired by his enthusiasm and to promote his projects. He talked of the fatal frost-line that in two generations had driven the citrus family from South Carolina and Georgia to South Florida, at times causing crop failures that had raised the price of choice grapefruit to ten dollars a box, and of land to be bought for a song within the Big Cypress where freedom from

frost would be found if anywhere in the country. He proposed that three hundred acres of rich hummock-land, lying like an island within the swamp, fifteen miles from navigable water, be converted into a grove of eighteen thousand grapefruit-trees, which within five years should produce an annual crop of one hundred thousand boxes of fruit. As to the transportation problem, he suggested that when the crop was ready railroads could be trusted to find it; or they could themselves cut a canal to the coast at slight expense, building with the excavated rock and soil a permanent road, giving at all seasons access to their property by water or land, as well as benefiting by drainage a large tract in which their interests would be important and



AROUND EACH TREE THE BOULDERS OF STONE HAVE BEEN BLASTED OUT

increasing. The result was that now twelve thousand healthy young grape-fruit-trees are growing on two hundred acres of the hummock island.

There have been previous agricultural

twelve miles over shaking sod and through water too shallow for a boat, but often inconveniently deep for a man.

During the dry season supplies are

hauled most of the way by oxen, a yoke of which pulls about four hundred pounds through a country where a horse would be troubled to transport himself. These oxen are small, active creatures capable of scrambling like cats out of mud-holes in which larger animals would be hopelessly stalled. For the first half-mile the road is too boggy even for oxen, and negroes struggle through knee-deep mud, bearing bags and boxes on shoulders and heads, or wallow to the waist in sloughs, with a barrel of flour slung upon a pole resting upon the shoulders of each pair of them. The journey of twelve miles, which consumes eight hours, is over a prairie level as the sea, threaded with strands of cypress and dotted with picturesque little islands of palmetto and pine, but so soft that a new



A HYDRA-HEADED PALMETTO

One of the odd freaks of nature in the great swamp

forays within the swamp limits, but this is the most important invasion, for "Deep Lake" is so far beyond the inhabited border, and so nearly inaccessible, that the cost of carting supplies from the nearest hamlet is more than double the rate charged by Uncle Sam for carrying second-class mail to Alaska or the Philippines, and the purchase price of a barrel of flour is forgotten in the cost of its transportation. When the managing owner of the plantation visits his property, his fast yacht carries him from the railroad terminus at Fort Myers to Everglade in Chokoliskee Bay, whence he is taken in a small launch up Allens River for three miles, poled in a light skiff through a crooked creek for two more, and must then walk and wade for

path must be chosen for each trip, to avoid breaking disastrously through the interlaced roots of grass that bridge over the underlying bog. Often the rustling grass points out the sinuous path of a great black or chicken snake, or the wayside flower conceals the coils of the monster of many rattles. The trained eye of the hunter can frequently detect the light print of a panther's paw or the heavier track of a bear beside the road, or trace the outline of a deer standing motionless against a background of grass watching him with wondering eyes.

The plantation island, containing three hundred acres of land elevated enough to escape the accumulated water of the rainy season, is one of many to be found in this uncharted country. A cypress





THE HEAVY MORNING MISTS IN A MEASURE TAKE THE PLACE OF RAIN



swamp surrounds it like the moat of an ancient castle, and the corduroyed entrance is a floating drawbridge. Vines and shrubs have been cleared from the plantation, and enough of the larger growth to let sunlight in to the soil. For six feet around each grapefruit-tree stumps and roots have been removed, and all boulders of stone for a depth of several feet blasted and piled up for future use in the building of roads. Between the rows of fruit-trees, which have been set out thirty feet apart, many natives of the forest, live and water oak, palmetto and pine, have been left standing, to be taken away as the fruit-trees cease to require their shade and the season frees laborers from more urgent work. In the mean time they measurably protect the young shoots from the light frosts that sometimes touch this region.

The plantation house, which is principally piazza, was built upon stilts near the centre of the grove, from trees that grew on its site, out of which timbers were hewed, rafters formed, and shingles split by the axe of the pioneer. Royal palms and poncianas have been set out around the house, and rows of cocoa-palms planted along the drives that are to be. Within the boundaries of the grove are a few low-lying primeval tangles of tree and vine, called heads, of present interest to moccasins, alligators, and wading birds, awaiting redemption through drainage, the promise of which secured to the Governor of the State the office which he now holds. The deep lake from which the plantation takes its name is about five hundred feet in diameter, with a maximum depth of one hundred and thirty feet, or about twice that of the average "bottomless lake" of Florida fiction. It is inhabited by several varieties of fish of mysterious antecedents, among them tarpon of goodly size. Grave alligators with unwinking eyes rest upon the surface, or swim lazily about, so unafraid that I paddled a skiff squarely upon the back of one before he took the trouble to move away. Water-turkeys drop into the lake from trees on its border, and thrust snakelike necks with darting heads above its surface, ducks paddle among the lily-pads, and flocks of white ibises fly across the lake when approached too closely, in resentment of ex-

cessive curiosity rather than from any apprehension of danger. Upon the plantation guns are tabooed, and deer graze nightly through the grove, to its sometime injury, while wild turkeys daily walk unalarmed among the laborers, paying for protection by devouring the worms that threaten the young trees, and, as the axemen allege, even distinguish the sound of the fall of the water-oak from that of trees whose foliage is less rich in edible insects.

Occasionally a licensed gun in trusted hands is turned loose upon predatory hawks and owls, and the cook is allowed discretion in the use of clubs upon crows and buzzards when they enter his tent and snatch food from his table. The report of firearms does not alarm the wild turkeys, whose confidence has never been abused, nor the woodpeckers constantly nodding their crimson heads in approval of the universe, while unapprehensive mocking-birds carol forth their faith in the humanity of man. Indian hunters bearing the historic Seminole names of Osceola and Tiger, with a plain Tommy or Charley prefix for every-day use, sometimes appear at the grove to ask for the *whyome* (whiskey) which is never given them, but they respect the request not to shoot game upon the plantation, and their guns are silent within the limits of the island.

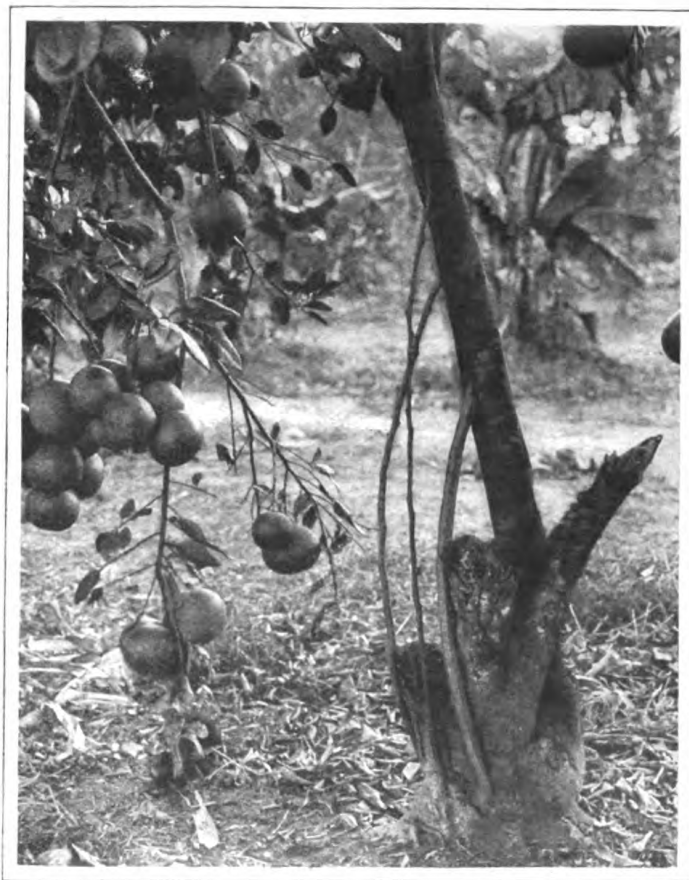
The purpose of the enterprise is not exclusively commercial, and on the lake lot, in contemplation of residential use, a few acres have been devoted to oranges of several varieties — king, Brazilian, pineapple, and tangerine — Japanese persimmons, peaches, plums, roses, and other fruits and flowers. A garden for vegetables is to be enclosed in wire fence that shall be proof against the deer and wild turkeys, which have hitherto harvested all such crops even before their maturity. The laborers upon the plantation are negroes, to many of whom its isolation is its attraction. They talk with freedom and without embarrassment of the chain-gang and the lash, and if the sheriff of the county chanced to visit the grove it is probable that work would be suspended for the day, while the neighboring swamps would acquire a considerable colored population. When off duty their waking hours are spent in

gambling with each other with cards, and the game continues as far into the night as the rules of the plantation permit. If whiskey gets into the camp chaos comes with it. The negro who smuggles it into

their surveyors and engineers, estimating the trees, studying the land and water-courses by day, and camping on the high spots by night.

Within the swamps and on the higher

lands that border them are strange growths, odd freaks of nature, and trees of rare beauty and value. The cypress-knee, a curious cone-shaped formation, rises above the water from the root of the tree, of no apparent use, yet if it is long submerged the tree dies. Great vines hang from the tallest trees, and so extend and arrange themselves that the trees look like masts of a full-rigged ship as seen from her deck, while smaller vines weave nets which tie up an impatient man as the web of a spider tangles a fly. Birds drop seeds of the wild fig on the leaf stalks of the palmetto or on the bark of cypress, oak, or other tree. The parasitic tree grows rapidly upward and downward, and many a wide-spreading fig with its branches twenty feet from the ground can be seen surmounted by the broad top of a palmetto at twice



A YOUNG GRAPEFRUIT-TREE

An additional support is grafted into parent trunk

the swamp and hides there with it can readily sell the liquor for a dollar a drink, until he is detected, when he is driven forth with the significant suggestion that if found lurking around the plantation again he will probably be mistaken for a bear. It is said that this warning has been disregarded but once, and that the mistake will not be repeated—by the same offender. The pioneer work of the Deep Lake Plantation is almost accomplished, and already its promoters are exploring the greater fields that lie beyond it. They have struck hands with other capitalists, drawn in by the fascination of the unexplored, who with them are wading in the swamps with

that height, the trunk of the former completely enclosing that of the latter. Occasionally a palmetto with two trunks is found and, rarely, a hydra-headed freak of that family. There are groups of royal palms, slender silver palms forty feet high, with coats of thorns, growing like bamboos in a jungle, and fine specimens of madeira, closer-grained and as beautiful as mahogany.

Many planters who have lost successive groves and homes in the northern portions of the State, through the great freezes of recent years, are now pushing their way toward the interior, and already within the borders of the Big Cypress are little groves of oranges and grapefruit



UNCLEARED HUMMOCK-LAND AT THE DEEP LAKE PLANTATION





BUZZARDS AWAIT THEIR CHANCE TO PREY ON THE CAMP

and flourishing fields of cane. Young grapefruit-trees three or four inches in diameter can be seen bearing clusters of fruit of which single specimens measure eighteen inches in circumference, and the slender branches must be carefully propped to keep the fruit from the ground and to prevent its tearing the limbs from the tree by its weight. Often the ends of saplings from the parent stem are grafted into the trunk or branches of the already grafted tree to give it double support and sustenance. The sugar-cane, which in other States is treated as an annual, is here perennial, living for more than a score of years, even going to seed, and the waving plumes of a field of blossoming cane are not to be found in similar luxuriance, if at all, elsewhere in the United States.

Nowhere in America are lands so fertile and so reclaimable, or a climate so benignant where frost and drought are so nearly negligible as in South Florida. The waters that smother it contribute to the permanent value of its soil, and can

be directed into channels of the utmost usefulness. Drainage is as simple as irrigation is complicated. Yet the latter has rescued from the desert great tracts in our Western country, and is the only hope of yet greater areas now unproductive.

Of the vastly simpler work of redeeming seven million acres of land in South Florida from the thrall of its penned-up waters little has been done. A territory extending over two parallels of latitude and nearly two degrees of longitude cannot be drained by a few ditches in the northwest corner, and the feeble work of a quarter of a century ago seems to have been conducted with a view to draining the State of its assets instead of its waters.

In the valley of the Mississippi, communities live beneath the level of its waters, the people of Holland drain their country into waters far above the tops of their houses,—the Floridians have only to give the water a chance to run down-hill off of their lands.

## Editor's Easy Chair.

THERE comes a time in the experience of perhaps every stated purveyor of intellectual food when the stock he has long been drawing upon seems finally exhausted. There is not a grain left in the barns where he had garnered up the harvests of the past; there is not a head of wheat to be found in the fields where he had always been able to glean something; if he shakes the tree of knowledge in the hope of a nut to crack or a frozen-thaw to munch, nothing comes down but a shower of withered leaves. His condition is what, in the parlance of his vocation, he calls being out of a subject, and it is what may happen to him equally whether he is preaching twice a Sunday from the pulpit, or writing leaders every day for a prominent journal, or merely contributing a monthly essay to a magazine. As the day or hour or moment approaches when he must give forth something from his destitution, he envies the hungriest of his auditors or readers who do not yet know that there is nothing in him to appease their famine. There is only the barren will to give, which only a miracle can transform into a vitalizing bounty.

Yet is not this miracle always wrought? When did a pulpit ever fail of a sermon, or a journal of a leading article, or a magazine of its stated essay? The fact might argue the very contrary of the appearance, and convince the desperate purveyor that what he mistook for hopeless need was choice which mocked him with a myriad alternatives. From cover to cover the scripture is full of texts; every day brings forth its increase of incident; the moral and social and æsthetical world is open on every side to polite inquiry, and teems with inspiring suggestion. If ever the preacher or editor or essayist fancies he has exhausted these resources, he may well pause and ask whether it is not himself that he has exhausted. There may be wanting the eye to see the riches which lie near or far, rather than the riches which are always inviting the eye.

A curious trait of the psychology of

this matter is that it is oftener the young eye than the old which lacks the visual force. When Eugenio was beginning author, and used to talk with other adolescent immortals of the joyful and sorrowful mysteries of their high calling, the dearth of subjects was the cause of much misgiving and even despair among them. Upon a certain occasion one of that divine company, so much diviner than any of the sort now, made bold to affirm: "I feel that I have got my technique perfect. I believe that my poetic art will stand the test of any experiment, in the handling of verse, and now all that I want is a subject." It seemed a great hardship to the others, and they felt it the more keenly because every one of them was more or less in the same case. They might have none of them so frankly owned their fitness for their work as the one who had spoken, but they were all as deeply aware of it; and if any subject had appeared above the horizon there could have been no question among them except as to which should first mount his winged steed and ride it down. It did not occur to any of them that the want of a subject was the defect of their art, and that until they were equipped with the eye that never fails to see occasion for song all round the heavens, they were not yet the champions of poetry which they fancied themselves. He who had uttered their common belief sufficiently proved afterwards, in the range of things he did, that he had ultimately come into possession of the highest of the poetic gifts, the poetic vision of life, and that he had completed his art at a point where it had been most imperfect before, when he supposed it so perfect. As soon as he ceased looking for subjects, which were mainly the conventional themes of verse, the real and vital subjects began looking for him.

Eugenio himself, on his lower level, had something of the same experience. When he first began those inventions in prose which long seemed to him worthy of the best that his kindest friends said of them, he had great trouble in con-

triving facts sufficiently wonderful for the characters who were to deal with them, and characters high and noble enough to deal with the great and exalted facts. On one hand or the other his scheme was always giving out. The mirage of fancy which painted itself so alluringly before him faded on his advance, and left him planted heavy-footed in the desert sands. In other words, he was always getting out of a subject. In the intervals between his last fiction and his next, when his friends supposed he was purposely letting his mind lie fallow (and perhaps willingly acquiesced in the rest they were sharing with him), he was really in an anguish of inquiry for something on which to employ his powers; he was in a state of excruciating activity of which the incessant agitation of the atoms in the physical world is but a faint image; his repose was the mask of violent vibrations, of volcanic emotions, which required months to clear themselves in the realization of some ideal altogether disproportioned to the expenditure of energy which had been tacitly taking place. At these periods it seemed to him that his lot had been cast in a world where he was himself about the only interesting fact, and from which every attractive subject had been removed before he came into it.

He could never tell just how or when all this changed, and a little ray, very faint and thin at first, stole in upon his darkness, and broadened to an effulgence which showed his narrow circle a boundless universe thronged with the most available passions, interests, motives, situations, catastrophes and dénouements, and characters eagerly fitting themselves with the most appropriate circumstances. As nearly as he could make out, his liberation to this delightful cosmos took place through his gradual perception that human nature was of a vast equality in the important things, and had its difference only in trifles. He had but to take other men in the same liberal spirit that he took himself to find them all heroes; he had but to take women at their own estimate to find them all heroines, if not divinely beautiful, then, interesting, fascinating, irresistibly better than beautiful. The situation was something like this; it will not do to give away his whole

secret; but the reader reads only a hint in order to understand how in his new mind Eugenio was overwhelmed with subjects.

After this illumination of his the only anxiety he had was concerning his ability to produce all the masterpieces he felt himself capable of in the short time allotted to the longest-lived writer. He was aware of a duty to the material he had discovered, and this indeed sometimes weighed upon him. However, he took courage from the hope that others would seize his point of view, and be able to carry on the work of producing masterpieces indefinitely. They could never use up all the subjects, any more than men can exhaust the elements of the aluminium which abound in every piece of the common earth; but in their constant reliance upon every-day life as the true and only source of surprise and delight in art, they could never be in the terrible despair which had afflicted him from time to time before his illumination.

Doubtless there is an overruling Providence in this matter which we may not distrust without accusing the order which has not yet failed in the due succession of the seasons and the days and nights. While we are saying it is never going to rain, it rains; or when it seems as if nature were finally frozen up, a thaw begins; when we feel that the dark will not end, the dawn is already streaking the east. If the preacher thinks that the old texts are no longer applicable to life, there is suddenly reported an outbreak of vice in the city which puts him in mind of Sodom and Gomorrah; or the opportune flight of a defaulter furnishes material for a homily which searches the consciences of half the congregation with the words of the commandment against stealing. The journalist wakes in heavy-eyed despair, but he finds from the papers on his breakfast-table that there has been a revolution in South America, or that the Socialists have been doing something, in Belgium, almost too bad even for Socialists as the capitalists imagine them, and his heart rises again. Even the poor magazine essayist, who has lived through the long month in dread of the hour when his copy shall be due, is not for-

bidden his reprieve. He may not have anything to say, but he certainly has something to say it about. The world is always as interesting to-day as it was yesterday, and probably to-morrow will not be so dull as it promises.

One reason for the disability of the essayist, as distinguished from the preacher or the journalist, is that he does not give himself range enough. Expecting to keep scrupulously to one subject, he cannot put his hand on a theme which he is sure will hold out under him to the end. Once it was not so. The essayists of antiquity were the most vagariouly garrulous people imaginable. There was not one of them who, to our small acquaintance with them, kept to his proposition, or ended anywhere in sight of it. Aristotle, Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, Plutarch, they talk of anything but the matter in hand, after mentioning it; and when you come down to the moderns, for instance, to such a modern as Montaigne, you find him wandering all over the place. He has no sooner stated his subject than he begins to talk about something else; it reminds him (like Lincoln) of a story, which has nothing to do with it; and that story reminds him of another, and so on, till the original thesis is left flapping in the breeze somewhere at the vanishing-point in the tortuous perspective, and vainly signalling the essayist back. It was the same, or nearly the same, with the English essayists quite down to the beginning of the last century when they began to cease being. The writers in the *Spectator*, the *Guardian*, the *Tatler*, the *Rambler*, and the rest, contrived to keep a loose allegiance to the stated topic, because they treated it so very briefly, and were explicitly off to something else in the next page or two with a fresh text. But if we come to such delightful masters of the art as Lamb, and Leigh Hunt, and De Quincey, and Hazlitt, it will not be easy, opening at any chance point, to make out what they are talking about. They are apparently talking about everything else in the world but the business they started with. But they are always talking delightfully, and that is the great matter with any sort of talker.

When the reviewers began to supplant the essayists they were even more con-

temptuously indifferent to the obligations of constancy. Their text was nominally some book, but almost as soon as they had named it they shut it, and went off on the subject of it, perhaps, or perhaps not. It was for the most part lucky for the author that they did so, for their main affair with the author was to cuff him soundly for his ignorance and impudence, and then leave him, and not return to him except for a few supplementary cuffs at the close, just to show that they had not forgotten him. Macaulay was a notorious offender in this sort; though why do we say offender? Was not he always delightful? He was and he is, though we no longer think him a fine critic; and he meant to be just, or as just as any one could be with a man whom one differed from in the early Victorian period.

But Macaulay certainly did not keep harking back to his text, if ever he returned to it at all. His instinct was that a preacher's concern was with his text, but not an essayist's or a reviewer's, and he was right enough. The essayist certainly has no such obligation or necessity. His reader can leave him at any moment, unless he is very interesting, and it does not matter where they part company. In fact, it might be argued that the modern fidelity to its subject is one of the chief evidences or causes of the essay's decay. The essayist tries to make a mechanical conscience perform the duty of that fine spiritual freedom in which the essay once had its highest effect with the reader, and in his dull loyalty to the stated thesis, he is superficial as well as tiresome.

The true subject is not one subject only but many. It is like that pungent bulb whose odorous energy increases with exfoliation, and remains a potent fragrance in the air after it has substantially ceased to be under the fingers. The error of the modern essayist is to suppose that he can ever have a single subject in hand; he has a score, he has a hundred, as his elders and betters all knew; and what he mistakes for his destitution is really his superfluity. If he will be honest (as he may with difficulty be), must not he recognize that what seems a search for one theme is a hesitation between many pressing forward for his

choice? If he will make this admission we believe he will be nearer the fact, and he will be a much more respectable figure than he could feel himself in blindly fumbling about for a single thesis. Life is never, and in nothing, the famine, perhaps, that we imagine it. Much more probably it is a surfeit, and what we suppose are the pangs of hunger are really the miseries of repletion. More people are suffering from too much than from too little. Especially are the good things here in a demoralizing profusion. Ask any large employer of labor, and he will tell you that what ails the working-classes is an excess of pianos and buggies and opera-boxes. Ask any workman what ails his employer, and he will say that it is the ownership of the earth, with a mortgage on planetary space. Both are probably right, or at least one is as right as the other.

When we have with difficulty made our selection from the divine redundancy of the ideal world, and so far as we could have reduced ourselves to the penury of a sole possession, why do not we turn our eyes to the example of Nature in not only bringing forth a hundred or a thousand fold of the kind of seed planted, but in accompanying its growth with that of an endless variety of other plants, all coming to bear in a like profusion? Observe that wise husbandwoman (this is not the contradiction in terms it seems), how when her business is apparently a hay harvest, she mingles myriads of daisies and milkweed and wild carrot and redtop with the grass, and lets her fancy riot all round the meadow in a broidery of blackberries and asters and dogroses and goldenrod. She never works without playing; and she plays even while man is working,—plays so graciously and winningly that it takes the heart with joy. Who has ever looked upon an old-world wheat-field, where poppies and vetches are frolicking among the ears, and begrudged Nature her pastime? No one, we will venture, but the owner of the field, who is perhaps also too much of a philosopher to grieve over it. In the ideal world it is much the same. There, too, art having chosen a kind brings it to bear with all the other kinds which have been lurking in the unconscious soil of the mind and only wait-

ing tilth for any purpose before springing up in company with the selected seed. This is what makes the poets and novelists and dramatists so much more profitable reading than the moralists. From whom, indeed, has the vital wisdom of the race been garnered? Not from those hard ethical masters who have sought to narrow culture to the business of growing precepts, but from the genial teachers who have inculcated amusement, and breathed into the unwary mind some inspiration which escaped as unconsciously from themselves. Which philosopher or sage of them all has instructed mankind a hundredth part as much as Shakespeare, who supposed himself to be merely providing diversion for the patrons of the Globe Theatre?

It follows, if not directly, then a long way about, from what we have been saying, that the real artist is never at a loss for a subject. His trouble is too many themes, not too few; and having chosen among them, his error will be in an iron sequence rather than in a desultory progression. He is to arrive, if at all, laden with the spoil of the wayside, and bringing with him the odor of the wild flowers carpeting or roofing the by-paths; if he is a little bothered by the flowering brambles which have affectionately caught at him in his course, that does not greatly matter; or, at least, it is better than coming back to his starting-point in boots covered with the mud of the high-road or coat powdered with its dust. The sauntering ease, the excursive delays, will be natural to the poet or the novelist, who is born to them; but the essayist must in a manner make them his own, if he would be an artist, and survive among the masters, which there has been some doubt of his doing. It should be his care to shun every appearance of continuity; only in the practice of the fitful, the capricious, the desultory, can he hope to emulate the effects of the creative. With any other ideal he cannot hope to be fit company for the high minds who have furnished mankind with quotations. But for the prevalence of the qualities which we have been urging the essayist to cultivate, in the essays of Bacon, it is not probable that any one would ever have fancied that Bacon wrote Shakespeare.



## Editor's Study.

A SHORT story which appeared in an American magazine for May afforded the best example we have seen of what is now possible in this kind of fiction. It occupied less than five pages of the magazine, yet, within the limits of a single situation, it seemed to us the amplest and at the same time the most subtle disclosure of vital truth ever compassed within so brief a sketch. It was written by a woman who in the development of heart and mind represents three generations of the finest culture in America. Its English was not simply reproachless; it was satisfying, having the positive charm of sureness and ease without betraying any of the defects of facility.

We should have been disappointed if the writer had indulged in a single trope of speech, not only as momentarily throwing us out of focus, but as resorting to some lower means of satisfaction, besides showing on her part just a trace of self-consciousness. We expect such tropes in a poem; they are an essential part of the poetic procedure and may be stairs of ascent. They are welcome and in no way disturbing elements in the discursive essay, unless they degenerate into mere tricks of mental prestidigitation; and they are fit in a certain kind of novels where the authors seem like showmen of the spectacles they produce and entertain us accordingly. If the showman happens to have the genius of George Meredith, the entertainment is of a high order. But there are stories in which these agile turns of speech seem worse than impertinent; as we have said, they put us out of focus, and the reader feels as if he were somehow being trifled with. The story we have mentioned has no such tricky allurements of phrase or of style; not because the author is taking herself too seriously—she is, indeed, completely detached, not taken into account at all,—but because, with imperative intent, the truth involved in the vital situation holds her to an inevitable course in its disclosure.

For the story is not told; it unfolds itself, limned upon the darkness in ad-

vancing stages of portraiture as the reader is led on to new angles of vision, until the tense little drama is completed. What is apparent before this development is simply an elderly woman meeting for the first time a younger one at the home of the latter. We see at once that all happenings concerning these two, and which give occasion and significance to their meeting in this rustic home, are in the past, and then that the principal person in the drama, whose presence begins to be felt, filling the room, is remote in another sense—through his death, which is known only to one of the two, the older woman, his mother. We know it because we are permitted to see not only this woman in her outward guise of gentle dignity, but the passion also of the mother-heart which has irresistibly brought her hither, to his heart's dwelling-place. We see with her eyes, with the large wisdom of her gentle culture, all that she divines as she regards the younger woman and her surroundings; we know the secret of the boy's sacred infatuation, infinitely exalting the beloved one, beholding in her the magnificent possibilities of æsthetic and intellectual growth, endowing her with all the treasures of his love, and bringing to her all his most prized possessions, souvenirs of travel, tokens of hereditary culture—even the family Plutarch! And on her part, the narrow view, with the eager aspiration to leap over its barriers, not to be in a world with him, as he ardently wished, but in a world such as his; the avid seizure of all gifts and opportunities with that gratitude which excluded the one response his heart most craved, if, indeed, any room were left for her loving, since his love penetrated and filled every niche of her otherwise barren existence; the very avarice of hunger for self-enrichment and self-development at the need-less cost of his desolation.

Then we turn from this vision of loveless ambition and the lover's wistful quest to the two women in the foreground, with all this behind them. We hear the younger say, "Ah! but you cannot understand!"



As if there were any element in the case which escaped the knowledge of the sad, proud mother—sad for all the waste, proud for her son's power of unselfish devotion—but glad, because to the young woman who thought him still alive he was as if he had never been, so that death had left him wholly the mother's own. "What need to tell her that the boy was dead?"

So the story ends. For its mere outlines it might be of any time or place within the limits of modern civilization. Put in the form of a narrative, even with Henry James's subtle parentheses, its effect would be marred by the outward projection of a drama which is essentially wholly subjective. The art which gives it its spiritual evolution gives it also its distinction; and it is the art of this time and of no other. The disclosure is as ample as it is intimate—far ampler than is shown in our brief sketch of it. One masterly feature, which we have omitted, is its portrayal of real class distinction in the person of the elderly woman—a distinction not of title or of wealth, not of formal education or even of accomplishment, but of innate nobility grown into mature perfectness. Without condescension, this type of nobility has the wisdom born of sympathy, and, besides righteous judgment, a gentle tolerance.

The fulness of a disclosure not dissipated in exhaustive explicitness, nor yet hidden in blind implications, is a characteristic distinction of the best contemporaneous expression in fiction; and we have singled out this little story for comment, not to praise it, but as a singularly apt illustration of the most advanced stage in the art of short-story writing—the norm of its kind.

It is easy to say that this sort of fiction is being better done now than a generation ago, and that some effects are possible now that were not possible then, not only because of advance in the art, but because also of a more deeply cultivated imaginative sensibility in the reader—the ground at once of imperative expectation of such effects and of their instant and full appreciation. Much indeed that we have been saying in these pages about new and surprising variations, now and never before apparent in

the evolution of genius, has doubtless seemed to many of our readers speculative and even visionary. But here is a triumphantly convincing example, exceptional in its excellence, yet typically representative of a class of short stories, individual instances of which will readily occur to the diligent and thoughtful reader of our best magazines.

Illuminating also this instance is of the capabilities of the type for the largest satisfaction, something higher than that derived from the most striking narrative or from the most imposing objective drama. Even in the stage representation of character and dramatic situation, or in any like projection of the imaginative procession of a story, however novel, picturesque, and imposing the spectacle may be, it is only when it ceases to be merely a spectacle, when we are drawn from the outward show and all its interesting accessories into the invisible world of the spirit, the Hades of all souls, where lie the springs of action, and where the subtle and shadowy intent and ghostly complexion of our passions are disclosed—then only it is that we are most profoundly impressed.

The power of the human imagination is to its utmost reach revealed only when the writer, like Æneas, plucks the mystic bough and puts the visible world behind him, bearing with him into the realm of shadows—the only realm of the real as well as of the leal—nothing of even natural scenery except that slender twig, no material leverage of any sort for the advantage or enhancement of his magic art. This is the only genuine spiritualism open to us, with no juggling in it, no poses, no glosses, none of the traits of insincerity; even the dramatic masque is reduced to a transparency—the insubstantial veil hiding and showing the palpitant souls of things. Tropes there are, and diversions—the turns taken by the living truth, leading us on without caprice to frank and candid surprises.

We are not insisting upon the subjectively dramatic story as the only excellent kind or as the only kind which marks the advance made in the art of fiction; in the present number, indeed, there is a story by the author of the one which we have been making the subject of our comment, of a very different type

from that—as vividly projected as that was subtly withdrawn, keenly visualized throughout, and precisely contemporaneous, yet of equal artistic value and distinguished by as faultless diction. Whenever the artist's quest is for inward beauty and truth he is sure, in whatever kind of fiction he may create, to divest his art of all disguises and affectations and to give it a living investiture with only natural advantages. All of our literature—interpretative criticism, history, essays, and poetry, as well as fiction—which is distinctive of this generation and will live into the next gives evidence of this positive sincerity.

It is a significant truth that neither of the stories we have specifically mentioned would in a prize contest even succeed in reaching the eyes of the judges, if there should be any preliminary sifting of offerings; and by those critics who habitually depreciate magazine stories both would be indiscriminately ignored, simply because those critics would not read them. No great name compels, and no obviously striking feature arrests, attention. Nevertheless, it is this kind of fiction and this kind of creative work in our histories and our interpretative essays—the kind, that is, which is sincere in the positive sense in its disclosures of living truth, without gloss or affectation—which is the characteristic distinction of the best literature of our time, and which has never so distinctly marked the literature of any former period. It is this which gives Howells a place in our æsthetic regard which Dickens could not fill, howmuchsoever the latter may still excite our admiration by his masterful drama and wonderful humor.

Why is it, then, that the vast multitude of readers are captivated by quite another sort of literature which has the earmarks of a greatness that is past, without its essential excellence? We concede the majority; and it has at all times been true that the multitude is reactionary, not through a judicious appreciation of past virtues so much as by a vain admiration of what in old masters must, by the advanced standard of the present, be judged defective. Even the "saving remnant" is not wholly emancipated from the misleading allurements of the old pageantry, and, from the just regard

and cherishment of real worth in former festivals, easily passes to an undue if not fond tolerance of their empty decorations and hollow masquerades. Only the select few are altogether discriminating, but in every generation their judgment becomes more and more that of the future, so that it dominates that process of selection which determines the lasting prosperity of classics. The popularity of a work is no test of its value.

On the other hand, popularity in the polite world of letters is not necessarily a disparagement. Fortunately there are writers who, like George Eliot in the last generation and Mrs. Humphry Ward in the present, not only stand for what is best in the literature of their time, but are also able to arrest attention and to compel an audience coextensive with culture, by qualities of mastery which involve no sacrifice of their art. But for such writers no magazine could have a very large audience and at the same time maintain advanced standards.

The saddest and most discouraging feature of current literature is not the lack of fine examples, but the pessimistic critic's failure to give them recognition. Only the striking example compels his praise, while those many which quietly give satisfaction of the highest order escape his notice. Thus unwittingly he strengthens the cause of the Philistines, flatteringly conceding to them the entire field, which, to the contrary, is really held by a constantly emerging host whose banner and watchword have eluded his discernment because he is vainly looking for types that have disappeared—for a Poe or a Dickens or a Hawthorne. He ignores in like manner the deeper culture of imaginative sensibility which has made a new audience for a new order of genius; else how can he assert—as Mr. Charles Leonard Moore does—that fifty years ago "there was twenty times as much sympathy for and appreciation of things of the mind" as there is to-day. By this particular critic, the assertion is meant for America, and while we might concede the literary inferiority of this country relatively, at least to France and England, yet it is in this very half-century that nearly all of our literature that is worthy of the name has been produced.

Hawthorne is the one really great prose author of the earlier period whose originality of genius seems to defy comparison. That our fiction is not like that of Poe or Brockden Brown or Cooper is surely not to its discredit. For ourselves, we prefer Mrs. Deland's, Mrs. Wilkins-Freeman's, Mrs. Wharton's, or that of any one of half a dozen contemporary American women we might mention, to say nothing of James, Howells, and Mark Twain.

If the multitude of readers are reactionary, so also are the majority of writers who especially appeal to the multitude. Thus entirely separate from the lasting literature of the present is that larger, noisier, and more showy world of literature which in a brief time goes to pieces, and which in no way marks an advancing stage of evolution nor is related to the continuous current of human culture. It coexists with democracy, whose merely superficial aspects it may represent, but the real democracy of literature is something quite different and in another world—that of excellence rather than that of mediocrity. It is the everlasting distinction of genius that it is democratic and natural—a distinction more shiningly apparent when shorn of vain pomp and circumstance and allied to inward beauty and worth.

The time was, and not so very long ago, when the multitude had little to do with the fortunes of literature and had as little representation in history or fiction. Today to the casual observer it would almost seem that the fortunes of authors, if not of literature, absolutely depend upon the plebiscite. But this is not really true of literature itself—that is, of good literature, which the popular voice can neither make nor unmake. Nevertheless in our time the common people have entered into the intimate texture of fiction as it has into that of history.

The American novelist dealing with American character has this advantage—that, in this environment, manhood and womanhood appear more for what they essentially are, in a natural development comparatively but little restricted or modified by those traditional limitations which, in older countries, give institu-

tional life an overshadowing domination and inflexibly fix and maintain class distinctions. Yet this American character is by no means simple or elemental. It matures individually rather than collectively and develops distinctive individual traits—such as so vividly and with a fine strain of humor Booth Tarkington portrays in his new novel now running serially in this Magazine.

The reader has already noted the "various stops" of this new quill in our orchestra. We can vouch for the novel that it will be thoroughly American to the end. In the prospect now opened up to the heroine, Ariel Tabor—this crude unconventional girl, cherishing the artist's dream, but so much a woman that the chief allurements of the dream's promise is that she may "learn how to dress,"—Paris looms up in the distance, but the reader may rest assured that the novelist will not follow her thither. How far he will follow the wanderings of Joe Loudon—whether even outside of his native Indiana—remains to be seen, but he will not leave America.

What a contrast the whole drama to that presented by Mrs. Humphry Ward's last novel! Think of Joe Loudon, in our interest, following immediately William Ashe! Ashe it is that individually is extremely modern, like Rosebery or Balfour, but with all the institutional life of old England behind him. Loudon, against a social background of yesterday, is himself as old as the sphinx, as old as the soil from which such types have sprung perennially from the beginning—some time ago an Andrew Jackson, later an Abraham Lincoln.

In fiction generally, and notably in American fiction, the trend seems to be away from the portrayal of conventional society and of institutional life in even its larger meanings. Few writers excel in that field to-day as Mrs. Humphry Ward does, and even she in the creation of her recent heroines, Julie Le Breton and Lady Kitty, runs far away from the conventional type. The most difficult of all classes of stories to secure for magazine use is that successfully portraying urban life. Of the so-called society stories which are written nearly all are shallow and meaningless, the bright exception only proving the rule.

## EDITOR'S DRAWER

# The Widow Preble

BY CLARK B. WAKEFIELD

THE loftiest of purposes animated the existence of the Ladies' Aid Society of the Alexandria Methodist Episcopal Church. Since the founding of the church there had always been a deficit in the salary collected for the pastor. Fixed at five hundred dollars per year, this salary had never been paid in full until the Ladies' Aid Society was formed. Then all was changed. The society went about quilting, sewing carpet-rags, and giving bazars. In summer ice-cream, strawberries, lemonade, and such delicacies were served under their auspices at stated intervals. In the winter the intervals were no less long, and oysters and coffee and basket socials held sway. Thus the society accomplished its end, and a long-felt pastoral need was supplied.

As for the widow Preble, she was, if not grand, at least gloomy and peculiar, and only very recently a widow. Her husband had been a procrastinating carpenter, with a periodical but complete submission to the habit of drink. He was at all times easy of temper, and in his cups he manifested an extraordinary fondness for his fellow men. On the sad day whose evening found his wife a widow, he was exhibiting his altruistic intent by attempting to stop a passenger-train at a crossing, in the interest of a lady in a buggy. He stood in the centre of the track and waved his arms wide, but the train did not pause

until it had run down his chivalrous body. His widow was a sensible creature. She did not drop all hold upon the trapeze-bar of life. The few tears she shed were in private. Then she went calmly and gloomily back to her work of washing for the support of her four children. Rumor had it that she said she had one less mouth now to feed.

It was at this stage in her career that the Ladies' Aid Society, moved through all its gentle feminine veins by the widow's struggle for a livelihood, took her case in hand. A committee of three went to call on the bereaved woman. They found her bending over the wash-tub in the kitchen. In the interval necessary for her to roll down her sleeves and put on a clean apron, the visiting committee decided that the widow's home was very



THE COMMITTEE DECIDED THAT THE WIDOW'S HOME WAS VERY NEAT



neat, for one in her circumstances. Some even went to the extent of declaring *sotto voce* that it was no wonder she was pressed for money: look at the flubdubs she had about her rooms!

She was of a melancholy disposition, and her bravery was something of the fatalist's; so by the pressure of sympathetic ladies of the committee she was led by not very gradual stages to rehearse the story of her woes. It was at this point that she shed the bulk of the tears restrained at her husband's death.

"I'm a widder!" she moaned through the fingers raised before her face. "I'm a widder—jist a common ole played-out widder!"

"But, Mrs. Preble," broke in the chairman of the committee, Mrs. Saxon, "we've come to help you out. We've all thought it over, and we've decided that the Ladies' Aid Society can help you without hurting the treasury—the preacher's salary's all paid."

"Oh, I'm jist an ole widder—with four children," came the plaint of the bereaved lady, apparently unconsoled by the kindly intentions of the visiting delegation. "They hain't nothin' t' be done with me except t' knock me in the head. I've overstaid my time on this-yere earth. I'm too old—too old. Oh!"

She was in a rocking-chair, and she rocked to and fro, uttering hysterical cries. The sympathetic Mrs. Saxon grasped her hands and tried to reason with her.

"Come, come now, Mrs. Preble—you mustn't take on like this. You mustn't give way to your grief. Remember"—she sought, troubled, for comforting words—"this—this may be all for the best."

"What may be all for the best?" The widow dropped her hands and stared fearfully up.

"This—this death, you know. It may be all for the best."

"Oh, how *kin* it be fer the best?" the widow moaned. "He didn't have no insurance!"

The visiting ladies were shocked, and withdrew into their shells. Only Mrs. Saxon remained at the widow's side, remonstrating against this outburst of despair, which was of such a penetrating quality that it brought the four small Prebles into the room to stare and then to blubber in affright. In comforting them, the mother gradually regained something of her composure.

"I'm much obliged to you, ladies," she said, gloomily. "I'm much obliged. But they hain't nothin' yuh c'n do fer me. I'll go on a-workin' till I wear plumb out an' drop. Then I reckon they's a pore-farm fer my children t' be raised at. Mebbe they c'd git into an orphan's home somewheres. I've heard they don't feed children much of anything at sich places; but my children is only a-cumberin' the ground, anyhow, an' it won't be long they'll have t' suffer, if they starve t' death!"

Under the influence of this comforting

series of reflections she became quite cheerful before the committee departed.

"I'd give yuh all a bite t' eat if I had ut," she said, "but I hain't got nothin' but some dry bread an' a soup-bone. But I reckon folks don't come t' beggars' houses a-lookin' fer food." She followed the ladies to the door, her face serenely mournful.

"I'm much obliged t' yuh, I'm sure," she said again. "An' yuh may have a chance t' help me yet. I'll probably be dead before long, an' then y' c'n see that I'm laid away. I *would* like t' be buried decent—though I reckon beggars ought t' be satisfied with a pine box, an' a wheelbarrow fer a hearse."

The members of the committee went home in disconcerted discussion. Some of the lighter minds were disposed to jest at the widow's view of the situation; others were for allowing her to follow unaided the path she had ungratefully chosen; but Mrs. Saxon was a power, and she at last brought a majority to her standard—which stood for charity to be gently forced upon the defenceless Mrs. Preble.

"You'll see," said the earnest chairman; "you'll just see—she'll be glad to take our help if we just give it to her anyhow."

"Very likely," grunted Mrs. Dougherty, leader of the opposition. "Very likely. For my part, I haven't any patience with her. If she doesn't want our help she can do without it for all o' me."

The chairman, however, was not daunted. She called a meeting of the society, and before the combined body she laid her plans for the assistance of the widow. She proposed an entertainment, to be made up of singing, recitations and dialogues, and music by the town band. The last-named organization having just obtained new uniforms, no difficulty was anticipated in securing their cooperation without price. The opposition being won over by degrees, preparations for the entertainment were carried to completion; but strict silence was maintained as to the object of these efforts.

In the mean time Mrs. Preble had received a visit—not this time from a delegation, but from a single individual. This visitor was a tall, spare gentleman of a thoughtful cast of countenance. He wore his hair long, and was accustomed to run his fingers through it in a statesmanlike manner. His approach having been noted by one of the young Prebles, who carried the news with a shriek to the mother, it was the widow herself who opened the front door and stared coldly on the caller.

"Madam," he announced, lifting his hat negligently and speaking in a sonorous voice. "I have been directed to your house—"

"If yer a book-agent, I mize well tell yuh right now that I hain't got no money t' spend on books," was the widow's morose declaration.

"Madam, I am not a book-agent. As I say, I was directed here—"

"Air ye a feather renovator? If ye air, I ain't got no feather beds fer yuh t' fix.

Ain't had one in ten years."

The visitor smiled slightly, with a weary sort of grandeur.

"Madam," he said, "I am neither a book-agent nor a feather renovator. I am a lawyer. My name is Gilbert. Here is my card."

She took it unintelligently. The visitor passed through the doorway while she stood in silence.

"I called," he said, letting himself easily into a rocking-chair, "because I heard that you were in need of a capable attorney."

He regarded her with benevolent inquiry, and resumed:

"Your husband, I understand, was recently — recently — that is, I hear that he was, by a sad accident, deprived of his life."

The widow nodded a solemn assent.

"By the railroad's carelessness," the attorney continued, and shook his head in rebuke of the criminally negligent corporation.

"He was standin' on the track," said the widow, thoughtfully.

"So I have learned. And the train struck and killed him." Mr. Gilbert again shook a condemnatory head. "You have not sought to recover damages?"

"No, sir." The widow eyed him with a sudden increase of respect.

"That is exactly why I came to see you. I live in Bloomington, but as soon as I read of this sad accident in the papers I made up my mind to call on you."

The widow mused.

"How much d'yuh reckon he—my man—would be worth?" was the question born of her meditation.

"Oh," the lawyer replied, "that is, of course, hard to say. The limit fixed by law for human life in this State is \$5000. But it might not be possible to recover such a sum in this case."

She mused again.

"He was a right good man, Jim was," she said, presently. "A right good man—stout



SHE STARED COLDLY ON THE CALLER

an' healthy. W'y, I've saw him break a door panel with his fist, jist like it was glass!" She looked at the lawyer for approval. "When he was drinkin', of course," she concluded, in explanation of Mr. Preble's door-breaking proclivities.

"Now, my proposition is this," said the lawyer, returning to business. "I will take up this case for you for—oh, say half the amount awarded by the court."

The widow narrowed her eyes at him shrewdly, but made no reply.

"I shall file suit at once," he resumed, "if it is agreeable to you."

She mused again; made some silent calculations on her fingers, and looked far away; then—

"All right," she said, "you do it. An' do the best yuh kin, won't yuh?" She started a flow of tears. "Do yer best, Mr. Gilbert, and remember I'm a widder, with four children t' support."

Something very like a tear shone in the attorney's eye, and his sonorous voice was husky as he pressed the widow's hand.

"I'll do my best, Mrs. Preble," he said: and shut the door behind him.

The entertainment given for the benefit of the widow Preble was a success. All the



"GOOD-DAY ALL," SHE SAID

performers waded through their parts with credit to themselves, their parents and instructors, and applause was spontaneous and profuse.

On the following afternoon the entertainment committee of the Ladies' Aid Society met the executive committee in the parlor of Mrs. Saxon's home. The treasurer was at once called on for a report of receipts and expenditures. It was a moment of breathless interest in which that officer arose and announced that the sum of \$48 60 remained from the entertainment proceeds after all expenses had been paid.

"And so," said the radiant Mrs. Saxon, "we have made enough to help that poor woman quite a bit."

She was about to go on, when there came a clang of the front door-bell. The mistress of the house hastened to respond, and entered the parlor a moment later followed by Mrs. Preble in her cleanest and best, but with no badge of widowhood noticeable in her attire. The members of the Ladies' Aid Society greeted her with interest and curiosity.

"How d'yuh all do?" was her salutation to the roomful. She seemed somehow lightened of her gloom, strangely buoyant. The ladies waited expectantly. At last Mrs. Saxon took upon herself the mission of delivery of glad tidings.

"Mrs. Preble," she exclaimed, "you're the very person we've been wanting to see! Now, what do you suppose we wanted to see you about?"

The widow's face was inundated by a smile.

"I know," she said, with enthusiasm. "I've heard all about ut!"

The ladies showed surprise—even displeasure.

"How on earth—" Mrs. Saxon began.

"I was told," said the complacent widow, "an' I come straight here."

"To thank us?" broke in Mrs. Saxon. "Oh, but you needn't thank us! We only did—"

"It 'll come in mighty handy," Mrs. Preble resumed; but there seemed an undercurrent of mystery now in her attitude.

"Of course. We knew it would. And I'm so glad—we're all so glad—you take it this way—"

"It 'll come in mighty handy," the widow repeated; and the sense of mystery deepened. "I'm go'n-a git married agin!"

The room resounded with an exclamation of combined amazement.

"He's a lawyer," the happy creature went on. "His name's Gilbert, an' we ain't go'n-a live here—we're go'n-a live in Bloomington." She paused. "Y' see, he's go'n-a git damages fer the railroad a-killin' Jim, an' Mr. Gilbert's purty well fixed himself; an' with what we git from the railroad I reckon we c'n git along right comf'table."

Dead silence held the room.

"An' I come straight here, Mis' Saxon, t' ask if yuh c'd lemme have that donation right away. I got t' buy some weddin' things, y' know—a trousseau."

The silent circle fixed their eyes upon the chairman as she hesitated. Then, with a flutter of the hands, Mrs. Saxon placed the donation purse in the widow's outstretched fingers.

Mrs. Preble swept the room with a look of perfect satisfaction.

"Good-day, all," she said. "An' I'm much obliged t' yuh, I'm sure."

### Spring Fever: A Phonetical Diagnosis

THE squilgy spring has flupped me with her breath,

That swoons and swuffs across the blint-ing bay.

I am kerflopped from life to effish death,

And mooger droody drawdle all the day.

All barpl'd burls the air athwart my sight,

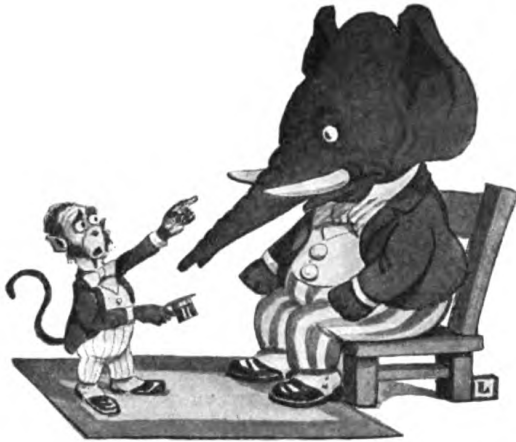
And fumid oolies frogglify my brain,  
Swyming in awlic eemes that fly askite  
To frazzle veemly toward my head again.

Then glupic gluggness klugs the skrooge,  
and I

Inguffle ikkik till I fairly gaw!

All swulty is the air, though I am dry,  
And spugg the gump nuggs on the crapit spaw.

RICHARD RICE.



MONK. "Don't you know it's impolite to keep toothpicks in your mouth in company?"

### The Lawn Swing

ON the coolest spot of my shady lawn,  
Where the clovers bloom and the wood-  
bines cling,  
When I am weary in brain and brawn  
I haste to the love of my old lawn swing.  
The tall elms droop in a soft caress,  
The breezes play on a fancied lute,  
As I fling myself to its glad embrace,  
And gently press with an eager foot.  
For I—know  
It will go—just so,  
Never too—fast,  
Never too—slow,  
Never too—high,  
Never too—low,  
Backward,—forward,  
Go, swing,—go!

I waive the joys of society  
For the tranquil dreams of an idle mood;  
I shun the friends that are dear to me,  
And tiptoe off to my solitude.  
Away with play and the toil of the day!  
Give me the joy of a drowsy mind!  
Oh, let me float in my lawn-swing boat  
In the soothing balm of a summer wind.  
For I—know  
It will go—just so,  
Never too—high,  
Never too—low,  
Never too—fast,  
Never too—slow,  
Backward,—forward,  
Go, swing,—go!

CHARLES P. CLEAVES.

### Misplaced Confidence

A LITTLE girl came in from school one day, very indignant because she had been kept in to correct her problems after the others had been dismissed.

"Mamma," she said, "I'll nevur, nevur

speak to Edna Bates again as long as I live!"

"Why, dear?" asked her mother.

"Because," pouted the little maid, "because I copied all my zamples from her, and evey one of 'em was wong."

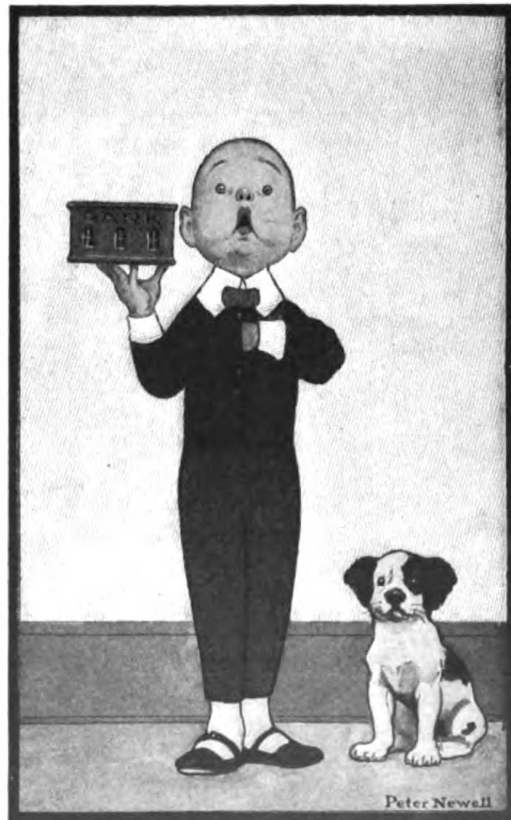
JULIAN MENKEY.

### Rondel of the Rencontre

WE met. The left I took,  
Then dodged, but why repeat?  
For she, with stony look,  
Dodged also, indiscreet.  
We sidestepped in the street,  
She blushed, and dropped her book;  
We met. The left I took,  
Then dodged, but why repeat?

To pass, by hook or crook,  
We strove with nimble feet;  
My soul with laughter shook,  
The book was at our feet.  
We stooped. My heart she took,  
We loved—but why repeat?

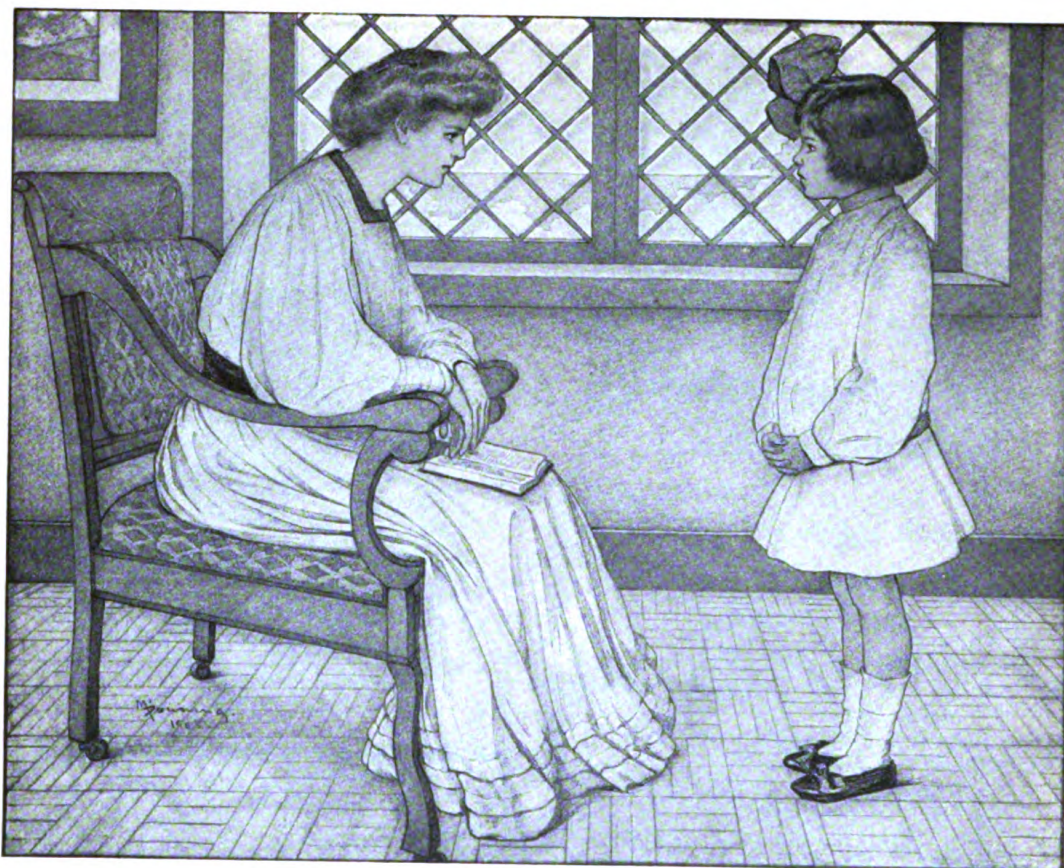
GEORGE H. MAITLAND.



### A Young Financier

I'VE got a brand-new cast-iron bank that  
Uncle William sent;  
Pa says it's solid as a rock, and I'm its  
president.





### As it Sounded

*"What did you sing in Sunday-school, dear?"*

*"It was, 'For all the Saints who from their Neighbors Rest,' mother."*

## A Disconcerting Grandpa

BY S. E. KISER

WHEN grandpa comes to visit us  
 And stays a week or two,  
 And pa begins to make a fuss  
 At everything I do,  
 And says I'm worse than some disease,  
 Then grandpa takes me on his knees,  
 And when he lets me go  
 He tells pa kind of low:  
 "You ought to be more patienter—boys will  
 be boys, you know."

When I upset my soup one day,  
 And spilled it on the floor,  
 Pa told me to go right away  
 And not come back no more;  
 He said I ought to have to get

My meals the way the heathens et.  
 And after while, when he  
 Was not around to see,  
 Why, grandpa gave me fifty cents to spend  
 on him and me.

One night when I got whipped and sent  
 To bed, and it was all  
 As dark as pitch up there, I went  
 And listened in the hall,  
 And grandpa scolded pa! Wisht there  
 Was only grandpas everywhere.—  
 If all our pas, you know,  
 Could be our grandpas, oh,  
 Then wouldn't this here world be fine and  
 good to live in, though!



## Electricity

**A** PECULIARITY of old Cæsar, the negro servant of a Texas family, is his constant desire to appear well informed on every subject brought up in his presence. Not long ago, however, his acuteness stumbled, and was for once at fault.

The master of the place had installed electric lights throughout the house, and was explaining the workings of the fluid to Cæsar, who nodded his head and puckered his lips shrewdly as the various points were revealed for his benefit.

"You see, the whole thing comes from the dynamo—at the power-house—and goes into the wires—and then into the lights." The master paused. "Now do you understand?"

The ancient retainer blinked with the effort to grasp the entire subject; then curiosity mastered him.

"Yes, suh, I un'stands all 'bout dem dynamos an' pow'-houses an' sich; but whut I wants t' know is—how do the kerosene squirt thoo dem wiehs?"

## Bred in the Bone

**T**HE cooking-class of a well-known private school gave a dinner for the directors at the end of the term. The president of the board was a leading banker of the city. After the dessert was served he called his little daughter to him and asked:

"Well, my dear, what of all these fine things we have been eating did you make?"

"I didn't make anything, papa; I cut the coupons for the soup," was her reply.



## A Little Mistake

**I** PRAYED for a baby sister,  
Oh, much as a year, I guess.  
But I didn't mention the number,  
For I s'posed God knew our address.  
And He sent the darlingest baby,  
All pink, and dimpled, and sweet,  
And where do you s'pose they left her?  
Why, over across the street.

And what do you s'pose they've named her?  
Why, Sarah Elizabeth Pratt!  
Just think of a soft little baby  
With a name as solemn as that.  
But, soon as I could, I kissed her,  
And whispered close in her ear,  
"You're my own little baby sister,  
And your name is Rosamond, dear."  
EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.



"*FRANK'S fishin', an' I guess he's safe,*"  
Said Aunt Maria Tuck.



"*THE darling boy, he couldn't drown,*"  
He swims just like a duck!"



MR. ANTEATER (*wearily*). "My dear, will you ever learn to hold your tongue?"

### Misplaced Sympathy

MRS. STOWELL, who was visiting a blind asylum, was greatly impressed by the wonderful things that had been accomplished by these afflicted beings. Her sympathy increased as she saw more of the inmates, and overflowed when she met on the stairs a young blind boy going up as rapidly and unconcernedly as though he saw his way.

"You poor boy," said she, her tones tremulous with compassion, "how do you know when you get to the top of the stairs?"

"I don't, madam," was the cool reply; "I keep right on going up."

### A Dotted Prayer

LITTLE Edward was learning to write sentences, placing punctuation marks at the end. He was very proud of his accomplishments, and talked to his mother of his lessons at school.

One night he knelt as usual for his evening prayer. He repeated it and then added, "Dot."

"Why do you say *dot*?" questioned his mother.

"Because," Edward gravely replied, with

a very superior air, "my teacher tells us to always put a dot after every sentence, and how is God to know it's there if I don't say it?"

### Special Words

MY mother she has special words  
She's always using, but I find  
The ones that I've most often heard  
Is By-um-by and Never-mind.

Whenever I can't have my way,  
And beg her "when?" and tease her "why?"  
The things she's likeliest to say  
Is Never-mind and By-um-by.

An' when our picnic stopped becuz  
It rained, or sumpin' of the kind,  
The only things she told us was  
Just By-um-by and Never-mind.

I ast when By-um-by would be,—  
She told me "Never-mind!" so I  
Said "What is Never mind?" and she  
Said I'd discover By-um-by.

My mother she has special words  
For question-answering and such,  
But I guess some that I have heard  
Don't really mean so awful much.  
BURGES JOHNSON.







Illustration for "The Fox-Brush"

See page 339

"I LOVED THE HUSK OF A MAN"





# HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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## *The ffox-Brush.* *Retold from the ffrench of Nicolas* *de Caen by Iames Branch Cabells*

HERE we have to do with the tenth tale of the third dizain of Nicolas de Caen, which is the Dizain of Queens. I abridge, since the scantiness of our leisure is balanced by the abundance of our prudery; the result is that to the Norman cleric appertains whatever the tale may have of merit, whereas what you find distasteful in it you must impute to my delinquencies in skill rather than in volition.

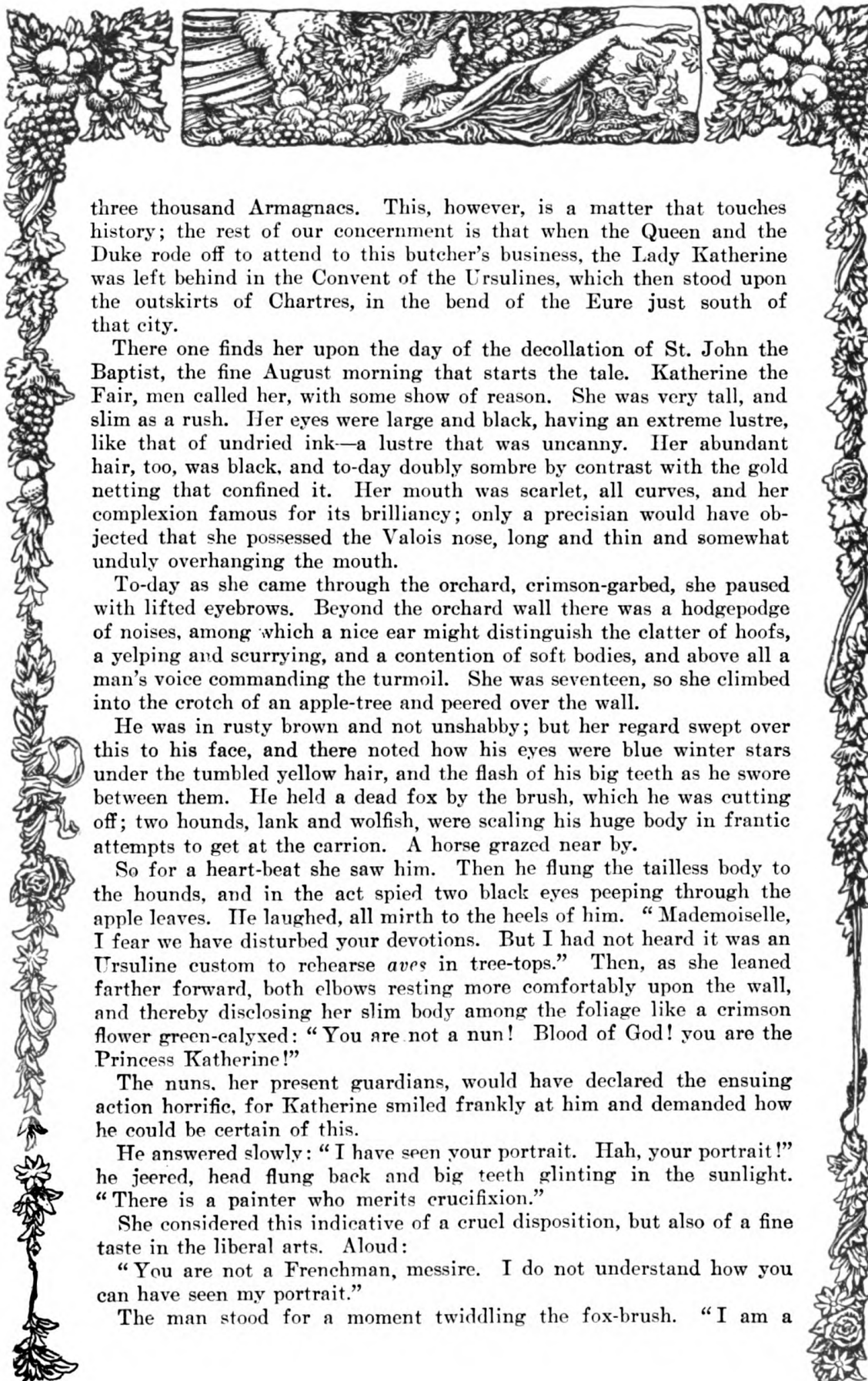
Early in the year of grace 1418 (thus Nicolas begins), Queen Ysabeau came with her daughter the Lady Katherine to Chartres. There the Queen was met by the Duke of Burgundy, and these two laid their heads together to such good effect that presently they got back into Paris and in that city massacred some

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three thousand Armagnacs. This, however, is a matter that touches history; the rest of our concernment is that when the Queen and the Duke rode off to attend to this butcher's business, the Lady Katherine was left behind in the Convent of the Ursulines, which then stood upon the outskirts of Chartres, in the bend of the Eure just south of that city.

There one finds her upon the day of the decollation of St. John the Baptist, the fine August morning that starts the tale. Katherine the Fair, men called her, with some show of reason. She was very tall, and slim as a rush. Her eyes were large and black, having an extreme lustre, like that of undried ink—a lustre that was uncanny. Her abundant hair, too, was black, and to-day doubly sombre by contrast with the gold netting that confined it. Her mouth was scarlet, all curves, and her complexion famous for its brilliancy; only a precisian would have objected that she possessed the Valois nose, long and thin and somewhat unduly overhanging the mouth.

To-day as she came through the orchard, crimson-garbed, she paused with lifted eyebrows. Beyond the orchard wall there was a hodgepodge of noises, among which a nice ear might distinguish the clatter of hoofs, a yelping and scurrying, and a contention of soft bodies, and above all a man's voice commanding the turmoil. She was seventeen, so she climbed into the crotch of an apple-tree and peered over the wall.

He was in rusty brown and not unshabby; but her regard swept over this to his face, and there noted how his eyes were blue winter stars under the tumbled yellow hair, and the flash of his big teeth as he swore between them. He held a dead fox by the brush, which he was cutting off; two hounds, lank and wolfish, were scaling his huge body in frantic attempts to get at the carrion. A horse grazed near by.

So for a heart-beat she saw him. Then he flung the tailless body to the hounds, and in the act spied two black eyes peeping through the apple leaves. He laughed, all mirth to the heels of him. "Mademoiselle, I fear we have disturbed your devotions. But I had not heard it was an Ursuline custom to rehearse *aves* in tree-tops." Then, as she leaned farther forward, both elbows resting more comfortably upon the wall, and thereby disclosing her slim body among the foliage like a crimson flower green-calyxed: "You are not a nun! Blood of God! you are the Princess Katherine!"

The nuns, her present guardians, would have declared the ensuing action horrific, for Katherine smiled frankly at him and demanded how he could be certain of this.

He answered slowly: "I have seen your portrait. Hah, your portrait!" he jeered, head flung back and big teeth glinting in the sunlight. "There is a painter who merits crucifixion."

She considered this indicative of a cruel disposition, but also of a fine taste in the liberal arts. Aloud:

"You are not a Frenchman, messire. I do not understand how you can have seen my portrait."

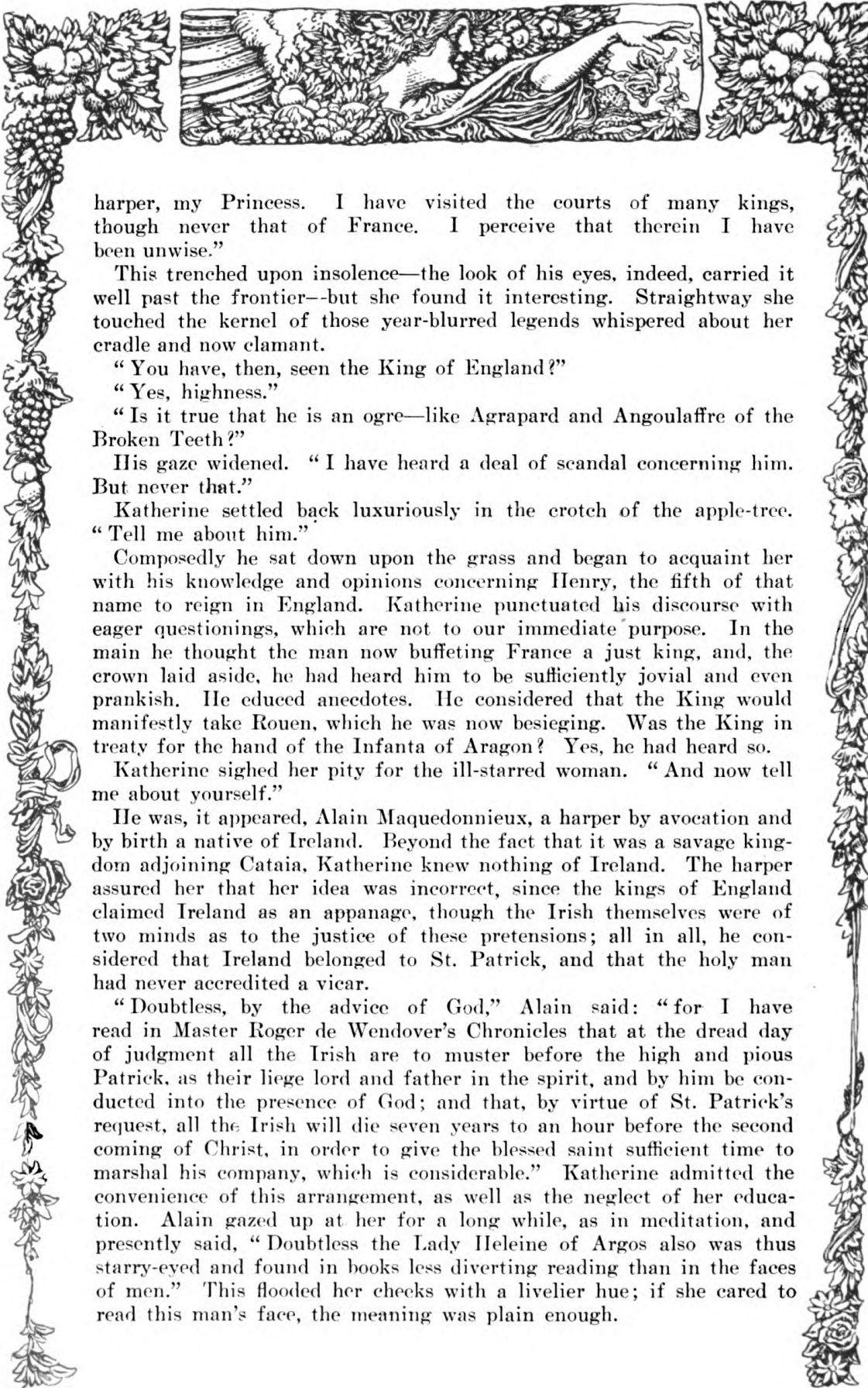
The man stood for a moment twiddling the fox-brush. "I am a





SO FOR A HEART-BEAT SHE SAW HIM





harper, my Princess. I have visited the courts of many kings, though never that of France. I perceive that therein I have been unwise."

This trenched upon insolence—the look of his eyes, indeed, carried it well past the frontier—but she found it interesting. Straightway she touched the kernel of those year-blurred legends whispered about her cradle and now clamant.

"You have, then, seen the King of England?"

"Yes, highness."

"Is it true that he is an ogre—like Agrapard and Angoulaffre of the Broken Teeth?"

His gaze widened. "I have heard a deal of scandal concerning him. But never that."

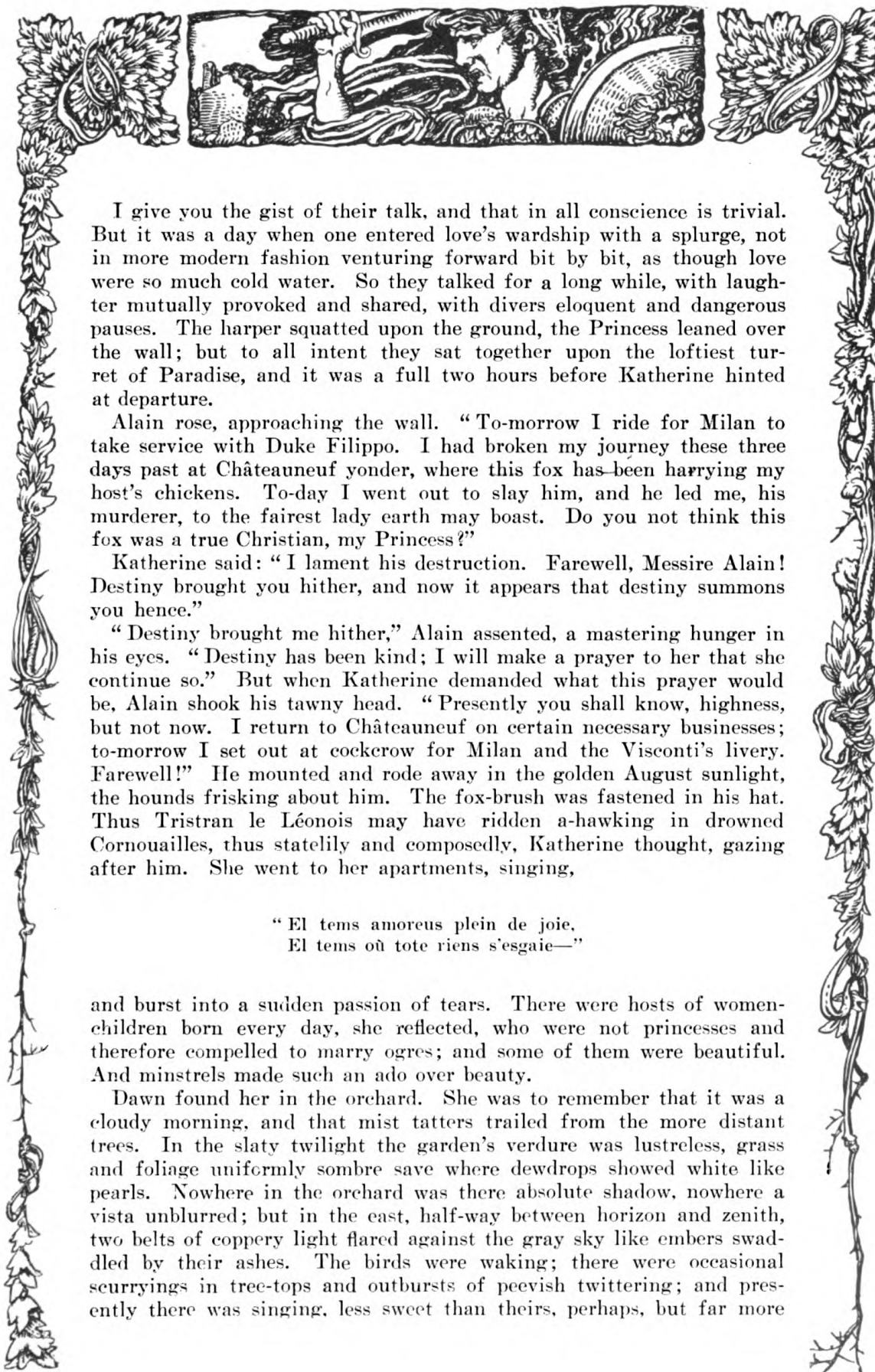
Katherine settled back luxuriously in the crotch of the apple-tree. "Tell me about him."

Composedly he sat down upon the grass and began to acquaint her with his knowledge and opinions concerning Henry, the fifth of that name to reign in England. Katherine punctuated his discourse with eager questionings, which are not to our immediate purpose. In the main he thought the man now buffeting France a just king, and, the crown laid aside, he had heard him to be sufficiently jovial and even prankish. He educed anecdotes. He considered that the King would manifestly take Rouen, which he was now besieging. Was the King in treaty for the hand of the Infanta of Aragon? Yes, he had heard so.

Katherine sighed her pity for the ill-starred woman. "And now tell me about yourself."

He was, it appeared, Alain Maquedonnieux, a harper by avocation and by birth a native of Ireland. Beyond the fact that it was a savage kingdom adjoining Cataia, Katherine knew nothing of Ireland. The harper assured her that her idea was incorrect, since the kings of England claimed Ireland as an appanage, though the Irish themselves were of two minds as to the justice of these pretensions; all in all, he considered that Ireland belonged to St. Patrick, and that the holy man had never accredited a vicar.

"Doubtless, by the advice of God," Alain said: "for I have read in Master Roger de Wendover's Chronicles that at the dread day of judgment all the Irish are to muster before the high and pious Patrick, as their liege lord and father in the spirit, and by him be conducted into the presence of God; and that, by virtue of St. Patrick's request, all the Irish will die seven years to an hour before the second coming of Christ, in order to give the blessed saint sufficient time to marshal his company, which is considerable." Katherine admitted the convenience of this arrangement, as well as the neglect of her education. Alain gazed up at her for a long while, as in meditation, and presently said, "Doubtless the Lady Ileline of Argos also was thus starry-eyed and found in books less diverting reading than in the faces of men." This flooded her cheeks with a livelier hue; if she cared to read this man's face, the meaning was plain enough.



I give you the gist of their talk, and that in all conscience is trivial. But it was a day when one entered love's wardship with a splurge, not in more modern fashion venturing forward bit by bit, as though love were so much cold water. So they talked for a long while, with laughter mutually provoked and shared, with divers eloquent and dangerous pauses. The harper squatted upon the ground, the Princess leaned over the wall; but to all intent they sat together upon the loftiest turret of Paradise, and it was a full two hours before Katherine hinted at departure.

Alain rose, approaching the wall. "To-morrow I ride for Milan to take service with Duke Filippo. I had broken my journey these three days past at Châteauneuf yonder, where this fox has been harrying my host's chickens. To-day I went out to slay him, and he led me, his murderer, to the fairest lady earth may boast. Do you not think this fox was a true Christian, my Princess?"

Katherine said: "I lament his destruction. Farewell, Messire Alain! Destiny brought you hither, and now it appears that destiny summons you hence."

"Destiny brought me hither," Alain assented, a mastering hunger in his eyes. "Destiny has been kind; I will make a prayer to her that she continue so." But when Katherine demanded what this prayer would be, Alain shook his tawny head. "Presently you shall know, highness, but not now. I return to Châteauneuf on certain necessary businesses; to-morrow I set out at cockcrow for Milan and the Visconti's livery. Farewell!" He mounted and rode away in the golden August sunlight, the hounds frisking about him. The fox-brush was fastened in his hat. Thus Tristan le Léonois may have ridden a-hawking in drowned Cornouailles, thus stately and composedly, Katherine thought, gazing after him. She went to her apartments, singing,

"El tems amoreus plein de joie,  
El tems où tote riens s'esgaie—"

and burst into a sudden passion of tears. There were hosts of women-children born every day, she reflected, who were not princesses and therefore compelled to marry ogres; and some of them were beautiful. And minstrels made such an ado over beauty.

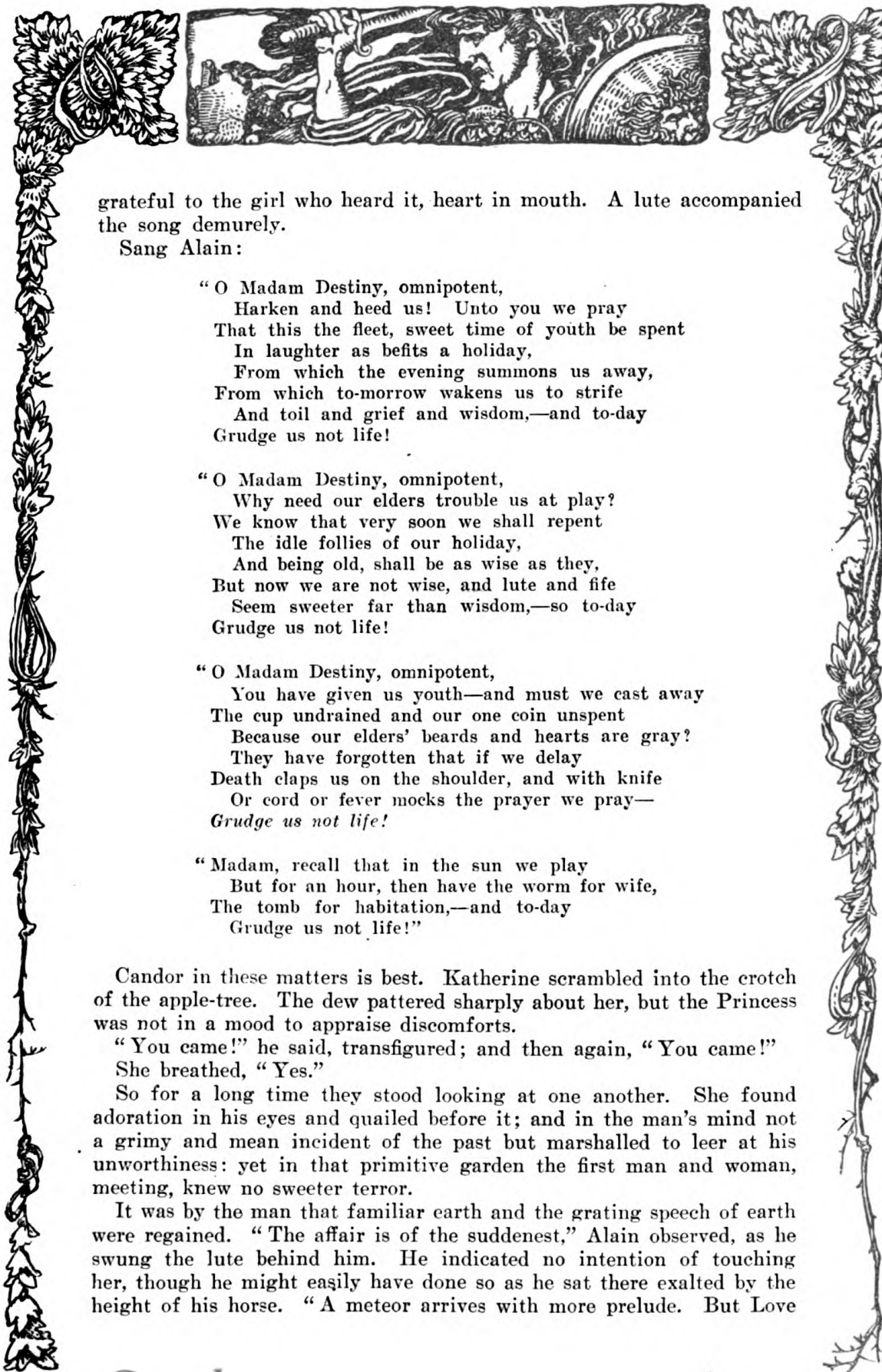
Dawn found her in the orchard. She was to remember that it was a cloudy morning, and that mist tatters trailed from the more distant trees. In the slaty twilight the garden's verdure was lustreless, grass and foliage uniformly sombre save where dewdrops showed white like pearls. Nowhere in the orchard was there absolute shadow, nowhere a vista unblurred; but in the east, half-way between horizon and zenith, two belts of coppery light flared against the gray sky like embers swaddled by their ashes. The birds were waking; there were occasional scurrings in tree-tops and outbursts of peevish twittering; and presently there was singing, less sweet than theirs, perhaps, but far more





HE CAME TO HER,—IN HIS HELMET A FOX-BRUSH SPANGLED WITH JEWELS





grateful to the girl who heard it, heart in mouth. A lute accompanied the song demurely.

Sang Alain:

"O Madam Destiny, omnipotent,  
Harken and heed us! Unto you we pray  
That this the fleet, sweet time of youth be spent  
In laughter as befits a holiday,  
From which the evening summons us away,  
From which to-morrow wakens us to strife  
And toil and grief and wisdom,—and to-day  
Grudge us not life!

"O Madam Destiny, omnipotent,  
Why need our elders trouble us at play?  
We know that very soon we shall repent  
The idle follies of our holiday,  
And being old, shall be as wise as they,  
But now we are not wise, and lute and fife  
Seem sweeter far than wisdom,—so to-day  
Grudge us not life!

"O Madam Destiny, omnipotent,  
You have given us youth—and must we cast away  
The cup undrained and our one coin unspent  
Because our elders' beards and hearts are gray?  
They have forgotten that if we delay  
Death claps us on the shoulder, and with knife  
Or cord or fever mocks the prayer we pray—  
Grudge us not life!

"Madam, recall that in the sun we play  
But for an hour, then have the worm for wife,  
The tomb for habitation,—and to-day  
Grudge us not life!"

Candor in these matters is best. Katherine scrambled into the crotch of the apple-tree. The dew pattered sharply about her, but the Princess was not in a mood to appraise discomforts.

"You came!" he said, transfigured; and then again, "You came!"  
She breathed, "Yes."

So for a long time they stood looking at one another. She found adoration in his eyes and quailed before it; and in the man's mind not a grimy and mean incident of the past but marshalled to leer at his unworthiness: yet in that primitive garden the first man and woman, meeting, knew no sweeter terror.

It was by the man that familiar earth and the grating speech of earth were regained. "The affair is of the suddenest," Alain observed, as he swung the lute behind him. He indicated no intention of touching her, though he might easily have done so as he sat there exalted by the height of his horse. "A meteor arrives with more prelude. But Love



is an arbitrary lord; desiring my heart, he has seized it, and accordingly I would now brave hell to come to you, and finding you there, esteem hell a pleasure-garden. I have already made my prayer to Destiny that she concede me love, and now of God, our Father and Master, I entreat quick death if I am not to win you. For, God willing, I shall come to you again, though in doing so it were necessary that I split the world like a rotten orange."

"Madness! Oh, brave, sweet madness!" Katherine said. "I am a king's daughter, and you a minstrel."

"Is it madness? Why, then, I think all sensible men are to be commiserated. And indeed I spy in all this some design. Across half the earth I came to you, led by a fox. Heh, God's face!" Alain swore; "the foxes that Samson, that sinewy captain, loosed among the corn of heathenry kindled no disputation such as this fox has set afoot. That was an affair of standing corn and olives spoilt, a bushel or so of disaster; now poised kingdoms topple on the brink of ruin. There will be martial argument shortly if you bid me come again."

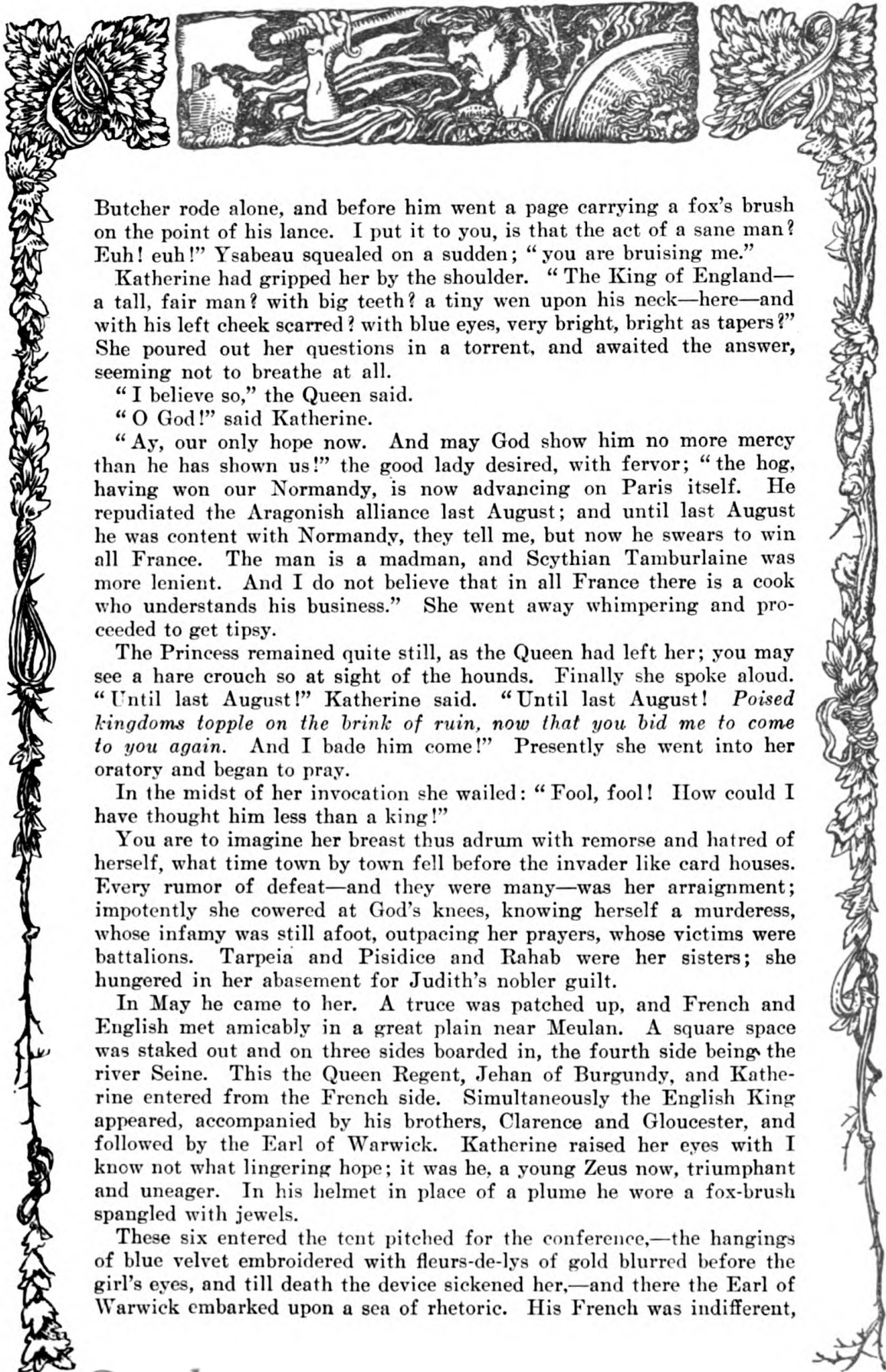
"I bid you come," said Katherine; and after they had stared at one another for a long while, he rode away in silence. It was through a dank, tear-flawed world that she stumbled conventward, while out of the east the sun came bathed in mists, a watery sun no brighter than a silver coin.

And for a month the world seemed no less dreary, but about Michaelmas the Queen Regent sent for her. At the Hôtel de St. Pol matters were much the same. Her mother she found in foul-mouthed rage over the failure of her third attempt to poison the Dauphin of Vienne, as she had previously poisoned her two elder sons; I might here trace out a curious similitude between the Valois and that dragon-spawned race which Jason very anciently slew at Colchis, since the world was never at peace so long as any two of them existed; but King Charles greeted his daughter with ampler deference, esteeming her Presbyter John's wife, the tyrant of Æthiopia. However, ingenuity had just suggested card-playing for his amusement, and he paid little attention nowadays to any one save his opponent.

So the French King chirped his senile jests over the card-table, while the King of England was besieging his city of Rouen sedulously and without mercy. In late autumn an armament from Ireland joined Henry's forces. The Irish fought naked, it was said, with long knives. Katherine heard discreditable tales of these Irish, and reflected how gross are the exaggerations of rumor.

In the year of grace 1419, in January, the burgesses of Rouen, having consumed their horses, and finding frogs and rats unpalatable, yielded the city. The Queen Regent brought the news to Katherine.

"God is asleep," the Queen said; "and while He nods, the Butcher of Agincourt has stolen our good city of Rouen." She sat down and breathed heavily. "Never was poor woman so pestered as I! The puddings to-day were quite uneatable, and on Sunday the Englishman entered Rouen in great splendor, attended by his chief nobles; but the



Butcher rode alone, and before him went a page carrying a fox's brush on the point of his lance. I put it to you, is that the act of a sane man? Euh! euh!" Ysabeau squealed on a sudden; "you are bruising me."

Katherine had gripped her by the shoulder. "The King of England—a tall, fair man? with big teeth? a tiny wen upon his neck—here—and with his left cheek scarred? with blue eyes, very bright, bright as tapers?" She poured out her questions in a torrent, and awaited the answer, seeming not to breathe at all.

"I believe so," the Queen said.

"O God!" said Katherine.

"Ay, our only hope now. And may God show him no more mercy than he has shown us!" the good lady desired, with fervor; "the hog, having won our Normandy, is now advancing on Paris itself. He repudiated the Aragonish alliance last August; and until last August he was content with Normandy, they tell me, but now he swears to win all France. The man is a madman, and Scythian Tamburlaine was more lenient. And I do not believe that in all France there is a cook who understands his business." She went away whimpering and proceeded to get tipsy.

The Princess remained quite still, as the Queen had left her; you may see a hare crouch so at sight of the hounds. Finally she spoke aloud. "Until last August!" Katherine said. "Until last August! *Poised kingdoms topple on the brink of ruin, now that you bid me to come to you again.* And I bade him come!" Presently she went into her oratory and began to pray.

In the midst of her invocation she wailed: "Fool, fool! How could I have thought him less than a king!"

You are to imagine her breast thus adrum with remorse and hatred of herself, what time town by town fell before the invader like card houses. Every rumor of defeat—and they were many—was her arraignment; impotently she cowered at God's knees, knowing herself a murderess, whose infamy was still afoot, outpacing her prayers, whose victims were battalions. Tarpeia and Pisidice and Rahab were her sisters; she hungered in her abasement for Judith's nobler guilt.

In May he came to her. A truce was patched up, and French and English met amicably in a great plain near Meulan. A square space was staked out and on three sides boarded in, the fourth side being the river Seine. This the Queen Regent, Jehan of Burgundy, and Katherine entered from the French side. Simultaneously the English King appeared, accompanied by his brothers, Clarence and Gloucester, and followed by the Earl of Warwick. Katherine raised her eyes with I know not what lingering hope; it was he, a young Zeus now, triumphant and uneager. In his helmet in place of a plume he wore a fox-brush spangled with jewels.

These six entered the tent pitched for the conference,—the hangings of blue velvet embroidered with fleurs-de-lys of gold blurred before the girl's eyes, and till death the device sickened her,—and there the Earl of Warwick embarked upon a sea of rhetoric. His French was indifferent,





his periods interminable, and his demands somewhat exorbitant; in brief, the King of England wanted Katherine and most of France, with the reversion at the French King's death of the entire kingdom. Meanwhile Henry sat in silence, his eyes glowing.

"I have come," he said, under cover of Warwick's oratory—"I have come again, my lady."

Katherine's gaze flickered over him. "Liar!" she said, very softly. "Has God no thunder in His armory that this vile thief should go unblasted? Would you filch love as well as kingdoms, sir?"

His ruddy face went white. "I love you, Katherine."

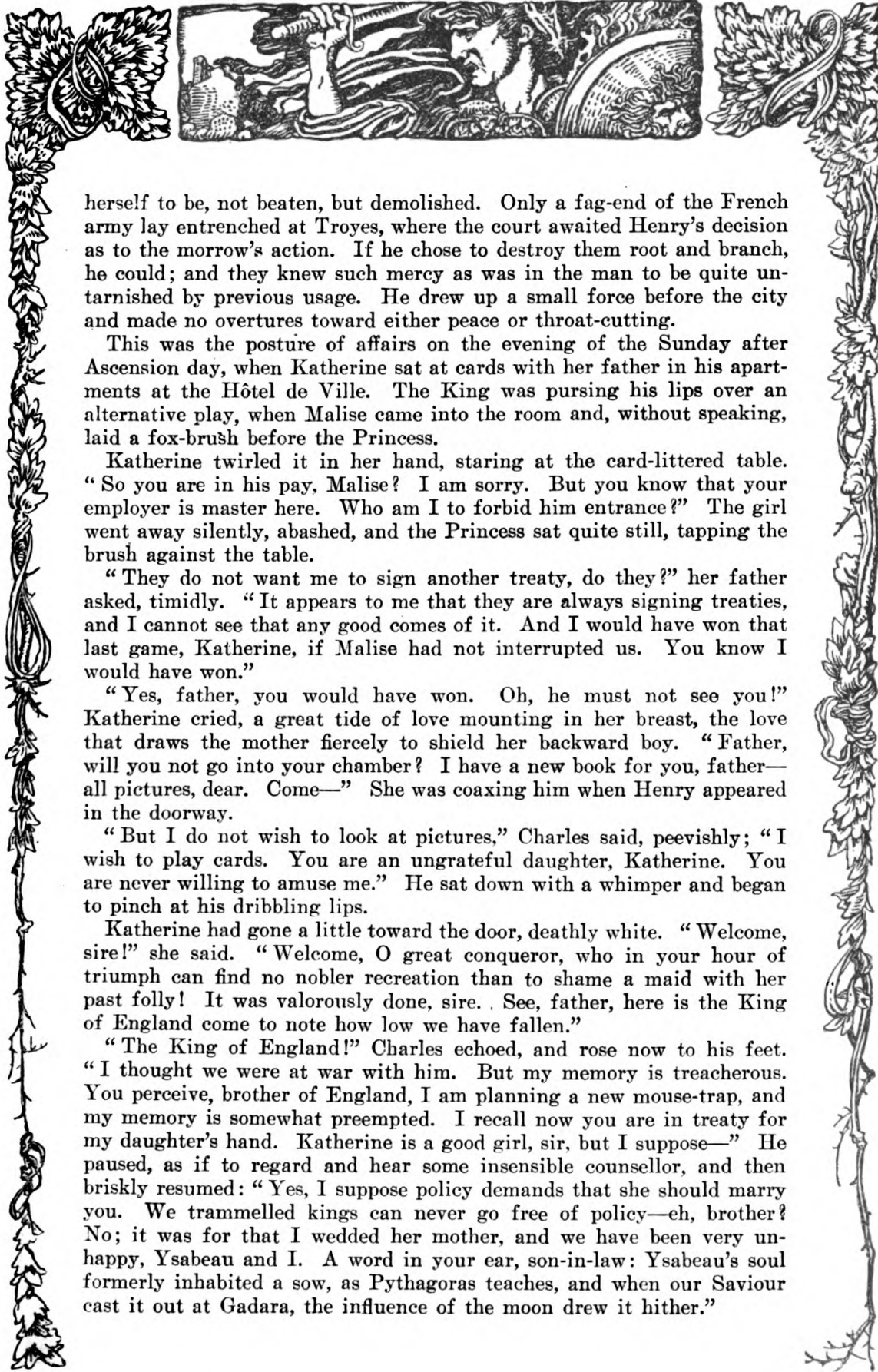
"Yes," she answered, "for I am your pretext. I can well believe, messire, that you love your pretext for theft and murder."

They neither spoke after this, and presently, the Earl of Warwick having come to his peroration, the matter was adjourned till the next day. The party separated. It was not long before Katherine had informed her mother that, God willing, she would never again look upon the King of England's face uncoffined. Ysabeau found her a madwoman. The girl swept opposition before her with gusts of demoniacal fury, wept, shrieked, tore at her hair, and eventually fell into a sort of epileptic seizure; between rage and terror she became a horrid, frenzied beast. I do not dwell upon this, for it is not a condition in which the comeliest maid shows to advantage. But, for the Valois, insanity always lurked at the next corner, expectant, and they knew it; to save the girl's reason the Queen was forced to break off all discussion of the match. Accordingly, the Duke of Burgundy went next day to the conference alone. Jehan began with "ifs," and over these flimsy barriers Henry, already maddened by Katherine's scorn, presently vaulted to a towering fury.

"Fair cousin," the King said, after a deal of vehement bickering, "we wish you to know that we will have the daughter of your King, and that we will drive both him and you out of this kingdom." Then he went away in a rage.

It had seemed an approvable business to win love incognito, according to the example of many ancient emperors, but in practice he had tripped over an ugly outgrowth from the legendary custom. The girl hated him; there was no doubt about it; and it was equally certain that he loved her. Particularly caustic was the reflection that a twitch of his finger would get him Katherine as his wife, for in secret negotiation the Queen Regent was soon trying to bring this about; yes, he could get her body by a couple of pen-strokes; but, God's face! what he wanted was to rouse the look her eyes had borne in Chartres orchard that tranquil morning, and this one could not readily secure by fiddling with seals and parchments. You see his position; he loved the girl too utterly to take her on lip-consent, and this marriage was now his one possible excuse for ceasing from victorious warfare. So the fighting recommenced, and he slew in a despairing rage, knowing that by every movement of his arm he became to her so much the more detestable.

He stripped the realm of provinces as you peel the layers from an onion. By the May of the year of grace 1420 France was, and knew



herself to be, not beaten, but demolished. Only a fag-end of the French army lay entrenched at Troyes, where the court awaited Henry's decision as to the morrow's action. If he chose to destroy them root and branch, he could; and they knew such mercy as was in the man to be quite untarnished by previous usage. He drew up a small force before the city and made no overtures toward either peace or throat-cutting.

This was the posture of affairs on the evening of the Sunday after Ascension day, when Katherine sat at cards with her father in his apartments at the Hôtel de Ville. The King was pursing his lips over an alternative play, when Malise came into the room and, without speaking, laid a fox-brush before the Princess.

Katherine twirled it in her hand, staring at the card-littered table. "So you are in his pay, Malise? I am sorry. But you know that your employer is master here. Who am I to forbid him entrance?" The girl went away silently, abashed, and the Princess sat quite still, tapping the brush against the table.

"They do not want me to sign another treaty, do they?" her father asked, timidly. "It appears to me that they are always signing treaties, and I cannot see that any good comes of it. And I would have won that last game, Katherine, if Malise had not interrupted us. You know I would have won."

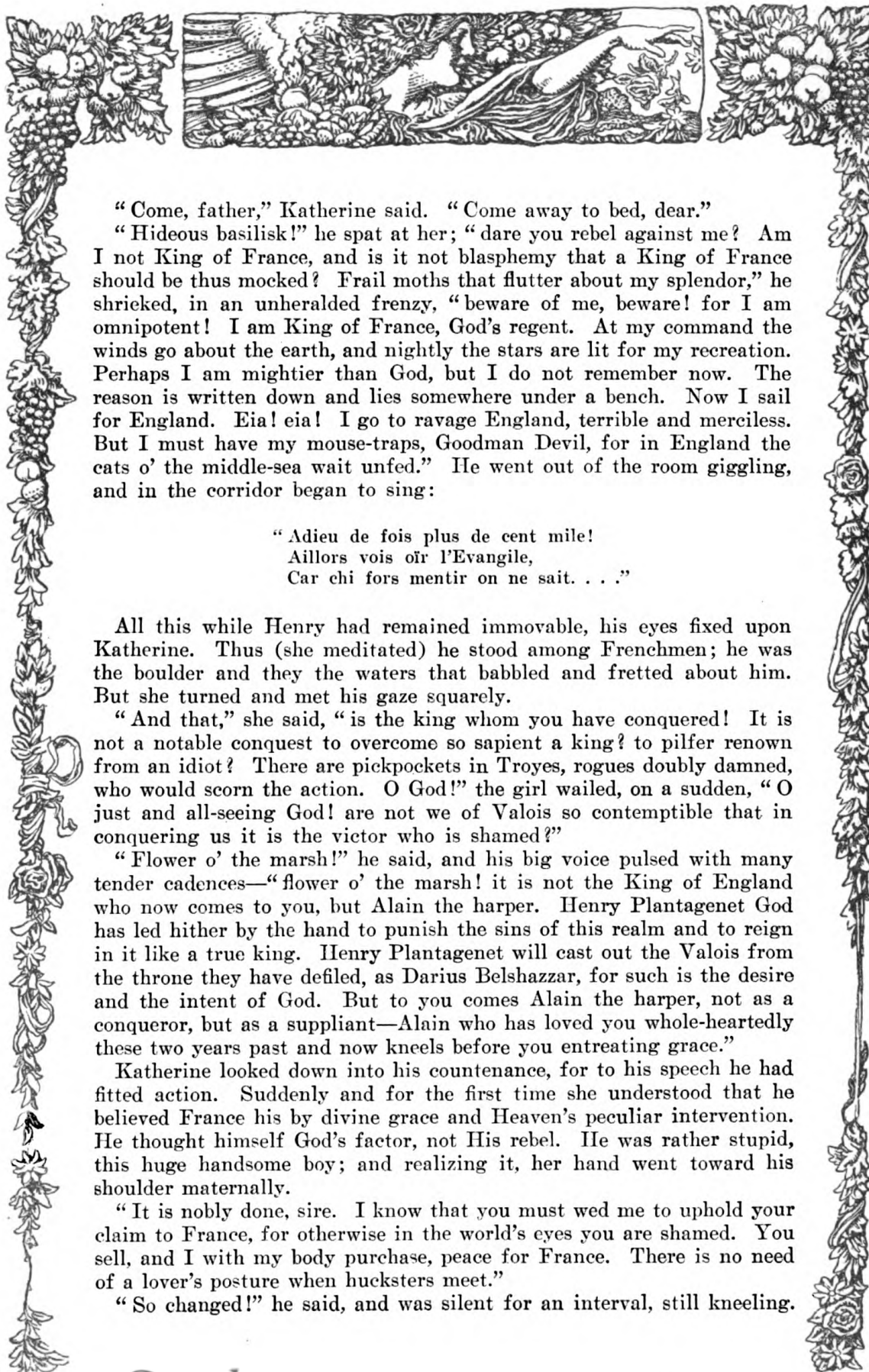
"Yes, father, you would have won. Oh, he must not see you!" Katherine cried, a great tide of love mounting in her breast, the love that draws the mother fiercely to shield her backward boy. "Father, will you not go into your chamber? I have a new book for you, father—all pictures, dear. Come—" She was coaxing him when Henry appeared in the doorway.

"But I do not wish to look at pictures," Charles said, peevishly; "I wish to play cards. You are an ungrateful daughter, Katherine. You are never willing to amuse me." He sat down with a whimper and began to pinch at his dribbling lips.

Katherine had gone a little toward the door, deathly white. "Welcome, sire!" she said. "Welcome, O great conqueror, who in your hour of triumph can find no nobler recreation than to shame a maid with her past folly! It was valorously done, sire. See, father, here is the King of England come to note how low we have fallen."

"The King of England!" Charles echoed, and rose now to his feet. "I thought we were at war with him. But my memory is treacherous. You perceive, brother of England, I am planning a new mouse-trap, and my memory is somewhat preempted. I recall now you are in treaty for my daughter's hand. Katherine is a good girl, sir, but I suppose—" He paused, as if to regard and hear some insensible counsellor, and then briskly resumed: "Yes, I suppose policy demands that she should marry you. We trammelled kings can never go free of policy—eh, brother? No; it was for that I wedded her mother, and we have been very unhappy, Ysabeau and I. A word in your ear, son-in-law: Ysabeau's soul formerly inhabited a sow, as Pythagoras teaches, and when our Saviour cast it out at Gadara, the influence of the moon drew it hither."





"Come, father," Katherine said. "Come away to bed, dear."

"Hideous basilisk!" he spat at her; "dare you rebel against me? Am I not King of France, and is it not blasphemy that a King of France should be thus mocked? Frail moths that flutter about my splendor," he shrieked, in an unheralded frenzy, "beware of me, beware! for I am omnipotent! I am King of France, God's regent. At my command the winds go about the earth, and nightly the stars are lit for my recreation. Perhaps I am mightier than God, but I do not remember now. The reason is written down and lies somewhere under a bench. Now I sail for England. Eia! eia! I go to ravage England, terrible and merciless. But I must have my mouse-traps, Goodman Devil, for in England the cats o' the middle-sea wait unfed." He went out of the room giggling, and in the corridor began to sing:

"Adieu de fois plus de cent mile!  
Aillors vois oïr l'Evangile,  
Car chi fors mentir on ne sait. . . ."

All this while Henry had remained immovable, his eyes fixed upon Katherine. Thus (she meditated) he stood among Frenchmen; he was the boulder and they the waters that babbled and fretted about him. But she turned and met his gaze squarely.

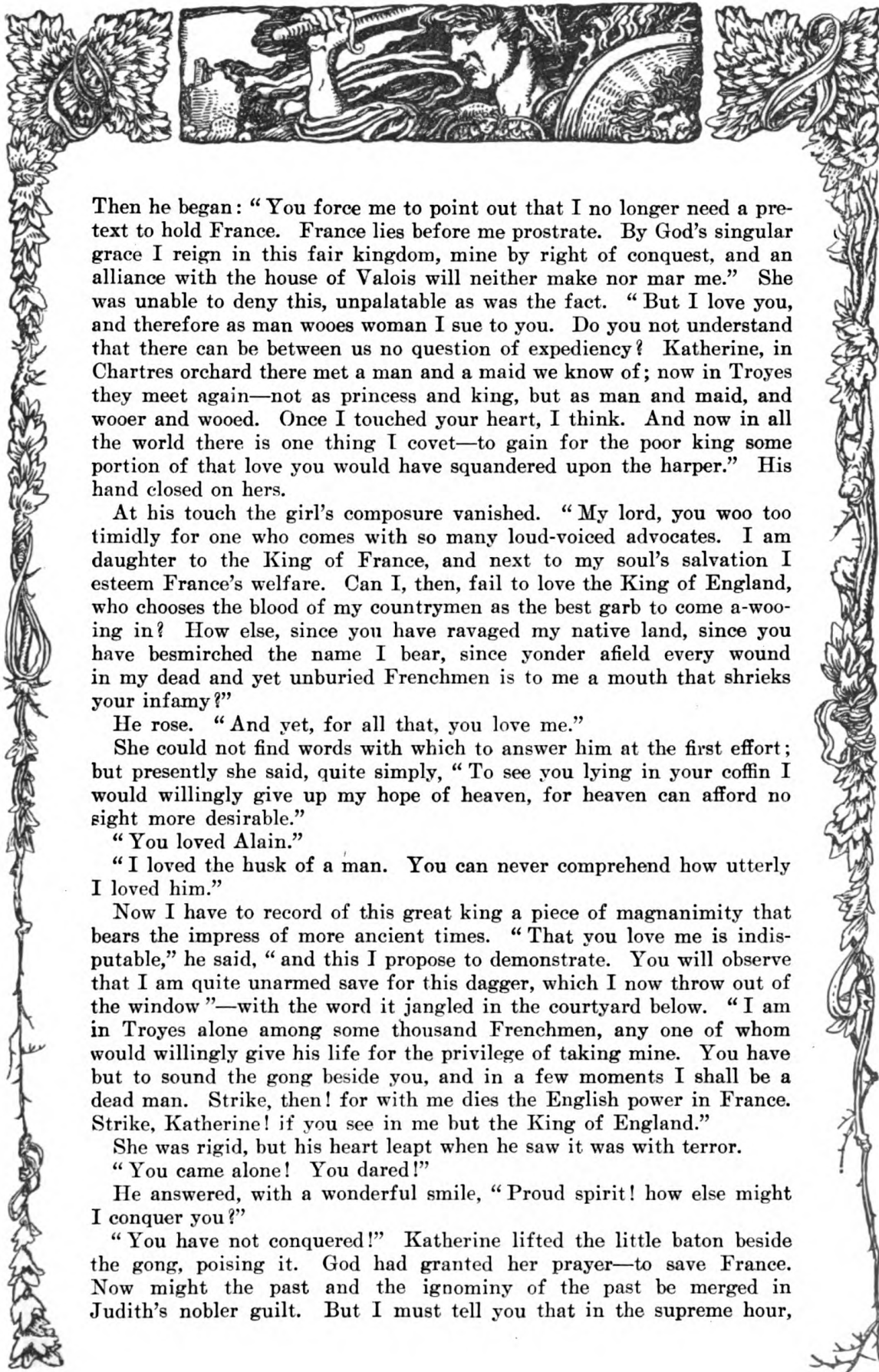
"And that," she said, "is the king whom you have conquered! It is not a notable conquest to overcome so sapient a king? to pilfer renown from an idiot? There are pickpockets in Troyes, rogues doubly damned, who would scorn the action. O God!" the girl wailed, on a sudden, "O just and all-seeing God! are not we of Valois so contemptible that in conquering us it is the victor who is shamed?"

"Flower o' the marsh!" he said, and his big voice pulsed with many tender cadences—"flower o' the marsh! it is not the King of England who now comes to you, but Alain the harper. Henry Plantagenet God has led hither by the hand to punish the sins of this realm and to reign in it like a true king. Henry Plantagenet will cast out the Valois from the throne they have defiled, as Darius Belshazzar, for such is the desire and the intent of God. But to you comes Alain the harper, not as a conqueror, but as a suppliant—Alain who has loved you whole-heartedly these two years past and now kneels before you entreating grace."

Katherine looked down into his countenance, for to his speech he had fitted action. Suddenly and for the first time she understood that he believed France his by divine grace and Heaven's peculiar intervention. He thought himself God's factor, not His rebel. He was rather stupid, this huge handsome boy; and realizing it, her hand went toward his shoulder maternally.

"It is nobly done, sire. I know that you must wed me to uphold your claim to France, for otherwise in the world's eyes you are shamed. You sell, and I with my body purchase, peace for France. There is no need of a lover's posture when hucksters meet."

"So changed!" he said, and was silent for an interval, still kneeling.



Then he began: "You force me to point out that I no longer need a pretext to hold France. France lies before me prostrate. By God's singular grace I reign in this fair kingdom, mine by right of conquest, and an alliance with the house of Valois will neither make nor mar me." She was unable to deny this, unpalatable as was the fact. "But I love you, and therefore as man woos woman I sue to you. Do you not understand that there can be between us no question of expediency? Katherine, in Chartres orchard there met a man and a maid we know of; now in Troyes they meet again—not as princess and king, but as man and maid, and wooer and wooed. Once I touched your heart, I think. And now in all the world there is one thing I covet—to gain for the poor king some portion of that love you would have squandered upon the harper." His hand closed on hers.

At his touch the girl's composure vanished. "My lord, you woo too timidly for one who comes with so many loud-voiced advocates. I am daughter to the King of France, and next to my soul's salvation I esteem France's welfare. Can I, then, fail to love the King of England, who chooses the blood of my countrymen as the best garb to come a-wooing in? How else, since you have ravaged my native land, since you have besmirched the name I bear, since yonder afield every wound in my dead and yet unburied Frenchmen is to me a mouth that shrieks your infamy?"

He rose. "And yet, for all that, you love me."

She could not find words with which to answer him at the first effort; but presently she said, quite simply, "To see you lying in your coffin I would willingly give up my hope of heaven, for heaven can afford no sight more desirable."

"You loved Alain."

"I loved the husk of a man. You can never comprehend how utterly I loved him."

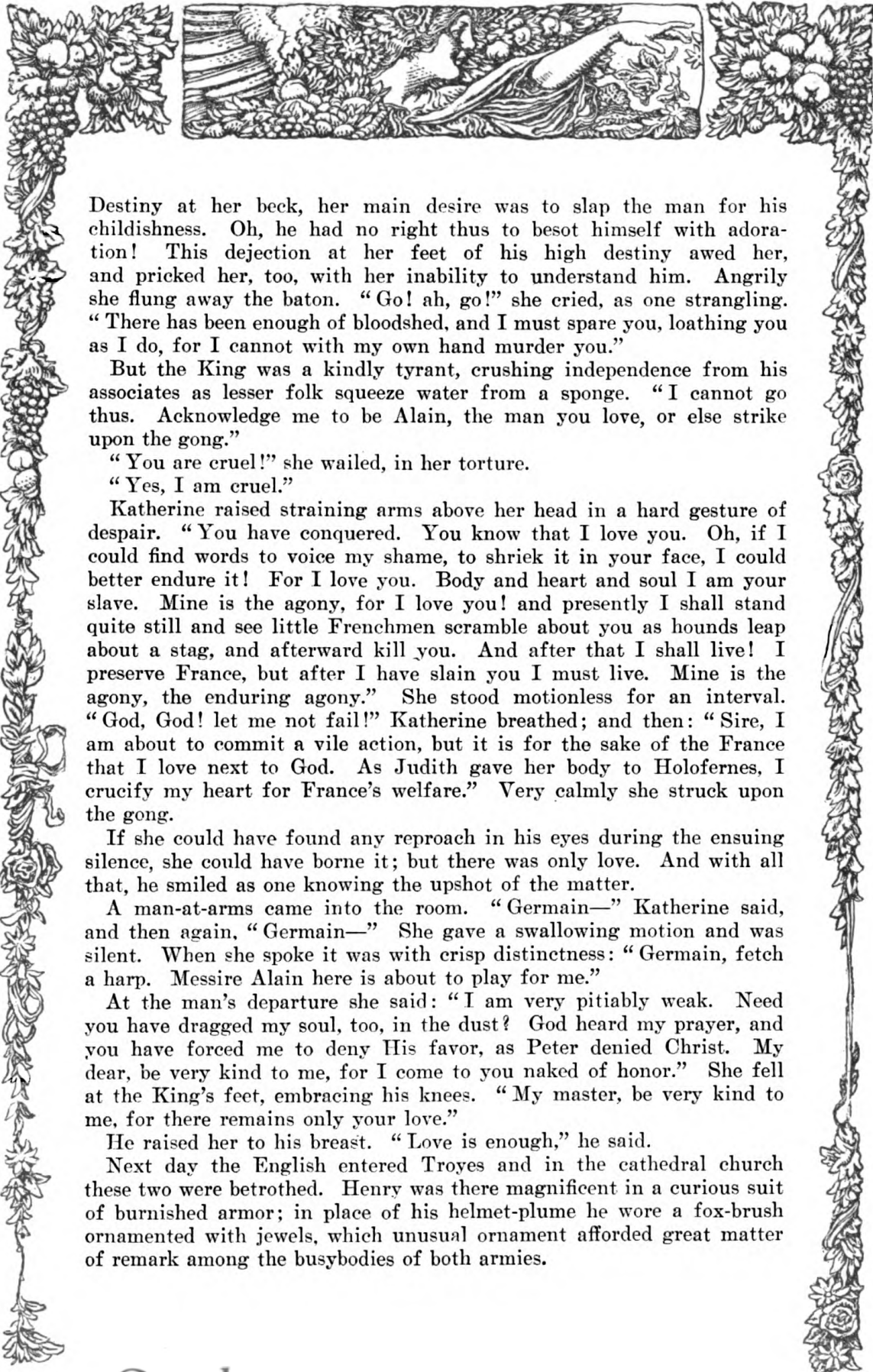
Now I have to record of this great king a piece of magnanimity that bears the impress of more ancient times. "That you love me is indisputable," he said, "and this I propose to demonstrate. You will observe that I am quite unarmed save for this dagger, which I now throw out of the window"—with the word it jangled in the courtyard below. "I am in Troyes alone among some thousand Frenchmen, any one of whom would willingly give his life for the privilege of taking mine. You have but to sound the gong beside you, and in a few moments I shall be a dead man. Strike, then! for with me dies the English power in France. Strike, Katherine! if you see in me but the King of England."

She was rigid, but his heart leapt when he saw it was with terror.

"You came alone! You dared!"

He answered, with a wonderful smile, "Proud spirit! how else might I conquer you?"

"You have not conquered!" Katherine lifted the little baton beside the gong, poising it. God had granted her prayer—to save France. Now might the past and the ignominy of the past be merged in Judith's nobler guilt. But I must tell you that in the supreme hour,



Destiny at her beck, her main desire was to slap the man for his childishness. Oh, he had no right thus to besot himself with adoration! This dejection at her feet of his high destiny awed her, and pricked her, too, with her inability to understand him. Angrily she flung away the baton. "Go! ah, go!" she cried, as one strangling. "There has been enough of bloodshed, and I must spare you, loathing you as I do, for I cannot with my own hand murder you."

But the King was a kindly tyrant, crushing independence from his associates as lesser folk squeeze water from a sponge. "I cannot go thus. Acknowledge me to be Alain, the man you love, or else strike upon the gong."

"You are cruel!" she wailed, in her torture.

"Yes, I am cruel."

Katherine raised straining arms above her head in a hard gesture of despair. "You have conquered. You know that I love you. Oh, if I could find words to voice my shame, to shriek it in your face, I could better endure it! For I love you. Body and heart and soul I am your slave. Mine is the agony, for I love you! and presently I shall stand quite still and see little Frenchmen scramble about you as hounds leap about a stag, and afterward kill you. And after that I shall live! I preserve France, but after I have slain you I must live. Mine is the agony, the enduring agony." She stood motionless for an interval. "God, God! let me not fail!" Katherine breathed; and then: "Sire, I am about to commit a vile action, but it is for the sake of the France that I love next to God. As Judith gave her body to Holofernes, I crucify my heart for France's welfare." Very calmly she struck upon the gong.

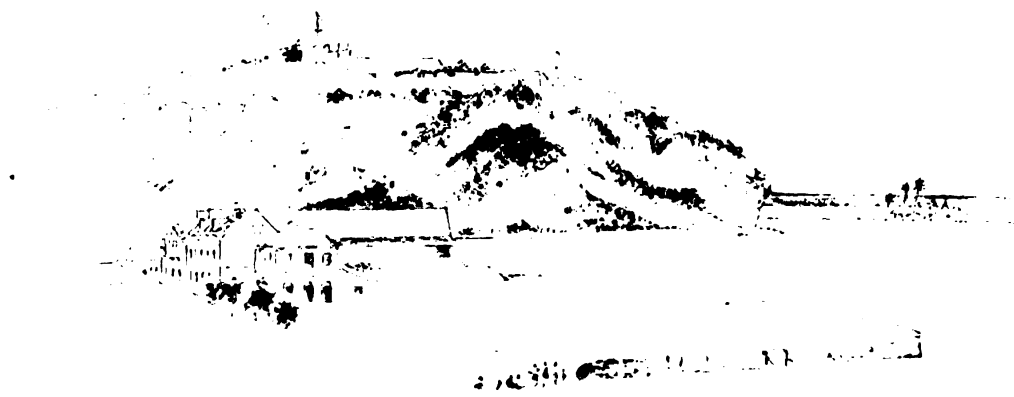
If she could have found any reproach in his eyes during the ensuing silence, she could have borne it; but there was only love. And with all that, he smiled as one knowing the upshot of the matter.

A man-at-arms came into the room. "Germain—" Katherine said, and then again, "Germain—" She gave a swallowing motion and was silent. When she spoke it was with crisp distinctness: "Germain, fetch a harp. Messire Alain here is about to play for me."

At the man's departure she said: "I am very pitifully weak. Need you have dragged my soul, too, in the dust? God heard my prayer, and you have forced me to deny His favor, as Peter denied Christ. My dear, be very kind to me, for I come to you naked of honor." She fell at the King's feet, embracing his knees. "My master, be very kind to me, for there remains only your love."

He raised her to his breast. "Love is enough," he said.

Next day the English entered Troyes and in the cathedral church these two were betrothed. Henry was there magnificent in a curious suit of burnished armor; in place of his helmet-plume he wore a fox-brush ornamented with jewels, which unusual ornament afforded great matter of remark among the busybodies of both armies.



THE FORT AT LOANDA, PORTUGUESE AFRICA  
(From a pencil sketch by the author)

# The New Slave-Trade

INTRODUCTORY.—DOWN THE WEST COAST

BY HENRY W. NEVINSON

*Since the Berlin Conference of 1885 the African slave-trade is said to have ceased. As a matter of fact, it has assumed a more subtle and a more insidious form. In the summer of 1904 the management of Harper's Magazine arranged to send an expedition to Africa, under Henry W. Nevins, to make an investigation of present conditions, and to find out and report the truth concerning the slave-trade of to-day. Mr. Nevins is one of the most distinguished of English war correspondents, the author of several important books, and a man of standing, who has already given much time to philanthropic work. Mr. Nevins sailed from England, October, 1904, to make his first investigations in Portuguese West Africa. At this writing he is somewhere in the interior.—EDITOR.*

FOR miles on miles there is no break in the monotony of the scene. Even when the air is calmest the surf falls heavily upon the long, thin line of yellow beach, throwing its white foam far up the steep bank of sand. And beyond the yellow beach runs the long, thin line of purple forest—the beginning of that dark forest belt which stretches from Sierra Leone through West and Central Africa to the lakes of the Nile. Surf, beach, and forest—for two thousand miles that is all, except where some great estuary makes a gap, or where the line of beach rises to a low cliff, or where

a few distant hills, leading up to Ashanti, can be seen above the forest trees.

It is not a cheerful part of the world—"the Coast." Every prospect does not please, nor is it only man that is vile. Man, in fact, is no more vile than elsewhere; but if he is white he is very often dead. We pass in succession the white man's settlements, with their ancient names so full of tragic and miserable history—Axim, Sekundi, Cape Coast Castle, and Lagos. We see the old forts, built by Dutch and Portuguese to protect their trade in ivory and gold and the souls of men. They still gleam, white and cool



as whitewash can make them, among the modern erections of tin and iron that have a meaner birth. And always, as we pass, some "old Coaster" will point to a drain or an unfinished church, and say, "That was poor Andersson's last bit."

And always when we stop and the officials come off to the ship, drenched by the surf in spite of the skill of native crews, who drive the boats with rapid paddles, hissing sharply at every stroke to keep the time — always the first news is of sickness and death. Its form is brief: "Poor Smythe down — fever." "Poor Cunliffe gone — blackwater." "Poor Tomkinson scuppered — natives." Every one says, "Sorry," and there's no more to be said.

It is not cheerful. The touch of fate is felt the more keenly because the white people are so few. For the most part, they know each other, at all events by classes. A soldier knows a soldier. Unless he is very military, indeed, he knows the district commissioner, and other officials as well. An official knows an official, and is quite on speaking terms with the soldiers. A trader knows a trader, and ceases to watch him with malignant jealousy when he dies. It is hard to realize how few the white men are, scattered among the black swarms of the natives. I believe that in the six-mile radius round Lagos (the largest "white" town on the Coast) the whites could not muster 150 among the 140,000 blacks. And in the great walled city of Abeokuta, to which the bit of railway from Lagos runs, among a black population of 205,000 the whites could hardly

make up twenty, all told. So that when one white man disappears he leaves a more obvious gap than he would in a London street, and any white man may win a three days' fame by dying.

Among white women, a loss is naturally still more obvious and deplorable. Speaking generally, we may say the only white women on the Coast are nurses and missionaries. A benevolent government forbids soldiers and officials to bring their wives out. The reason given is the deadly climate, though there are other reasons, and an exception seems to be made in the case of a governor's wife. She enjoys the liberty of dying at her own discretion. But Accra, almost alone of the



HENRY W. NEVINSON

Coast towns, boasts the presence of two or three English ladies, and I have known men overjoyed at being ordered to appointments there. Not that they were any more devoted to the society of ladies than we all are, but they hoped for a better chance of surviving in a place where ladies live. Vain hope; in spite of cliffs and clearings, in spite of golf and polo, and ladies too, Death counts his shadows at Accra much the same as anywhere else.

You never can tell. I once landed on a beach where it seemed that death would be the only chance of comfort in the tedious hell. On either hand the flat shore stretched away till it was lost in distance. Close behind the beach the forest swamp began. Upon the narrow ridge nine hideous houses stood in the sweltering heat, and that was all the town. The sole occupation was an ex-



change of palm-oil for the deadly spirit which profound knowledge of chemistry and superior technical education have enabled the Germans to produce in a more poisonous form than any other nation. The sole intellectual excitement was the arrival of the steamers with gin, rum, and newspapers. Yet in that desolation three European ladies were dwelling in apparent amity, and a volatile

little Frenchman, full of the joy of life, declared he would not change that bit of beach—no, not for all the *cafés chantants* of his native Marseilles. "There is not one Commandment here!" he cried, unconsciously imitating the poet of Mandalay. And I suppose there is some comfort in having no Commandments, even where there is very little chance of breaking any.

The farther down the Coast you go, the more melancholy is the scene. The thin line of yellow beach disappears. The forest comes down into the sea. The roots of the trees are never dry, and there is no firm distinction of land and water. You have reached "the Rivers," the delta of the Niger, the Circle of the mangrove swamps, in which Dante would have stuck the Arch-Traitor head downwards, if only he had visited this part of the world. I gained my experience of the swamps early, but it was thorough. It was about the third time I landed on the Coast. Hearing that only a few miles away there was real solid ground where strange beasts roamed, I determined to



AN AFRICAN SWAMP, CUT OFF FROM THE WORLD

cut a path through the forest in that direction. Engaging two powerful savages armed with "matchets," or short heavy swords, I took the plunge from a wharf which had been built with piles beside a river. At the first step I was up to my knees in black sludge, the smell of which had been accumulating since the glacial period. Perhaps the swamps are forming the coal-beds of a remote future; but in that case I am glad I did not live at Newcastle in a remote past. As in a coronation ode, there seemed no limit to the depths of sinking. One's only chance was to strike a submerged trunk not yet quite rotten enough to count as mud. Sometimes it was possible to cling to the stems of branches of standing trees, and swing over the slime without sinking deep. It was possible, but unpleasant; for stems and branches and twigs and fibres were generally covered with every variety of spine and spike and hook.

In a quarter of an hour we were as much cut off from the world as on the central ocean. The air was dark with



OLD-TIME TYPE OF HULK "FACTORY"

shadow, though the tree-tops gleamed in brilliant sunshine far above our heads. Not a whisper of breeze nor a breath of fresh air could reach us. We were stifled with the smell. The sweat poured from us in the intolerable heat. Around us, out of the black mire, rose the vast tree trunks, already rotting as they grew, and between the trunks was woven a thick curtain of spiky plants and of the long suckers by which the trees drew up an extra supply of water—very unnecessarily, one would have thought.

Through this undergrowth the natives, themselves often up to the middle in slime, slowly hacked a way. They are always very patient of a white man's insanity. Now and then we came to a little clearing where some big tree had fallen, rotten from bark to core. Or we came to a "creek"—one of the innumerable little watercourses which intersect the forest and are the favorite haunt of the mudfish, whose eyes are prominent like a frog's, and whose side fins have almost developed into legs, so that, with the help

of their tails, they can run over the slime like lizards on the sand. But for them and the crocodiles and innumerable hosts of ants and slugs, the lower depths of the mangrove swamp contain few living things. Parrots and monkeys inhabit the upper world where the sunlight reaches, and sometimes the deadly stillness is broken by the cry of a hawk that has the flight of an owl and fishes the creeks in the evening. Otherwise there is nothing but decay and stench and creatures of the ooze.

After struggling for hours and finding no change in the swamp and no break in the trees, I gave up the hope of that rising ground, and worked back to the main river. When at last I emerged, sopping with sweat, black with slime, torn and bleeding from the thorns, I knew that I had seen the worst that nature can do. I felt as though I had been reforming the British War Office.

It is worth while trying to realize the nature of these wet forests and mangrove swamps, for they are the chief

characteristic of "the Coast," and especially of "the Rivers." Not that the whole even of southern Nigeria is swamp. Wherever the ground rises, the bush is dry. But from a low cliff, like "The Hill" at Calabar, although in two directions you may turn to solid ground where things will grow and man can live, you look south and west over miles and miles of forest-covered swamp that is hopeless for any human use. You realize then how vain is the chatter about making the Coast healthy by draining the mangrove swamps. Until the white man develops a new kind of blood and a new kind of inside, the Coast will kill him. Till then we shall know the old Coaster by the yellow and streaky pallor of a blood destroyed by fevers, by a confused and uncertain memory, and by a puffiness that comes from enfeebled muscle quite as often as from insatiable thirst.

It is through swamps like these that those unheard-of "punitive expeditions" of ours, with a white officer or two, a white sergeant or two, and a handful of

trusty Hausa men, have to fight their way, carrying their Maxim and three-inch guns upon their heads. "I don't mind as long as the men don't sink above the fork," said the commandant of one of them to me. And it is beside these swamps that the traders, for many short-lived generations past, have planted their "factories."

The word "factory" points back to a time when the traders made the palm-oil themselves. The natives make nearly the whole of it now and bring it down the rivers in casks, but the "factories" keep their name, though they are now little more than depots of exchange and retail trade. Formerly they were made of the hulks of ships, anchored out in the rivers, and fitted up as houses and stores. A few of the hulks still remain, but of late years the traders have chosen the firmest piece of "beach" they could find, or else have created a "beach" by driving piles into the slime, and on these shaky and unwholesome platforms have erected dwelling-houses with big verandas, a series of sheds for the stores, and



A NATIVE MARKET

a large barn for the shop. Here the "agent" (or sometimes the owner of the business) spends his life, with one or two white assistants, a body of native "boys" as porters and boatmen, and usually a native woman, who in the end returns to her tribe and hands over her earnings in cash or goods to her chief.

The agent's working-day lasts from sunrise to sunset, except for the two hours at noon consecrated to "chop" and tranquillity. In the evening, sometimes he gambles, sometimes he drinks, but, as a rule, he goes to bed. Most factories are isolated in the river or swamp, and they are pervaded by a loneliness that can be felt. The agent's work is an exchange of goods, generally on a large scale. In return for casks of oil and bags of "kernels" he supplies the natives with cotton cloth, spirits, gunpowder, and salt, or from his retail store he sells cheap clothing, looking-glasses, clocks, knives, lamps, tinned food, and all the furniture, ornaments, and pictures which, being too atrocious even for English suburbs and

provincial towns, may roughly be described as Colonial.

From the French coasts, in spite of the free-trade agreement of 1898, the British trader is now almost entirely excluded. On the Ivory Coast, Dahomey, French Congo, and the other pieces of territory which connect the enormous African possessions of France with the sea, you will hardly find a British factory left, though in one or two cases the skill and perseverance of an agent may just keep an old firm going. In the German Cameroons, British houses still do rather more than half the trade, but their existence is continually threatened. In Portuguese Angola, one or two British factories cling to their old ground in hopes that times may change. In the towns of the Lower Congo, the British firms still keep open their stores and shops; but the well-known policy of the royal rubber-merchant, who bears on his shield a severed hand sable, has killed all real trade above Stanley Pool. In spite of all protests and regulations about the "open door," it is only

in British territory that a British trader can count upon holding his own. It may be said that, considering the sort of stuff the British trader now sells, this is a matter of great indifference to the world. That may be so. But it is not a matter of indifference to the British trader, and in reality it is ultimately for his sake alone that our possessions in West Africa are held. Ultimately it is all a question of soap and candles.



KROO PEOPLE ON A COASTING STEAMER





A CANOE FLEET COMING FROM SHORE TO A WAITING VESSEL

We need not forget the growing trade in mahogany and the growing trade in cotton. We may take account of gold, ivory, gums, and kola, besides the minor trades in fruits, yams, red peppers, millet, and the beans and grains and leaves which make a native market so enlivening to a botanist. But, after all, palm oil and kernels are the things that count, and palm oil and kernels come to soap and candles in the end. It is because our dark and dirty little island needs such quantities of soap and candles that we have extended the blessings of European civilization to the Gold Coast and the Niger, and beside the lagoons of Lagos and the rivers of Calabar have placed our barracks, hospitals, madhouses, and prisons. It is for this that district commissioners hold their courts of British justice, and officials above suspicion improve the perspiring hour by adding up sums. For this the natives trim the forest into golf-links. For this devoted teachers instruct the Fantee boys and

girls in the length of Irish rivers and the order of Napoleon's campaigns. For this the director of public works dies at his drain, and the officer at a palisade gets an iron slug in his stomach. For this the bugles of England blow at Sokoto, and the little plots of white crosses stand conspicuous at every clearing.

That is the ancestral British way of doing things. It is for the sake of the trade that the whole affair is ostensibly undertaken and carried on. Yet the officer and the official up on "The Hill" quietly ignore the trader at the foot, and are dimly conscious of very different aims. The trader's very existence depends upon the skill and industry of the natives. Yet the trader quietly ignores the native, or speaks of him only as a lazy swine who ought to be enslaved as much as possible. And all the time the trader's own government is administering a singularly equal justice, and has, within the last three years, declared slavery of every kind at an end forever.



In the midst of all such contradictions, what is to be the real relation of the white races to the black races? That is the ultimate problem of Africa. We need not think it has been settled by a cen-

all. It has become a part of the world-wide issue of capital, but the question of African slavery still abides.

We may, of course, draw distinctions. The old-fashioned export of human beings

as a reputable and staple industry on a level with the export of palm-oil, has disappeared from the Coast. Its old headquarters were at Lagos, and scattered about that district and in Nigeria and up the Congo one can still see the remains of the old barracoons where the slaves were herded for sale or shipment. In passing up the rivers you may suddenly come upon a large square clearing. It is overgrown now, but the bush is not so high and thick as the surrounding forest, and



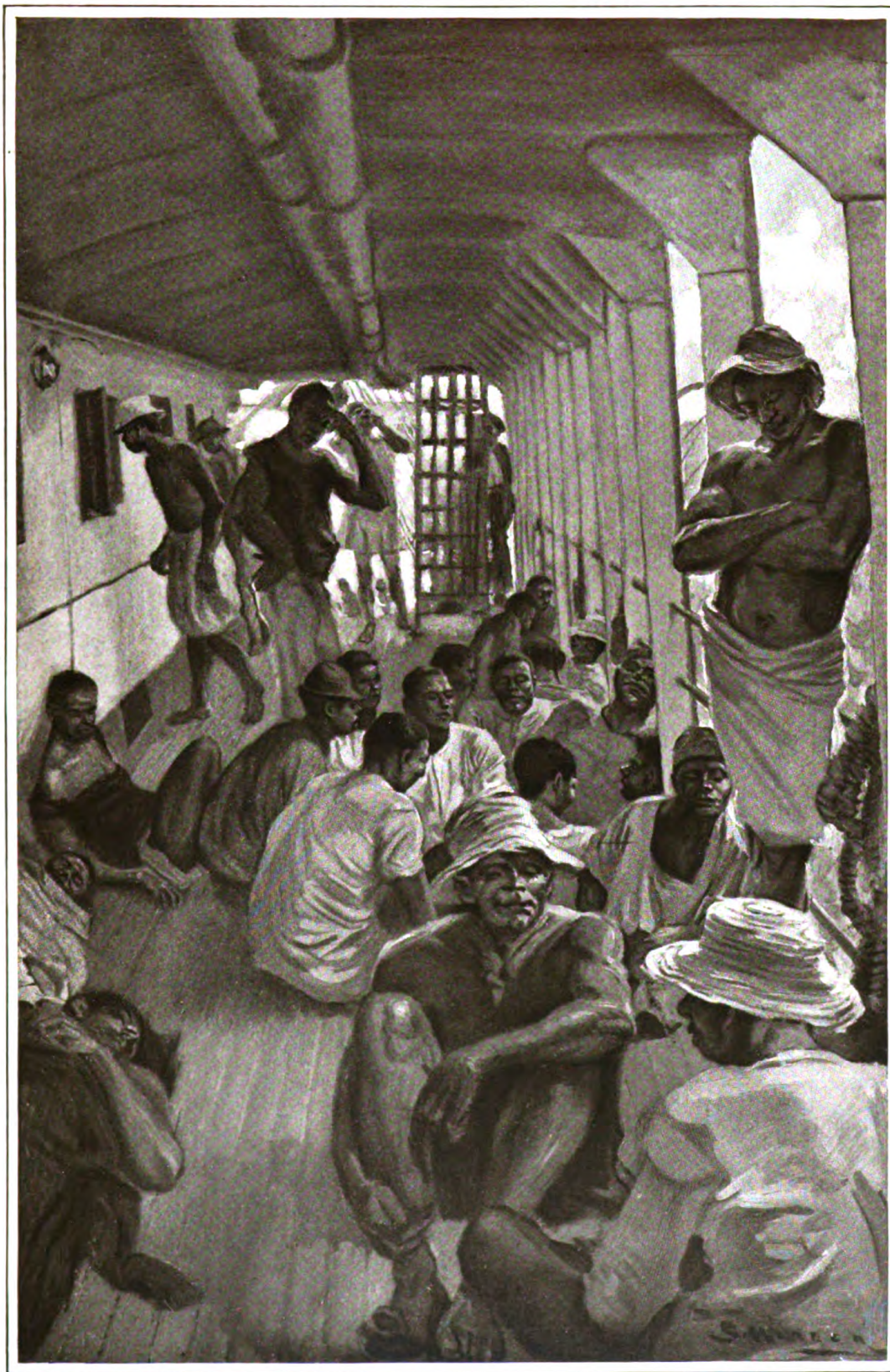
NATIVE CHILD PAINTED WITH RED AND BLACK STRIPES

tury's noble enthusiasm about the Rights of Man and Equality in the sight of God. Outside a very small and diminishing circle in England and America, phrases of that kind have lost their influence, and for the men who control the destinies of Africa they have no meaning whatever. Neither have they any meaning for the native. He knows perfectly well that the white people do not believe them.

The whole problem is still before us, as urgent and as uncertain as it has ever been. It is not solved. What seemed a solution is already obsolete. The problem will have to be worked through again from the start. Some of the factors have changed a little. Laws and regulations have been altered. New and respectable names have been invented. But the real issue has hardly changed at

palms take the place of the mangrove-trees. Sometimes a little Ju-ju house is built by the water's edge, with fetiches inside; and perhaps the natives have placed it there with some dim sense of expiation. For the clearing is the site of an old barracoon, and misery has consecrated the soil. Such things leave a perpetual curse behind. The English and the Portuguese were the largest slave-traders upon the Coast, and it is their descendants who are still paying the heaviest penalty. But that ancient kind of slave-trade may for the present be set aside. The British gunboats have made it so difficult and so unlucrative that slavery has been driven to take subtler forms, against which gunboats have hitherto been powerless.

We may draw another distinction still.



KROOBOYS WORKING A SHIP ALONG THE COAST





Quite different from the plantation slavery under European control, for the profit of European capitalists, is the domestic slavery that has always been practised among the natives themselves. Legally, this form of slavery was abolished in Nigeria by a proclamation of 1901, but it still exists in spite of the law, and is likely to exist for many years, even in British possessions. It is commonly spoken of as domestic slavery, but perhaps tribal slavery would be the better word. Or the slave might be compared to the serf of feudal times. He is nominally the property of the chief, and may be compelled to give rather more than half his days to work for the tribe. Even under the Nigerian enactment, he cannot leave his district without the chief's consent, and he must continue to contribute something to the support of the family. But in most cases a slave may purchase his freedom if he wishes, and it frequently happens that a slave becomes a chief himself and holds slaves on his own account.

It is one of those instances in which law is ahead of public custom. Most of the existing domestic slaves do not wish for further freedom, for if their bond to the chief were destroyed, they would lose the protection of the tribe. They would be friendless and outcast, with no home, no claim, and no appeal. "Soon be head off," said a native, in trying to explain the dangers of sudden freedom. At Calabar I came across a peculiar instance. Some Scottish missionaries had carefully trained up a native youth to work with them at a mission. They had taught him the height of Chimborazo, the cost of papering a room, leaving out the fireplace, and the other things which we call education because we can teach nothing else. They had even taught him the intricacies of Scottish theology. But just as he was ready primed for the ministry, an old native stepped in and said: "No; he is my slave. I beg to thank you for educating him so admirably. But he seems to me better suited for the government service than for the cure of souls. So he shall enter a government office and comfort my declining years with half his income."

The elderly native had himself been educated by the mission, and that added

a certain irony to his claim. When I told the acting governor of the case, he thought such a thing could not happen in these days, because the youth could have appealed to the district commissioner, and the old man's claim would have been disallowed at law. That may be so, and yet I have not the least doubt that the account I received was true. Law was in advance of custom, that was all, and the people followed custom, as people always do.

Even where there is no question of slave-ownership, the power of the chiefs is often despotic. If a chief covets a particularly nice canoe, he can purchase it by compelling his wives and children to work for the owner during so many days. Or take the familiar instance of the "Krooboys." The Kroo coast is nominally part of Liberia, but as the Liberian government is only a fit subject for comic opera, the Kroo people remain about the freest and happiest in Africa. Their industry is to work the cargo of steamers that go down the coast. They get a shilling a day and "chop," and the only condition they make is to return to "we country" within a year at furthest. Before the steamer stops off the coast and sounds her hooter, the sea is covered with canoes. The captain sends word to the chief of the nearest village that he wants, say, fifty "boys." After two or three hours of excited palaver on shore, the chief selects fifty boys, and they are sent on board under a headman. When they return, they give the chief a share of their earnings as a tribute for his care of the tribe and village in their absence. This is a kind of feudalism, but it has nothing to do with slavery, especially as there is a keen competition among the boys to serve. When a woman who has been hired as a white man's concubine is compelled to surrender her earnings to the chief, we may call it a survival of tribal slavery, or of the patriarchal system, if you will. But when, as happens, for instance, in Mozambique, the agents of capitalists bribe the chiefs to force laborers to the Transvaal mines, whether they wish to go or not, we may disguise the truth as we like under talk about "the dignity of labor" and "the value of discipline," but, as a matter of fact, we are on the downward slope to

the new slavery. It is easy to see how one system may become merged into the other without any very obvious breach of native custom. But, nevertheless, the distinction is profound. As Mr. Morel has said in his admirable book on *The Affairs of West Africa*, between the domestic servitude of Nigeria and plantation slavery under European supervision there is all the difference in the world. The object of the present series of sketches is to show, by one particular instance, the method under which this plantation slavery is now being carried on, and the lengths to which it is likely to develop.

"In the region of the Unknown, Africa is the Absolute." It was one of Victor Hugo's prophetic sayings a few years before his death, when he was pointing out to France her road of empire. And in a certain sense the saying is still true. In spite of all the explorations, huntings, killings, and gospels, Africa remains the unknown land, and the nations of Europe have hardly touched the edge of its secrets. We still think of "black people" in lumps and blocks. We do not realize that each African has a personality as important to himself as each of us is in his own eyes. We do not even know why the mothers in some tribes paint their babies on certain days with stripes of red and black, or why an African thinks more of his mother than we think of lovers. If we ask for the hidden mean-

ing of a Ju-ju or of some slow and hypnotizing dance, the native's eyes are at once covered with a film like a seal's and he gazes at us in silence. We know nothing of the ritual of scars, or the significance of initiation. We profess to believe that external nature is symbolic and that the universe is full of spiritual force; but we cannot enter for a moment into the African mind, which really believes in the spiritual side of nature. We talk a good deal about our sense of humor, but more than any other races we despise the Africans, who alone out of all the world possess the same power of laughter as ourselves.

In the higher and spiritual sense, Victor Hugo's saying remains true—In the region of the Unknown, Africa is the Absolute. But now for the first time in history the great continent lies open to Europe. Now for the first time men of science have traversed it from end to end and from side to side. And now for the first time the whole of it without exception is partitioned among the great white nations of the world. Within fifty years the greatest change in all African history has come. The white races possess the Dark Continent for their own, and what they are going to do with it is now one of the greatest problems before mankind. It is a small but very significant section of this problem which I shall hope to illustrate in my investigations.

## Setting Sail

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

T O-MORROW I have wastes of sea to ride,  
 Long wastes, beneath the blue and boundless dome,  
 And wild the wind, and white the breakers comb,  
 But yet I fear not shoal or swelling tide,—  
 Home lies the other side!

Some other morrow I shall sail a tide  
 Vaster and darker. But in farther skies  
 Through breaking mists what shining heights may rise—  
 And in great quietness I shall abide,  
 With home the other side!



# Covered Embers

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS

WHEN the stenographer knocked at the door, John Herrick laid down his brief impatiently.

"I believe I told you not to disturb me," he remarked. His manner had the courteous formality with which he was in the habit of addressing this young person.

Her brows wrinkled. She had the haughty pompadour roll, the coquettish puff of white tulle at the back of her neck, and the severe black silk cuffs characteristic of her class.

"I have done nothing but see people all the morning. I reminded you that I would see no one else until I finished this. It is important. You will say that I am very much engaged."

"But, you see," suggested the girl, shutting the door behind her, "this is a new one, from up-country, I guess,—I should say as much as thirty miles out; perhaps forty. He's got to get the train. His business is very important,—but they all say *that*," admitted the experienced office-girl. "He says he's got to get the one-o'clock train back to China."

"Oh, very well," replied the lawyer, "if he comes as far as that—I'd better see him."

The circumstance that John Herrick was a gentleman indescribably affected the new client, who had entered the room noisily; he brought the aggressive scowl of a man whose acquaintance with the bar had been limited to the shysters he had met and the newspaper reports that he had read.

"I came," began the man, with the tactlessness of a country mechanic, "because you was recommended. That's the only reason."

"Ah!" replied Herrick, with a charming smile; "to whom do I owe this pleasure?"

"To last Sunday's *Planet*, sir. You won that case. Me and my wife have been reading it up. My name is Dinsmore—of Dinsmore and Peeler."

The visitor, who had begun to speak

in an oratorical key, as if he were addressing a prayer-meeting, now dropped from the combative to the conversational, and took the chair which the lawyer had suavely indicated.

Herrick sat watching him with a clear scrutiny, shrewd but straightforward. Dinsmore was a big, beetling man; his thick hair and his jungle of a beard gave one the impression that he was top-heavy. His eyes were black, and of a smouldering sort; on the surface they were cool, or even cold, and his manner was arbitrary.

Herrick thought: "Born tyrant. I pity his wife." But he said: "I am at your service. What can I do for you, Mr. Dinsmore?"

"Well, you see," blurted Dinsmore, "me and my wife can't get on. We want a divorce."

The lawyer's expression changed indefinitely. Indifference and politeness strengthened into gravity and attention. For this class of cases he cherished a distaste out of proportion to his success in the recent instance which had attracted comment in the press and added to his already brilliant reputation. In fact, he had only touched that out of chivalry; the woman was wronged, and she was dying.

"Ah?" He leaned back in his chair, with the motion of a man who has made up his mind not to neglect the client. "That's a pity."

Dinsmore's jaw fell a little, and he sat staring foolishly. This was not what he expected from an attorney who was about to take his money for the disruption of a home.

Embarrassed by he knew not what, and resentful he knew not why, he hurriedly began to talk as if he had been cross-examined; in point of fact, the lawyer had not yet put a question.

"I am Robert Dinsmore, of the firm of Dinsmore and Peeler. There ain't any

Peeler—he died of a shakin' palsy, but we go by the name the neighbors are used to. We're in paint and wall-paper. My address is Southeast Street, China. My wife's name is Anna—christened Diana to the Methodist Episcopal Church. I'm a Baptist myself. We don't agree in religion more'n we do in anything. We ain't happy together. We can't get on. We want to be divorced."

"Why?"

"What business is it of yourn?" shot back the client.

"I can give you the address of some other attorney," suggested Herrick, smiling. "There are many. You can take your choice."

"By gum!" exploded the mechanic, "I chose *you*, sir."

"Very well, sir. Then you will answer my questions, and do it like a gentleman."

"I ask your pardon," slowly said the client, after some difficult thought. "Go on. I ain't used to this sorter thing—nor I ain't as used to gentlemen as you be, Mr. Herrick. Go ahead."

"Now we're friends," observed Herrick, in his winning way. "And we can get together. Foes can't, you know. And counsellor and client must work together, as much as—well, in another sense, like man and wife. Litigation, like marriage, demands harmony—while creating discord," he appended, under breath.

"That's just it," urged Dinsmore. "There ain't any in our house. It's one eternal and infernal bob-whizzle."

"What is—excuse me; the word is unfamiliar—what is your definition of a bob-whizzle?"

"Why, it's a—*it's a bob-whizzle*," answered Dinsmore, dogmatically. "If you'd ever been bob-whizzled, you'd know without *askin'* what bob-whizzlin' means."

"Possibly," returned the lawyer, wheeling in his chair and looking out of the window at the opposite building; its dead stone-wall constituted at once his foreground and perspective. "But if you will have patience with my ignorance—suppose you particularize. Precisely what do you understand by the striking phrase that you use? Is it anything—that is to say—"

"*What!*" cried the house-painter.

"Is there anything in this case such as your present manner forbids me to define too particularly?"

"What do you take us for?" gasped the client, starting from his chair. "Why, we're respectable folks!"

"I understand perfectly; of course. In other words, you are not unfaithful to Mrs. Dinsmore?"

"*Me* unfaithful to—my wife? Good Lord, sir! Why, I never *thought* of such a thing!"

"You will excuse me—we lawyers have to be blunt, you know; that is our business. There is, then, no other question of equal or greater delicacy involved?"

"I don't know what you're drivin' at," said Dinsmore, with ominous precision.

"I mean to say that, as a husband, you have no moral grounds of complaint?"

"If you mean to insinuate that my wife—Diana Dinsmore—*my wife*, sir, is capable of . . . of anything . . . like that . . . If you wasn't so much smaller'n me, I'd knock you off a fifty-foot ladder and not pick up the pieces."

"Come, Mr. Dinsmore," replied the lawyer, good-naturedly, "be a reasonable man. We agreed to be friends."

"I didn't agree to set here and have my wife insulted," cried Dinsmore, in a high key.

"You don't suppose it's any easier for a lawyer to put such questions than it is for a client to answer them—do you?" asked the attorney, with a self-possession which now began to act upon the client's nerves, like slow massage, set deep, and working to the surface. "Sit down and tell me all about it. Why do you want a divorce? Don't drink, do you?"

"I'm a member of the First Baptist Church of China," answered the mechanic, simply.

"The lady's habits are good, of course? I was sure of it."

"We ain't a dissipated family," replied the client, in a weakened voice.

The lawyer went firmly on. "What is the ground of complaint? Desertion? Won't she live with you? Have you ever stayed three years away from her?"

"I hain't been three days away from her—for thretty years," answered Dinsmore, dully.

His face had now begun to assume a vacant look; his fingers jerked at his



"THERE IS ONE THING BETTER THAN MONEY—AND THAT IS A HUMAN HOME"



beard, and then skulked after his hat. Herrick noticed the stains under the man's nails, where vermilion and ochre had refused to yield to turpentine baths. It occurred to the lawyer that he was dealing with a simple-hearted, good fellow, and that his professional aim had overshot.

"I ain't an edoocated man," said the house-painter, not without dignity. "We can't all be, I suppose. But I've got some sense left in my skull—if I did come to this here office. And I say, sir, I'd rather be a house and sign painter—walls papered in the latest styles at short notice—an' live in Southeast Street, China,—and make an unfortnit marriage with a good woman,—than mix up with sin an' uncleanness the way you do. She wanted a city lawyer," added the client, plaintively; "she said they knew so much. I guess she's about right there—if you're a specimen. I'd rather dry out in China—like old putty—than have your learnin' at the expense of studyin' out the wickedness of this tarnation town—or livin' in it, either."

"And so would I," answered the lawyer, unexpectedly. "You have altogether the advantage of us. It is that which makes me sorry to see you throw it away. . . . What did you say was the reason you wanted a divorce?"

"Eternal bob-whizzlin'," urged Dinsmore, relapsing into his earlier tone. "She gets mad. She says things she hadn't orter. . . . When she does, I don't like my wife. She don't like me, neither. She says I order her round."

"Do you?"

"I dare say. She deserves it. Besides, she's a woman. It's natur' to order a woman round."

"Well?" asked the lawyer. "Go on."

"That's about all," replied the client.

"Nothing else? Consider carefully. Are you telling me the whole story? How about cruelty? Any blows? Did you ever use her roughly?"

"I may not be a gentleman," said the mechanic through his teeth, "but I am a man. Once I yanked her apron-string, and mebbe there was once I sorter pushed her into the wagon of a Sunday when she was all-fired late,—and another time I knocked a coffee-cup outen her hand. There warn't never anything worse."

"Did she ever offer any personal violence to you?" pursued the lawyer; his mustache twitched a little as he put the question.

"Do I look like it?" demanded the client, fiercely; he held out his huge clenched fists.

"You never were five years in prison, I am sure?" inquired Herrick, with his perfect manner.

"Good Lord!" cried the client, sopping his forehead with his handkerchief. "Any more questions where that come from?"

"Then," returned Herrick, quietly, "I do not see that you can obtain a divorce—in this State. If you will allow me to say so, I think it is fortunate that you cannot. In fact, I advise you strongly against such a step. I am sure you would both regret it. I should rather not further your making such a mistake—even if the statutes permitted."

"But I thought that was the way you fellars made your money!" cried the client. He sat with his mouth open, staring.

"There is one thing," observed the attorney, in a low voice, "better than the pursuit of money, or the habit of having one's own way—those I take to be the two great errors of life in our day,—and that is a human home. It is the best thing there is in the world. If I were you, I should save yours—somehow."

"But we've gotter have that divorce," insisted Dinsmore, obstinately. "She says we have."

"Very well," replied Herrick, taking up his brief. "Bring her here Friday morning at half past ten. I will see what can be done."

It was early May, and the evening was chilly with a formless blur, neither fog nor rain. Dinsmore shivered as he walked up the path between the dahlia and peony beds and pushed open his own door. His wife had not come to meet him, but she stood in the entry, expectantly. She was a small woman, who had once been pretty; she was neatly dressed in black cashmere, with a fresh, white apron trimmed with edging that she had crocheted on winter evenings; she wore a modern stock of lace and blue ribbon about her still well-shaped throat. Her



hair, now rather gray, had been of the reddish variety; she looked like a woman with a warm heart and a red-haired temper.

"Lost your train, didn't you?" she began, nervously. "I've been watchin' all afternoon. Supper's hot and ready."

"I'm beat out," said Dinsmore, handing her his hat. She took it with the readiness of a wife who has always waited on her husband, and hung it up for him. As she did this, she avoided his eyes, for she felt that these evaded her. Dinsmore put his lips together in the obstinate way that she was used to; he did not—she perceived that he did not mean to—speak.

"Well?" she asked, timidly. The habit of being afraid of him was old and fixed; the prospect of freedom from it did not seem to help her any, yet.

"He says we can't do it," said Dinsmore, stolidly. "There ain't any law."

"There's gotter be a law!" cried the red-haired wife. "I've been miser'ble long's I can stand it."

"Guess I'm even with ye on that score, Anna." The painter laughed unpleasantly. "You got no call to plume yourself that I know of—beginnin' to bob-whizzle already."

"We got no call to set out to quarrel that I know of, either," returned the wife, in a gentler tone. "It always disagrees with you to get riled before eatin'. You must be powerful hungry, Robert."

"I could eat a pint o' white lead," admitted the man, with a mollified air. "Besides, he says he'll think it over. He says for you to come there along o' me on Friday, and he'll see."

"My spring sack won't be done till Saturday," urged the woman. "But mebbe Mary Lizzie can be drove on it a little. Here—I'll bring your other coat. You go lie down on the lounge till I get supper on. I don't know when I've seen you so beat."

"That's a fact," said Dinsmore, plainly; he yielded to feminine sympathy as he had always done,—as if it were a man's right, rather than a woman's gift.

"There's shortcake," said Mrs. Dinsmore, cheerfully. "I got the first strawberries Dickson had for you. They ain't half so sour as you'd expect,—and I whipped the cream."

Dinsmore as he ate his supper seemed to smooth in soul and body; one could see the outlines of his cheek round off and his smouldering eye cool. When he spoke, it was in a comfortable tone.

"There ain't a woman in China can beat you on strawberry shortcake, Anna, if I say it as shouldn't."

His wife blushed with pleasure.

"It's your mother's receipt," she observed, with a tact worthy of a happier marriage.

Dinsmore cordially passed his plate for a second piece.

"You see," he said, abruptly, "we ain't wicked enough, neither of us."

Mrs. Dinsmore lifted the pained and puzzled expression of a woman who, however unfortunate her matrimonial experience, has never disputed the inferiority of her own to her husband's intellect. It occurred to her that Robert had begun to discourse (he was naturally a little oratorical) upon some abstruse subject, like politics or savings-banks,—one upon which she could not be expected to follow him; she was quite in the dark as to his drift, until he offered a magnanimous elucidation in these words:

"There ain't no law for decent folks. If we want divorce, we've gotter do some mean thing to 'arn it. Mebbe if I take to drink—we might stand a chance. If you'd ruther, I can knock you down—I don't favor that way myself. If you'll jam me over the head with the family Bible, it might do; it's good 'n' heavy. There ain't no other way I can see, onless I steal something and get sent to prison for five years. We ain't neither of us loonies, and I've been so near-sighted I hain't deserted you. I can, if we're put to it. 'Tain't too late. But it takes quite a while—three years. If you was to elope with a fellar, that would help us out. Can you think of anybody you'd fancy?"

As Dinsmore uttered this long and inscrutable discourse, his wife had grown pale, and paler; her plump elbows shook.

"He's wanderin'," she thought. "He's taken a spell, and it's gone to his head."

"Let me get you a dose of your spring tonic, Robert," she purred, soothing him. "An' then I'll fix you up a nice hot foot-bath 'n' mustard, and send for the doctor. You must have taken cold, or maybe

you're a mite bilious. There, Rob, there! You come along o' me, and I'll take care of you."

It was so long since she had called him Rob that the word arrested Dinsmore's attention and quenched the retort burning upon his tongue. He looked at his wife steadily and with a certain interest, as if in a new subject, or a new phase of an old one.

"You don't understand, Anna. You're a woman, and I hadn't orter expected it. I ain't out o' my head; I've only been to the city. This ain't loonacy. It's law. I ain'ter goin'ter take no spring tonic," he added, pugnaciously. "Nor I ain'ter goin'ter go to bed. I'm goin'ter light the settin'-room fire and set by it. I'm cold. It's so cold I guess I'll keep it agoin' till mornin'. Burnin', did you say? Good and ready? Well! That's nice, Anna. You'd better go to bed. I'll set a while alone. You've given me a fust-rate supper, and I'm much obleeged to you, Anna. But there's times a man has to be alone—and this is one of them times. . . . We may as well get used to it. We've gotter set alone a good deal, I s'pose."

The wife shrivelled away into herself at once, and assented obediently. Without further words the two parted for the night. She washed the dishes and went slowly up-stairs to her own room, which her husband had not entered for longer than either of them cared to recall.

Robert Dinsmore sat by the hearth and fed the fire gloomily. His thoughts flickered as the blaze did, under the big birch logs, which he crossed and recrossed, and built up and built again; but his feeling went steadily to ashes as the fire went. He perceived that two respectable people who had married ought to be able to live together in comfort and in what is called peace. But he felt that in his own case something fundamental to this mysterious achievement was lacking; he supposed it was what is known as love, but he was not quite sure. That it was something which had been, and was not, was plain; beyond, he got into fog. He shook his head as he crouched over the fading fire. His wife never saw the look that settled over his large, unfinished face. He sat brooding till midnight, as an unhappy man will, bitter and sep-

arate. Then he covered the fire carefully with its own ashes, hot and cold. "It's a tarnation late spring," he said. "I guess I'll keep it up overnight."

The stenographer's brows wrinkled perplexedly when she admitted the unworldly couple. A composite feeling of disdain and respect struggled for expression in the face of this sophisticated young woman as Mrs. Dinsmore, in her new spring sack (visibly unappreciated by the office-girl, though conceded to be the banner of fashion in China), was introduced into the inner office. A peremptory wave of the girl's hand relegated the husband to a seat in the waiting-room without.

"That young lady with the tulle rosette behind told me to come in here," began Mrs. Dinsmore, with her company manner. "She said you wanted to see me alone. My husband is right out there in call," she added, with a sudden sense of propriety. She could not remember when she had been shut up in a room with a strange man. Indeed, she had never met a man like this one. His delicate courtesy, his high-bred features, his chivalrous smile, first bewildered and then charmed her. When he said, "I thought, Mrs. Dinsmore, we had better talk matters over together," she could have told him everything she had ever thought or felt.

The instinct for the confessional which is so strong in every woman is not provided for by the polity of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and Anna Dinsmore, who was in her own way a reserved wife, had never told her story to her minister. Herrick's sincerity and sympathy, qualities necessary to a successful counsellor, and obvious in him, drew the woman on. The misery of years melted from her lips. In half an hour he had a life's history, and the heart of a wretched wife throbbled in his hand.

His face underwent a change as the consultation progressed; the experienced lines about his mouth wavered, and his melancholy eyes dwelt upon the client kindly; once or twice they grew moist, and once his finger dashed to the lashes.

"And the child?" he asked, gently. "I understood you to say that there was a child?"

"One, sir. We never had but one.

That was a little girl,—that was Deeny. He named her Diana, after me. He used to call me Nan in those days; he don't now. But we called her Deeny. She called herself that before she could talk. Deeny died. She was three years old. She was the prettiest little girl, Mr. Herrick, you ever see. . . . Her father set the world and all by her. It's fourteen years come Sunday after next since Deeny died."

Herrick arose silently, opened the door, and beckoned the husband in. The two sat before their lawyer like children before a father, with downcast eyes. The man was the first to assert himself.

"Well!" he began, in a loud voice. "I suppose she's been pitching into me?"

"On the contrary," replied the lawyer, sternly, "your wife has taken her full share of the blame—more than her share, perhaps."

"I'm obleeged to ye, Anna," observed the husband, after some thought. "I wisht I'd done as much by you. I'm afraid I didn't. I told him you bob-whizzled."

"Now, if you will be influenced by me," began the lawyer, in his paternal tone; it was that of a man who has listened to the uneven tempo of so many hundred disordered human hearts that he might have been pardoned for slighting the exigency of these plain people; instead, he made it his own, as a few men might who hold and honor the name of counsellor—"if you will be guided by me, you will go home and begin all over again—make the best of each other, and of life, in short. You have no case at all. You cannot obtain a divorce in this State. If you feel that you must separate, you can do that, of course. I can arrange the details, if you wish."

"That would do," said Dinsmore, quickly. "It's more respectable, and it ain't so ondoable either—is it?"

"I guess we'd like that," added the wife, but slowly and with averted eyes. Those of the lawyer saddened a little; he had the look of a man who has lost his case. But he said:

"I have told you what I advise. If I were in your place, I should try again. A hot temper and an arbitrary will are not a fatal combination. I assure you that it's a pretty common one. It's

worth the fight to get the better of it,—or so it strikes me."

"We've fit—and fit," replied the man. "We're beat out."

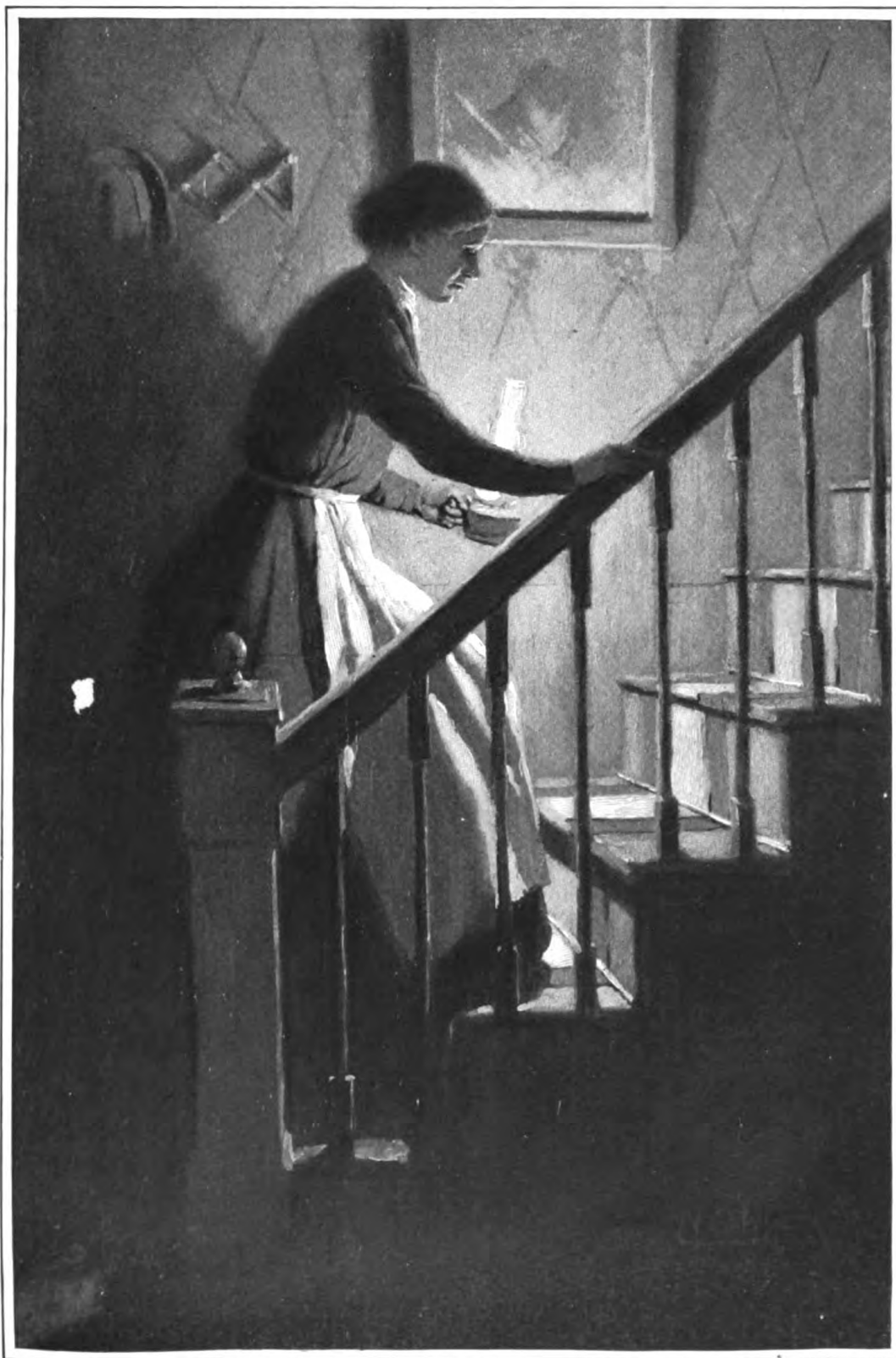
"Yes," assented the woman. "We're tired of it."

"Very well," returned Herrick, curtly. "Come a week from Monday, and I'll go over the details with you. I am greatly pressed for time just now. Mrs. Dinsmore, if you please, I will speak with your husband a moment alone."

When the two were left together, the counsellor's manner abruptly changed. John Herrick's face had taken on a certain transparency, making him look fairer and finer than most men; he wheeled in his office chair before he began to speak. His words were carefully chosen and few in number. These were they:

"Dinsmore, I want to tell you about a friend of mine—a man I knew well. He was not happy with his wife, and they parted. They had one child—it was a little girl; it died. After that they drifted apart, the way people do,—and then they drove apart. Matters got worse—you know how it is. They had begun by loving each other . . . very much . . . very truly. When they found that they were losing this . . . precious thing—this feeling that brings men and women together—and leads them to meet life patiently and tenderly for one another's sake,—they did not try to hold it; they let it go, and so—I think I told you, didn't I?—they parted. She went—in fact, they put the seas between them. I think the man was the more to blame—I think we are apt to be to blame. It isn't a very easy thing to be a woman, Dinsmore. Let us put ourselves in their places. Come! They need to be loved manfully, nothing cowardly about it,—not to whine over the disappointments of marriage. These are altogether mutual.

"A woman has got to be *cherished*, Dinsmore,—yes, even if she is quick-tempered. A man can do that—though he has outlived his honeymoon. This man that I tell you of began to think so after a while; after he had lived alone till the ferment of things—that is, perhaps I do not make it plain—till his first irritation and soreness had healed and



HE HEARD HER SOB HER WAY UP-STAIRS





calmed. One day he said to himself: 'I will take the next steamer. I'll go to her and tell her how I feel. We will try again. We will begin all over.' That night, Dinsmore, that same night, he had a message from her by cable. . . . Do you see? . . . that very evening. She said, 'Come at once.' . . . When he got there, she was . . . He was too late. She was dead. . . . He never had his chance to try again.—You have. Good morning, sir."

Herrick wheeled and dismissed the client, who went from the office with hanging head and walking on tiptoe.

Robert Dinsmore was not a quick-witted man, as we measure men and minds, but he had it in him to surmise, if he did not perceive, that the counsellor had shared with him—a stranger—the sacred tragedy of his own history; and that he had done this delicate, self-obliterating thing not to save a case, but to save a client's happiness and a human home.

When Dinsmore had gone, John Herrick turned the key in the door. The stenographer knocked in vain, and whisked away, pouting. Herrick did not get to work, but sat for some time looking at the dead stone-wall, which constituted his foreground and his perspective.

The late spring lagged. The peonies and dahlias in front of Robert Dinsmore's house held up green finger-tips, as if they were trying the weather, and found it too cold to venture into, so came no farther. For several evenings the fire burned late on the sitting-room hearth, and the man sat before it, silent and apart, bitter and determined. As determined, but sadder and more gentle, the wife wept on her pillow, listening for his heavy footfall turning to his downstairs room. If the night were cold, she could hear the scrapings of the shovel as he covered the fire to hold it over till morning. Like many big men, he had small weaknesses and self-indulgences; fancied a warm place to dress in if it were chilly, and crept there with his clothes, half guiltily, while his wife was building the kitchen fire and getting breakfast.

The lawyer had allowed the couple ten days before the fateful and final inter-

view which should indicate the terms of their separation and put its details into execution. If it occurred to them to wonder why, in reply to the incontrovertible statement on Mrs. Dinsmore's part that Monday was washing-day, Mr. Herrick had nevertheless insisted on that moist date, they had not protested, and obediently pursued their preparations for the step which they now curiously felt as if they were legally obliged to take.

It was to their simple minds as if their fate were in the hands of a sheriff. In a sense it was. The dark sheriff Disillusion that arrests fugitive married love, and does not easily let go, had laid a heavy grasp upon these two. Yet the mechanic perplexed the lawyer by a certain fine magnanimity which would have embellished the soul of what we call a gentleman:

"Allowance? All there is, if you say so. I don't propose to cut Anna short. I'm in comfortable circumstances and have laid up consider'ble. I don't want more'n enough to pay the laundryman and find a little to eat somewheres. I can sleep in the shop. She must have the house, it stands to natur'. No man could turn a woman outer doors. I want to pervide handsomely for Anna."

"Mr. Dinsmore is very generous to me." His wife, to her neighbors and relatives, said this proudly.

The domestic misfortunes of the two were now the scandal of China, and she reported to her husband the efforts of the village to preserve the indivisibility of their home. Public opinion was against them; their course was felt to be a distinct reflection upon the character of the community and the standing of the Baptist and Methodist churches.

The unhappy husband and wife were made to feel themselves the object of a general censure so unexpected and so severe that they combined instinctively, like the happiest of married people, to resent it.

They grew, in fact, quite friendly over their common misfortune, and discussed it daily between gusts of a mutual irritation.

"Your minister called here to-day. He preached at me for an hour. I told him I preferred to be disciplined by my own denomination. He said wives order



submit themselves to their own Baptist husbands."

"Your minister came to my shop this afternoon. He pitched into me for quite a spell. He said husbands oughter love their wives, as Christ loved the Methodist Church."

It would not have been easy for Robert and Diana Dinsmore to say when they had passed so much time in each other's society as since they had agreed to forswear it forever.

All this was by day. With evening their spirits fell, and they crept apart. The wife cried a good deal; but never in his presence. She was mysteriously and remorselessly busy—over what, he could not have told; she seemed to be working about the house all day, giving it the religious touch of something more sacred than spring cleaning; washing his bedspreads, ironing his shirts, doing up curtains in his room, mending flannels, disinterring camphorated mummies of summer clothes—all *his*, all for *him*. His smouldering eyes saw everything, but he asked no questions. With the eagerness of a bride, the skill of a happy and experienced housewife, and the sadness of a widow, the woman worked on doggedly. He thought what a neat, sweet housekeeper she had always been—snapping, sometimes, when he tracked in mud, but always ready to mop it up after him with a laugh. He thought—he began to think—how many comfortable hours he had owed to her for how many years. He hated to see her tiring herself like this—at the last.

"What ails you, Anna?" he asked, sharply.

"Don't ye darst find fault with me—now!" she cried, quavering. She took up the big stocking she was mending and went into another room. Dinsmore stared after her. His large face wrinkled uncomfortably. She could see him from where she sat, though she seemed not to. She thought:

"He was a handsome fellow—those first years. He's lost consider'ble looks the last two weeks. I hope he'll keep his health, and not get to complainin'. I don't know who to mercy 'll look after him if he should have any of his spells. His aunt Sophia couldn't no more'n a"—she paused for an adequate simile

—"no more'n a camphorated wood-chuck," added the New England wife.

The spring relented slowly and began to burgeon. The dahlias and peonies thrust up their arms beside the front walk. In the bed under the south window—that had been the little girl's window—an old-fashioned flower called the star-of-Bethlehem budded and blossomed; it was a delicate flower, lily-shaped, or star-shaped, with a gray shade and a white light.

The fire in the sitting-room was not burning now, but Dinsmore kept it carefully laid, and sat by its cold hearth dolorously. It had come to be Saturday night—the last that they were to spend together. Dinsmore had been quiet and dull; but Anna worked all day. She did not stop sewing until nine o'clock; then she put away her thimble, folded a big pink and blue outing-shirt neatly, and came and sat down beside her husband. The unlighted fire lay between them.

"I believe I've thought of everything," she began, in a tone as if she had been entertaining a caller with whom she was on rather distant terms. "Your winter ones are all done up in camphor,—summer ones in the lowest drawer of your bureau. I don't think you'll find a button off of anything. I hain't intended you should. All yer stockings are mended up 'n' turned at the heel. Your furs are in the big chest in the attic,—here's the key. I've had 'em all aired 'n' sunned 'n' brushed, an' done up in camphor 'n' cedar-oil,—I know you hate moth-balls. Don't you never let anybody—" She broke off.

"The house is clean's clean from top to toe, Robert. I've had everything out and everything in. It fairly smells of soap 'n' water 'n' sunshine. You'll find your spring tonic in the medicine cupboard. I do hope you will—will—you will take good care of yourself, an' not get any of your spells. I should kinder hate to have you get sick and me—I hope you'll change your feet when you get 'em wet, when I— Then, come sunstroke weather, remember how I always put a wet sponge in the crown of your straw hat, won't you? You'll find it over the kitchen dresser. I've baked a dozen pies—all sorts. I'll roast a couple of

fowl and leave doughnuts—and those long cookies with holes in that you like. You can get along for quite a spell, till that camphorated wood—I mean your aunt Sophia comes. I made up my mind—after we come from that lawyer o' Monday night—to stop along o' Mary Lizzie."

"What?" shouted the husband.

The wife winced—as she had done, how often!—at his rising voice. But she answered steadily: "I've made up my mind. I ain'ter goin'ter turn you outer your own home. I'm goin'ter stop along of Mary Lizzie. I couldn't seem, anyways, to turn you out, Robert. It don't seem fair. I ain'ter goin'ter do it. I ain'ter goin'ter stop here. I've fixed everything for you, Robert,—pretty's I know how,—and come o' Monday I guess I won't come back. Seems to me it would be easiest, somehow. I— No, Robert, no! I *ain't* cryin', nor I ain'ter goin'ter cry. You lemme be, that's all. Hain't you always been at me all these years to let *you* be, to let you have *your* way? Now, I'm goin'ter have *mine*—for once. I've made up my mind. I know you've got one of your own, but it ain't big enough to change mine this time. I ain'ter goin'ter turn you out, and that I'm set on. I couldn't stand it, Robert,—no way in this world,—to see you campin' in that shop. A man is such a helpless creetur,—a man is such a—such a *tomfool* without a house and a woman in it! No, I ain'ter cryin', either, but if you darst touch me, Robert, I shall—I shall begin to . . ."

He did not dare to touch her. He was a dull man, as we have said. Before his wet and winking eyes, before his empty arms, she whirled and fled. He heard her sob her way up-stairs, and heard her lock her door.

She was quite self-possessed the next morning; more so than the man. Dinsmore flung himself about the house uneasily, and took an after-breakfast pipe—a secular amusement which he did not allow himself on Sunday. When he knocked the ashes out in the hearth the fire caught and blazed robustly; he watched it with sombre eyes till it had fallen quite away.

"It's the last one," he thought; he gave the fender a kick as he shoved it into place.

They went to church as usual, and reflected what credit they could, and such discredit as they must, upon their separate and distinct denominations; he drove her both ways, and helped her in and out of the buggy. She got up an excellent Sunday dinner for him, one of her best, and it must be recorded that he did generous justice to it, and that this gratified her very much. In the afternoon she began to grow a little gray about the mouth, and he noticed that her hand fumbled with her apron when she came at last and stood behind him. He was laying the fire on the cold hearth.

"Well," he said, "you don't object, do you? I thought I'd leave it as it had orter be. It won't—we sha'n't—I sha'n't set by it any more, I s'pose. If you think you're goin' to Mary Lizzie's, you never was more mistaken in your life, Diana Dinsmore. You *can't* leave this here house. It's your house. Mr. Herrick's got the deeds made out. Come to-morrow he'll pass 'em, and you gotter stay."

"I ain'ter goin'ter," replied the wife, with the inexorable obstinacy of gentleness. "I ain'ter goin'ter turn you out. It ain't gospel."

"Well, it's law," persisted Dinsmore. "Mr. Herrick 'll make you. You'll see."

"Isn't it kinder late to be fightin' as to which shall treat the other prettiest?" asked Mrs. Dinsmore, slowly.

"By gum!" answered Dinsmore, "I never thought of that."

"Robert," began the woman, laying her hand timidly on his arm, "have you forgotten—"

"I hain't forgotten a blessed thing," interrupted the husband, shortly.

"It's fourteen years—you know—since—"

"Lord, don't I know?" groaned Dinsmore. "I've thought about it every night I've set here this two weeks past."

"Would you mind coming along o' me—this last time—same's we've done for fourteen years—to . . . to visit with her, Robert? The star-of-Bethlehem is up. It's always up—in time for Deeny."

"It *gnaws* at me so, Anna!" The man put his hand to his heart as if he were undergoing a physical pang. "I always feel it—here," he said.

"I didn't know but you'd *like* to go and say good-by to Deeny—with me,"

urged the woman, drooping; "but never mind!"

"Oh, I'll go!" cried Dinsmore; "of course I'll go."

Silently the two went out of the house, and silently took the road together. They walked with bent heads. Their feet seemed to carry them without direction of their wills to the greening, budding village churchyard. Anna held the star-of-Bethlehem in her hand. Now and then she buried her face in the silver-gray, lilylike, starlike flowers. Once he thought she kissed them, but he did not seem to see or know it. He seemed to see nothing, he seemed to know nothing, and he had a stolid look when they came to the little girl's grave. One might have thought that he did not care. The bit of marble flickered before his eyes in the cool May sunlight, as if it had been a leaf, or some frail living thing.

What a little grave it was! It had never seemed so short before.

"The letters need polishin' up," he said; he traced them out with his stained forefinger.

DEENY.

*Three years old  
When she died.*

"She would have been seventeen, wouldn't she? I hadn't thought of that."

"Shall we divide 'em up—same 's we always have?" asked Anna, hesitating. She was afraid of him even then, and even there. It was an old habit and an iron one. She glanced at him deprecatingly.

"I don't know 's I care if we do," he answered. "I s'pose Deeny'd like that."

Anna halved the flowers in silence. He was conscious of wondering why she did not cry. He laid the star-of-Bethlehem on Deeny's grave with his huge fingers; they shook, and one of the silver-gray bells fell. Anna picked it up and kissed it before she added to it her handful. He watched her with wretched eyes; hers leaped, and it was for a moment as if they ran to him.

"There's Dickson!" he said, suddenly, "and your minister's wife. And Mary Lizzie."

The last place in China where grief could shelter itself was in the spot where

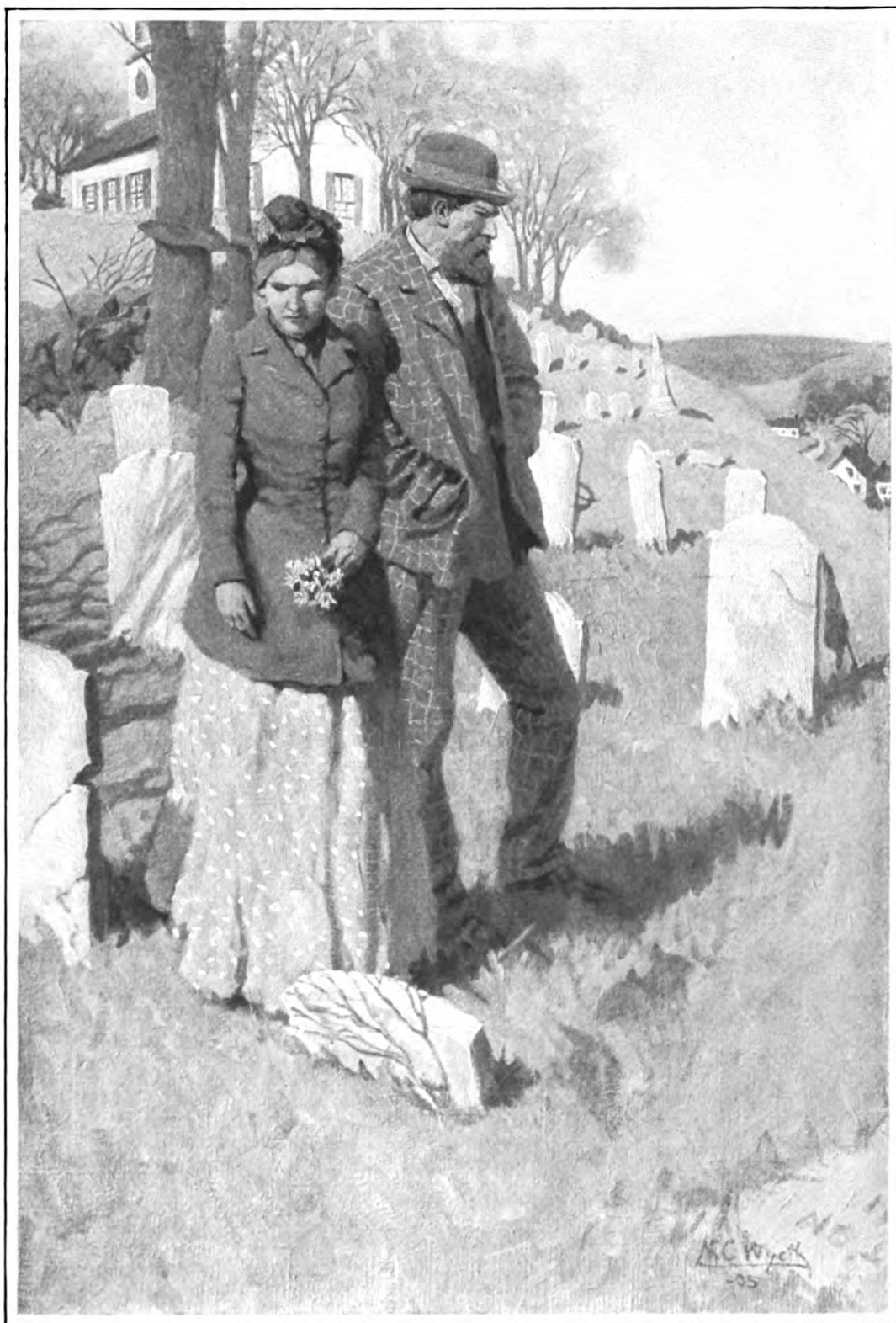
it grieved the sorest; and on the day when it had most leisure to weep it had least opportunity. There was no seclusion in the village churchyard on Sunday afternoon. The childless parents fled the place before their curious townfolk, and, climbing the old stone-wall among the blackberry-vines, went home silently by another way.

The mother did not look back, but the father did so once; it seemed to him as if the bit of marble turned a little, like something that watched them. But marble does not move, and Deeny could not. She lay deep among the roots of spring, with the star-of-Bethlehem above her.

The two came to their home as mutely as they had gone from it, and made no attempt to reassume the shield of words. It was as if it had suddenly proved to be made of some false substance—gauze or paper—and hung ragged in their hands. Now they flung the flimsy thing away.

Anna laid the table for their light Sunday-night supper, and both sat down, but neither ate. Pretty soon she came back and cleared away the dishes. Dinsmore lighted his pipe, and went and sat by the fireless hearth. He heard her stirring about with her soft, housewifely step; she had a light step for so heavy a woman. Anna was not awkward; she had been a graceful girl, and pretty—he remembered how pretty she used to be; he did not know when he had thought of it before. He had been very much in love with her; so had most of the young men in China; but she had denied them all to marry him. Anna had always kept something of the look and manner of a woman who has been ardently and frequently sought in youth, and when marriage ceased to sustain the valuation at which she had been taught to rate herself, she was as perplexed as she was wretched. Dinsmore pulled at his pipe nervously.

"Yes," he thought, "she was a good-looking girl. And Anna's a handy house-keeper. If it hadn't 'a' ben for bob-whizzlin'— By gum!" he said, aloud, "if she ain'ter gone up-stairs without comin' to set along of me—this last night!"



Half-tone plate engraved by Frank E. Pettit

ONE MIGHT HAVE THOUGHT THAT HE DID NOT CARE





For Anna had crept up-stairs to her own room, and he heard her lock her door. He put his pipe away; suddenly there was no pleasure in it any more. He stretched his legs out on the cold hearth and, folding his hands, began to twirl his big thumbs perplexedly; his head fell to his breast. He must have sat there for some time. Presently he said:

"Deeny . . . she would ha' stayed along of me. It would ha' ben somebody. . . . No," he added, on reflection. "Women hang together. She would ha' stood by her mother. . . . I'd ruther she would, too. If there'd ever ben a boy,—but there warn't. No. There warn't no boy. And Deeny's dead."

He repeated the word aloud, two or three times:

"Deeny? Deeny!"

With a cry the man sprang to his startled feet. He did not believe in ghosts; no good Baptist did; but then and there he was sure that one had got into the house. It was well fitted up against burglars, but there were no ghost-locks on the doors and windows, as there are no ghost-locks on a father's or a mother's heart.

It was his wife who had frightened him so—as he started to tell her, but he thought better of it. Her feet were bare, like any spirit's, and her hand as cold as Deeny's; she had come without sound and she stood without speech; though the night was warm, she had covered her night-dress carefully with her blue flannel wrapper, as if he had been some neighbor or acquaintance hurriedly met in an emergency.

"Lord!" he said,—“Lord o' mercy! You scared the sense out of me.”

"Robert," she began at once, "I came to—I thought I'd come—I wanted to sit with you this last time—if you don't mind me. Do you, Robert?"

She looked about timidly. "There ain't any chair."

"Would you care," asked Dinsmore, humbly, "if you should set on the arm of mine? Seein' it's the last time."

He sank back into the big cushioned chair that he had been occupying. After a moment's hesitation she seated herself upon its arm. She did not look at him, but began to talk at once: he saw that

she had one of those flowers thrust in the bosom of her blue flannel gown.

"I brought it down for you," she said, hurriedly, "seein' it's Deeny's. I picked it up off the grave after I'd laid it there. I thought you'd like to keep it . . . even if you took it from . . . me. Put it in your Bible, will you, Rob? Put it on that Jairus chapter we read together that night we buried her; about his little girl who was not dead but sleepeth,—don't you remember? See, Rob, what a pretty flower it is! What a *Deeny* flower! When it is a bud, it is a lily. When it blossoms, it is a star. I've been thinkin' it's that way with Deeny. When she died she was just a baby, Rob, no more'n a lily-bud—a little white thing. Then we could hold her—and cuddle her. Now she's blossomed, she is a star, and we can't.

"Oh, she was such a pretty baby, Rob! She was such a *dear* little girl! . . . I—I set so much by her— Ah me! Ah me! . . . Oh, Robbie, don't blame me, will you—not now? Don't be hard on me—if I set and cry a little . . . about . . . about Deeny . . . this last time I'll get a chance? Nobody else cares about Deeny but you 'n' me. Everybody else has forgotten Deeny. She's nothin' but a handful o' dust in the graveyard to other folks—just a little dead baby fourteen years ago. . . . It's only fathers and mothers that love dead children so long 's that. Why, Robbie, think! She's seventeen years old to-day! She's singin' round heaven—a grown-up girl—same 's she would ha' ben singin' round this house along of you and me."

Dinsmore's large face worked pitifully; a man should not cry—like a woman—but the tears came storming down.

"Now, Anna! Now, Anna!" he repeated, helplessly. He thought of Deeny as a seventeen-year-old ghost with a harp and wings. But her mother thought of her as an angel in a long skirt, with a lace stock and ribbons.

"She was a dear little thing!" reiterated the woman, who was sobbing now without restraint.

"So she was, Anna, so she was!" the father groaned.

"And she set so much by you, Robbie,—climbin' onto your knees to pull your whiskers, and kissin' of you—"

"So she did, Nan, so she did!"

"And singin' of a morning to wake us up . . . and sayin' her little prayers of an evening—'Now I lay me'—so gentle and so—so *Deeny*."

"It gnaws me—here," gasped the man; he laid his hand upon his heart, and changed color. But the woman, herself stupid with misery, went, unobserving, on:

"Rob— Listen to me; I've been thinkin' . . . we can divide everything else . . . houses 'n' lands 'n' money 'n' all those things that ain't of no account—Mr. Herrick can fix 'em all up, and the law can deal with *them*. But, Rob, *we can't divide Deeny* . . . noway in the world."

"That's a fact, we can't," panted Dinsmore, faintly. "Who ever said we wanted to?"

"The law can't part off *Deeny*, Rob, between . . . you and . . . me. It was love made *Deeny*, and law can't unmake her. Love and law can fight for ever 'n' ever, Rob, but *there's Deeny*. Robert?—Say, Robert? Did you hear me?—Robert!"

But Robert Dinsmore did not answer Diana his wife. His head against the tall easy-chair suddenly fell to one side. His big body sloped and toppled, and his wife caught him as he dropped.

"He's got one of his spells," thought Anna. "I've killed him—this last night."

Then she fell upon him with the hunger of her starved heart. She kissed him and kissed him, she chafed and stimulated, she wept and called, she warmed him and held him, and yearned over him, and prayed over him, and kissed him again.

"Oh, my man!" she cried,—*"my man, my man!"*

When Dinsmore came to himself he muttered a little, and said queer things:

"I am not dead, but sleepeth . . . I've lost my chance to try again. . . . Good morning, sir."

"It's a stroke," thought Anna. "He'll miss his mind same as Peeler with the shakin' palsy."

But it was not a stroke, and the painter did not miss his mind. He found it, presently, all he ever had, and perhaps a little more. And when he found it, he perceived a marvel.

On the cold hearth the fire leaped and

began to burn joyously. From ashes below ashes some hidden spark, some covered coal, had caught, and in a moment the cold room went warm, and the gray night turned a royal color.

Did wonders, like troubles, come together? For now the man was aware that an unbelievable thing had happened, and this was the greatest wonder in the world. Love had happened. His head was on a woman's breast. He felt her arms, her tears, her lips.

The miracle of married life had happened. Long-forgotten tenderness, smothered and silent, had leaped from the embers of cold years; it was not dead, but smouldered; for love is not a circumstance; it is not a state; it is a living soul.

"That you, Nan?" he asked, feebly. "I must have had a spell."

The two sat in the shining, clasped and still. She did not cry any more. She feared to agitate him, and was very quiet. She put up her hand to his beard and stroked his cheek. Her wrapper fell away from her neck, but she did not notice that her throat was bare, until he turned his face and kissed it. *Deeny's* flower—lilylike, starlike, childlike—had fallen from the warm blue gown, and lay upon her mother's bosom beneath his lips.

"Nan," said Robert Dinsmore,—*"Nan, you may bob-whizzle all you want to."*

"But I don't *want* to, Rob."

"And, Nan, I guess I've ordered you 'round some."

"I'd rather you would!" cried the wife. "Shouldn't know you if you didn't. What 'll Mr. Herrick say?" she added, in a frightened voice. It occurred to her at that moment that even now the statutes would require her to live alone in the house, while Robert camped in the shop.

Then Robert laughed. "I'll risk Mr. Herrick, by gum!"

"But the law, Rob—"

"Law be hanged! This ain't law. It's *love*!"

—"That's a clever fire of yours, Nan," he suggested, smiling beatifically at the hot birch-blaze. He thought that she had lighted it, and she did not undeceive him. She and the fire exchanged looks, and kept each other's counsel. But the fire laughed.

# The Plummer Kind

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL

THE doll's name was Olivicia. Rebecca Mary had evolved the name from her inner consciousness and her intense gratitude to Aunt Olivia and the minister's wife. She had put Aunt Olivia first with instinctive loyalty, though in the secret little closet of her soul she had longed to call the beautiful being Felicia, intact and sweet. She did not know the meaning of Felicia, but she knew that the doll, as it lay in the loving cradle of her arms, gazing upward with changeless placidity and graciousness, looked as one should look whose name was Felicia. Greater compliment than this Rebecca Mary could not have paid the minister's wife.

"Olivicia,"—she had placed the beautiful being on the sill of the attic window, and stood confronting, addressing it: "Olivicia, it's coming—it is very near to! Sit there and listen and smile—oh yes, smile, *smile*. I don't wonder! I would too, only I'm too glad. When you're *too* glad you can't smile. I've been waiting for it to come—Olivicia, seems as if I'd been waiting a thou-san' years! You're so young, you've only lived such a little while, of course I don't expect you to understand the deep-downness inside o' me when I think—"

The address fluttered and came to a standstill here. Rebecca Mary was suddenly reminded that Olivicia was in the dark; she must be enlightened before she could smile understandingly.

"Why, you poor dear!—why, you don't know what it is that's coming and that's near to! It's the—city, Olivicia," enlightened Rebecca Mary, gently, to insure against shock. "Aunt Olivia's going—to—the—city."

In Rebecca Mary's dreamings it had always been *the* city. It did not need a "local habitation and a name"; enough that it had streets upon streets, houses upon houses upon houses, a daz-zling swirl of men, women, and little

children,—noise, glitter, glory. In her dreamings the city was something so wondrous and grand that Heaven might have been its name. The streets upon streets were not paved with gold, of course,—of course she knew they were not paved with gold! But in spite of herself she knew that she would be disappointed if they did not shine.

Aunt Olivia had said it that morning. At breakfast—quite matter-of-factly. Think of saying it matter-of-factly!

"I'm going to the city soon, Rebecca Mary," she had said, between sips of her tea. "Perhaps by Friday week, but I haven't set the day, really. There's a good deal to do."

Rebecca Mary had been helping do it all day. Now it was nearly time for the pageant of red and gold in the west that Rebecca Mary loved, and she had come up here with the beautiful being to watch it through the tiny panes of the attic window, but more to ease the aching rapture in her soul by speech. She must say it out loud. The city—the city—to the city of streets and houses and men and wonders upon wonders!

Olivicia had come in the capacity of calm listener; for nothing excited Olivicia.

"I," Aunt Olivia had said, but Aunt Olivia usually said "I." There was no discouragement in that to Rebecca Mary. It did not for a moment occur to her that "I" did not mean "we."

The valise they had got down from its cobwebby niche was roomy; it would hold enough for two. Rebecca Mary knew that, because she had packed it so many times in her dreamings. She wished Aunt Olivia would let her pack it now. She knew just where she would put everything—her best dress and Aunt Olivia's (for of course they would wear their second-bests), their best hats and shoes and gloves. Their nightgowns she would roll tightly and put in one end, for it

doesn't hurt nightgowns to be rolled tightly. Of course she would not put anything heavy, like hair-brushes and shoes and things, on top of anything, —unless it was the nightgowns, for it doesn't hurt—

"Oh, Olivia,—oh, Olivia, how I hope she'll say, 'Rebecca Mary, you may pack the valise'! I could do it with my eyes shut, I've done it so many, many times!"

But Aunt Olivia did not say it. One day and then another went by without her saying it, and then one morning Rebecca Mary knew by the plump, well-fed aspect of the valise that it was packed. Aunt Olivia had packed it in the night.

There was no one else in the room when Rebecca Mary made her disappointing little discovery. She went over to the plump valise and prodded it gently with her finger. But it is so difficult to tell in that way whether your own best dress, your own best hat, best shoes, best gloves, are in there. Rebecca Mary hurried up-stairs and looked in her closet and in her "best" bureau drawer. They were not there! In her relief she caught up the beautiful being and strained her hard, lifeless little body to her own warm breast. If she had not been Rebecca Mary, she would have danced about the room.

"Oh, I'm so relieved, Olivia!" she laughed, softly. "If they're not up here, *they're down there*. They've got to be somewhere. They're in that valise—valise—vali-i-ise!"

Rebecca Mary had never been to a city, and within her remembrance Aunt Olivia had never been. Curiosity was not a Plummer trait, hence Rebecca Mary had never asked many questions about the remote period before her own advent into Aunt Olivia's life. The same Plummer restraint kept her now from asking questions. There was nothing to do but wait, but the waiting was illumined by her joyous anticipations.

Oddly enough, Aunt Olivia seemed to have no anticipations—at least joyous ones. Her thin, grave face may even have looked a little thinner and graver, if Rebecca Mary had thought to notice.

The night the lean old valise took on plumpness Aunt Olivia went often into Rebecca Mary's little room. Many of

the times she came out very shortly with the child's "best" things trailing from her arms, but once or twice she stayed rather long—long enough to stand beside a little white bed and look down on a flushed little face. A pair of wide-open eyes watched her smilingly from the pillows, but they were not Rebecca Mary's eyes, and Olivia was altogether trustworthy.

An odd thing happened—but Olivia never told. Why should she publish abroad that she had lain there and seen Aunt Olivia bend once—bend twice—over Rebecca Mary and kiss her?

Softly, patiently, very wearily, Aunt Olivia went in and out. The things she brought out in her arms she folded carefully and packed,—but not in the lank old valise. She put them all with tender painstaking into a quaint little carpetbag. When the work was done she set the bag away out of sight, and went about packing her own things in the valise.

The day before, she had been to see the minister and the minister's wife. She called for them both, and sat down gravely and made her proposition. It was startling only because of the few words it took to make it. Otherwise it was very pleasant, and the minister and the minister's wife received it with nods and smiles.

"Of course, Miss Olivia,—why, certainly!" smiled and nodded the minister.

"Why, it will be delightful,—and Rhoda will be so pleased!" nodded and smiled the minister's wife. But after their caller had gone she faced the minister with indignant eyes.

"Why did you let her?" she demanded. "Why did you spoil it all by that?"

"Because she was Miss Olivia," he answered, gently.

"Yes,—yes, I suppose so," reluctantly; "but, anyway, you needn't have let her do it in advance. Actually it made me blush, Robert!"

The minister rubbed his cheeks tentatively. "Made me, too," he admitted, "but I respect Miss Olivia so much—"

The minister's wife tacked abruptly to her other source of indignation.

"Why doesn't she *take* Rebecca Mary? —Robert, wait! You know it isn't because— You know better!"



"It isn't because, dear,—I know better," he hurried, assuringly. The minister was used to her little indignations and loved them for being hers. They were harmless, too, and wont to have a good excuse for being. This one, now,—the minister in his heart wondered that Miss Olivia did not take Rebecca Mary.

"It would be such a treat— Robert, you think what a treat it would be to Rebecca Mary!"

"Still, dear—"

"I don't want to be still! I want Rebecca Mary to have that treat!" But she kissed him in token of being willing to drop it there—it was her usual token,—and ran away to get a little room ready. There was not a device known to the minister's wife that she did not use to make that room pleasant.

"Shall I take your pincushion, Rhoda?" Rhoda had come up to help.

"Yes," eagerly, "and I'll write Welcome with the pins."

"And the little fan to put on the wall—the pink one?"

"Yes, yes; let me spread it out, mamma!"

"That's grand. Now if we only had a pink quilt—"

"I 'only have' one!" laughed Rhoda, hurrying after it.

The whole little room when they left it, like the pins on the pincushion, spelled "WELCOME."

Aunt Olivia got up earlier than usual one day and went about the house for a final survey. The valise and the little carpetbag she carried down-stairs and out on to the front steps. Her face was whitened as if by a long night's vigil. When she called Rebecca Mary it was with a voice strained and hoarse. The beautiful being Olivia watched her with intent, unwinking gaze,—could it be Olivia understood?

"Hurry and dress, Rebecca Mary; there's a good deal to do," Aunt Olivia said at the door. She did not go in. "Yes, in your second-best,—don't you see I've put it out? You can wear that every day now, till—for a while." Something in the voice startled Rebecca Mary out of her subdued ecstasy and sent her down to breakfast with a nameless fear tugging at her heart.

"You're going to stay at the minister's,

—I've paid your board in advance," Aunt Olivia said, monotonously, as if it were her lesson. She did not look at Rebecca Mary. "I've put in your long-sleeve aprons so you can help do up the dishes. There's a plenty of handkerchiefs to last. You mustn't forget your rubbers when it's wet, or to make up your bed yourself. I don't want you to make the minister's wife any more trouble than you can help."

The lesson went monotonously on, but Rebecca Mary scarcely heard. She had heard the first sentence—her sentence, poor child! "You're going to stay at the minister's,—stay at the minister's,—stay at the minister's." It said itself over and over again in her ears. In her need for somebody to lean on, her startled gaze sought the beautiful being across the room in agonized appeal. But Olivia was staring smilingly at Aunt Olivia. *Et tu, Olivia!*

If Rebecca Mary had noticed, there was an appealing, wistful look in Aunt Olivia's eyes too, in odd contrast to the firm lips that moved steadily on with their lesson:

"You can walk to school with Rhoda, and you'll enjoy that. You've never had folks to walk with. And you can stay with her, only you mustn't forget your stents. I've put in some towels to hem. Maybe the minister's wife has got something; if so, hem hers first. You'll be like one o' the family, and they're nice folks, but I want you to keep right on being a Plummer."

Years afterward Rebecca Mary remembered the dizzy dance of the bottles in the great caster,—they seemed to join hands and sway and swing about their silver circlet,—and how Aunt Olivia's buttons marched and countermarched up and down Aunt Olivia's alpaca dress. She did not look above the buttons—she did not dare to. If she was to keep right on being a Plummer, she must not cry.

"That's all," she heard through the daze and dizziness, "except that I can't tell when I'll be back. It—ain't decided. Likely I sha'n't be able—there won't be much chance to write, and you needn't expect me to. You no need to write me either. That's all, I guess."

The stage that came for Aunt Olivia

dropped the little carpetbag and Rebecca Mary at the minister's. In the brief interval between the start and the dropping, Rebecca Mary sat, stiff and numb, on the edge of the high seat and gazed out unfamiliarly at the familiar landmarks they lurched past. At any other time the knowledge that she was going to the minister's to stay—to live—would have filled her with staid joy. At any other time—but *this* time only a dull ache filled her little dreary world. Everything seemed to ache—the munching cows in the Trumbull pasture, the cats on the door-steps, the dog loping along beside the stage, the stage-driver's stooping old back. Aunt Olivia was going to the city,—Rebecca Mary wasn't going to the city. There was no room in the world for anything but that and the ache.

Rebecca Mary's indignation was not born till night. Then, lying in the dainty bed, under Rhoda's pink quilt, her mood changed. Until then she had only been disappointed. But then she sat up suddenly and said bitter things about Aunt Olivia.

"She's gone to have a good time all to herself—and she might have taken me. She didn't, she didn't, and she might've! She wanted all the good time herself! She didn't want me to have any!"

"Rebecca Mary!—did you speak, dear?" It was the gentle voice of the minister's wife outside the door. Rebecca Mary's red little hands unwrung and dropped on the pink quilt.

"No'm, I did—I mean yes'm, I didn't—I mean—"

"You don't feel sick? There isn't anything the matter, dear?"

"No'm,—oh, yes'm, yes'm!" for there was something the matter. It was Aunt Olivia. But she must not say it,—must not cry,—must keep right on being a Plummer.

"Robert, I never went in,—I couldn't," the minister's wife said, back in the cheery sitting-room. "I suppose you think I'd have gone in and comforted her,—taken her right in my arms and comforted her the Rhoda way. But I didn't."

"No?" The minister's voice was a little vague on account of the sermon on his knees.

"I seemed to know—something told me right through that door—that she'd rather I wouldn't. Robert, if the child is homesick, it's a different kind of homesickness."

"The Plummer kind," he suggested. The minister was coming to.

"Yes, the Plummer kind, I suppose. Plummers are such—such *Plummy* persons, Robert!"

Up-stairs under the pink quilt the rigid little figure relaxed just enough to admit of getting out of bed and fumbling in the little carpetbag. With her diary in her hand—for Aunt Olivia had remembered her diary—Rebecca Mary went to the window and sat down. She had to hold the cook-book up at a painful angle and peer at it sharply, for the moonlight that filtered into the little room through the vines was dim and soft.

"Aunt Olivia has gone to the city and I haven't," painfully traced Rebecca Mary. "She wanted the good time all to herself. I shall never forgive Aunt Olivia the Lord have mersy on her." Then Rebecca Mary went back to bed. She dreamed that the cars ran off the track and they brought Aunt Olivia's pieces home to her. In the dreadful dream she forgave Aunt Olivia.

It was very pleasant at the minister's and the minister's wife's. Rebecca Mary felt the warmth and pleasantness of it in every fibre of her body and soul. But she was not happy nor warm. She thought it was all indignation against Aunt Olivia,—she did not know she was homesick. She did not know why she went to the old home every day after school and wandered through Aunt Olivia's flower-garden, and sat with little brown chin palm-deep on the door-steps, brooding. Gradually the indignation melted out of existence and only the homesickness was left. It sat on her small, lean face like a grim little spectre. It troubled the minister's wife.

"What can we do, Robert?" she asked.

"What?" he echoed; for the minister, too, was troubled.

"She wanders about like a little lost soul. When she plays with the children it's only the outside of her that plays."

"Only the outside," he nodded.

"Last night I went in, Robert, and—and tried the Rhoda way. I think she

liked it, but it didn't comfort her. I am sure now that it is homesickness, Robert." They were both sure, but the grim little spectre sat on, undaunted by all their kindnesses.

"When thy father and thy mother forsake thee," wrote Rebecca Mary in the cook-book diary, "and thy Aunt Olivia for I know it means and thy Aunt Olivia then the Lord will take thee up, but I don't feel as if anybody had taken me up. The minister's wife did once but of course she had to put me down again right away. She is a beautiful person and I love her but she is different from thy father and thy mother and thy Aunt Olivia. I'd rather have Aunt Olivia take me up than to have the Lord."

It was when she shut the battered little book this time that Rebecca Mary remembered one or two things that had happened the morning Aunt Olivia went away. It was queer how she *hadn't* remembered them before.

She remembered that Aunt Olivia had taken her sharp little face between her own hands and looked down wistfully at it,—wistfully. Rebecca Mary remembered now, though she did not call it by that name. She remembered Aunt Olivia had said, "You needn't hem anything unless it's for the minister's wife—never mind the towels I put in." That was almost the last thing she had said. She had put her head out of the stage door to say it. Rebecca Mary had hemmed a towel each day. There were but two left, and she resolved to hem both of those to-morrow. A sudden little longing was born within her for more towels to hem for Aunt Olivia.

It was nearly three weeks after Rebecca Mary's entrance into the minister's family when the letter came. It was directed to Rebecca Mary, and lay on her plate when she came home from school.

"Oh, look, you've got a letter, Rebecca Mary!" heralded Rhoda, joyfully. Then her face fell, for maybe the letter would say Aunt Olivia was coming home.

"Is it from your aunt Olivia?" she asked, anxiously.

"No," Rebecca Mary said, in slow surprise. "The writing isn't, anyway, and the name is another one—"

"Oh! Oh! Maybe she's got married—"

"Rhoda!" cautioned the minister.

This is the letter Rebecca Mary read:

"DEAR REBECCA MARY,—You see I know your name from your aunt. She talked about you all the time, but I am writing you of my own accord. She does not know it. I think you will like to know that at last we are feeling very hopeful about your aunt. We have been very anxious since the operation, she had so little strength to rally with. But now if she keeps on as well as this you will have her home again in a little while. The doctors say three weeks. She is the patientest patient in the ward.

Yours very truly,

SARA ELLEN NESBIT,  
Nurse.

"Ward A, Emmons Hospital."

That was the letter. Rebecca Mary's face grew a little whiter at every line of it. At every line understanding grew clearer, till at the end she knew it all. She gave a little cry, and ran out of the room. Love and remorse and sympathy fought for first place in her laboring little breast. In the next few minutes she lived so long a time and thought so many thoughts! But above everything else towered joy that Aunt Olivia was coming home.

Rebecca Mary's eyes blazed with sudden pride at being a Plummer. This kind of courage was the Plummer kind. The child's lank little figure seemed to grow taller and straighter. She held up her head splendidly and exulted. She felt like going up on the minister's housetop and proclaiming: "She's my aunt Olivia! She's mine, she's mine!—I'm a Plummer too! All o' you listen; she's my aunt Olivia, and she's coming home!"

Suddenly the child flung out her arms toward the south where Aunt Olivia was. And though she stood quite still, something within her seemed to spring away and go hurrying through the clear air.

"I shouldn't suppose Aunt Olivia would ever forgive me, but she's Aunt Olivia and she will," wrote Rebecca Mary that night, her small, dark face full of a solemn peace—it seemed so long since she had been full of peace before. She wrote on eagerly:

"When she gets home I'm going to hug her. I can't help it if it won't be keeping right on."





THE METHODIST CHAPEL WHERE WESLEY PREACHED  
(From a print made in 1850)

## American Origins

LONDON FILMS.—PART V

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

OUTSIDE the high gate of Bunhill Fields, we could do no more than read the great names lettered on the gate-posts, and peer through the iron barriers at the thickly clustered headstones within. But over against the cemetery we had access to the chapel where John Wesley preached for thirty years, and behind which he is buried. He laid the corner-stone in 1777 amidst such a multitude of spectators that he could scarcely get through to the foundation, says Cunningham. Before the chapel is an excellent statue of the great preacher, and the glance at the interior which we suffered ourselves showed a large congregation listening to the doctrine which he preached there so long, and which he carried beyond seas to ourselves, to found among us the great spiritual commonwealth which is still more populous than any other of those dividing our country.

The scene of his labors here was related

for me by an obscure association to such a doctrinally different place as Finsbury Chapel, hard by, where my old friend Dr. Moncure D. Conway preached for twenty years. Whatever manner of metaphysician he has ended, he began Methodist, and as a Virginian he had a right to a share of my interest in the home of Wesleyism, for it was in Virginia, so much vaster then than now, that Wesleyism early spread wide and deep. If any part of Wesley's influence tended to modify or abolish slavery, then a devotion to freedom so constant and generous as Conway's should link their names by an irrefragable, however subtle, filament of common piety. I wished to look into Finsbury Chapel for my old friend's sake, but it seemed to me that we had intruded on worshippers enough that morning, and I satisfied my longing by a glimpse of the interior through the pane of glass let into the inner door. It was past the time

for singing the poem of Tennyson which I once heard "Tom Brown" Hughes say before Conway that they always gave out instead of a hymn in Finsbury Chapel; and some one else was preaching in Conway's pulpit, or at his desk. I do not know what weird influence of sermonizing seen but not heard took the sense of reality from the experience, but I came away feeling as if I had looked upon something visionary.

It was no bad preparation for coming presently to the church of Allhallows in the Wall, where a bit of the old Roman masonry shows in the foundations of the later city defences, of which, indeed, no much greater length remains. The church which is so uninterestingly ugly as not to compete with the relic of Roman wall, stands at the base of a little triangle planted with young elms that made a green quiet, and murmured to the silence with their stiffening leaves. It was an effect possible only to that wonderful London which towers so massively into the present that you are dumb before the evidences of its long antiquity. There must have been a time when there was no London, but you cannot think it any more than you can think the time when there shall be none. I make so sure of these reflections now that I hope there was no mistake about those modest breadths of Roman masonry; its rubble laid in concrete seemed strong enough to support the weightiest meditation.

I am the more anxious about this because my friend the genealogist here differed with the great Cunningham, and was leading me by that morsel of Roman London to St. Peter's Lane, where he said Fox died, and not to White Hart Court, where my other authority declares that he made an end two days after preaching in the Friends' Meeting-house there. The ignorant disciple of both may have his choice; perhaps in the process of time the two places may have become one and the same. At any rate we were able that morning to repair our error concerning St. Catherine Cree's, which we had unwittingly seen before, and now consciously saw for Sir Nicholas Throgmorton's sake. It had the look of very high church in the service which was celebrating, and I am afraid my mind was taken less by Sir Nicholas's monu-

ment than by the black-robed figure of the young man who knelt with bowed head at the back of the church and rapt me with the memory of the many sacerdotal shapes which I used to see doing the like in Latin sanctuaries. It is one of the few advantages of living long that all experiences become more or less contemporaneous, and that at certain moments you are but dimly aware just when and where you are.

There was little of this mystical suspense when our mission took us to Whitechapel, for there was nothing there to suggest former times or other places. I did indeed recall the thick-breathed sweltering Sunday morning when I had visited the region in July; but it is all now so absolutely and sordidly modern that one has no difficulty in believing that it was altogether different when so many Southern and especially Virginian emigrations began there. How many settlers in New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, and Maryland also were recruited, I know not, but the reader may have it at second-hand from me, as I had it first-hand from my genealogist, that some Virginian names of the first quality originated in Whitechapel, which in the colonizing times was a region of high respectability, and not for generations afterwards the purlieu it became, and has now again somewhat ceased to be.

The exiles from it were not self-banished for conscience' sake as at a later date, when the Puritans went alike to Massachusetts where they continued to revolt, and to Virginia where they ultimately conformed. The earlier outgoers, though they might be come-outers, were part of the commercial enterprise which began to plant colonies north and south. The Plymouth Company which had the right to the country as far northward as Nova Scotia and westward as far as the Pacific, and the London Company which had as great scope westward, and southward as far as Cape Fear, had the region between them in common, and they both drew upon Whitechapel, and upon Stepney beyond, where I had formerly fancied the present Whitechapel resuming somewhat of its ancient respectability. It was then a "spacious fair street," as one of Cunningham's early authorities describes it, and it is



still "somewhat long," so long indeed that our tram was a half-hour in carrying us through it into Stepney. About the time of the emigrations De Foe saw it, or says he saw it (you never can be sure with De Foe), thronged "with the richer sort of people, especially the nobility and gentry from the west part of the town, . . . with their families and servants," escaping into the country from the plague.

The offscourings of London, which the Companies carried rather more to the Southward than the Northward with us, were hardly scoured off in Whitechapel, which was a decent enough ancestral source for any American strain. As for Stepney, then as now the great centre of the London shipping, she has never shared the ill repute of Whitechapel at least in name. Cunningham declares the region once "well-inhabited," and the sailors still believe that all children born at sea belong to Stepney Parish. By an easy extension of this superstition she is supposed to have had a motherly interest in all children born beyond seas, including of course the American colonies, and she is of a presence that her foster-folks' descendants need not be ashamed of. Once or twice our tram took us by an old mansion of almost manor-house dignity, set in pleasant gardens; and it followed the shore of the Thames in sight of the masts of ships whose multitude brought me to disgrace for having on my way to Greenwich thought poorly of London as a port. Because of her riparian situation Stepney was the scene of the great strike of the London dockers some years ago, when they won their fight under the lead of John Burns.

Our lovely weather cooled slightly as the afternoon wore away, but it was bright and mild again when we came another day to Stepney as far as the old church of St. Dunstan: an edifice of good perpendicular Gothic, with traces of early English and even of later Norman, standing serene in a place of quiet graves amidst the surrounding turmoil of life. The churchyard was full of rustling shrubs and bright beds of autumnal flowers, from which the old square tower rose in the mellow air. Divers of our early emigrants were baptized in St.

Dunstan's, namely the wife of Governor Bradford of Plymouth with many of our shipmen, notably that Master Willoughby, who established the shipyard at Charlestown, Massachusetts. I like better to associate our beginnings with it because here I first saw those decorations for the Thanksgiving festival which the English have lately borrowed from us, and which I found again and again at various points in my September wanderings. The pillars were wreathed with flowers and leaves of the fall; the altar was decked with apples and grapes, and the pews trimmed with yellow heads of ripe wheat. The English Thanksgiving comes earlier than ours, but it remembers its American source in its name, and the autumn comes so much sooner with them than with us that although the

—parting summer lingering blooms delayed in St. Dunstan's churchyard, the fallen leaves danced and whirled about our feet in the paths.

There is witness to the often return of the exiles to their old home in the quaint epitaph which a writer in *The Spectator* (it might have been Addison himself) read from one of the flat tombstones.

Here Thomas Saffin lyes interred, ah why?  
Born in New England did in London die.

"I do not wonder at this," Dr. Johnson said of the epitaph to Boswell. "It would have been strange if born in London he had died in New England." The good doctor did indeed despise the American colonies with a contempt which we can almost reverence; but the thing which he found so strange happened to many Londoners before his time. Of those who preferred not to risk the fate he held in scorn, multitudes perished at Whitechapel from the plague which it was one of the poor compensations of life in New England to escape. They would all have been dead by now, whether they went or whether they stayed, though it was hard not to attribute their present decease solely to their staying, as we turned over the leaves of the old register in St. Mary Matfelon's, Whitechapel. The church has been more than once rebuilt quite out of recollection of itself, and there were workmen still doing something



FLEET STREET AND ST. DUNSTAN'S CHURCH

to the interior; but the sexton led us into the vestry, and while the sunlight played through the waving trees without and softly illumined the record, we turned page after page, where the names were entered in a fair clear hand, with the given cause of death shortened to the letters pl., after each. They were such names as abounded in the colonies, and those who had borne them must have been of the kindred of the emigrants. But my patriotic interest in them was lost in a sense of the strong nerve of the clerk who had written their names and that "pl." with such an unshaken hand. One of the earlier dead, in the churchyard without, was a certain ragman, Richard Brandon, of whom the register says, "This R. Brandon is supposed to have cut off the head of Charles the First."

From the parish of St. Botolph by Aldgate, on the road from Houndsditch to Whitechapel, came many of those who settled in Salem and the neighboring towns of Massachusetts. It is still very low church, as it probably was in their

day, with a plain interior, and with the crimson foliage of the Virginia creeper staining the light like painted glass at one of its windows. We visited St. Sepulchre's where the truly sainted Roger Williams was baptized, and one day found entrance after two failures to penetrate to its very clumsy and unattractive interior. There we were lighted by stained-glass windows of geometrical pattern and a sort of calico effect in their coloring, to the tablet of Captain John Smith, whose life Pocahontas in Virginia, with other ladies in divers parts of the world, saved that we might have one of the most delightful, if not one of the most credible of autobiographies. He was of a prime colonial interest, of course, and we were not taken from the thought of him by any charm of the place; but when we had identified his time-dimmed tablet there was no more to do at St. Sepulchre's. The plain old church is in Newgate Street, at the western end of the Old Bailey, and in the dreadful old times when every Friday brought its batch of doomed men forth from the cells, it was

the duty of the bellman of the church to pass under the prison walls the night before, and ring his bell, and then chant the dismal lines:

All you that in the condemned hold do lie,  
 Prepare you, for to-morrow you shall die;  
 Watch all, and pray, the hour is drawing  
     near,  
 That you before the Almighty must appear;  
 Examine well yourselves, in time repent,  
 That you may not to eternal flames be sent,  
 And when St. Sepulchre's bell to-morrow  
     tolls  
 The Lord above have mercy on your souls.  
     Past twelve o'clock!

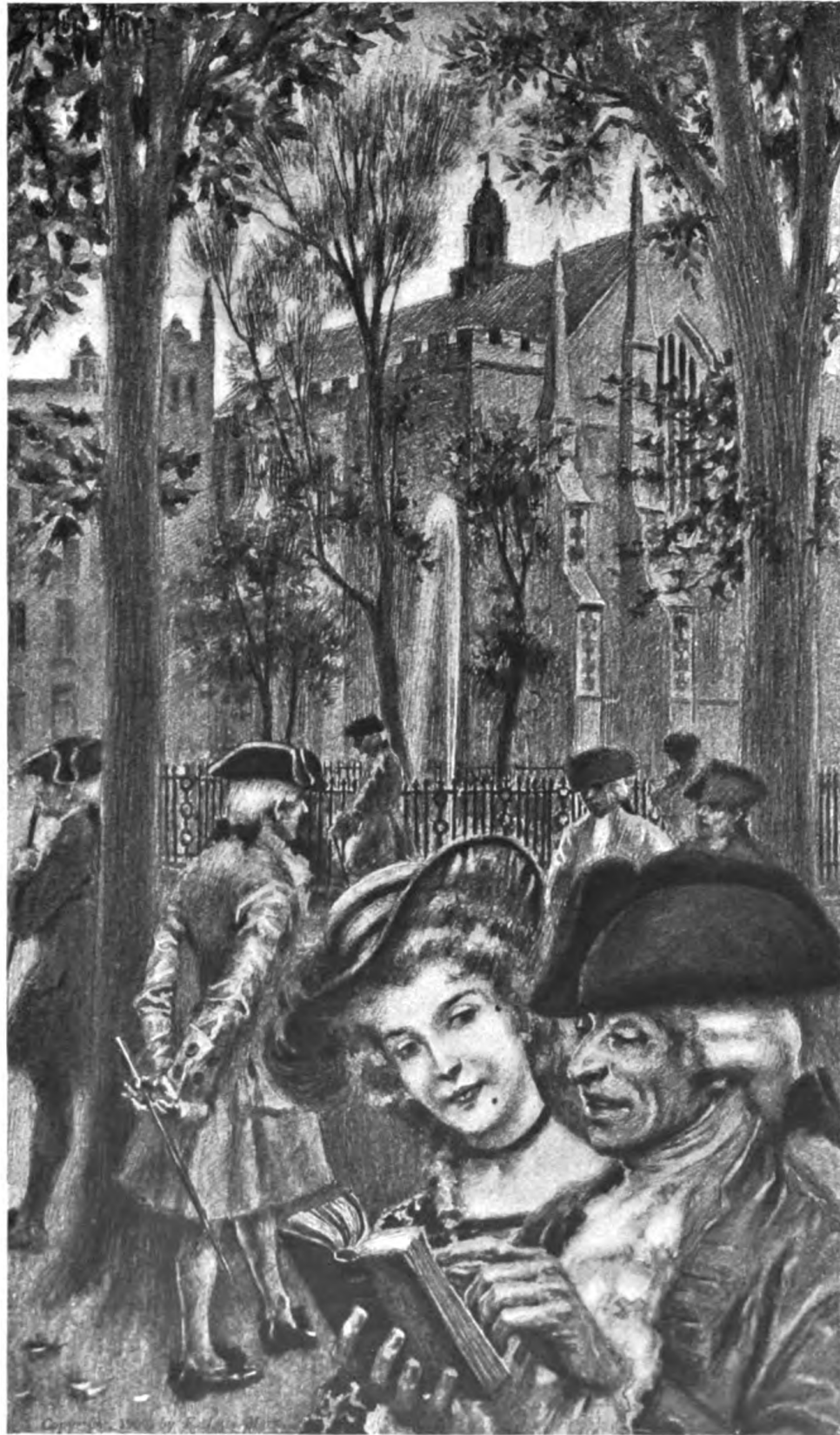
When we consider what piety was in the past, we need not be so horrified by justice. Sentiment sometimes came in to heighten the effect of both, and it used to present each criminal in passing St. Sepulchre's on the way to Tyburn with a nosegay, and a little farther on it offered him a mug of beer. The garden strip of what once must have been a churchyard beside it could hardly have afforded flowers enough for this. The day we were there some old men of a very vacant-looking leisure sat on the benches in the path, and the smallest girl in proportion to the baby she carried (in that England where small girls seem always to carry such very large babies), tilted back and forth with it in her slender arms, and tried to make believe it was going to sleep. The reader who prefers to develop these films for himself must not fail to bring out the surroundings of the places visited, if he would have the right effect. Otherwise he might suppose the several sanctuaries which I visited as standing in a dignified space and hallowed quiet, whereas all but a few were crowded close upon crowded streets, with the busy and noisy indifference of modern crowds passing before them and round them.

St. Giles in the Fields, which we visited after leaving St. Sepulchre, was the church in which the Calverts, the founders of Maryland, are said to have been baptized, of course before they became Catholics, since it could not very well have been afterward. At the moment, however, I did not think of this. It was enough that here Chapman, the translator of Homer, was buried,

with Andrew Marvell the poet, and that very wicked Countess of Shrewsbury, the terrible she who held the Duke of Buckingham's horse while he was killing her husband in the duel. I should no doubt have seen this memorable interior if it had still existed, but it was that of a church which was taken down more than a hundred years before the present church was built.

We visited St. Giles's on our way to Lincoln's Inn Fields, turning out at Holborn round the corner of the house, now a bookseller's shop, where Garrick died. I mention the fact merely as an instance of how the famous dead started out of the overpopulated London past, and tried at every step to keep me from my search for our meaner American origins. I was going to look at certain mansions, in which the Lords Baltimore used to live, and the patriotic Marylander, if he have faith enough, may identify them by their arches of gray stone at the first corner on his right in coming into the place from Holborn. But if he have not faith enough for this, then he may respond with a throb of sympathy to the more universal appeal of the undoubted fact that Lord Russell was beheaded in the centre of the square, which now waves so pleasantly with its elms and poplars. The cruel second James, afterwards King, wanted him beheaded before his own house, but the cynical second Charles was not quite so cruel as that, and rejected the proposed dramatic scene "as indecent," Burnet says. So Lord Russell, after Tillotson had prayed with him, "laid his head on the block at a spot which the elms and poplars now hide, and it was cut off at two strokes."

Cunningham is certainly very temperate in calling Lincoln's Inn Fields "a noble square." I should myself call it one of the noblest and most beautiful in London, and if the Calverts did not dwell in one of the stately mansions of Arch Row, which is "all that Inigo Jones lived to build" after his design for the whole square, then they might very well have been proud to do so. They are not among the great whom Cunningham names as having dwelt there, and I do not know what foundation the tradition of their residence rests upon. What seems more certain is that one of



THE TEMPLE GARDENS AND FOUNTAIN IN GOLDSMITH'S TIME

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the Calverts, the first or the second Lord Baltimore, was buried in that church of St. Dunstan's in the West, or St. Dunstan's Fleet Street, which was replaced by the actual edifice in 1833.

The reader, now being got so near, may as well go on with me to Charing Cross, where on the present scene of cabs, both hansoms and four-wheelers, perpetually coming and going at the portals of the great Eastern station and hotel, and beside the torrent of omnibuses in the Strand, the Rev. Hugh Peters suffered death through the often broken faith of Charles II. In one of the most delightful of his essays, Lowell humorously portrays the character of the man who suffered this tragic fate: a restless and somewhat fatuous Puritan divine, who having once got safely away from persecution to Boston came back to London in the Civil War, and took part in the trial of Charles I. If not one of the regicides, he was very near one, and he shared the doom from which the treacherous pardon of Charles II. was never intended to save them. I suppose his fatuity was not incompatible with tragedy, though somehow we think that absurd people are not the stuff of serious experience.

Leigh Hunt, in that most delightful of all books about London, "The Town," tells us that No. 7 Craven Street, Strand, was once the dwelling of Benjamin Franklin; and he adds, with the manliness which is always such a curious element of his unmanliness, "What a change along the shore of the Thames in a few years (for two centuries are less than a few in the lapse of time) from the residence of a set of haughty nobles, who never dreamt that a tradesman could be anything but a tradesman, to that of a yeoman's son, and a printer, who was one of the founders of a great state!"

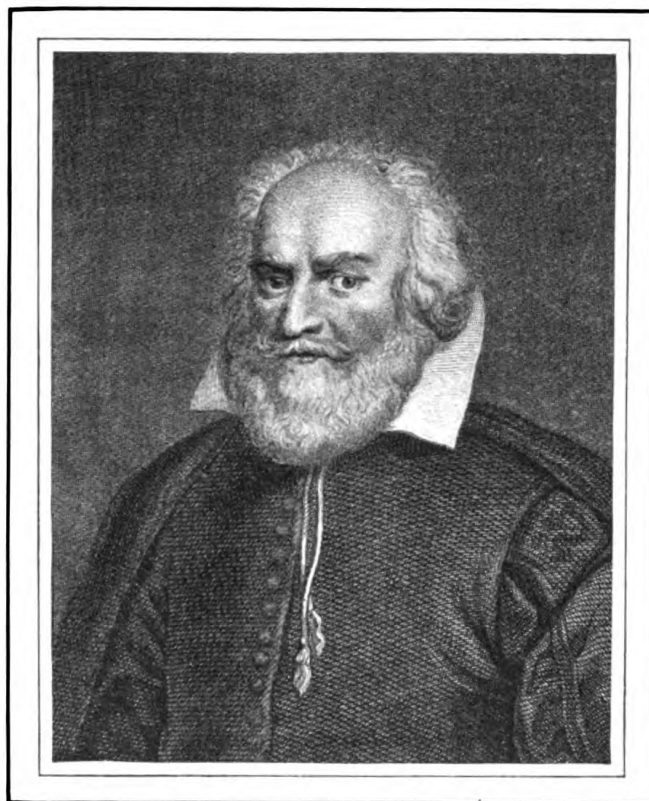
Not far away in one of the houses of Essex Street, Strand, a State which led in the dismemberment of our greater State, and nearly wrought it ruin, had a formal beginning, for it is said that it was there John Locke wrote the constitution of South Carolina, which still, I believe, remains its organic law. One has one's choice among the entirely commonplace yellow brick buildings, which

give the street the aspect of an old-fashioned *place* in Boston, as the scene of his labors. It was seriously quiet the afternoon of our visit, with only a few foot-passengers scattering through it, and certain clerklike youths entering and issuing from the doors of the buildings, which had the air of being law-offices.

We used as a pretext for visiting the Temple the very attenuated colonial fact that some Mortons akin to him of Merry-mount in Massachusetts, have their tombs and tablets in the triforium of the Temple Church. But any excuse for visiting the Temple is valid with the right-hearted traveller, and the golden autumn afternoon when we came could not have been bettered in the whole English year, with the sunlight dropping through the leaves of the Temple trees, and lying on the lawns of the Temple gardens between the beds of the gay fall flowers that glowed with a brightness as from tellural fires. Had we entered suddenly into that peace from the incessant battle of the Strand, as one commonly does, or had we driven up from the almost equally tormented Thames Embankment? It does not matter. The real matter is to quit your cab at once, and wander about at random, arm in arm with Charles Lamb and Oliver Goldsmith, who make themselves for the occasion your contemporaries and each other's, while a cloud of other dear and august memories folds you round. Goldsmith will point out for you, while Lamb stutters some punning pleasantry, the corner room in Brick Court where he and his friends made it so much too lively for Blackstone, lodging in the room beneath; or the kindly shades will like leading you to the passage just without the church where the lettering of a long oblong stone at your feet spells, "Here lies Oliver Goldsmith." The sight of that always brings the lump into one's throat, and doubtless the shades share your pathos, though in different terms. It is not bad, if at the moment two workmen are trying, not very hard, to wash some of the immemorial dust from the church windows, and are interested in your interest in that grave; but if you go inside the church you cannot find that it is much the lighter there for their leisurely industry.

I myself can never make much or little





GEORGE CHAPMAN

(From a rare print transixed to his translation of Homer)

of crusaders, whether they lie upon their tombs with their legs crossed once, or, more acrobatically, crossed twice. When I recalled the first time I saw them, twenty years before, I felt as old as any of them, and I was quite willing to leave their effigies in the circle of the church, and climb to the triforium by the corkscrew stairs leading to it, in search of those Merrymount Mortons. Did I find their tomb and inscription? I am not sure, but I am sure I found the tomb of one Edward Gibbon, who wrote a history of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, and who while in Parliament strongly favored "distressing the Americans," as the King wished, and made a speech in support of the government measure for closing the port of Boston. I did not bear him any great grudge for that, but I could not give myself to his monument with such cordial affection as I felt for that of the versatile and volatile old letter-writer James Howell, which also I found in

that triforium, half hidden behind a small organ, with an epitaph too undecipherable in the dimness for my patience. It was so satisfactory to find this, after looking in vain for any record of him at Jesus College in Oxford, where he studied the humanities which enabled him to be so many things to so many masters, that I took all his chiselled praises for granted. I did not blame him for the changes of mind which were probably not numbered there. He lived in a difficult and exacting time; and I could not help fearing that if it had really come to serving the first Charles, and then the Parliament, and then the Protector, and again the second Charles, or doing worse, another nearly of his name might have chosen, as he did, the line of least resistance in the evils before him.

I made what amends I could for my slight of the Mortons in the triforium of the Temple Church, by crossing presently to Clifford's Inn Strand, where the

very founder of Merrymount, the redoubtable Thomas Morton himself, was sometime student of the law and a dweller in these precincts. It is now the hall of the Art Workers' Guild, and anywhere but in London would be incredibly quiet and quaint in that commonplace, noisy neighborhood. It in no wise remembers the disreputable and roistering anti-puritan, who set up his Maypole at Wollaston, and danced about it with his debauched aborigines, in defiance of the saints, till Miles Standish marched up from Plymouth and made an end of such ungodly doings at the muzzles of his matchlocks.

It must have been another day that we went to view the church of St. Botolph's-Aldersgate, because some of the patrician families emigrating to Massachusetts were from that parish, which was the home of many patrician families of the Commonwealth. In St. Andrew's-Holborn, the Vanes, father and son, worshipped, together with the kindred of many that had gone to dwell beyond seas. We found it a large, impressive interior, after the manner of Wren, which at the moment of our visit was smelling of varnish; most London churches smell of mortar, when in course of their pretty constant reparation, and this was at least a change. We could not visit any church for its colonial memories, as I have said, without finding them equalled or surpassed by other interests; and perhaps there are readers who will care less for St. Andrew's-Holborn because of the emigrants to America than because of Richard Savage, the unhappy poet who was baptized there, and because of that other unhappy poet—

"The marvellous boy, who perished in his pride."

and as Cunningham says, was buried there; but as Thomas Chatterton has a monument at Bristol, perhaps St. Andrew's-Holborn can rightfully boast only a claim to half his sepulture.

St. Stephen's-Coleman-Street may draw the Connecticut exile, as the spiritual home of that Reverend Mr. Davenport, who was the founder of New Haven; but it will attract the unlocalized lover

of liberty because it was also the parish church of the Five Members of Parliament whom Charles I. tried to arrest when he began looking for trouble. It had a certain sentiment of low-churchness, being very plain without, and within not unlike an Orthodox church in some old-fashioned New England town. One entered to it by a very neatly paved, clean court, out of a business neighborhood, jostled by commercial figures in sack-coats and top-hats, expressive in their way of non-conformity in sympathy with the past if not with the present of St. Andrew's.

St. Martin's-in-the-Fields, where General Oglethorpe, the founder of Georgia, was baptized, was in his time one of the proudest parishes of the city, and the actual church is thought to be the masterpiece of the architect Gibbs, who produced in the portico what Cunningham calls "one of the finest pieces of architecture in London." Many famous people were buried in the earlier edifice, including Nell Gwynn, Lord Mohun who fell in a duel with the Duke of Hamilton, as the readers of "Henry Esmond" well know, and Farquhar the dramatist. Lord Bacon was baptized there; and the interior of the church is very noble, and worthy of him and of the parish history. Whether General Oglethorpe drew upon his native parish in promoting the settlement of Georgia, I am not so sure as I am of some other things, as for instance, that he asked the King for a grant of land "in trust for the poor," and that his plan was to people his colony largely from the captives in the debtors' prisons. I love his memory for that, and I would gladly have visited the debtors' prisons which his humanity vacated if I could have found them, or if they had still existed.

The reader who has had the patience to accompany me on my somewhat futile errands must have been aware of making them largely on the lordly omnibus-tops which I always found so much to my proud taste. Often, however, we whisked together from point to point in hansoms; often we made our way on foot, with those quick transitions from the present to the past, from the rush and roar of business thoroughfares to the deep tranquillity of religious interiors, or the



CLIFFORD'S INN HALL

noise-bound quiet of ancient churchyards, where the autumn flowers blazed under the withering autumn leaves, and the peaceful occupants of the public benches were scarcely more agitated by our coming than the tenants of the graves beside them. The large babies whom the small girls were always swaying in their arms would wink a sleepless eye at us, as if we were in the joke they were putting upon their little weary nurses, but otherwise they might have been cherubs carved upon the tombs, for their silence.

The weather was for the most part divinely beautiful, so tenderly and evenly cool and warm, with a sort of lingering fondness in the sunshine, as if it were prescient of the fogs so soon to blot it. The first of these came on the last day of our research, when suddenly we dropped from the clouded surfaces of the earth to depths where the tube-line trains whirl their passengers from one brilliantly lighted station to another. We took three of the different lines, experimentally, rather than necessarily,

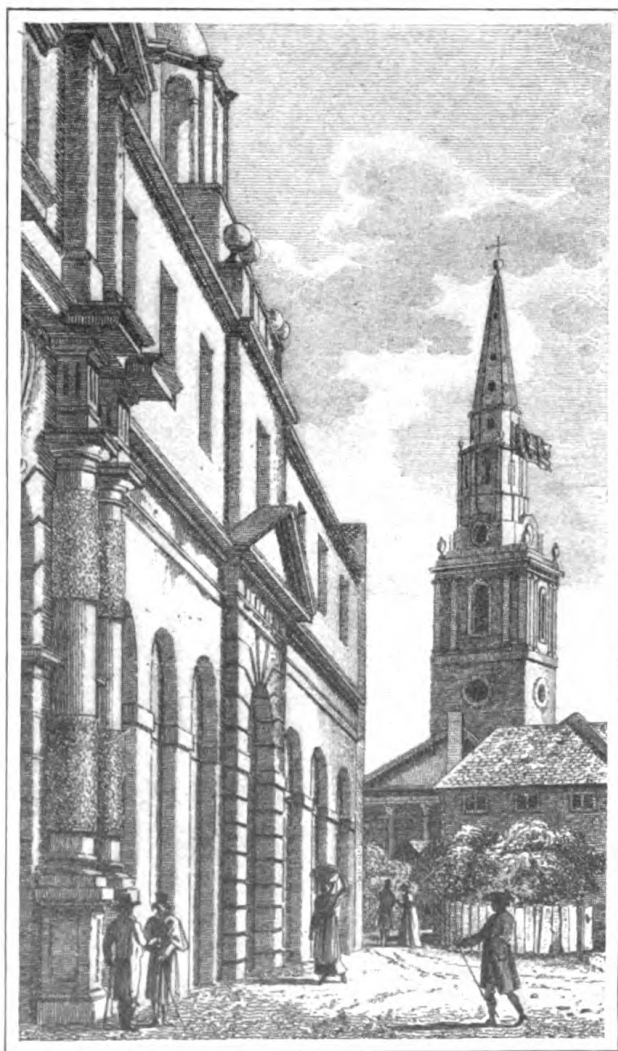
in going from St. Mary Woolnoth, in Lombard Street, hard by the Bank of England, to the far neighborhood of Stoke Newington; and at each descent by the company's lift, we left the dark above ground, and found the light fifty feet below. While this sort of transit is novel it is delightful. The air is good, or seems so, and there is a faint earthy smell somewhat like that of stale incense in Italian churches, which I found agreeable from association at least; besides, I liked to think of passing so far beneath all the superincumbent death and all the superambulant life of the immense, immemorial town.

We found St. Mary Woolnoth closed, being too early for the Sunday services, and had to content ourselves with the extremely ugly outside of the church, which is reputed the masterpiece of Wren's pupil Hawksmoor; while we took for granted the tablet or monument of Sir William Phipps, the governor of Massachusetts, who went back to be buried there after the failure of his premature expedition against Quebec.

My friend had provided me something as remote from Massachusetts as South Carolina, in colonial interest, and we were presently speeding to New River, which Sir Hugh Myddleton taught to flow through the meadows of Stoke Newington to all the streets of London, and so originated her modern water-supply. This knight, or baronet, he declared upon the faith of a genealogist, to be of the ancestry of that family of Middletons who were of the first South-Carolinians then and since. It is at least certain that he was a Welshman, and that the gift of his engineering genius to London was so ungratefully received that he was

left well-nigh ruined by his enterprise. According to my genealogist, the King claimed a half-interest in the profits, but the losses all remained to Myddleton. The fact, such as it is, forms perhaps the weakest link in a chain of patriotic associations which, I am afraid the reader must agree with me, has no great strength anywhere. The New River itself, when you come to it, is a plain straightforward canal-like watercourse through a grassy and shady level, but it is interesting because the garden of Charles Lamb's first house backed upon it, and because some of his friends walked into it one night when they left him after an evening that might have been rather unusually "smoky and drinky."

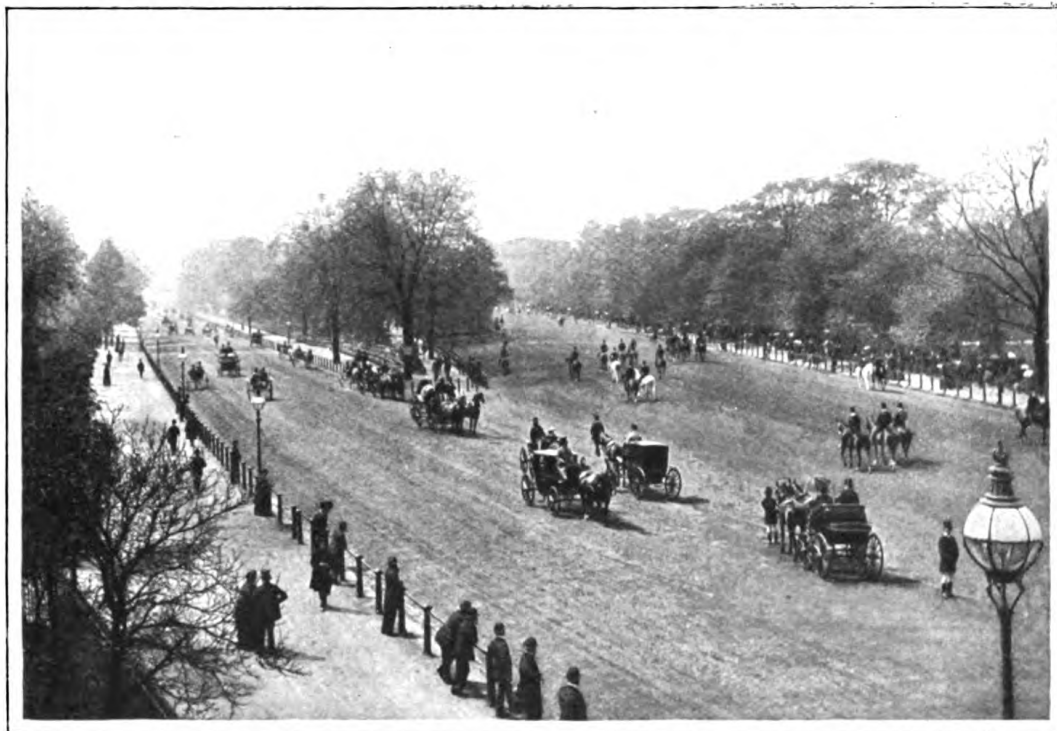
Apart from this I cared for New River less than for the neighborhoods through which I got to it, and which were looking their best in the blur of the fog. This was softest and densest among the low trees of Highbury Fields, where, when we ascended to them from our tubular station, the lawns were of an electric green in their vividness. In fact, when it is not blindingly thick, a London fog lends itself to the most charming effects. It caresses the prevailing commonness and ugliness, and coaxes it into a semblance of beauty in spite of itself. The rows upon rows of humble brick dwellings in the streets we passed through were flattered into cottage homes where one would have liked to live in one's quieter moods; and some rather stately eighteenth-century mansions in Stoke Newington housed one's pride the more fittingly because of the mystery which the fog added to their antiquity. It hung tenderly and reverently about that



ANCIENT CHURCH OF ST. MARTIN'S-IN-THE-FIELD

On the left were situated the old King's Mews, where the Royal Hawks were kept. The National Gallery now occupies the site. The present church was erected in 1726





HYDE PARK—THE ROW

old, old parish church of Stoke Newington where, it is story or fable, they that bore the body of the dead King Harold from the field of Hastings made one of their stations on the way to Waltham Abbey; and it was much in the maundering mind of the kindly spectator who could not leave off pitying us because we could not get into the church, the sexton having just before gone down the street to the baker's. It followed us more and more vaguely into the business quarter where we took our omnibus, and where we noted that business London, like business New York, was always of the same complexion and temperament in its shops and saloons, from centre to circumference. Amidst the commonplaceness of Islington where we changed omnibuses, the fog abandoned us in despair, and rising aloof, dissolved into the bitterness of a small cold rain.

But the fog, through that golden month of September (September is so silvern in America), was more or less a fact of the daily weather. The morning began in a mellow mistiness, which the

sun burned through by noon; or if sometimes there was positive rain, it would clear for a warm sunset, which had moments of a very pretty pensiveness, in the hollows of Green Park, or by the lakes of St. James's. Still, there were always the bright beds of autumn flowers, and in Hyde Park something of the season's flush came back in the driving. The town began to be sensibly and visibly fuller, and I was aware of many Americans, in carriages and on foot, whom I fancied alighting after a Continental summer, and poising for another flight to their respective steamers.

The sentiment of London was quite different at the end of September from the sentiment of London at the beginning, and one could imagine the sort of secondary season which revisits it in the winter. There was indeed no hint of the great primary season in the sacred paddock of beauty and fashion in Hyde Park, where the inverted penny-chairs lay with their foreheads in the earth; and the shrivelled leaves, loosened from their boughs in the windless air, dropped listlessly round them.



At night our little Mayfair street was the haunt of much volunteer minstrelsy. Bands of cockney darkies came down it, tuning their voices to our native rag-time. Or a balladist, man or woman, took the centre, and sang toward our compassionate windows. Or a musical husband and wife placed their portable melodeon on the opposite sidewalk, and trained their vocal and instrumental attack upon the same weak defences. It was all pretty and harmless enough, and in keeping with the simple kindliness of the great town. Another incident seemed also in keeping, so much so, that I do not know whether or not to regret that a lady, something the worse for liquor, quarrelled for a good hour at one of the corners with another lady, and was prevented from offering her violence from time to time only by the offices of gentlemen friends. The police took no sort of notice of the altercation, though they must have heard the noise of it, and I was left to the conjecture that it was one of those forms of English privilege with which the English police interfere at their peril.

## Renascence

BY EMERY POTTLE

I CARE not where the Spring-time comes to me,—  
In town, or budding lane, or by the sea—  
So sure am I my quickened heart will find  
The ancient sign, the mystery half-divined,  
The fine, frail wonder that renewal brings  
Of all my days and hours in other Springs.

I know that I shall softly hum old songs,—  
Forgotten music that for aye belongs  
With old, old dreams; and I shall feel again  
Old gladnesses, old marvels, and old pain.  
I shall remember friends grown old as young,  
Shall call them, 'cross the world, in the old tongue  
Of comradeship, and, listening, hear a voice  
In answer.

Yes, and I shall still rejoice,  
With fragrant thoughts, in bygone lilac days  
Of Spring-heart lovers, and of sweetheart ways,—  
Recalling, haply, some o'erbold emprise  
Of romance in a rose and smiling eyes.

And there will come, at last, the month I bless  
In silence—mute with my unworthiness  
To speak. Alone in Memory's sacred room  
I bow and kiss with gentle lips the bloom,  
The wondrous bloom of *Her* God gave to me  
That vanished month.

So Spring shall always be—  
For sure am I my quickened heart will find  
The ancient sign, the mystery half-divined,  
The fine, frail wonder that renewal brings  
Of all my days and hours in other Springs.

# A Day Off

BY ALICE BROWN

ABIGAIL BENNET stood by the kitchen table, her mixing-bowl before her. She hummed a little under her breath, as she paused, considering what to make. There were eggs on the table, in a round comfortable basket that had held successions of eggs for twenty years. There were flour and sugar in their respective boxes, and some butter in a plate. It was an April day, and Abigail's eyes wandered to the kitchen window at the sound of a bird-call from the elm. A smile lighted her worn face. The winter had been a hard one, and now it was over and gone. This, also, was a moment's peace in the midst of the day. Her husband was comfortably napping in the front room. He had broken his arm in midwinter, and that had temporarily disarranged the habit of his life. Abigail had not owned it, even to her most secret self, but she was tired of his innocent supervision of indoor affairs, the natural product of his idleness. Jonathan was a born meddler. He interfered for the general good, and usually it did no harm; for he was accustomed, in his best estate, to give minute orders at home, and then hurry away to the hay-field or his fencing. Abigail scrupulously obeyed, but it was without the irritating consciousness of personal supervision. Now it was different.

As she felt the stillness of the day, and the warmth of the soft spring air blowing in at the window, she pushed back the bowl against her measuring-cup and made a little clink. Instantly, as if the sound had evoked it, a voice sprang from the sitting-room. Jonathan was awake.

"Nabby," he called, "what you doin'?"

Abigail stood arrested for a moment, like a wood-creature startled on its way.

"My land!" she said, beneath her breath. Then she answered cheerfully, "I'm goin' to stir up a mite o' cake."

"What kind?"

"Oh, I dun'no'. One-two-three-four, mebbe."

"Where's that dried-apple pie we had yesterday?" inquired Jonathan, with the zest she knew. "Ain't there enough for supper?"

"I dun'no' but there is."

"Then what you makin' cake for?"

"I dun'no'. I thought mebbe we'd better have suthin' on hand."

"How many eggs is there in one-two-three-four?"

"Why, there's two, when ye make half the receipt." Abigail's tone was uniformly hearty and full of a zealous interest; but she shifted from one foot to the other, and made faces at the wall.

"Ain't there any kind o' cake you can stir up with one egg?"

"Why, there's cup-cake; but it's terrible poor pickin', seems to me."

Jonathan rose and took his way to the kitchen. He appeared on the sill, tall and lank, his shrewd, bright-eyed face diversified by the long lines that creased the cheeks. Abigail stopped grimacing, and greeted him with woman's specious smile.

"Don't ye do it to-day," said Jonathan, not unkindly, but with the tone of an impeccable adviser. "You have the apple-pie to-day, an' to-morrer you can stir up a cup-cake. Eggs are scurse yit, an' they will be till the spring gits along a mite."

"Well," answered Abigail, obediently.

She began setting away her cooking materials, and Jonathan, after smoothing his hair at the kitchen glass, put on his hat and went out. Presently she saw him, one foot on the stone wall, talking with a neighbor who had stopped his jogging horse on the way to market. There was a flurry of skirts on the stairs, and Claribel ran down, dressed in her blue cashmere, her girdle in her hand. She had a wholesome, edible prettiness, all rounded contours and rich bloom.

"Here, mother," she called, and thrust

the girdle at her. "This thing hooks behind. It's awful tight. You see if you can do it."

"You wait a minute," said Abigail. "I'll wash the flour off my hands." She went to the kitchen sink, and afterwards, standing at the roller-towel, she regarded Claribel with a fond delight that always amused the girl when she could stop to note it. Claribel had told her mother, before this, that she acted as if girls were worth a thousand dollars apiece. "My!" said Abigail, pulling discreetly at the hooks, "it is tight, ain't it? I'm afraid you'll feel all girted up."

"I'll hold my breath." She held it until her cheeks were bursting with bloom, and the girdle came together.

Abigail put up a tendril of hair in the girl's neck and smoothed a bit of lace.

"Now you hurry off," she said. "If I's you, I'd put on my things an' slip out the side door, whilst father's out there talkin'."

Claribel was pinning on her hat at the glass.

"What's the matter of father?" she asked.

"Oh, nothin'! only he's got one o' his terrible times—an' nobody to it, to-day. If he sees you're goin' anywheres, like's not he'll set to an' plan it different."

"Well, he needn't," said Claribel. "I've got to have some Hamburg an' some number sixty cotton. I'll be back by noon."

"You don't want I should call out to Ebenezer an' ask him for a ride?" inquired her mother, at the window, a doubtful eye on the farmer still gossiping without.

"Now, mother!" Claribel laughed. "You know well enough what I'm goin' to do. I'm goin' to walk, an' Ballard'll overtake me when he goes to get the mail. It's about time now."

"Well," said her mother, and she left the window and came to hold Claribel's jacket. "My soul!" she said, despairingly. "There's your father now."

Jonathan's step was at the door. It was brisker than when it bore him forth. His face had lighted in new interest.

"Where you goin'?" he asked Claribel at once.

She was walking past him to the door.

"Oh, just up to the Corners," she

answered, casually. "I've got to have some things."

"You wait a spell," said Jonathan. He glanced into the glass, and decided he need not shave. "I'm goin' up along to git some onion-seed. Ebenezer says old Lang's got some, fust quality, an' if we don't look out it'll all be gone."

"Oh, father!" cried Abigail, involuntarily.

"You come out an' help me git the bits in," said Jonathan, to his wife. "I can manage the rest with one hand."

Claribel followed them hesitatingly out through the shed.

"Father," she began; but Jonathan never turned. "Father!"

"Well, what is it?" he called over his shoulder, and her mother dropped behind and walked with her.

"Don't you take on," urged Abigail. There were tears in her own eyes, and the warm air on her forehead made her think of youth as well as spring. "You know he can't drive very well, on'y one hand so. Don't you mind."

Claribel's tears also had sprung, and two big crystal globes ran out and splashed her cheek.

"It was a kind of an agreement," she said, passionately. "Ballard's got two watches picked out at Ferris's, and he wants me to see which one I like best. He'll be awful mad, and I sha'n't blame him."

"Father," called Abigail. "Father!" She ran on into the barn where he had the horse standing while he gave him an impatient one-handed brushing with a bundle of hay. "Father, Claribel's made a kind of an agreement to go with Ballard. You wait a minute whilst I slip on my t'other dress, an' I'll go with ye."

"Here, you git in them bits," said Jonathan. "God sake! Don't you hender me when that onion-seed's goin' by the board. They'll be married in four weeks, won't they? Well, I guess Claribel can stan' it if she don't see him for twenty-four hours."

Abigail got the bits in, and went on deftly harnessing. She spoke but once. That was when Claribel came and began to fasten a trace.

"Go 'way, dear," said the mother, in an eloquent tenderness. "You'll git horse-hairs all over you."

Then Claribel stepped silently into the wagon; her father followed her, and they drove away.

It was three o'clock in the afternoon when they came home. Jonathan was in high spirits. He had got his onion-seed; and then, having heard of an auction, five miles farther on, where there was a cultivator as good as new, he had bought some crackers and cheese at the grocery and driven there. He and Claribel had eaten their lunch in the wagon, and then Claribel had sat drearily by while her father bid and reft bargains away from other bidders. Now Claribel was heavy-eyed, and her mouth looked pitiful. She ate sparingly of the early supper her mother set out for them, and then, after washing the dishes, sat a while by the window in the dusk. Her mother knew she was watching; but Ballard did not come, and at nine o'clock the girl walked droopingly off to bed.

Abigail was late in going to sleep that night. She lay looking into the darkness, tears sometimes gathering in her eyes and then softly wiped away on a corner of the sheet. It was not that she failed to bear a little disappointment for Claribel; but, to her mind, youth was youth. There were times when one wanted things, and if they had to be put off, they were not the same. One bud could never open twice.

When breakfast was over, Jonathan settled himself in the sitting-room with the county paper, and Claribel slipped into the pantry and beckoned her mother. The girl spoke shyly:

"I don't know but I'll run over to Ballard's and ask his mother for that skirt pattern."

"So do," said Abigail, with understanding.

"You see—" Claribel went on. She bent her head, and the corners of her mouth trembled. "I don't want you should think I'm foolish; but yesterday was a kind of a particular day with us. 'Twas a year ago yesterday we were engaged, and it was kind of understood we were going to look at the watch together. The reason I told Ballard I'd walk along and let him overtake me—well, I didn't dare to have him come here, for fear father'd spoil it somehow. And then he saw me drive by with father, and not a

word to say why, and father was in a hurry and wouldn't let me stop,—and if I was in Ballard's place I should be mad as fire."

"You go right over," responded Abigail, something throbbing in her voice. "Slip out the porch door, and clip it right along."

Again Abigail stood at the table, her mixing-bowl before her, and at the clink of her spoon Jonathan's voice came promptly from the other room:

"Nabby, what you doin' of?"

This time her muttered exclamation had the fierceness of accumulated wrongs, but she added, cheerfully:

"I'm mixin' up a mite o' cake."

"What kind?"

For an instant Abigail compressed her lips, and then she added, desperately, as one whose resolve had hardened:

"Cup-cake."

"How many eggs?"

"One." At the instant of speaking, she took two eggs from the basket and, one in either hand, broke them at the same instant upon the edge of the bowl. Jonathan's ears were keen, but they did not serve him against the testimony of that one innocent crack. Abigail beat them hastily, and pouring them into her butter and sugar, breathed again.

"You call Claribel. I want her to help me a mite down-sullar," said Jonathan, on his way to the kitchen.

Abigail, at his step, crumpled one egg-shell in her hand and hastily thrust it into the coal, and laid a light stick over it.

"I want to have her sprout some o' them 'taters in the arch."

"She can't do it this forenoon," said his wife, glibly. "She's gone out."

"Where?"

"Down to Mis' Towle's. I sent her to carry back that peck-measure you borrowed last week."

A strange exhilaration possessed her. Abigail did not remember to have lied wilfully in all her life before. Her difficult way had been, against all temptation, to tell the bare truth and suffer for it; but now that she had begun to lie, she liked it. She looked at her husband, as he stood in the doorway gazing innocently over her head at the window where the spring made a misty picture, and wondered what he would say if he guessed

what was in her heart. She hardly thought herself, save that it was something new and wild: the resolve to say anything that came into her head, and take the consequences. Jonathan was pondering.

"Why," said he, slowly, at last, "seems to me I carried back that peck-measure myself, day or two ago."

Now Abigail remembered seeing him walk out of the yard with it in his hand; but she did not flinch.

"Oh no, you didn't. Claribel's just took it."

There was another pause, and Jonathan spoke again.

"Claribel asked me for some money t'other day. Said she wanted to git two more gowns. You think she needs 'em?"

"I know she does," returned Abigail, vigorously. "You don't want she should walk out o' this house without a stitch to her back, do ye, an' have Ballard set to an' clothe her?"

"You gi'n her any money this winter?"

Abigail remembered her hard-won store of butter-and-eggs money, put aside from the moment Ballard had begun his courting, and she remembered the day when she and Claribel had stolen off to the Corners to spend the precious store in fine cloth and trimming. But she looked her husband straight in the eye.

"Not a cent," she answered, and liked the sound of it.

"Well," concluded Jonathan, "I'll hand her some to-morrer. I'll make it what you think's best."

For a moment her heart softened, but Jonathan spoke again:

"You ain't a-goin' to make weddin'-cake, be ye?"

The strange part of her new communion with him was that, as her tongue formed the lie, her mind flashed a picture of the truth before her. Now she had a swift vision of the day when he had gone to town meeting, and she and Claribel had baked the wedding-cake, in furious haste, and set it away to mellow.

"No," said she, calmly; "I ain't a-goin' to make no cake. I got a little on hand."

"When'd ye have it?"

"Oh, I dun'no! I got a loaf or two."

"Well," Jonathan ruminated, "I dun'no's I remember your bakin' any."

"I didn't bake it. 'Twas some Aunt Lucretia left in her crock when she moved out West." She thought with wonder of the ease with which new worlds could be created merely by the tongue. It gave her a sense of lightness and freedom. She could almost forgive Jonathan for meddling, since he had introduced her to these brilliant possibilities.

"That's terrible yeller for one egg," he commented, as she poured her cake into the pan.

"It had two yolks," said Abigail, calmly. She felt an easy mastery of him. Then she closed the oven door, cleared off her cooking-table, and sat down to sew.

This was one of the days when Jonathan seemed possessed by the spirit of discovery. He took up a bit of edging from the window-sill, and held it in a clumsy hand.

"How much do ye pay for that trade?" he inquired.

"Two cents," responded Abigail.

"Two cents! That's more'n two cents a yard!"

"No. It's a cent an' a half a yard an' five yards for two cents. We got five."

"I never heerd o' such carryin's on." Jonathan spoke helplessly. "They can't do business that way."

"They do." She spoke conclusively.

He took up another wider remnant. This was a coarse lace.

"How much d'ye pay for that?" he asked.

"Nothin'," said Abigail. "I made it."

Jonathan ruminated. He felt exceedingly puzzled. It was not that he distrusted her. No moment of their life together had failed to convince him that she was honest as the day.

"I dun'no's I ever see you doin' anything like that," he commented. "How'd ye do it? Looks as if 'twas wove."

"I done it on pins," said Abigail, wildly.

"Common pins?"

"No. Clo'es-pins."

Jonathan frowned and gazed at her, still reflecting.

"Mebbe you could make some to sell," he ventured. "Looks as if there might be some profit in't."

"I don't want no profit," returned his wife, unmoved, and Jonathan presently



went out to the barn, ruminating by the way.

Then when his step had ceased on the shed floor, Abigail laid down her sewing. She looked briefly up to heaven, as if she interrogated the bolt that was presently to stun her; but the bolt did not fall, and she began to laugh. She laughed until the tears came, and her face, suffused with mirth, looked a dozen years to the good. She dried her eyes, but without wiping away any of that new emotion. She could not yet blame herself for anything so rare.

The noon dinner was on the table, and Claribel had not come. Her mother had set forth a goodly meal, and she talked cheerfully through it. But Jonathan was never to be quite distracted.

"Where's Claribel?" he asked, with his second piece of pie.

"She ain't comin'," answered her mother, at random. "I'll set suthin' out on the pantry-shelf, an' she can have it when she wants."

Jonathan paused, with a choice morsel on the way to his mouth.

"You don't s'pose she's fetched up at Ballard's an' stayed there to dinner, do ye?" he asked.

"Well, what if she has?"

"Nothin', only I wanted to know. I'd step over there arter dinner an' fetch her."

Abigail laid down her fork. She spoke with the desperation of one who is already lost.

"Now, father, I'll tell ye plainly, I ain't goin' to have Claribel disturbed. She's up-chamber, layin' down with a sick-headache, an' I've turned the key in the door."

"Well, ye needn't ha' done that," Jonathan wondered. "She might as well sleep it off."

"I'll sprout the 'taters," she asserted, vigorously, "but I ain't a-goin' to have her round with a headache an' get all beat out so she don't do a stitch o' work to-morrer."

Jonathan said nothing, and after dinner she sped up-stairs, locked the door of Claribel's room, and put the key in her pocket. Then, with a mind at ease, she washed her dinner dishes and went down-cellar. There she sprouted potatoes with a swift dexterity and a joyous heart.

Claribel was abroad somewhere, she knew, roaming the free world. That was enough.

At five Jonathan finished his nap, and came heavily to the door above.

"Here, you," he called. "I've be'n up-chamber to find out how Claribel is. The door's locked an' there ain't no key inside. You got the key?"

Abigail rose and dusted the dirt from her hands. Her task was done.

"No," said she. "I ain't got no key."

"I thought you said you locked the door. Didn't you take the key?"

Abigail was mounting the cellar stairs. She faced him calmly.

"No, I never said any such thing," she returned, with an easy grace. "Clary's locked it, I s'pose. If she don't answer, she's asleep. You let her be, Jonathan. It's no way to go routin' anybody out when they've got a headache."

"Well," said Jonathan, and grumbled off to the barn.

Abigail felt more and more under the spell of her new system. It swept her like a mounting flood. She had lied all day. It was easy and she liked it. With a mirthful feeling that some compensation was due Jonathan, she made cream-of-tartar biscuits and opened quince preserve. The one-two-three-four cake was golden within and sweetly brown on top; it had not suffered from the artifice that went to the making of it.

The door opened and Claribel came in. She had her jacket on her arm, and her cheeks were all a crimson bloom. A fine gold chain was about her neck, and immediately she drew a watch from her belt and opened it, with a child's delight.

"Look, mother, look!" she cried. The words followed one another in a rapid stream. "He wa'n't mad a mite. He said he knew 'twas something I couldn't help. And we went and got it, and had dinner at the hotel. I guess I sha'n't ever forget this day long's I live."

Abigail was holding the watch, spell-bound over its beauty. But at that she broke into a laugh, wild and mirthless.

"No," said she, "no. I guess I sha'n't either."

"Mother, what you mean?" The girl was answering in a quick alarm. "Anything happened to you?"

Abigail quieted at once.

"No, dear, no," she said. "I've had a real nice day. On'y I've kinder worried for fear you wouldn't see Ballard, an' all. Now you take off your things, an' father'll be in, an' we'll have supper."

But when they were sitting at the table, Jonathan kept glancing at Claribel, her red cheeks and brilliant eyes.

"Ain't you kinder feverish?" he asked, and Abigail answered:

"See here, father. Ballard's give her a watch. Ain't that handsome?"

Jonathan turned it over and over in his hand.

"I guess it cost him suthin'," he remarked. "Well, to-morrer we'll see if we can't git together a little suthin' more for clo'es."

Claribel went to bed early, to dream, with her watch under her pillow, and the husband and wife sat together by the fire below. When the clock struck nine, they rose, in lingering unison, and made ready to go up-stairs. Abigail cleared her sewing from the table, and Jonathan shut the stove dampers and wound the clock.

"They've got that feller over to the Corners," he announced, as he waited for her to set back the chairs.

"What feller?"

"The one that stole Si Merrill's team. They clapped him into jail, an' I guess there'll be consid'able of a time over it. He hadn't a word to say."

Abigail was standing before him, her hands clasped under her apron, as if they were cold. Her face looked tired and pale. She spoke with a passionate insistence.

"Jonathan, I've found out suthin'. It

don't do to do the leastest thing that's wrong."

"Why, no," Jonathan acquiesced, getting a newspaper and laying it before the hearth for the morning's kindling. "Anybody's likely to git took up for it."

"It ain't that," said Abigail. Her small face had grown tense from the extremity of terrible knowledge. "You might go along quite a spell an' not git found out. It's because—" She halted a moment, and her voice dropped a note—"It's because wrong-doin's so pleasant."

"You take the lamp," said Jonathan. Then he remembered that the argument should be clinched, and added, with his Sunday manner:

"The way o' the transgressor is hard."

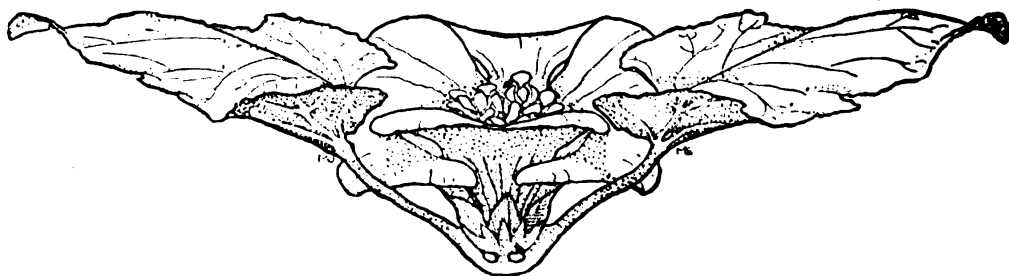
"It ain't," asserted Abigail, at the stairs. "It's elegant. It's enough to scare ye to death, ye have such a good time in it, an' ye go so fast. It's like slidin' down-hill an' the wind at your back. Mebbe the feller that stole Si's team grabbed an apple off'n a tree once an' that started him. I don't blame him. I don't blame nobody."

Jonathan was beginning the ascent, and she paused and looked back at the kitchen, as if there were the inanimate witnesses of her perfidy.

"I've had a splendid day," she said, aloud. "I've had the best time I've had for years. I ain't ever goin' to have another like it. I don't dast to. 'Twouldn't take much to land me in jail. But I ain't sorry, an' I ain't a-goin' to say I be."

"What you doin' of down there?" called Jonathan. "Who you talkin' to?"

"I'm comin'," said Abigail. "I'll bring the light."



## Stanzas: at Delphi

BY GEORGE EDWARD WOODBERRY

HIGH over Castaly, on Delphi's steep,  
A cabin stands where loops the mountain way,  
A ruin, cinctured by the azure deep,  
And o'er its rude stones heaven's pale crags hold sway.

Fain would I believe that He who for that home  
Found humble room in such majestic air,  
Where I, too, drove upon the pathless foam,  
Foreknew my need and drew my footsteps there.

Two children stood before the dark, low door,  
A six-year boy holding an infant's hand;  
The single garment that his bare form wore  
Fluttered and clung, at the light wind's command.

Hunger made delicate his face and limbs;  
Eyes violet-pale, that only knew to stare;  
Ah, here such boyhood lips poured Delphic hymns!  
Shepherd Apollo wore such golden hair!

Father and mother gone, and they left lone  
Night-long and through the longer day—no food;  
Facing the gray magnificence of stone,  
Beside man's road, the unconscious suppliants stood.

They looked for no relief, they asked no boon,  
But timidly upon the stranger gazed;  
Remote down western skies, and far from noon,  
The splendor of the world divinely blazed.

How long I feel the sun's great flame burn deep  
The scar of life upon me, breast and brow!  
Which of us here should first in mercy sleep,  
If the lost Delphian were present now?

Poor children of the god-deserted hill,  
What of my need should this boy understand?—

But when I came again their wants to fill,  
His little fingers never left my hand.

Sweetly he took the orange and the bread;  
And o'er my hand, the prince of simple grace,  
Bowed beautiful that living golden head,—  
It was not joy whose light was in his face.

Still closer bent that glory o'er my hand,  
The infant majesty of life child-borne;  
And shuddering from the far Judæan land  
I felt the fibres of the whole earth mourn,—

Feeling upon my flesh, warm wandering there,  
From that child-mouth the breath angelical;  
I saw through palpitant and fire-flecked air  
Upon the hand of Christ his kisses fall.

"World-pain," I heard, "gripping thy heart o'erfull  
Of sorrow, brimming tears at every touch!  
In thy life's tragedy play not the fool;  
Have patience! thou hast suffered overmuch.

"Not in the globe of nature hast thou found  
The Hider of Himself in things that be;  
Not in the march of progress, world-renowned,  
The Providence whose breath is history.

"If ever, only in some random hour  
The flashing miracle of soul on soul  
Shows pouring in thee the bright flood of power  
That oft in simple deeds doth purest roll.

"Oh, of the Delphian not unbeloved,  
With race and lore dowered deep, the son of time,  
Save in thy soul how far from him removed,  
The child, o'er whom Parnassus aye doth climb,—

"Now going hence from great Apollo's hill  
And slopes of holiness thy sorrows trod,  
Own humbly while he holds thy fingers still,  
'This Delphian child hath brought me nearest God.'"





# THE MISTRESS OF THE HOUSE

Being a SERIES of pictures  
by ELIZABETH SHIPPEN GREEN



Vol. CXI.—No. 663.—49

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THE DINNER HOUR

# The Eyes of Affection

BY GEORGE HIBBARD

ISABELLE HALCOMB was aware that she had come perilously near to marrying "Dick" Graham. That she should have done this if John Halcomb had not masterfully appeared she did not attempt to deny to herself. That he had appeared when he did she was obliged to confess was almost an accident. She felt a little humiliated by the fortuitous—what she sometimes feared was almost the casual—nature of the event. She should have liked to consider the circumstances preestablished, written in the stars, a part of the inevitable sequence of the universe. That anything else might have been, seemed to her to detract from what was. Still, the truth was unquestionable. She would have married "Dick" Graham—she knew she was drifting toward it—if she had not met Halcomb. Then she had turned without hesitation toward him with a finality of feeling which could not be mistaken. However, after all these fifteen happy years of placid married life, to know that Graham was at the Detmolds', and that she would undoubtedly see him in the course of half an hour, had made her think.

The heart is an organ of an "uncertain age." With the oldest there are always surprising stirrings of youth in it. Even when one has concluded that it is dead it has an astonishing way of displaying vitality and frequently coming to life again. It is an unruly member, and with its belated youthfulness puts unaccustomed and unaccountable thoughts into the head. Not that the thoughts which Isabelle Halcomb found rising in her mind were in any degree reprehensible or blameworthy or, in fact, unnatural. Still, that she discovered herself, at what in her most uncompromising moments she described as "middle age," thinking of much which might have been, in a measure disconcerted her.

Owing to a high wind in the night

the awnings had been torn away from the windows of her dressing-room at "Greenlawns." The unusual strength of light, an incautious remark of her maid's, a state of mind, had brought her actually face to face with an unpleasant reality. As she gazed at herself in the mirror she saw the white in her dark locks with great distinctness. Not at once, not for some years, but soon she would be gray. As yet her warm black hair only showed threads and traces of the coming change; but they were unmistakable in the present and in their promise. Presently she would be a gray old woman. Would life be the same? Would Jack care for her as he did? For a long time she was obliged to confess they had gone on in a humdrum fashion. Was this the end?

To a mood induced by such reflections had come the announcement of Graham's presence at the neighboring country house. The Dick Graham of her youth, the lover of other days. To be sure, there had been nothing but a flirtation, one of those flash-in-the-pan failures of fate. Certainly she was entirely satisfied and perfectly happy, and yet—Youth with all its never-realized promises had been such restless delight. Seeing him again would be a little like going back to it. She felt that she was measurably excited—unusually interested.

That she was longer than usual in dressing she was conscious; that she took unusual care in preparing herself for the encounter she was aware. She was particularly exacting with her maid as to her hair. She halted between two gowns, and having put on one, changed it finally for another. Going into the world had become such a matter of routine that her unusual perturbation held an exceptional significance. She felt almost a girlish anxiety as to her appearance. What did it mean? Finally, as she came down-stairs, she reached a conclusion. Because of the past she felt a pride in being at her best.



The door of the smoking-room which Halcomb used as an office was open. She saw him as she stood at the entrance, thrown back in a low chair, with telegrams, letters, and newspapers scattered on the floor. Usually he had such a litter about him. In vagrant fancy she had sometimes thought of it as chips of the workshop of his busy life.

"Jack," she said, softly.

The sound with which he answered betokened a whole relationship—a relationship of pleasant confidence, of comfortable congeniality, of habitual affection. Unsought, unbidden, unwished came for an instant in her mind the little imp-like query, Would "Dick" Graham have responded in that way if—if— The heart of the girl never quite ceases to beat in the woman, and the girl's heart was asking the question a little bitterly. As she did not speak, he looked up suddenly.

"What is it?" he asked.

"How much time you give to money-making!"

"Well," he said, placidly, "I have always."

"Yes," she answered, softly, "you have always."

What was she asking, she asked herself. What did she desire, or did she even desire anything? What did she find lacking? All was so doubtfully uncertain that she felt she was indeed groping in a very tenuous mist of discontent. Still, full satisfaction did not stand out in all its clear and unshaken outlines. The most of the facts of her life seemed at best only gray and pale—a few, only faintly discerned, almost appeared distorted and awry.

"Why do you want more money, Jack?" she asked.

"I don't," he answered.

"Then why—" she began.

"Because I've always been in the harness," he replied, "and out of it I'd feel as uncomfortable as if—as if—I'd lost a suspender-button."

The prosaic—as she felt, almost coarse, thoroughly marital—comparison made her wince. When one is reaching up into the empyrean, to bump one's head against the ceiling is unpleasant and disturbing and bewildering.

"Don't you think I'm pretty any long-

er?" she asked, with what she knew must seem inconsequence—though to herself, aware of the mental steps, the question appeared perfectly logical.

"Beautiful," he answered, readily.

"But now—" she began.

"You are the best-looking woman going," he answered, heartily, as he turned another page of a letter and began on the other side.

"Yet," she commented, "you never say anything about it, even now when I'm dressed up in all my fineries,—never say anything about—anything," she concluded, as she felt, lamely.

"Why, Lizzie!" he replied, lowering the paper and looking at her curiously. "When one has had the proud privilege of dressing beauty in Paquin gowns for a number of years, one does not write poetry about it. However"—and the twinkle showed in his eyes which had helped so much in making his fame as an after-dinner speaker—"I assure you that I still look upon you with the eyes of affection."

She sighed.

Was that what she desired—poetry? When she felt the lack of something, was this because she was receiving affection? Was she asking for the bread, or rather the cake, the sugared confection of romance, and getting the stone of every-day regard? At her age she confessed anything else was foolish, even such speculation absurd, and yet—

"Take care," she said, moving toward the door and letting her hand rest for a moment on his shoulder. "I am going to the Detmolds', and Dick Graham is going to be there."

Halcomb whistled.

"My old rival," he said, slowly. "How jealous I was of that fellow! Yes, he was and is the man to write sonnets to your eyebrow. I must take care."

He looked up at her in placid contentment, while she glanced down at him with adoring indulgence.

"Nonsense!" she said, with a slight blush. "Still, it made me think of the—past."

"So," he laughed, "that is the rift in the lute. That is the reason the sweet bells jangle a little out of tune. That is the way the wind is blowing. That is the nigger in the fence."



"Yes," she answered, smiling.

"Then," he replied, dramatically, "I must say, madam, that I consider your conduct most scandalous indeed—most improper. You—with a devoted husband—Fie! madam; it is most monstrous."

"Won't you go with me?" she asked, pausing at the door and throwing him a kiss with the ends of her fingers.

"No," he replied. "I've got to stay here and see Higgins about this right of way."

As the victoria rolled up the drive to the porte-cochère she saw a number of carriages and automobiles. When she stood at one of the low windows of the drawing-room and looked out upon the terrace she discovered that a dozen or more of people were gathered about the tea-table. It stood under the spreading awning, with Mrs. Detmold behind it. Isabelle Halcomb paused a moment before advancing. With an eager glance she examined the scene and the company. Yes, she could not be mistaken. She recognized him in a moment. Yet in the next she experienced a feeling of surprise that she had known him. Not, indeed, that he had so very much changed. Still, the stout, sturdy, ruddy man whom she beheld was very different from the image of the man of whom she had been thinking.

For the first time a momentary doubt assailed her. She had gone forward to the meeting with an unthinking certainty—almost as if she were returning into her own youth. At the very threshold the shock of disillusionment seemed to have struck her.

She advanced more sedately but with even less inward composure toward the place where her hostess was seated. With a concealed confusion which she had not felt since her earliest year in society she swept forward. The group parted as she drew near, and she stood beside the tea-table.

"So good of you to come," murmured the lady behind the teacups. "I wanted a few of you to meet Mr. Graham at once—but I did not remember—you know him already."

The moment for which she had been preparing herself was not long delayed.

"I forgot," Mrs. Detmold laughed. "Only the assurance that you were coming this afternoon, I believe, has kept him from taking horse instantly and riding to see you."

As Mrs. Detmold spoke, Graham advanced. She discerned that he was looking at her curiously. What did he see? Was the realization for him as different from the memory as it had been in her case? As she stood under his examining gaze she was conscious of the years. Uncertainly, apprehensively, almost affrightedly, she stood trying to read what she felt would be a verdict in his eyes. The crisis endured for a moment—the retrospective moment, though, of the drowning man catching at a straw—in which she not only with vivid revision saw the past, but in quick anticipation caught glimpses of the future. She seemed only to become conscious of time and place when she heard his voice.

"Indeed, it's true," he asserted, earnestly. "I was for hurrying off at once."

"I am glad," she said, with a voice she was reassured to feel was so serene. "I think, however, that it would only have been fitting in the case of such an old friend."

They stood examining each other with appraising glances. The challenging was only kindly, the scrutiny most gentle. Still, both were there in the duelling looks. Instinctively they moved a step or two away from the others, until what they said could not be heard in the confusion of resumed conversation.

"As it is," she said, lightly, "I have come to see you. One may do much at my age—"

"It is a long time—" he admitted, thoughtfully.

"And you have done many surprising things," she continued, feeling for the moment safer in the level fields of generalities.

That he had honestly cared for her she had never doubted for a moment. Indeed, that she had been obliged to hurt him had caused very real grief for her. The first of his wanderings dated from that time. She had wondered if other of his expeditions into the remote parts of the earth had been not so much for discovery as to lose—to forget. The meet-



ing must assuredly mean as much to him as to her—more even. So many years had passed though, that she felt that the ragged, cutting edges had been worn off, and that they could talk more easily and painlessly.

"An explorer," he said, "is always something of a freak. I am not sure that I do not feel that my proper place would be in the tent of a side-show with the wild man of Borneo—"

"You are a personage," she said, "who adds to empires and is welcomed by emperors. I have read all about you—"

He nodded his head, but did not speak.

"It must be very interesting," she said, almost timidly.

"There is not such an amount of adding to empires and being welcomed by emperors as to become monotonous. And you?" he added, abruptly.

"About me there is never anything new," she answered, deliberately.

"Shall I tell you something?" he asked.

"Yes."

"The newest thing which has happened to me—for one may become swamped in variety—has been seeing you again."

"New because it is so old?" she said, confusedly.

"Yes—and no," he replied. "Of course the time is long—and much has changed."

"Ourselves for one thing," she said, gently.

"Yes, ourselves for one thing," he acceded. "Confess,—was there not something of a shock for you in looking at me again?"

"That is as much as saying you were shocked yourself," she evaded.

He remained silent.

"You do not answer."

"You said that age may forget formality. I will make a confession,"—he laughed again a little bitterly: "I believe I must have gone on thinking of you as you were—"

"You did not know me," she accused, quickly.

"I did," he defended, with conviction, "at once—only the picture in my mind was of the girl—"

"And to discover an old woman—" she hurried on, with an impatient little gesture.

"The child is father of the man. The

girl is mother of the woman. *O filia pulchra matre pulchrior.*"

"Oh, do not try to be apologetic or flattering," she said. "That is unnecessary, as we agreed."

"The change is but very slight," he argued. "As I look again, I see it. But the remembrance I had was so clear and distinct—"

"I am a disappointment," she declared.

"One star differeth from another star in glory."

"I suppose I too thought of myself as I was," she mused. "In what way am I the most changed?"

"Why discuss it?" he asked, earnestly.

"I am interested," she urged. "One does not have every day such a standard of comparison as a returned friend."

He looked at her doubtfully.

"Yes," he said, "we can be friends now. I never thought that could be. How time takes the bitterness out of everything! Why, it's as sweetening as air or sunlight—and yet they say that nature is not beneficent. Yes, I can talk like an old friend now."

"Then how have I changed the most?" she insisted.

"It is the part of an old friend to tell unpleasant truths." He smiled. "I am only fulfilling my character. The gray hair—"

Involuntarily she put her hands to her head.

"I think that I was startled by that," he said. "The sight was so wholly unexpected—so absolutely out of accord with my memories—my picture—"

"You noticed it?" she demanded.

"At once," he said. "If there was any shock, that was it."

"Oh!" she cried.

"You are displeased—I have offended you—"

"No. No." she replied, quickly. "Only I have been foolish. I should have thought—I should have realized that after all these years you would notice the difference immediately. It is a little like seeing a ghost of one's self—and ghosts are so frightful."

Halcomb did not look up when his wife came into the room. Neither did

he get up. She knew that if she had been another woman he would have been ceremoniously on his feet in an instant. She had not made a grievance of such conjugal immobility. Still, she had noticed it. Unfailingly she had considered it a part of the general system of matrimonial *laissez-faire*, which she deplored. On this occasion, as she came slowly through the door, the fact that he did not stir remained unmarked by her.

She advanced with downcast eyes and sank silently into a chair.

"You're back early," he observed, still writing on.

"Yes," she answered.

"Many people there?"

"No," she replied, dully.

"Pleasant?"

"Yes."

At last, conscious of the tone and manner, he glanced about.

"Ah," he said, "I didn't remember. There is more in this than meets the eyes. On the whole, your expedition into the past seems to leave you thoughtful. This experience with auld lang syne appears to have given you food for reflection. Did not the light of other days have the radiance you expected of it?"

"Don't make fun of me, please," she said, hopelessly; "I can't bear it."

"He was there?"

"He was," she replied, despondently. "Oh, life is so bewildering and unsatisfactory!"

"Were you disappointed in him?"

"No."

"Something has gone wrong," he said, rising and drawing nearer her. "Our cosmical doll is stuffed with sawdust. Our personal apple-cart is upset. Our individual grapes are sour."

"Oh!" she exclaimed, impulsively. "The worst of it was that he was disappointed in me."

"Impossible!" he declared. "How do you know?"

"He told me."

"The—" he began.

"No, no," she interrupted. "He was very nice about it, and said it very nicely. Indeed, I don't know that I am quite fair in saying that he was disappointed. Oh, don't you understand, it was so different—"

He continued to gaze at her with amused curiosity.

"I don't believe that I know what to think. Oh, I wish I could wear a nun's head-dress."

"Why?" he demanded, in amazement.

"To cover up—the gray hair," she exclaimed.

"Gray hair!" he said. "What gray hair?"

"Mine."

"But yours is not gray."

She sat up, looking at him wonderingly. In an instant she was on her feet. She sped to the window and stood in the strong light of the late afternoon sun. With a quick movement she tore the hat from her head. With swift gestures she had undone her hair.

"Come here," she commanded. "See?"

"Yes," he answered, standing before her and looking as he saw she desired he should look.

"Well?"

"Yes," he responded, slowly, "there is a touch here and there of whiteness. But I never noticed it."

"Do you mean to say that you never saw it before?"

"Never," he announced, with a force which was unmistakable.

"Really?" she demanded, joyfully.

"Really," he replied. "On my word!"

In a moment her arms were clasped about his neck.

"Jack! Jack!" she cried. "It's so foolish at my age. I can't help it. I'm so delighted—so happy. All this time when I did not think you were noticing anything—anyway you were not noticing that I was changed—"

"You haven't," he declared, stoutly.

"Truly?" she inquired. "Do I seem so much the same to you as that?"

"In my eyes," he said, "you have not changed a particle since the day we were married. You see, we are so accustomed to one another."

"Yes—yes," she exclaimed, eagerly. "It's that. It does not sound romantic, but it is."

"You are just every bit as beautiful as you ever were," he assured her.

"The eyes of affection," she murmured, as she kissed him. "And, Jack—I'm more than satisfied."



## “The Favorite Corner,” by J. W. Alexander

ALL worthy art is colored by personality; it cannot escape it. Back of his pictures the painter stands revealed—his taste, his emotion, his ideals, his aspirations—whatever makes the quality of the man. Many acquire manual dexterity, but fewer develop their personality, since this is not a matter of Art Schools, but concerns the elements that make up life.

The charm of Mr. Alexander's work lies in its personal note, the intimations of the spirit it gives forth. Though his attitudes are often too artful to be convincing, there are always grace of thought and poetic sentiment, and through his pictorial sense he gives us a new thing. If his expression is marked at times by artistic swagger, there is still a happy combination of the actual with the ideal, of elegance with simplicity, of sentiment with style. In a word, his merits are those of personality rather than of virtuosity.


In the presence of this painting, which must be ranked among his most successful achievements, and which is owned by Mrs. J. W. Alexander, one feels that the artist's interest was caught and held by the appearance of objects under a singularly beautiful light, and that he felt the sentiment of his subject and expressed it while working out the delicate tonal values which delighted him. In recording these he has dared to omit all details which would lessen the effect of the whole. Discerning the meaning and scope of the term, it may be confidently asserted that a sense of the whole is the greatest gift possessed by any artist, or by man of whatever vocation, since, by enabling him to see the true relations of things, it gives him command of all life. The lesser mind clings to details which the greater, having the larger aspect of the whole, is content to let go.

W. STANTON HOWARD.





"THE FAVORITE CORNER," BY J. W. ALEXANDER

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# Life in the Universe

BY SIMON NEWCOMB

SO far as we can judge from what we see on our globe, the production of life is one of the greatest and most incessant purposes of nature. Life is absent only in regions of perpetual frost, where it never has an opportunity to begin; in places where the temperature is near the boiling-point, which is found to be destructive to it; and beneath the earth's surface, where none of the changes essential to it can come about. Within the limits imposed by these prohibitory conditions—that is to say, within the range of temperature at which water retains its liquid state, and in regions where the sun's rays can penetrate and where wind can blow and water exist in a liquid form—life is the universal rule. How prodigal nature seems to be in its production is too trite a fact to be dwelt upon. We have all read of the millions of germs which are destroyed for every one that comes to maturity. Even the higher forms of life are found almost everywhere. Only small islands have ever been discovered which were uninhabited, and animals of a higher grade are as widely diffused as man.

If it would be going too far to claim that all conditions may have forms of life appropriate to them, it would be going as much too far in the other direction to claim that life can exist only with the precise surroundings which nurture it on this planet. It is very remarkable in this connection that while in one direction we see life coming to an end, in the other direction we see it flourishing more and more up to the limit. These two directions are those of heat and cold. We cannot suppose that life would develop in any important degree in a region of perpetual frost, such as the polar regions of our globe. But we do not find any end to it as the climate becomes warmer. On the contrary, every one knows that the tropics are the most fertile regions of the globe in its pro-

duction. The luxuriance of the vegetation and the number of the animals continually increase the more tropical the climate becomes. Where the limit may be set no one can say. But it would doubtless be far above the present temperature of the equatorial regions.

It has often been said that this does not apply to the human race, that men lack vigor in the tropics. But human vigor depends on so many conditions, hereditary and otherwise, that we cannot regard the inferior development of humanity in the tropics as due solely to temperature. Physically considered, no men attain a better development than many tribes who inhabit the warmer regions of the globe. The inferiority of these regions in intellectual power is more likely the result of race heredity than that of temperature.

We all know that this earth on which we dwell is only one of countless millions of globes scattered through the wilds of infinite space. So far as we know, most of these globes are wholly unlike the earth, being at a temperature so high that, like our sun, they shine by their own light. In such worlds we may regard it as quite certain that no organized life could exist. But evidence is continually increasing that dark and opaque worlds like ours exist and revolve around their suns as the earth on which we dwell revolves around its central luminary. Although the number of such globes yet discovered is not great, the circumstances under which they are found lead us to believe that the actual number may be as great as that of the visible stars which stud the sky. If so, the probabilities are that millions of them are essentially similar to our own globe. Have we any reason to believe that life exists on these other worlds?

The reader will not expect me to answer this question positively. It must be admitted that, scientifically, we have



no light upon the question, and therefore no positive grounds for reaching a conclusion. We can only reason by analogy and by what we know of the origin and conditions of life around us, and assume that the same agencies which are at play here would be found at play under similar conditions in other parts of the universe.

If we ask what the opinion of man has been, we know historically that our race has, in all periods of its history, peopled other regions with beings even higher in the scale of development than we are ourselves. The gods and demons of an earlier age all wielded powers greater than those granted to man—powers which they could use to determine human destiny. But, up to the time that Copernicus showed that the planets were other worlds, the location of these imaginary beings was rather indefinite. It was therefore quite natural that when the moon and planets were found to be dark globes of a size comparable with that of the earth itself, they were made the habitations of beings like unto ourselves.

The trend of modern discovery has been against carrying this view to its extreme, as will be presently shown. Before considering the difficulties in the way of accepting it to the widest extent, let us enter upon some preliminary considerations as to the origin and prevalence of life, so far as we have any sound basis to go upon.

A generation ago the origin of life upon our planet was one of the great mysteries of science. All the facts brought out by investigation into the past history of our earth seemed to show, with hardly the possibility of a doubt, that there was a time when it was a fiery mass, no more capable of serving as the abode of a living being than the interior of a Bessemer steel furnace. There must therefore have been, within a certain period, a beginning of life upon its surface. But, so far as investigations had gone—indeed, so far as it has gone to the present time,—no life has been found to originate of itself. The living germ seems to be necessary to the beginning of any living form. Whence, then, came the first germ? Many of our readers may remember a suggestion by Sir William Thompson,

now Lord Kelvin, made twenty or thirty years ago, that life may have been brought to our planet by the falling of a meteor from space. This does not, however, solve the difficulty—indeed, it would only make it greater. It still leaves open the question how life began on the meteor; and granting this, why it was not destroyed by the heat generated as the meteor passed through the air. The popular view that life began through a special act of creative power seemed to be almost forced upon man by the failure of science to discover any other beginning for it. It cannot be said that even to-day anything definite has been actually discovered to refute this view. All we can say about it is that it does not run in with the general views of modern science as to the beginning of things, and that those who refuse to accept it must hold that, under certain conditions which prevail, life begins by a very gradual process, similar to that by which forms suggesting growth seem to originate even under conditions so unfavorable as those existing in a bottle of acid.

But it is not at all necessary for our purpose to decide this question. If life existed through a creative act, it is absurd to suppose that that act was confined to one of the countless millions of worlds scattered through space. If it began at a certain stage of evolution by a natural process, the question will arise, what conditions are favorable to the commencement of this process? Here we are quite justified in reasoning from what, granting this process, has taken place upon our globe during its past history. One of the most elementary principles accepted by the human mind is that like causes produce like effects. The special conditions under which we find life to develop around us may be comprehensively summed up as the existence of water in the liquid state and the presence of nitrogen, free perhaps in the first place, but accompanied by every substance with which it may form combinations. Oxygen, hydrogen, and nitrogen are, then, the fundamental requirements. The addition of calcium or other forms of matter necessary to the existence of a solid world goes without saying. The question, then, is whether these

necessary conditions exist in other parts of the universe.

The spectroscope shows that, so far as the chemical elements go, other worlds are composed of the same substance as ours. Hydrogen especially exists everywhere, and we have reason to believe that the same is true of oxygen and nitrogen. Calcium, the base of lime, is almost universal. So far as chemical elements go, we may therefore take it for granted that the conditions under which life begins are very widely diffused in the universe. It is contrary to all the analogies of nature to suppose that life began only on a single world.

It is a scientific inference, based on facts so numerous as not to admit of serious question, that during the history of our globe there has been a continually improving development of life. As ages upon ages pass, new forms are generated, higher in the scale than those which preceded them, until at length reason appears and asserts its sway. In his last and well-known work Alfred Russell Wallace has argued that this development of life required the presence of such a rare combination of conditions that there is no reason to suppose that it prevailed anywhere except on our earth. It is quite impossible in an article like the present to follow his reasoning in detail; but it seems to me altogether inconclusive. Not only does life, but intelligence, flourish on this globe under a great variety of conditions as regards temperature and surroundings, and no sound reason can be shown why under certain conditions, which are frequent in the universe, intelligent beings should not acquire the highest development.

Now let us look at the subject from the view of the mathematical theory of probabilities. A fundamental tenet of this theory is that no matter how improbable a result may be on a single trial, supposing it at all possible, it is sure to occur after a sufficient number of trials, —and over and over again if the trials are repeated often enough. For example, if a million grains of corn, of which a single one was red, were all placed in a pile, and a blindfolded person were required to grope in the pile, select a grain, and then put it back again, the chances would be a million to one against his

drawing out the red grain. If drawing it meant he should die, a sensible person would give himself no concern at having to draw the grain. The probability of his death would not be so great as the actual probability that he will really die within the next twenty-four hours. And yet if the whole human race were required to run this chance, it is certain that about fifteen hundred, or one out of a million, of the whole human family would draw the red grain and meet his death.

Now apply this principle to the universe. Let us suppose, to fix the ideas, that there are a hundred million worlds, but that the chances are 1000 to 1 against any one of these taken at random being fitted for the highest development of life or for the evolution of reason. The chances would still be that 100,000 of them would be inhabited by rational beings whom we may call human. But where are we to look for these worlds? This no man can tell. We only infer from the statistics of the stars, and this inference is fairly well grounded, that the number of worlds which, so far as we know, may be inhabited, are to be counted by thousands, and perhaps by millions.

In a number of bodies so vast we should expect every variety of conditions as regards temperature and surroundings. If we suppose that the special conditions which prevail on our planet are necessary to the highest forms of life, we still have reason to believe that these same conditions prevail on thousands of other worlds. The fact that we might find the conditions in millions of other worlds unfavorable to life would not disprove the existence of the latter on countless worlds differently situated.

Coming down now from the general question to the specific one, we all know that the only worlds the conditions of which can be made the subject of observation are the planets which revolve around the sun, and their satellites. The question whether these bodies are inhabited is one which, of course, completely transcends not only our powers of observation at present, but every appliance of research that we can conceive of men devising. If Mars is inhabited, and if the people of that planet have equal powers with ourselves, the problem of merely producing

an illumination which could be seen in our most powerful telescope would be beyond all the ordinary efforts of an entire nation. An unbroken square mile of flame would be invisible in our telescopes, but a hundred square miles might be seen. We cannot, therefore, expect to see any signs of the works of inhabitants even on Mars. All that we can do is to ascertain with greater or less probability whether the conditions necessary to life exist on the other planets of the system.

The moon being much the nearest to us of all the heavenly bodies, we can pronounce more definitely in its case than in any other. We know that neither air nor water exists on the moon in quantities sufficient to be perceived by the most delicate tests at our command. It is certain that the moon's atmosphere, if any exists, is less than the thousandth part of the density of that around us. The vacuum is greater than any ordinary air-pump is capable of producing. We can hardly suppose that so small a quantity of air could be of any benefit whatever in sustaining life; an animal that could get along on so little could get along on none at all.

But the proof of the absence of life is yet stronger when we consider the results of actual telescopic observation. An object such as an ordinary city block could be detected on the moon. If anything like vegetation were present on its surface, we should see the changes which it would undergo in the course of a month, during one portion of which it would be exposed to the rays of the unclouded sun, and during another to the intense cold of space. If men built cities, or even separate buildings the size of the larger ones on our earth, we might see some signs of them.

In recent times we not only observe the moon with the telescope, but get still more definite information by photography. The whole visible surface has been repeatedly photographed under the best conditions. But no change has been established beyond question, nor does the photograph show the slightest difference of structure or shade which could be attributed to cities or other works of man. To all appearances the whole surface of our satellite is as completely

devoid of life as the lava newly thrown from Vesuvius.

We next pass to the planets. Mercury, the nearest to the sun, is in a position very unfavorable for observation from the earth, because when nearest to us it is between us and the sun, so that its dark hemisphere is presented to us. Nothing satisfactory has yet been made out as to its condition. We cannot say with certainty whether it has an atmosphere or not. What seems very probable is that the temperature on its surface is higher than any of our earthly animals could sustain. But this proves nothing.

We know that Venus has an atmosphere. This was very conclusively shown during the transits of Venus in 1874 and 1882. But this atmosphere is so filled with clouds or vapor that it does not seem likely that we ever get a view of the solid body of the planet through it. Some observers have thought they could see spots on Venus day after day, while others have disputed this view. On the whole, if intelligent inhabitants live there, it is not likely that they ever see sun or stars. Instead of the sun they see only an effulgence in the vapory sky which disappears and reappears at regular intervals.

When we come to Mars, we have more definite knowledge, and there seems to be greater possibilities for life there than in the case of any other planet besides the earth. The main reason for denying that life such as ours could exist there is that the atmosphere of Mars is so rare that, in the light of the most recent researches, we cannot be fully assured that it exists at all. The very careful comparisons of the spectra of Mars and the moon made by Campbell at the Lick Observatory failed to show the slightest difference in the two. If Mars had an atmosphere as dense as ours, the result could be seen in the darkening of the lines of the spectrum produced by the double passage of the light through it. There were no lines in the spectrum of Mars that were not seen with equal distinctness in that of the moon. But this does not prove the entire absence of an atmosphere. It only shows a limit to its density. It may be one-fifth or one-fourth the density of that on the earth, but no more.

That there must be something in the nature of vapor at least seems to be shown by the formation and disappearance of the white polar caps of this planet. Every reader of astronomy at the present time knows that, during the Martian winter, white caps form around the pole of the planet which is turned away from the sun, and grow larger and larger until the sun begins to shine upon them, when they gradually grow smaller, and perhaps nearly disappear. It seems, therefore, fairly well proved that, under the influence of cold, some white substance forms around the polar regions of Mars which evaporates under the influence of the sun's rays. It has been supposed that this substance is snow produced in the same way that snow is produced on the earth, by the evaporation of water.

But there are difficulties in the way of this explanation. The sun sends less than half as much heat to Mars as to the earth, and it does not seem likely that the polar regions can ever receive enough of heat to melt any considerable quantity of snow. Nor does it seem likely that any clouds from which snow could fall ever obscure the surface of Mars.

But a very slight change in the explanation will make it tenable. Quite possibly the white deposits may be due to something like hoar frost condensed from slightly moist air, without the actual production of snow. This would produce the effect that we see. Even this explanation implies that Mars has air and water, rare though the former may be. It is quite possible that a density less than this would sustain life in some form. Life not totally unlike that on the earth may therefore exist upon Mars for anything that we know to the contrary. More than this we cannot say.

In the case of the outer planets the answer to our question must be in the negative. It now seems likely that Jupiter is a body very much like our sun, only that the dark portion is too cool to emit much, if any, light. It is doubtful whether Jupiter has anything in the nature of a solid surface. Its interior is in all likelihood a mass of molten matter far above a red heat, which is surrounded by a comparatively cool, yet, to our measure, extremely hot, vapor. The beltlike clouds which surround the planet

are due to this vapor combined with the rapid rotation. If there is any solid surface below the atmosphere that we can see, it is swept by winds such that nothing we have on earth could withstand them. But, as we have said, the probabilities are very much against there being anything like a surface. At some great depth in the fiery vapor there is a solid nucleus; that is all we can say.

The planet Saturn seems to be very much like that of Jupiter in its composition. It receives so little heat from the sun that, unless it is a mass of fiery vapor like Jupiter, the surface must be far below the freezing-point.

We cannot speak with such certainty of Uranus and Neptune; yet the probability seems to be that they are in much the same condition as Saturn. They are known to have very dense atmospheres, which shine only by the light of the sun. But nothing is known of the composition of these atmospheres.

To sum up our argument: the fact that, so far as we have yet been able to learn, only a very small proportion of the visible worlds scattered through space are fitted to be the abode of life does not preclude the probability that among hundreds of millions of such worlds a vast number are so fitted. Such being the case, all the analogies of nature lead us to believe that, whatever the process which led to life upon this earth—whether a special act of creative power or a gradual course of development—through that same process does life begin in every part of the universe fitted to sustain it. The course of development involves a gradual improvement in living forms, which by irregular steps rise higher and higher in the scale of being. We have every reason to believe that this is the case wherever life exists. It is, therefore, perfectly reasonable to suppose that beings, not only animated, but endowed with reason, inhabit countless worlds in space. It would, indeed, be very inspiring could we learn by actual observation what forms of society exist throughout space, and see the members of such societies enjoying themselves by their warm firesides. But this is, so far as we can now see, entirely beyond the possible reach of our race, so long as it is confined to a single world.

# The Conquest of Canaan

## A NOVEL

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

### CHAPTER VII

#### "GIVE A DOG A BAD NAME"

THE passing of Joseph from Canaan was complete. It was an evanishment for which there was neither sackcloth nor surprise; and though there came no news of him it cannot be said that Canaan did not hear of him, for surely it could hear itself talk. The death of Jonas Tabor and young Loudens's crime and flight incited high doings in the National House windows; many days the sages lingered with the broken meats of morals left over from the banquet of gossip. But, after all, it is with the ladies of a community that reputations finally rest, and the matrons of Canaan had long ago made Joe's exceedingly uncertain. Now they made it certain.

They did not fail of assistance. The most powerful influence in the town was ponderously corroborative: Martin Pike, who stood for all that was respectable and financial, who passed the plate o' Sundays, who held the fortunes of the town in his left hand, who was trustee for the widow and orphan,—Martin Pike, patron of all worthy charities, courted by ministers, feared by the wicked and idle, revered by the good,—Judge Martin Pike never referred to the runaway save in the accents of an august doomster. His testimony settled it.

In time the precise nature of the fugitive's sins was distorted in report and grew vague; it was recalled that he had done dread things; he became a tradition, a legend, and a warning to the young; a Richard in the hush to frighten colts. He was preached at boys caught playing marbles "for keeps": "Do you want to grow up like Joe Loudens?" The very name became a darkling threat, and children of

the town would have run had one called suddenly, "*Here comes Joe Loudens!*" Thus does the evil men do live after them, and the ill fame of the unrighteous increase when they are sped!

Very little of Joseph's adventures and occupations during the time of his wandering is revealed to us; he always had an unwilling memory for pain and was not afterward wont to speak of those years which cut the hard lines in his face. The first account of him to reach Canaan came as directly to the windows of the National House as Mr. Arp, hastening thither from the station, satchel in hand, could bring it.

This was on a September morning, two years after the flight, and Eskew, it appears, had been to the State Fair and had beheld many things strangely affirming his constant testimony that this unhappy world increaseth in sin; strangest of all, his meeting with our vagrant scalawag of Canaan. "Not a *blamebit* of doubt about it," declared Eskew to the incredulous conclave. "There was that Joe, and nobody else, stuck up in a little box outside a tent at the Fair Grounds, and sellin' tickets to see the Spotted Wild Boy!" Yes, it was Joe Loudens! Think you Mr. Arp could forget that face, those crooked eyebrows? Had Eskew tested the recognition? Had he spoken with the outcast? Had he not! Ay, but with such peculiar result that the battle of words among the sages began with a true onset of the regulars; for, according to Eskew's narrative, when he had delivered grimly at the boy this charge, "I know you—you're Joe Loudens!" the extraordinary reply had been made promptly and without change of countenance: "*Positively no free seats!*"

On this, the house divided, one party maintaining that Joe had thus endeavored to evade recognition, the other (to the



embitterment of Mr. Arp) that the reply was a distinct admission of identity and at the same time a refusal to grant any favors on the score of past acquaintance-ship. Goaded by inquiries, Mr. Arp, who had little desire to recall such waste of silver, admitted more than he had intended: that he had purchased a ticket and gone in to see the Spotted Wild Boy, halting in his description of this marvel with the unsatisfactory and acrid statement that the Wild Boy was "simply spotted," and the stung query, "I suppose you know what a spot is, Squire?" When he came out of the tent he had narrowly examined the ticket-seller,—who seemed unaware of his scrutiny, and, when not engaged with his tickets, applied himself to a dirty law-looking book. It was Joseph Loudon, reasserted Eskew, a little taller, a little paler, incredibly shabby and miraculously thin. If there were any doubt left, his forehead was somewhat disfigured by the scar of an old blow—such as might have been dealt by a blunt instrument in the nature of a poker.

"What's the matter with *you*?" Mr. Arp whirled upon Uncle Joe Davey, who was enjoying himself by repeating at intervals the unreasonable words, "Couldn't of be'n Joe," without any explanation. "Why couldn't it?" shouted Eskew. "It was! Do you think my eyes are as fur gone as yours? I saw him, I tell you! The same ornery Joe Loudon, run away and sellin' tickets for a side-show. He wasn't even the boss of it; the manager was about the meanest-lookin' human I ever saw—and most humans look mighty mean, accordin' to my way of thinkin'! Riffraff of the riffraff are his friends now, same as they were here. Weeds! and *he's* a weed, always was and always will be! Him and his kind aren't any more than jimpsions; overrun everything if you give 'em a chance. Devil-flowers! They have to be hoed out and scattered—even then, like as not, they'll come back next year and ruin your plantin' once more. That boy Joe 'll turn up here again some day; you'll see if he don't. He's a seed of trouble and iniquity, and anything of that kind is sure to come back to Canaan! Jimpsion, that's what he is!"

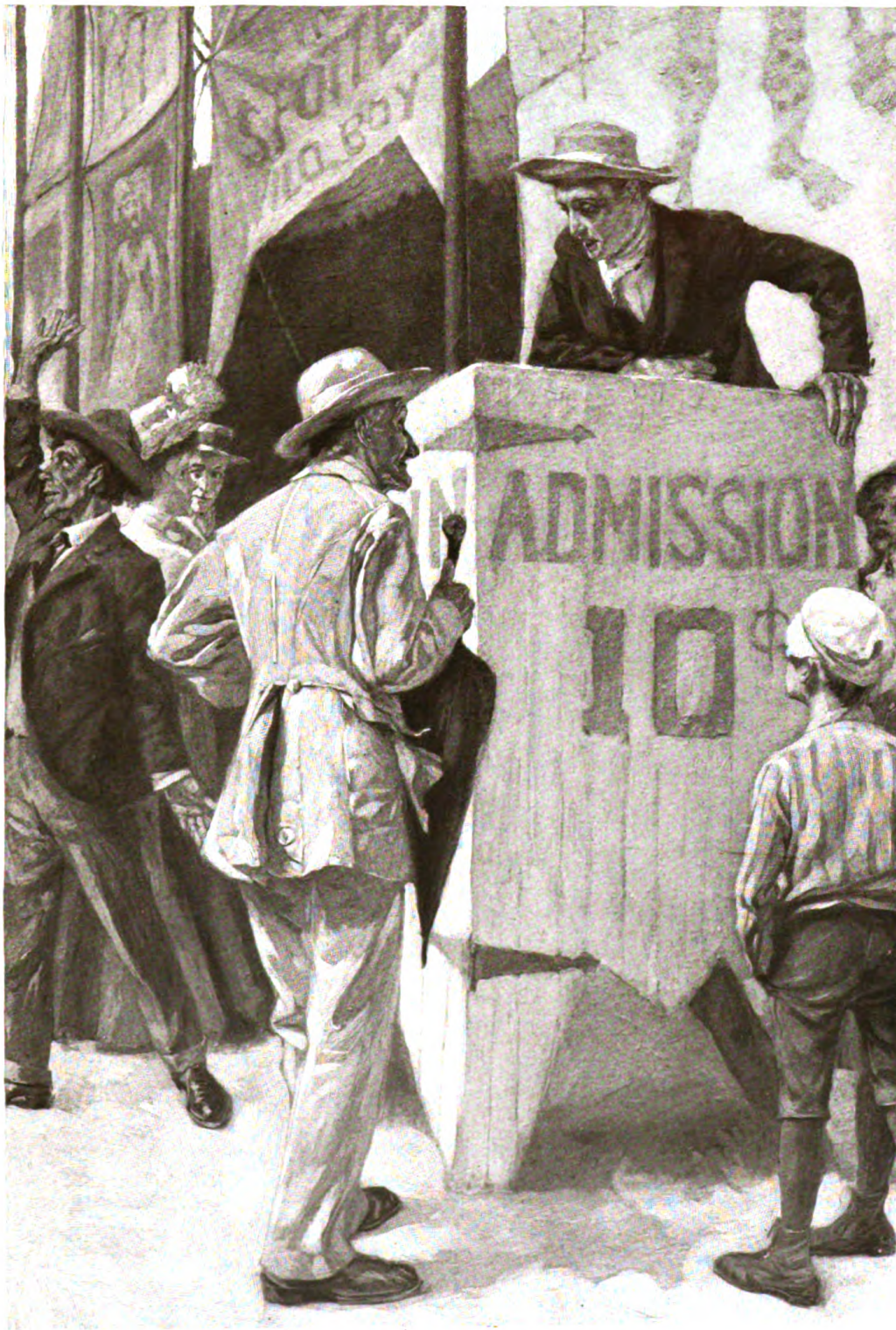
Mr. Arp stuck to his prediction for sev-

eral months; then he began to waver and evade. By the end of the second year following its first utterance, he had formed the habit of denying that he had ever made it at all, and, finally having come to believe with all his heart that the prophecy had been deliberately foisted upon him and put in his mouth by Squire Buckalew, became so sore upon the subject that even the hardiest dared not refer to it in his presence.

Eskew's story of the ticket-seller was the only news of Joe Loudon that came to Canaan during seven years. Another citizen of the town encountered the wanderer, however, but under circumstances so susceptible to misconception that, in a moment of illumination, he decided to let the matter rest in a golden silence. This was Mr. Bantry.

Having elected an elaborate course in the Arts, at the University which was of his possessions, what more natural than that Eugene should seek the Metropolis for the short Easter vacation of his Senior year, in order that his perusal of the Masters should be uninterrupted? But it was his misfortune to find the Metropolitan Museum less interesting than some intricate phases of the gayety of New York—phases very difficult to understand without elaborate study and a series of experiments which the discreetly selfish permit others to make for them. Briefly, Eugene, thoroughly respectable ordinarily, especially in Canaan, despite his hints that his life at the University was a wild one, found himself dancing, one night, with a young person in a big hat, at the "Straw-Cellar," a crowded hall, down very deep in the town and not at all the place for Eugene.

Acute crises are to be expected at the "Straw-Cellar," and Eugene was the only one present who was thoroughly surprised when that of this night arrived, though all of the merrymakers were frightened when they perceived its extent. There is no need to detail the catastrophe. It came suddenly, and the knife did not flash. Sick and thinking of himself, Eugene stood staring at the figure lying before him upon the reddening floor. A rabble fought with the quick policemen at the doors, and then the lights went out, extinguished by the proprietor, living up to his reputation for always being



LUCAS W. W. 1917. The State Fair. A. G. S.

Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

HE FOUND JOE SELLING TICKETS AT THE STATE FAIR



thoughtful of his patrons. The place had been a nightmare; it became a black impossibility. Eugene staggered to one of the open windows, from the sill of which a man had just leaped.

"Don't jump," said a voice close to his ear. "That fellow broke his leg, I think, and they caught him, anyway, as soon as he struck the pavement. It's a big raid. Come this way."

A light hand fell upon his arm and he followed its leading, blindly, to find himself pushed through a narrow doorway and down a flight of tricky, wooden steps, at the foot of which, silhouetted against a street light, a tall policeman was on guard. He laid masterful hands on Eugene.

"*Sh*, Mack!" whispered a cautious voice from the stairway. "That's a friend of mine and not one of those you need. He's only a student and scared to death!"

"Hurry," said the policeman under his breath, twisting Eugene sharply by him into the street; after which he stormed vehemently: "On your way, both of ye! Move on up the street! Don't be tryin' to poke yer heads in here! Ye'd be more anxious to git out, once ye got in, I tell ye!"

A sob of relief came from Bantry as he gained the next corner, the slight figure of his conductor at his side. "You'd better not go to places like the 'Straw-Cellar,'" said the latter, gravely. "I'd been watching you for an hour. You were dancing with the girl who did the cutting."

Eugene leaned against a wall, faint, one arm across his face. He was too ill to see, or care, who it was that had saved him. "I never saw her before," he babbled incoherently, "never, never, never! I thought she looked handsome, and asked her if she'd dance with me. Then I saw she seemed queer—and wild, and she kept guiding and pushing as we danced until we were near that man—and then she—then it was all over—before—"

"Yes," said the other; "she's been threatening to do it for a long time. Jealous. Mighty good sort of a girl, though, in lots of ways. Only yesterday I talked with her and almost thought I'd calmed her out of it. But you can't tell with some women! They'll brighten up

and talk straight and seem sensible one minute, and promise to behave, and mean it too, and the next, there they go, making a scene, cutting somebody or killing themselves! You can't count on them. But that's not to the point, exactly, I expect. You'd better keep away from the 'Straw-Cellar.' If you'd been caught with the rest you'd have had a hard time, and they'd have found out your real name, too, because it's pretty serious on account of your dancing with her when she did it, and the Canaan papers would have got hold of it and you wouldn't be invited to Judge Pike's any more, Eugene."

Eugene dropped his arm from his eyes and stared into the face of his step-brother.

"Joe Loudon!" he gasped.

"I'll never tell," said Joe. "You'd better keep out of all this sort. You don't understand it, and you don't—you don't do it because you care." He smiled wanly, his odd distorted smile of friendliness. "When you go back you might tell father I'm all right. I'm working through a law-school here—and remember me to Norbert Flitcroft," he finished with a chuckle.

Eugene covered his eyes again and groaned.

"It's all right," Joe assured him. "You're as safe as if it had never happened. And I expect"—he went on thoughtfully—"I expect, maybe, you'd prefer not to say you'd seen me, when you go back to Canaan. Well, that's all right. I don't suppose father will be asking after me—exactly!"

"No, he doesn't," said Eugene, still white and shaking. "Don't stand talking. I'm sick."

"Of course," returned Joe. "But there's one thing I would like to ask you—"

"Your father's health is perfect, I believe."

"It—it—it was something else," Joe stammered, pitifully. "Are they all—are they all—all right at—at Judge Pike's?"

"Quite!" Eugene replied, sharply. "Are you going to get me away from here? I'm sick, I tell you!"

"This street," said Joe, and cheerfully led the way.



Five minutes later the two had parted, and Joe leaned against a cheap restaurant sign-board, dreadingly staring after the lamps of the gipsy night-cab he had found for his stepbrother. Eugene had not offered to share the vehicle with him, had not even replied to his good-night.

And Joe himself had neglected to do something he might well have done: he had not asked Eugene for news of Ariel Tabor. It will not justify him entirely to suppose that he assumed that her grandfather and she had left Canaan never to return, and therefore Eugene knew nothing of her; no such explanation serves Joe for his neglect, for the fair truth is that he had not thought of her. She had been a sort of playmate, before his flight, a friend taken for granted, about whom he had consciously thought little more than he thought about himself—and easily forgotten. Not forgotten in the sense that she had passed out of his memory, but forgotten none the less; she had never had a place in his imaginings, and so it befell that when he no longer saw her from day to day, she had gone from his thoughts altogether.

## CHAPTER VIII

### A BAD PENNY TURNS UP

EUGENE did not inform Canaan, nor any inhabitant, of his adventure of the "Straw-Cellar," nor did any hear of his meeting with his stepbrother; and after Mr. Arp's adventure, five years passed into the imperishable before the town heard of the wanderer again, and then it heard at first hand; Mr. Arp's prophecy fell true and he took it back to his bosom again, claimed it as his own the morning of its fulfilment. Joe Loudén had come back to Canaan.

The elder Loudén was the first to know of his prodigal's return. He was alone in the office of the wooden-butter-dish factory, of which he was the superintendent, when the young man came in unannounced. He was still pale and thin; his eyebrows had the same crook, one corner of his mouth the same droop; he was only an inch or so taller, not enough to be thought a tall man; and yet, for a few moments the father did not recognize his son, and stared at him,

inquiring his business. During those few seconds of unrecognition, Mr. Loudén was somewhat favorably impressed with the stranger's appearance.

"You don't know me," said Joe, smiling cheerfully. "Perhaps I've changed in seven years." And he held out his hand.

Then Mr. Loudén knew; he tilted back in his desk chair, his mouth falling open. "Good God!" he said, not noticing the outstretched hand. "Have you come back?"

Joe's hand fell. "Yes, I've come back to Canaan."

Mr. Loudén looked at him a long time without replying; finally he remarked:

"I see you've still got a scar on your forehead."

"Oh, I've forgotten all about that," said the other, twisting his soft hat in his hands. "Seven years wipes out a good many grievances and wrongs."

"You think so?" Mr. Loudén grunted. "I suppose it might wipe out a good deal with some people. How'd you happen to stop off at Canaan? On your way somewhere, I suppose."

"No, I've come back to stay."

Mr. Loudén plainly received this as no pleasant surprise. "What for?" he asked, slowly.

"To practise law, father."

"What!"

"Yes," said the young man, quietly. "There ought to be an opening here for me. I'm a graduate of as good a law-school as there is in the country—"

"You are!"

"Certainly," said Joe, quietly. "I've put myself through, working in the summer—"

"Working!" Mr. Loudén snorted. "Side-shows?"

"Oh, worse than that, sometimes," returned the young man, laughing. "Anything I could get. But I've always wanted to come back home and work here."

Mr. Loudén leaned forward, a hand on each knee, his brow deeply corrugated. "Do you think you'll get much practice in Canaan?"

"Why not? I've had a year in a good office in New York since I left the school, and I think I ought to get along all right."

"Oh," said Mr. Loudén, briefly. "You do?"



"Yes. Don't you?"

"Who do you think in Canaan would put a case in your hands?"

"Oh, I don't expect to get anything important at the start. But after while—"

"With your reputation?"

The smile which had faded from Joe's lips returned to them. "Oh, I know they thought I was a harum-scarum sort of boy," he answered, lightly, "and that it was a foolish thing to run away for nothing; but you had said I mustn't come to you for help—"

"I meant it," said Mr. Louden.

"But that's all seven years ago, and I suppose the town's forgotten all about it, and forgotten me, too. So, you see, I can make a fresh start. That's what I came back for."

"You've made up your mind to stay here, then?"

"Yes,"

"I don't believe," said Mr. Louden, uneasily, "that Mrs. Louden would be willing to let you live with us."

"No," said Joe, gently. "I didn't expect it." He turned to the window and looked out, averting his face, yet scoring himself with the contempt he had learned to feel for those who pity themselves. His father had not even asked him to sit down. There was a long silence, disturbed only by Mr. Louden's breathing, which could be heard, heavy and troubled.

At last Joe turned again, smiling as before. "Well, I won't keep you from your work," he said. "I suppose you're pretty busy—"

"Yes, I am," responded his father, promptly. "But I'll see you again before you go. I want to give you some advice."

"I'm not going," said Joe. "Not going to leave Canaan, I mean. Where will I find Eugene?"

"At the *Tocsin* office; he's the assistant editor. Judge Pike bought the *Tocsin* last year, and he thinks a good deal of Eugene. Don't forget I said to come to see me again before you go."

Joe came over to the older man and held out his hand. "Shake hands, father," he said. Mr. Louden looked at him out of small implacable eyes, the steady hostility of which only his wife

or the imperious Martin Pike, his employer, could quell. He shook his head.

"I don't see any use in it," he answered. "It wouldn't mean anything. All my life I've been a hard-working man and an abiding man. Before you got in trouble you never did anything you ought to; you ran with the lowest people in town, and I and all your folks were ashamed of you. I don't see that we've got a call to be any different now." He swung around to his desk emphatically, on the last word, and Joe turned away and went out quietly.

But it was a bright morning to which he emerged from the outer doors of the factory, and he made his way toward Main Street at a lively gait. As he turned the corner opposite the National House, he walked into Mr. Eskew Arp. The old man drew back angrily.

"Lord 'a' mercy!" cried Joe, heartily. "It's Mr. Arp! I almost ran you down!" Then, as Mr. Arp made no response, but stood stockstill in the way, staring at him fiercely, "Don't you know me, Mr. Arp?" the young man asked. "I'm Joe Louden."

Eskew abruptly thrust his face close to the other's. "*No free seats!*" he hissed, savagely; and swept across to the hotel to set his world afire.

Joe looked after the irate, receding figure, and watched it disappear into the Main Street door of the National House. As the door closed, he became aware of a mighty shadow upon the pavement, and turning, beheld a fat young man, wearing upon his forehead a scar similar to his own, waddling by with eyes fixed upon him.

"How are you, Norbert?" Joe began. "Don't you remember me? I—" He came to a full stop, as the fat one, thrusting out an under lip as his only token of recognition, passed balefully on.

Joe proceeded slowly until he came to the *Tocsin* building. At the foot of the stairway leading up to the offices he hesitated for a few moments; then he turned away and walked toward the quieter part of Main Street. Most of the people he met took no notice of him, only two or three giving him second glances of half-cognizance, as though he reminded them of some one they could not place, and it was not until he had

come near the Pike Mansion that he saw a full recognition in the eyes of one of the many whom he knew, and who had known him in his boyhood in the town. A lady, turning a corner, looked up carelessly, and then half stopped within a few feet of him, as if startled. Joe's cheeks went a sudden crimson; for it was the lady of his old dreams.

Seven years had made Mamie Pike only prettier. She had grown into her young womanhood with an amplex that had nothing of oversufficiency in it, nor anywhere a threat that some day there might be too much of her. Not quite seventeen when he had last seen her, now, at twenty-four, her amber hair elaborately becoming a plump and regular face, all of her old charm came over him once more, and it suddenly seemed to him that he saw clearly his real reason for coming back to Canaan. She had been the Rich-Little-Girl of his child days, the golden princess playing in the Palace-Grounds, and in his early boyhood (until he had grown wicked and shabby) he had been sometimes invited to the Pike Mansion for the games and ice-cream of the daughter of the house, before her dancing days began. He had gone timidly, not daring ever to "call" her in "Quaker Meeting" or "Post-office," but watching her reverently and surreptitiously and continually. She had always seemed to him the one thing of all the world most rare, most mysterious, most unapproachable. She had not offered an apparition less so in those days when he began to come under the suspicion of Canaan, when the old people began to look upon him hotly, the young people coldly. His very exclusion wove for him a glamour about her, and she was more than ever his moon, far, lovely, unattainable, and brilliant, never to be reached by his lifted arms, but only by his lifted eyes. Nor had his long absence obliterated that light; somewhere in his dreams it had always had place, shining, perhaps, with a fainter lustre as the years grew to seven, but never gone altogether. Now, at last, that he stood in her very presence again, it sprang to the full flood of its old brilliance—and more!

As she came to her half-stop of surprise, startled, he took his courage in two

hands, and, lifting his hat, stepped to her side.

"You—you remember me?" he stammered.

"Yes," she answered, a little breathlessly.

"Ah, that's kind of you!" he cried, and began to walk on with her unconsciously. "I feel like a returned ghost wandering about—invisible and unrecognized. So few people seem to remember me!"

"I think you are wrong. I think you'll find everybody remembers you," she responded, uneasily.

"No, I'm afraid not," he began. "I—"

"I'm afraid they do!"

Joe laughed a little. "My father was saying something like that to me a while ago. He meant that they used to think me a great scapegrace here. Do you mean that?"

"I'd scarcely like to say," she answered, her face growing more troubled; for now they were close on the imperial domain.

"But it's long ago—and I really didn't do anything so outrageous, it seems to me." He laughed again. "I know your father was angry with me once or twice, especially the night I hid on your porch to watch you—to watch your dance, I mean. But, you see, I've come back to rehabilitate myself, to—"

She interrupted him. They were not far from her gate, and she saw her father standing in the yard, severely directing a painter who was at work on one of the cast-iron deer.

"Mr. Loudon," she said, in as kindly a tone as she could, "I shall have to ask you not to walk with me. My father would not like it."

Joe stopped with a jerk.

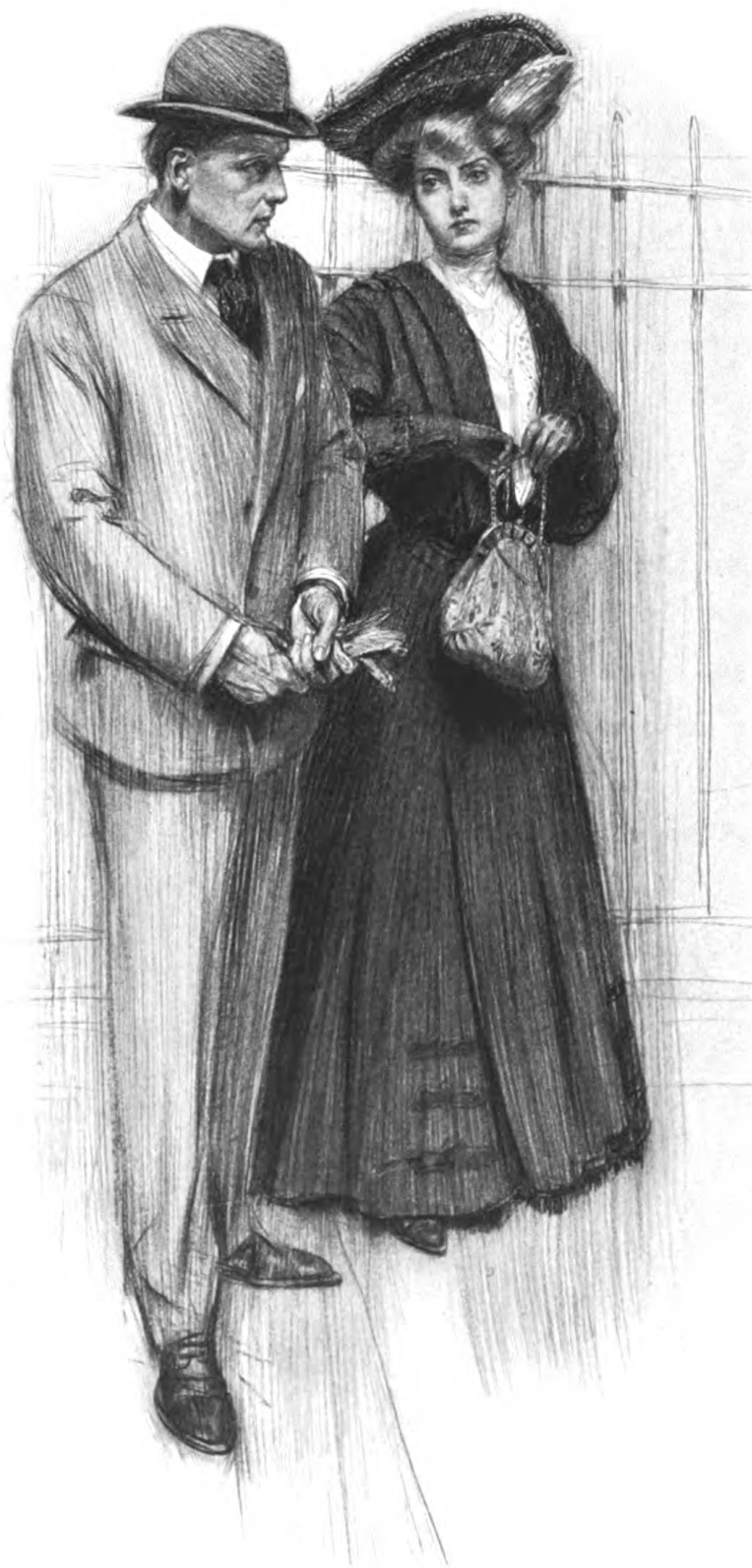
"Why, I—I thought I'd go in and shake hands with him,—and tell him I—"

Astonishment that partook of terror and of awe spread itself instantly upon her face.

"Good gracious!" she cried. "No!"

"Very well," said Joe, humbly. "Good-by."

He was too late to get away with any good grace. Judge Pike had seen them, and, even as Joe turned to go, rushed down to the gate, flung it open, and, too profoundly enraged to speak, motioned



Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

"I SHALL HAVE TO ASK YOU NOT TO WALK WITH ME"

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his daughter to enter. This he did with one wide sweep of his arm, and, with another sweep, forbade Joe to look upon either moon or sun. It was a magnificent gesture: it excluded the young man from the street, Judge Pike's street, and from the town, Judge Pike's town. It swept him from the earth, abolished him, denied him the right to breathe the common air, to be seen of men; and, at once a headsman's stroke and an excommunication, destroyed him, soul and body, thus rebuking the silly Providence that had created him, and repairing its mistake by annihilating him. This hurling Olympian gesture smote the street; the rails of the car-track sprang and quivered with the shock; it thundered, and, amid the dumfounding uproar of the wrath of a god, the Will of the Canaanite Jove wrote the words in fiery letters upon the ether, "CEASE TO BE!"

Joe did not go in to shake hands with Judge Pike.

He turned the next corner a moment later, and went down the quiet street that led to the house which had been his home. He did not glance at that somewhat grim edifice, but passed it, his eyes averted, and stopped in front of the long, ramshackle cottage next door. The windows were boarded; the picket fence dropped even to the ground in some sections; the chimneys sagged and curved; the roof of the long porch sprinkled shingles over the unkempt yard with every wind and seemed about to fall. The place was desolate with long emptiness and decay: it looked like a Haunted House; and nailed to the padlocked gate was a sign, half obliterated with the winters it had fronted, "For Sale or Rent."

Joe gat him meditatively back to Main Street and to the *Tocsin* building. This time he did not hesitate, but mounted the stairs and knocked upon the door of the assistant editor.

"Oh," said Eugene. "*You've* turned up, have you?"

Mr. Bantry of the *Tocsin* was not at all the Eugene rescued from the "Straw-Cellar." The present gentleman was more the electric Freshman than the ill and frightened adventurer whom Joe had encountered in New York. It was to be seen immediately that the assistant editor

had nothing undaintily businesslike about him, nor was there the litter on his desk which one might have expected. He had the air of a gentleman dilettante who amused himself faintly by spending an hour or two in the room now and then. It was the evolution to the perfect of his Freshman manner, and his lively apparel, somewhat chastened, of course, by an older taste, might have been foretold from that which had smitten Canaan seven years before. He sat not at the orderly and handsome desk, but lay stretched upon a divan of green leather, smoking a cigar of purest ray and reading sleepily a small verse-looking book in morocco. His occupation, his general air, the furniture of the room, and his title (doubtless equipped with a corresponding salary) might have inspired in an observant cynic the idea that here lay a pet of Fortune the greater part of whose work was done by others (perhaps too anxious that the paper should thrive), and that his position had been the fruit of nepotism, or, mayhap, a successful wooing of some daughter, wife, or widow. Eugene looked competent for that.

"I've come back to stay, 'Gene," said Joe.

Bantry had dropped his book and raised himself on an elbow. "Exceedingly interesting," he said. "I suppose you'll try to find something to do. I don't think you could get a place here; Judge Pike owns the *Tocsin*, and I greatly fear he has a prejudice against you."

"I expect he has," Joe chuckled, somewhat sadly. "But I don't want newspaper work. I'm going to practise law."

"By Jove! you have courage, my festive prodigal. *Vraiment!*"

Joe cocked his head to one side with his old look of the friendly puppy. "You always did like to talk that nov-elletty way, 'Gene, didn't you?" he said, impersonally.

Eugene's color rose. "Have you saved up anything to starve on?" he asked, crisply.

"Oh, I'm not so badly off. I've had a salary in an office for a year, and I had one pretty good day at the races—"

"You'd better go back and have another," said his stepbrother. "You don't



seem to comprehend your standing in Canaan."

Joe turned to the door. "I'm beginning to," he said, gently. "It's funny, too—in a way. Well—I won't keep you any longer. I just stopped in to say good day—" He paused, faltering.

"All right, all right," Eugene said, briskly. "And, by the way, I haven't mentioned that I saw you in New York."

"Oh, I didn't suppose that you would."

"And you needn't say anything about it, I fancy."

"I don't think," said Joe, quietly,—“I don't think that you need be afraid I'll do that. Good-by."

"Be sure to shut the door, please; it's rather noisy with it open. Good-by." Eugene waved his hand and sank back upon the divan.

Joe went across the street to the National House. The sages fell as silent as if he had been Martin Pike. They had just had the pleasure of hearing a telephone monologue by Mr. Brown, the clerk, to which they had listened intently: "Yes. This is Brown. Oh—oh, it's Judge Pike? Yes indeed, Judge, yes indeed, I hear you—ha ha! Of course, I understand. Yes, Judge, I heard he was in town. No, he hasn't been here. Not yet, that is, Judge. Yes, I hear. No, I won't, of course. Certainly not. I will, I will. I hear perfectly, I understand. Yes, sir. Good-by, Judge."

Joe had begun to write his name in the register. "My trunk is still at the station," he said. "I'll give you my check to send down for it."

"Excuse me," said the clerk. "We have no rooms."

"What!" cried Joe, innocently. "Why, I never knew more than eight people to stay here at the same time in my life."

"We have no rooms," repeated the clerk, curtly.

"Is there a convention here?"

"We have no rooms, I say!"

Joe looked up into the condensed eyes of Mr. Brown. "Oh," he said, "I see."

Deathly silence followed him to the door, but, as it closed behind him, he heard the outbreak of the sages like a tidal wave striking a dump-heap of tin cans.

Two hours later he descended from an evil ark of a cab at the corral attached

to Beaver Beach, and followed the path through the marsh to the crumbling pier. A red-bearded man was seated on a plank by the water edge, fishing.

"Mike," said Joe, "have you got room for me? Can you take me in for a few days until I find a place in town where they'll let me stay?"

The red-bearded man rose slowly, pushed back his hat, and stared hard at the wanderer; then he uttered a howl of joy and seized the other's hands in his and shook them wildly.

"Glory be on high!" he shouted. "It's Joe Loudon come back! We never knew how we missed ye till ye'd gone! Place fer ye! Can I find it? There ain't a imp o' perdition in town, includin' me-self, that wouldn't kill me if I couldn't! Ye'll have old Maggie's room, me own aunt's; ye remember how she used to dance! Ha, ha! She's been burnin' below these four years! And we'll have the celebration of yer return this night. There'll be many of 'em will come when they hear ye're back in Canaan! Praise God, we'll all hope ye're goin' to stay a while!"

## CHAPTER IX

### "OUTER DARKNESS"

IF any echo of doubt concerning his undesirable conspicuousness sounded faintly in Joe's mind, it was silenced eftsoons. Canaan had not forgotten him—far from it!—so far that it began pointing him out to strangers on the street the very day of his return. His course of action, likewise that of his friends, permitted him little obscurity, and when the rumors of his finally obtaining lodging at Beaver Beach, and of the celebration of his installation there, were presently confirmed, he stood in the lime-light indeed, as a Mephistopheles upsprung through the trap-door.

The welcoming festivities had not been so discreetly conducted as to accord with the general policy of Beaver Beach. An unfortunate incident caused the arrest of one of the celebrators and the ambulancing to the hospital of another on the homeward way, the ensuing proceedings in court bringing to the whole affair a publicity devoutly unsought for. Mr. Happy Fear (such was the unusual name of the imprisoned gentleman) had

to bear a great amount of harsh criticism for injuring a companion within the city limits after daylight and for failing to observe that three policemen were not too distant from the scene of operations to engage therein.

"Happy, if ye had it in mind to harm him," said the red-bearded man to Mr. Fear, upon the latter's return to society, "why didn't ye do it out here at the Beach?"

"Because," returned the indiscreet, "he didn't say what he was goin' to say till we got in town."

Extraordinary probing on the part of the prosecutor had developed at the trial that the obnoxious speech had referred to the guest of the evening. The assaulted party was not of Canaan, but a bit of driftwood haply touching shore for the moment at Beaver Beach; and—strange is this world—he had been introduced to the coterie of Mike's Place by Happy Fear himself, who had enjoyed a brief acquaintance with him on a day when both had chanced to travel incognito by the same freight. Naturally, Happy had felt responsible for the proper behavior of his protégé,—was, in fact, bound to enforce it; additionally, Happy had once been saved from a term of imprisonment (at a time when it would have been more than ordinarily inconvenient) by help and advice from Joe, and he was not one to forget. Therefore he was grieved to observe that his own guest seemed to be somewhat jealous of the hero of the occasion and disposed to look coldly upon him. The stranger, however, contented himself with innuendo (mere expressions of the face and other manner of things for which one could not squarely lay hands upon him) until such time as he and his sponsor had come to Main Street in the clear dawn on their way to Happy's apartment—a variable abode. It may be that the stranger perceived what Happy did not: the three bluecoats in the perspective; at all events, he now put into words of simple strength the unfavorable conception he had formed of Joe. The result was mediævally immediate, and the period of the stranger's convalescence in the hospital was almost half that of his sponsor's detention in the county jail.

It needed nothing to finish Joe with the

good people of Canaan; had it needed anything, the trial of Happy Fear would have overspilled the necessity. An item of the testimony was that Joseph Loudon had helped to carry one of the ladies present—a Miss Montague, who had fainted—to the open air, and had jostled the stranger in passing. After this, the oldest woman in Canaan would not have dared to speak to Joe on the street (even if she wanted to), unless she happened to be very poor or very wicked. The *Tocsin* printed accurate reports (for there was "a large public interest"), recording in conclusion that Mr. Loudon paid the culprit's fine—which was the largest in the power of the presiding judge in his mercy to bestow. Editorially, the *Tocsin* leaned to the facetious: "Mr. Loudon has but recently 'returned to our midst.' We fervently hope that the distinguished Happy Fear will appreciate his patron's superb generosity. We say 'his patron,' but perhaps we err in this. Were it not better to figure Mr. Loudon as the lady in distress, Mr. Fear as the champion in the lists? In the present case, however, contrary to the rules of romance, the champion falls in duress and passes to the dungeon. We merely suggest, *en passant*, that some of our best citizens might deem it a wonderful and beauteous thing if, in addition to paying the fine, Mr. Loudon could serve for the loyal Happy his six months in the Bastille!"

"*En passant*," if nothing else, would have revealed to Joe, in this imitation of a better trick, the hand of Eugene. And, little doubt, he would have agreed with Squire Buckalew in the Squire's answer to the easily expected comment of Mr. Arp.

"Sometimes," said Eskew, "I think that 'Gene Bantry is just a leetle bit spiderier than he is lazy. That's the first thing he's written in the *Tocsin* this month—one of the boys over there told me. He wrote it out of spite against Joe; but he'd ought to of done better. If his spite hadn't run away with what mind he's got, he'd of said that both Joe Loudon and that tramp Fear had ought to of been given ten years!"

"'Gene Bantry didn't write that out of spite," answered Buckalew. "He just thought he saw a chance to be sort of

funny and please Judge Pike. The Judge has always thought Joe was a no-account—"

"Ain't he right?" cried Mr. Arp.

"I don't say he ain't." Squire Buckalew cast a glance at Mr. Brown, the clerk, and, perceiving that he was listening, added, "The Judge always is right!"

"Yes, sir!" said Colonel Flitcroft.

"I can't stand up for Joe Loudon to any extent, but I don't think he done wrong," Buckalew went on, recovering, "when he paid this man Fear's fine."

"You don't!" exclaimed Mr. Arp. "Why, haven't you got gumption enough to see—"

"Look here, Eskew," interposed his antagonist. "How many friends have you got that hate to hear folks talk bad about you?"

"Not a one!" For once Eskew's guard was down, and his consistency led him to destruction. "Not a one! It ain't in human nature. They're bound to enjoy it!"

"Got any friends that would *fight* for you?"

Eskew walked straight into this hideous trap. "No! There ain't a dozen men ever *lived* that had! Caesar was a popular man, but he didn't have a soul to help him when the crowd lit on him, and I'll bet old Mark Antony was mighty glad they got him out in the yard before it happened,—*he* wouldn't have lifted a finger without a gang behind him! Why, all Peter himself could do was to cut off an ear that wasn't no use to anybody. What are you tryin' to get at?"

The Squire had him; and paused and stroked his chin to make the ruin complete. "Then I reckon you'll have to admit," he murmured, "that, while I ain't defendin' Joe Loudon's character, it *was* kind of proper for him to stand by a feller that wouldn't hear nothin' against him, and fought for him as soon as he *did* hear it!"

Eskew Arp rose from his chair and left the hotel. It was the only morning in all the days of the conclave when he was the first to leave.

Squire Buckalew looked after the retreating figure, total triumph shining brazenly from his spectacles. "I expect," he explained modestly to the others,—*"I*

expect I don't think any more of Joe Loudon than he does, and I'll be glad when Canaan sees the last of him for good; but sometimes the temptation to argue with Eskew does lead me on to kind of get the better of him."

When Happy Fear had suffered—with a give-and-take simplicity—his allotment of months in durance, and was released and sent into the streets and sunshine once more, he knew that his first duty lay in the direction of a general apology to Joe. But the young man was no longer at Beaver Beach; the red-bearded proprietor dwelt alone there, and, receiving Happy with scorn and pity, directed him to retrace his footsteps and petition for pardon in town.

"Ye must have been in the black hole of incarceration indeed, if ye haven't heard that Mr. Loudon has his law-office on the Square, and his livin'-room behind the office. It's in that little brick building straight acrost from the sheriff's door o' the jail—ye've been neighbors this long time! A hard time the boy had persuadin' any one to rent to him, but by payin' double the price he got a place at last. He's a practisin' lawyer now, praise the Lord! And all the boys and girls of our acquaintance go to him with their troubles. Ye'll see him with a murder case to try before long, as sure as ye're not worth yer salt! But I expect ye can still call him by his name of Joe, all the same!"

It was a bleak and meagre little office into which Mr. Fear ushered himself to offer his amends. The cracked plaster of the walls was bare (save for dust); there were no shelves; the fat brown volumes, most of them fairly new, were piled in regular columns upon a cheap pine table; there was but one window, small-paned and shadeless; a door at the opposite side of this sad chamber stood half ajar, permitting the visitor unre-served acquaintance with the domestic economy of the tenant. The inner room was smaller than the office, and being without a window, depended upon that of the latter for air and light. Behind a canvas camp-cot, dimly visible in the obscurity of the sleeping-apartment, stood a small gas-stove, surmounted by a stew-pan, from which projected the handle of a big tin spoon, so that it

needed no ghost from the dead to whisper that Joseph Loudon, attorney-at-law, did his own cooking. Indeed, he looked it!

Upon the threshold of the second room reposed a fair-sized dog, light brown in general tone for the most part, of an ancestry so cosmopolitan that his species was almost as undeterminable as the cast-iron dogs of the Pike Mansion. He greeted Mr. Fear hospitably, having been so lately an offcast of the streets, himself, that his adoption had taught him to lose only his old fears, not his hopefulness. At the same time Joe rose quickly from the deal table, where he had been working with one hand in his hair, the other splattering ink from a bad pen.

"Good for you, Happy!" he cried, cheerfully. "I hoped you'd come to see me to-day. I've been thinking about a job for you."

"What kind of a job?" asked the visitor, as they shook hands. "I need one bad enough, but you know there ain't any one in Canaan would give me one, Joe."

Joe pushed him into one of the two chairs which completed the furniture of his office. "Yes, there is. I've got an idea—"

"First," broke in Mr. Fear, fingering his shapeless hat and fixing his eyes upon it with embarrassment,—"first lemme say what I come here to say. I—well—" His embarrassment increased and he paused, rubbing the hat between his hands.

"About this job," Joe began. "We can fix it so—"

"No," said Happy. "You lemme go on. I didn't mean fer to cause you no trouble when I lit on that loud-mouth; I never thought they'd git me, or you'd be dragged in. But I jest couldn't stand him no longer. He had me all wore out—all evening long a-hintin' and sniffin' and wearin' that kind of a high-smile because they made so much fuss over you. And then when we got clear in town he come out with it! Said you was too quiet to suit *him*—said he couldn't see nothin' *to* you! 'Well,' I says to myself, 'just let him go on, jest one more,' I says, 'then he gits it.' And he did. Said you tromped on his foot on purpose, said he knowed it,—when the Lord-a'-mightiest fool on earth knows you never tromped on no one! Said you

were one of the po'rest young sports he ever see around a place like the Beach. You see, he thought you was jest one of them fool 'Bloods' that come around raisin' a rumpus, and didn't know you was our friend and belonged out there, the same as me or Mike hisself. 'Go on,' I says to myself, 'jest one more!' 'He better go home to his mamma,' he says; 'he'll git in trouble if he don't. Somebody 'll soak him if he hangs around in *my* company. I don't like his *ways*.' Then I *had* to do it. There jest wasn't nothin' *left*—but I wouldn't have done you no harm by it—"

"You didn't do me any harm, Happy."

"I mean your repitation."

"I didn't have one—so nothing in the world could harm it. About your having some work, now—"

"I'll listen," said Happy, rather suspiciously.

"You see," Joe went on, growing red, "I need a sort of janitor here—"

"What fer?" Mr. Fear interrupted, with some shortness.

"To look after the place."

"You mean these two rooms?"

"There's a stairway, too," Joe put forth, quickly. "It wouldn't be any sinecure, Happy. You'd earn your money, don't be afraid of that!"

Mr. Fear straightened up, his burden of embarrassment gone from him, transferred to the other's shoulders.

"There always was a yellow streak in you, Joe," he said, firmly. "You're no good as a liar except when you're jokin'. A lot you need a janitor! You had no business to pay my fine; you'd ort of let me worked it out. Do you think my eyes ain't good enough to see how much you needed the money, most of all right now when you're tryin' to git started? If I ever take a cent from you, I hope the hand I hold out fer it 'll rot off!"

"Now don't say that, Happy!"

"I don't want a job, nohow!" said Mr. Fear, going to the door; "I don't want to work. There's plenty ways fer me to git along without that. But I've said what I come here to say, and I'll say one thing more. Don't you worry about gittin' law practice! Mike says you're goin' to git all you want—and if there ain't no other way, why, a few of us 'll go out and *make* some fer ye!"

These prophecies and promises, over which Joe chuckled at first, with his head cocked to one side, grew very soon, to his amazement, to wear a supernatural similarity to actual fulfilment. His friends brought him their own friends, such as had sinned against the laws of Canaan, those under the ban of the sheriff, those who had struck in anger, those who had stolen at night, those who owed and could not pay, those who lived by the dice, and to his other titles to notoriety was added that of defender of the poor and wicked. He found his hands full, especially after winning his first important case — on which occasion Canaan thought the jury mad and was indignant with the puzzled Judge, who could not see just how it had happened.

Joe did not stop at that. He kept on winning cases, clearing the innocent and lightening the burdens of the guilty; he became the most dangerous attorney for the defence in Canaan; his honorable brethren held him in contempt and feared him; for he proved that he knew more law than they thought existed; nor could any trick him—failing which, many tempers were lost, but never Joe's. His practice was not all criminal, as shown by the peevish question of the eminent Buckalew (the Squire's nephew, esteemed the foremost lawyer in Canaan), "What's the use trying to foreclose a mortgage or collect a note until this shyster gets himself in jail?"

The wrath of Judge Martin Pike was august; it had a kind of sublimity in its immenseness, on a day when it befell that the shyster stood betwixt him and money.

That was a monstrous task—to stand between these two and separate them, to hold back the hand of Martin Pike from what it had reached out to grasp. It was in the matter of some tax-titles which the magnate had acquired, and, in court, Joe treated the case with such horrifying simplicity that it seemed almost credible that the great man had counted upon the ignorance and besottedness of Joe's client—a hard-drinking, disreputable old farmer—to get his land away from him without paying for it. Now, as every one knew such a thing to be ludicrously impossible, it was at once noised abroad in Canaan that Joe had helped to swindle

Judge Pike out of a large sum of money, —it was notorious that the shyster could bamfoozle court and jury with his tricks; and it was felt that Joe Loudon was getting into very deep waters indeed. *This* was serious: if the young man did not *look out*, he might find himself in the penitentiary.

The *Tocsin* paragraphed him with a fine regularity after this, usually opening with a Walrus-and-the-Carpenter gravity: "The time has come when we must speak of a certain matter frankly," or, "At last the time has arrived when the demoralization of the bar caused by a certain criminal lawyer must be dealt with as it is and without gloves." Once when Joe had saved a half-witted negro from "the extreme penalty" for murder, the *Tocsin* had declared, with great originality: "This is just the kind of thing that causes mobs and justifies them. If we are to continue to permit the worst class of malefactors to escape the consequences of their crimes through the unwholesome dexterities and the shifty manipulations and technicalities of a certain criminal lawyer, the time will come when an outraged citizenry may take the enforcement of the law in its own hands. Let us call a spade a spade. If Canaan's streets ever echo with the tread of a mob, the fault lies upon the head of Joseph Loudon, who has once more brought about a miscarriage of justice. . . ."

Joe did not move into a larger office; he remained in the little room with its one window and its handsome view of the jail; his clients were nearly all poor and many of his fees quite literally nominal. Tatters and rags came up the little stairway to his door—tatters and rags and pitiful fineries: the bleared, the sodden, the flaunting and rouged, the furtive and wary, some in rags, some in tags, and some—the sorriest—in velvet gowns. With these, the distressed, the wrongdoers, the drunken, the dirty, and the very poor, his work lay and his days and nights were spent.

Ariel had told Roger Tabor that in time Joe might come to be what the town thought him, if it gave him no other chance. Only its dinginess and evil surrounded him; no respectable house was open to him; the barrooms—except that of the National House—wel-



came him gratefully and admiringly. Once he went to church, on a pleasant morning when nice girls wear pretty spring dresses; it gave him a thrill of delight to see them, to be near clean, good people once more. Inadvertently, he took a seat by his stepmother, who rose with a slight rustle of silk and moved to another pew; and it happened, additionally, that this was the morning that the minister, fired by the *Tocsin's* warnings, had chosen to preach on the subject of Joe himself.

The outcast returned to his own kind. No lady spoke to him upon the street. Mamie Pike had passed him with averted eyes since her first meeting with him, but the shunning and snubbing of a young man by a pretty girl have never yet, if done in a certain way, prevented him from continuing to be in love with her. Mamie did it in the certain way. Joe did not wince, therefore it hurt all the more, for blows from which one cringes lose much of their force.

The town dog had been given a bad name, thoroughly painted solid black from head to heel. He was a storm centre of scandal; the entrance to his dingy stairway was in square view of the National House, and the result is imaginable. How many of Joe's clients, especially those sorriest of the velvet gowns, were conjectured to ascend his stairs for reasons more convivial than legal! Yes, he lived with his own kind, and, so far as the rest of Canaan was concerned, might as well have worn the scarlet letter on his breast or branded on his forehead.

When he went about the streets he was made to feel his condition by the elaborate avoidance, yet furtive attention, of every respectable person he met; and when he came home to his small rooms and shut the door behind him, he was as one who has been hissed and shamed in public and runs to bury his hot face in his pillow. He petted his mongrel extravagantly (well he might!), and would sit with him in his rooms at night, holding long converse with him, the two alone together. The dog was not his only confidant. There came to be another, a more and more frequent partner

to their conversations, at last a familiar spirit. This third came from a brown jug which Joe kept on a shelf in his bedroom, a vessel too frequently replenished. When the day's work was done he shut himself up, drank alone and drank hard. Sometimes when the jug ran low and the night was late he would go out for a walk with his dog, and would awake in his room the next morning not remembering where he had gone or how he had come home. Once, after such a lapse of memory, he woke amazed to find himself at Beaver Beach, whither, he learned from the red-bearded man, Happy Fear had brought him, having found him wandering dazedly in a field near by. These lapses grew more frequent, until there occurred that which was one of the strange things of his life.

It was a June night, a little more than two years after his return to Canaan, and the *Tocsin* had that day announced the approaching marriage of Eugene Bantry and his employer's daughter. Joe ate nothing during the day, and went through his work clumsily, visiting the bedroom shelf at intervals. At ten in the evening he went out to have the jug refilled, but from the moment he left his door and the fresh air struck his face he had no clear knowledge of what he did or of what went on about him until he woke in his bed the next morning.

And yet, whatever little part of the soul of him remained, that night, still undulled, not numbed, but alive, was in some strange manner lifted out of its pain toward a strange delight. His body was an automaton, his mind in bondage, yet there was a still, small consciousness in him which knew that in his wandering something incredible and unexpected was happening. What this was he did not know, could not see, though his eyes were open, could not have told himself any more than a baby could tell why it laughs, but it seemed something so beautiful and wonderful that the night became a night of perfume, its breezes bearing the music of harps and violins, while nightingales sang from the maples that bordered the streets of Canaan.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

# The Little Joys of Margaret

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

MARGARET had seen her five sisters one by one leave the family nest, to set up little nests of their own. Her brother, the eldest child of a family of seven, had left the old home almost beyond memory, and settled in London. Now and again he made a flying visit to the small provincial town of his birth, and sometimes he sent two little daughters to represent him—for he was already a widowed man, and relied occasionally on the old roof-tree to replace the lost mother. Margaret had seen what sympathetic spectators called her "fate" slowly approaching for some time—particularly when, five years ago, she had broken off her engagement with a worthless boy. She had loved him deeply, and, had she loved him less, a refined girl in the provinces does not find it easy to replace a discarded suitor—for the choice of young men is not excessive. Her sisters had been more fortunate, and so, as I have said, one by one they left their father's door in bridal veils. But Margaret stayed on, and at length, as had been foreseen, became the sole nurse of a beautiful old invalid mother, a kind of lay sister in the nunnery of home.

She came of a beautiful family. In all the big family of seven there was not one without some kind of good looks. Two of her sisters were acknowledged beauties, and there were those who considered Margaret the most beautiful of all. It was all the harder, such sympathizers said, that her youth should thus fade over an invalid's couch, the bloom of her complexion be rubbed out by arduous vigils, and the lines prematurely etched in her skin by the strain of a self-denial proper, no doubt, to homely girls and professional nurses, but peculiarly wanton and wasteful in the case of a girl so beautiful as Margaret.

There are, alas! a considerable number of women predestined by their

lack of personal attractiveness for the humbler tasks of life. Instinctively we associate them with household work, nursing, and the general drudgery of existence. One never dreams of their having a life of their own. They have no accomplishments, nor any of the feminine charms. Women to whom an offer of marriage would seem as terrifying as a comet, they belong to the neutrals of the human hive, and are, practically speaking, only a little higher than the paid domestic. Indeed, perhaps their one distinction is that they receive no wages.

Now for so attractive a girl as Margaret to be merged in so dreary, undistinguished a class was manifestly preposterous. It was a stupid misapplication of human material. A plainer face and a more homespun fibre would have served the purpose equally well.

Margaret was by no means so much a saint of self-sacrifice as not to have realized her situation with natural human pangs. Youth only comes once—especially to a woman; and

No hand can gather up the withered fallen petals of the Rose of youth.

Petal by petal, Margaret had watched the rose of her youth fading and falling. More than all her sisters, she was endowed with a zest for existence. Her superb physical constitution cried out for the joy of life. She was made to be a great lover, a great mother; and to her, more than most, the sunshine falling in muffled beams through the lattices of her mother's sick-room came with a maddening summons to—live. She was so supremely fitted to play a triumphant part in the world outside there, so gay of heart, so victoriously vital.

At first, therefore, the renunciation, accepted on the surface with so kind a face, was a source of secret bitterness and hidden tears. But time, with its mercy

of compensation, had worked for her one of its many mysterious transmutations, and shown her of what fine gold her apparently leaden days were made. She was now thirty-three; though, for all her nursing vigils, she did not look more than twenty-nine, and was now more than resigned to the loss of the peculiar opportunities of youth—if, indeed, they could be said to be lost already. “An old maid,” she would say, “who has cheerfully made up her mind to be an old maid, is one of the happiest, and, indeed, most enviable, people in all the world.”

Resent the law as we may, it is none the less true that renunciation brings with it a mysterious initiation, a finer insight. Its discipline would seem to refine and temper our organs of spiritual perception, and thus make up for the commoner experience lost by a rarer experience gained. By dedicating herself to her sick mother, Margaret undoubtedly lost much of the average experience of her sex and age, but almost imperceptibly it had been borne in upon her that she made some important gains of a finer kind. She had been brought very close to the mystery of human life, closer than those who have nothing to do beyond being thoughtlessly happy can ever come. The nurse and the priest are initiates of the same knowledge. Each alike is a sentinel on the mysterious frontier between this world and the next. The nearer we approach that frontier, the more we understand not only of that world on the other side, but of the world on this. It is only when death throws its shadow over the page of life that we realize the full significance of what we are reading. Thus, by her mother's bedside, Margaret was learning to read the page of life under the illuminating shadow of death.

But, apart from any such mystical compensation, Margaret's great reward was that she knew her beautiful old mother better than any one else in the world knew her. As a rule, and particularly in a large family, parents remain half mythical to their children, awe-inspiring presences in the home, colossal figures of antiquity, about whose knees the younger generation crawls and gropes, but whose heads are hidden in the mists of prehistoric legend. They are like

personages in the Bible. They impress our imagination, but we cannot think of them as being quite real. Their histories smack of legend. And this, of course, is natural, for they had been in the world, had loved and suffered, so long before us that they seem a part of that antenatal mystery out of which we sprang. When they speak of their old love-stories, it is as though we were reading Homer. It sounds so long ago. We are surprised at the vividness with which they recall happenings and personalities past and gone before, as they tell us, we were born. Before we were born! Yes! They belong to that mysterious epoch of time—“before we were born”; and unless we have a taste for history, or are drawn close to them by some sympathetic human exigency, as Margaret had been drawn to her mother, we are too apt, in the stress of making our own, to regard the history of our parents as dry-as-dust.

As the old mother sits there so quiet in her corner, her body worn to a silver thread, and hardly anything left of her but her indomitable eyes, it is hard, at least for a young thing of nineteen, all aflush and afurry with her new party gown, to realize that that old mother is infinitely more romantic than herself. She has sat there so long, perhaps, as to have come to seem part of the inanimate furniture of home rather than a living being. Well! the young thing goes to her party, and dances with some callow youth who pays her clumsy compliments, and Margaret remains at home with the old mother in her corner. It is hard on Margaret! Yes; and yet, as I have said, it is thus she comes to know her old mother better than any one else knows her—society perhaps not so poor an exchange for that of smart, immature young men of one's own age.

As the door closes behind the important rustle of youthful laces, and Margaret and her mother are left alone, the mother's old eyes light up with an almost mischievous smile. If age seems humorous to youth, youth is even more humorous to age.

“It is evidently a great occasion, Peg,” the old voice says, with the suspicion of a gentle mockery. “Don't you wish you were going?”



MARGARET WAS LEARNING TO READ THE PAGE OF LIFE

"You naughty old mother!" answers Margaret, going over and kissing her.

The two understand each other.

"Well, shall we go on with our book?" says the mother, after a while.

"Yes, dear, in a moment. I have first to get you your diet, and then we can begin."

"Bother the diet!" says the courageous old lady; "for two pins I'd go to the ball myself. That old taffeta silk of mine is old enough to be in fashion again. What do you say, Peg, if you and I go to the ball together . . ."

"Oh, it's too much trouble dressing, mother. What do you think?"

"Well, I suppose it is," answers the mother. "Besides, I want to hear what happens next to those two beautiful young people in our book. So be quick with my old diet, and come and read . . ."

There is perhaps nothing so lovely or so well worth having as the gratitude of the old towards the young that care to give them more than the perfunctory ministrations to which they have long since grown sadly accustomed. There was no reward in the world that Margaret would have exchanged for the sweet looks of her old mother, who, being no merely selfish invalid, knew the value and the cost of the devotion her daughter was giving her.

"I can give you so little, my child, for all you are giving me," her mother would sometimes say; and the tears would spring to Margaret's eyes.

Yes! Margaret had her reward in this alone—that she had cared to decipher the lined old document of her mother's face. Her other sisters had passed it by more or less impatiently. It was like some ancient manuscript in a museum, which only a loving and patient scholar takes the trouble to read. But the moment you begin to pick out the words, how its crabbled text blossoms with beautiful meanings and fascinating messages! It is as though you threw a dried rose into some magic water, and saw it unfold and take on bloom, and fill with perfume, and bring back the nightingale that sang to it so many years ago. So Margaret loved her mother's old face, and learned to know the meaning of every line on it. Privileged to see that old face in all its private moments of

feeling, under the transient revivification of deathless memories, she was able, so to say, to reconstruct its perished beauty, and realize the romance of which it was once the alluring candle. For her mother had been a very great beauty, and if, like Margaret, you are able to see it, there is no history so fascinating as the by-gone love-affairs of old people. How much more fascinating to read one's mother's love-letters than one's own!

Even in the history of the heart recent events have a certain crudity, and love itself seems the more romantic for having lain in lavender for fifty years. A certain style, a certain distinction, beyond question go with antiquity, and to spend your days with a refined old mother is no less an education in style and distinction than to spend them in the air of old cities, under the shadow of august architecture and in the sunset of classic paintings.

The longer Margaret lived with her old mother, the less she valued the so-called "opportunities" she had missed. Coming out of her mother's world of memories, there seemed something small, even common, about the younger generation to which she belonged,—something lacking in significance and dignity.

For example, it had been her dream, as it is the dream of every true woman, to be a mother herself: and yet, somehow—though she would not admit it in so many words—when her young married sisters came with their babies, there was something about their bustling and complacent domesticity that seemed to make maternity bourgeois. She had not dreamed of being a mother like that. She was convinced that her old mother had never been a mother like that. "They seem more like wet-nurses than mothers," she said to herself, with her wicked wit.

Was there, she asked herself, something in realization that inevitably lost you the dream? Was to incarnate an ideal to materialize it? Did the finer spirit of love necessarily evaporate like some volatile essence with marriage? Was it better to remain an idealistic spectator such as she—than to run the risks of realization?

She was far too beautiful, and had declined too many offers of commonplace marriage, for such questioning to seem





ONE CANNOT SEE THE STARS FROM HEAVEN

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the philosophy of disappointment. Indeed, the more she realized her own situation, the more she came to regard what others considered her sacrifice to her mother as a safeguard against the risk of a mediocre domesticity. Indeed, she began to feel a certain pride, as of a priestess, in the conservation of the dignity of her nature. It is better to be a vestal virgin than—some mothers.

And, after all, the maternal instinct of her nature found an ideal outlet in her brother's children—the two little motherless girls who came every year to spend their holidays with their grandmother and their aunt Margaret.

Margaret had seen but little of their mother, but her occasional glimpses of her had left her with a haloed image of a delicate, spiritual face that grew more and more Madonna-like with memory. The nimbus of the Divine Mother, as she herself had dreamed of her, had seemed indeed to illumine that grave young face.

It pleased her imagination to take the place of that phantom mother, herself—a phantom mother. And who knows but that such dream-children, as she called those two little girls, were more satisfactory in the end than real children? They represented, so to say, the poetry of children. Had Margaret been a real mother, there would have been the prose of children as well. But here, as in so much else, Margaret's seclusion from the responsible activities of the outside world enabled her to gather the fine flower of existence without losing the sense of it in the cares of its cultivation. I think that she comprehended the wonder and joy of children more than if she had been a real mother.

Seclusion and renunciation are great sharpeners and refiners of the sense of joy, chiefly because they encourage the habit of attentiveness.

"Our excitements are very tiny," once said the old mother to Margaret, "therefore we make the most of them."

"I don't agree with you, mother," Margaret had answered. "I think it is theirs that are tiny—trivial indeed, and ours that are great. People in the world lose the values of life by having too much choice; too much choice—of things not worth having. This makes them miss

the real things—just as any one living in a city cannot see the stars for the electric lights. But we, sitting quiet in our corner, have time to watch and listen, when the others must hurry by. We have time, for instance, to watch that sunset yonder, whereas some of our worldly friends would be busy dressing to go out to a bad play. We can sit here and listen to that bird singing his vespers, as long as he will sing—and personally I wouldn't exchange him for a prima donna. Far from being poor in excitements, I think we have quite as many as are good for us, and those we have are very beautiful and real."

"You are a brave child," answered her mother. "Come and kiss me," and she took the beautiful gold head into her hands and kissed her daughter with her sweet old mouth, so lost among wrinkles that it was sometimes hard to find it.

"But am I not right, mother?" said Margaret.

"Yes! you are right, dear, but you seem too young to know such wisdom."

"I have to thank you for it, darling," answered Margaret, bending down and kissing her mother's beautiful gray hair.

"Ah! little one," replied the mother, "it is well to be wise, but it is good to be foolish when we are young—and I fear I have robbed you of your foolishness."

"I shall believe you have if you talk like that," retorted Margaret, laughingly taking her mother into her arms and gently shaking her, as she sometimes did when the old lady was supposed to have been "naughty."

So for Margaret and her mother the days pass, and at first, as we have said, it may seem a dull life, and even a hard one, for Margaret. But she herself has long ceased to think so, and she dreads the inevitable moment when the divine friendship between her and her old mother must come to an end. She knows, of course, that it must come, and that the day cannot be far off when the weary old limbs will refuse to make the tiny journeys from bedroom to rocking-chair, which have long been all that has been demanded of them; when the brave, humorous old eyes will be so weary that they cannot keep open any more in this

world. The thought is one that is insupportably lonely, and sometimes she looks at the invalid-chair, at the cup and saucer in which she serves her mother's simple food, at the medicine-bottle and the measuring-glass, at the knitted shawl which protects the frail old form against draughts, and at all such sad furniture of an invalid's life, and pictures the day when the homely, affectionate use of all these things will be gone forever; for so poignant is humanity that it sanctifies with endearing associations even objects in themselves so painful and prosaic. And it seems to Margaret that when that day comes it would be most natural for her to go on the same journey with her mother—and still be her loving nurse in Paradise!

For who shall fill for her her mother's place on earth—and what occupation will be left for Margaret when her "beautiful old *raison d'être*," as she sometimes calls her mother, has entered into the sleep of the blessed? She seldom thinks of that, for the thought is too lonely, and, meanwhile, she uses all her love and care to make this earth so attractive and cozy that the beautiful mother-spirit who has been so long prepared for her short journey to heaven may be tempted to linger here yet a little while longer. These ministrations, which began as a kind of renunciation, have now turned into an unselfish selfishness. Margaret began by feeling herself necessary to her mother; now her mother becomes more and more necessary to Margaret. Sometimes when she leaves her alone for a few moments in her chair, she laughingly bends over and says, "Promise me that you won't run away to heaven while my back is turned."

And the old mother smiles one of those transfigured smiles which seem only to light up the faces of those that are already half over the border of the spiritual world.

Winter is, of course, Margaret's time

of chief anxiety, and then her loving efforts are redoubled to detain her beloved spirit in an inclement world. Each winter passed in safety seems a personal victory over death. How anxiously she watches for the first sign of the returning spring, how eagerly she brings the news of early blade and bud, and with the first violet she feels that the danger is over for another year. When the spring is so afire that she is able to fill her mother's lap with a fragrant heap of crocus and daffodil, she dares at last to laugh and say,

"Now confess, mother, that you won't find sweeter flowers even in heaven."

And when the thrush is on the apple bough outside the window, Margaret will sometimes employ the same gentle raillery.

"Do you think, mother," she will say, "that an angel could sing sweeter than that thrush?"

"You seem very sure, Margaret, that I am going to heaven," the old mother will sometimes say, with one of her arch old smiles; "but do you know that I stole two peppermints yesterday?"

"You did!" says Margaret.

"I did indeed!" answers the mother, "and they have been on my conscience ever since."

"Really, mother! I don't know what to say," answers Margaret. "I had no idea that you are so wicked."

Many such little games the two play together, as the days go by; and often at bedtime, as Margaret tucks her mother into bed, she asks her:

"Are you comfortable, dear? Do you really think you would be much more comfortable in heaven?"

Or sometimes she will draw aside the window-curtains and say:

"Look at the stars, mother. . . . Don't you think we get the best view of them down here?"

So it is that Margaret persuades her mother to delay her journey a little while.



# Uncertainties of Usage

BY THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY

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IT follows from what has been said in my previous articles that the main question which a man ought to ask himself in discussing points of usage is something quite different from those he is in the habit of asking. It matters not whether he likes or dislikes a particular locution; whether it is in accord or not with any theory of propriety of speech he may have adopted; whether or not he is able to satisfy his grammatical conscience in regard to the purity of its character. The question is simply, Is the particular word or construction under consideration sanctioned by the authority of the best writers of the past and of the present?

Unfortunately just here arises the great and as yet unsurmounted difficulty which prevents any satisfactory settlement of numerous disputes concerning correctness of usage. Whenever there is a point in doubt, it cannot be settled conclusively unless the decision has been preceded by an examination which covers the whole field of the best literature, past and present. This is a work which in the case of our own tongue has been performed on only the most limited scale. The syntax, in particular, of English speech has never been made the subject of a systematic and exhaustive investigation which has devoted itself to ascertaining the practice of its greatest writers. The evidence, so far from being all in, has on many questions in dispute been scarcely collected at all. Accordingly the generalizations contained in grammars in the shape of rules can frequently not be received with implicit confidence, because they have been based upon insufficient data. The work of gathering the material upon which to found positive conclusions remains in many instances yet to be performed.

If we often get no help from grammars in the settlements of doubtful

points, we are not much better off when we go to dictionaries. To a limited extent these set out to gather and record the best usage. Still, this part of their work has never been made their main object, or even a main object. The consequence is that what has been done has been done in a haphazard and incomplete way. For it must be borne in mind that in discussing the rightfulness or wrongfulness of a disputed locution it is the authority of good writers, and preferably of great writers, that is alone of weight. If, for illustration, a particular word or construction is used by some obscure author of the seventeenth century, the fact may be of a certain interest in recounting its history. But with that its importance would end. If, however, it were used by Milton, it would occupy an entirely different position. An example of his employment of it serves the double purpose of proving its existence at the time and of giving it the sanction of one of the great masters of English speech. To the lexicographer the use of a particular locution by a classic author is not, as it is to the writer, a matter of special consequence. Rather is it to him a mere incident. Hence in seeking authorities for a given usage the best dictionaries, indispensable as they are, largely fail us.

As therefore the collecting and codifying of the usage of the classic writers of our speech has never been done, he who discusses the subject at present must come before the public imperfectly equipped for the task. Do the best he can, investigate as fully as he may, his labor will always lack completeness. The field is too vast to be covered by any one individual. Upon some points under discussion his results may be sufficient to justify him in making positive statements. But there are others upon which, in the present state of our knowledge, he

will wisely refrain from committing himself with too much assurance, still less with dogmatism. To make the matter perfectly clear, it may be worth while to consider in detail one of the many disputed usages about which very positive pronouncements are constantly made by men who have not taken the pains to acquire the slightest familiarity with its history.

The poet Moore in his *Diary* tells us of a conversation he had with a certain gentleman who praised highly one of his works, but found fault with a mode of expression which occurred in it frequently. He had in several instances made use of such phrases as "the three first centuries," "the four first centuries." His usage, his critic further informed him, was an Irishism. Even Burke had fallen into this error. It may be remarked, in passing, that before the term Americanism came to be applied to a word or expression which the Englishman, who was particularly ignorant of his own tongue, deemed for any reason objectionable, he was wont to stigmatize it as an Irishism or Scotticism. Moore, it is to be added, stood up stoutly for the locution he had employed. At all events, whether he had done rightly or wrongly in using the word-order criticised, he declared that he had not done so inadvertently. In his eyes it was the true English idiom. "For instance," he continued, "every one says the 'two first cantos of Childe Harold,'" meaning the two cantos that come first, or are placed first."

It was in June, 1833, that this discussion took place. According to Moore, in the use of the locution he preferred he was conforming to the general practice of his time. It may be regarded as a partial confirmation of his assertion that Byron in his correspondence invariably spoke of the half of "Childe Harold" originally published as "the two first cantos." Moore, furthermore, went on to tell the tale of the struggles he had on this very point with Simmons, whom he characterized as his "valuable typographer." It will recall to many authors similar experiences they have had with proof-readers. Simmons was very anxious to have the expression read "the first two cantos." The poet, however, was obdurate and succeeded in having

his own way. This is not always the fortune of the modern writer; for the proof-reader, having the last chance at the page, makes the change he desires just before the piece goes to the press.

Here is a form of expression in regard to which the fullest dictionaries give us but imperfect information. It is one as to which there has never been anything but the most superficial examination of the practice of great writers. Accordingly nothing exists to show decisively on which side the weight of the best usage lies. The question in dispute is far from being a simple one, even were we to govern ourselves entirely by reason, to which the unreasonable are always appealing. We are told by some of these that the word-order which Moore preferred is quite impossible. Two cannot have the distinction of each being first. That will depend upon the light in which *first* is regarded. If it is to be considered an ordinal, no one would be likely to maintain that "the two first" is to be justified. If, however, it be looked upon as an adjective, Moore's explanation of its meaning and propriety is perfectly satisfactory. There is a further objection on the score of reason to the order of words proclaimed as the only reasonable one. The preferred expression is in most cases illogical. "The first two" implies a succession of twos, at least a second two. Hence it is strictly improper to use it except when there is an intention of conveying the idea that another pair or other pairs are to follow. Accordingly French and German are in full accordance with reason in their arrangement of the words; for in both these tongues the practice prevails of saying "the two first."

For us, however, the important question is not what, according to any theory, the mode of expression ought to be, but what it actually is, as seen in the practice of the best writers. At this point the uncertainty which always attends incomplete examination asserts itself. Both locutions have been long employed. To which does the weight of the most authoritative usage incline? No one with the knowledge now existing on the subject can venture to answer the question positively. The following statements, embodying the results of only a partial



investigation, are therefore given, subject to correction. The probabilities are strongly in favor of their accuracy, but certainty cannot be assumed. For the sake of convenience the example adduced by Moore is taken as representative of the whole class.

The statement which can be made with the most confidence is that "the two first" is preferred to "the first two" in the earliest usage. Indeed, it is not till a period comparatively late that the latter mode of expression seems to occur on any but the most limited scale. The earliest instance of its employment recorded by the new *Historical English Dictionary* belongs to the very close of the sixteenth century, and that from a writer of no authority. Even his use of the locution was very likely due to the fact that it is found four times in the Geneva, then the most common, version of the Bible. The history of its appearance in that work may in truth be thought to indicate a certain hesitancy about its employment by the early translators. Take, for illustration, a part of the nineteenth verse of the twenty-third chapter of second Samuel, belonging to a passage in which is given an account and a comparative estimate of the exploits of Benaiah. In the Wycliffite version of the fourteenth century it is said of him that "he came not to the three first men." In Coverdale's version of 1535 it is said, "he came not unto the three." In Matthew's version, following a few years later, the passage read, "He attained not unto those three in acts," but a note in the margin adds, "Understand the first three." The Bishop's Bible of 1572 inserted part of this marginal explanation into the text, enclosing it in parentheses. It read accordingly, "He attained not unto (the first) three." But the Geneva version inserted "the first" without any qualification. In so doing it was followed by the revisers of King James's.

At the same time, while the form represented by "the two first" is originally the preferred one, that represented by "the first two" made its appearance as early at least as the fourteenth century. There is a striking example of the use of both methods of expression standing side by side in the eleventh chapter of

first Chronicles, one in the Wycliffite version proper, the other in Purvey's recension. "Unto the three first he came not," says the former; "He came not till the first three," says the latter. This early and apparently hitherto unnoted instance of what scholars regard as the later locution seems for centuries to have had but few if any imitators.

The second statement is that up to the middle of the eighteenth century, and probably later, the word-order indicated by "the two first" had pretty certainly in its favor the sanction not only of the most common but of the best usage. It is noticeable that not a single example of the second word-order, given in the *Historical English Dictionary*, is taken from an author who would be regarded as having any weight in deciding a question of propriety of speech. The inference accordingly is that such did not exist. The then preferred mode of expression is apparently indicated by Milton in the seventeenth century, when, in his tractate on Education, he spoke of "the two or three first books of Quintilian"; and by Pope in the eighteenth century in the revision which appeared in 1743 of his great satire. The appendix to that work contained, among other things, "the preface to the five first imperfect editions of the 'Dunciad.'"

But by the middle of the eighteenth century a strenuous propaganda began to exert itself in favor of the mode of expression indicated by "the first two." From that day to this it has gone on laboring unceasingly. It is the word-order almost invariably held up as the only correct one in manuals of usage; and however little such works affect the action of men of letters or the belief of scholars, they unquestionably have a good deal of influence upon the practice of many, which in time tends to affect that of all. By the latter part of the eighteenth century this hostile attitude towards the earlier locution was making itself distinctly felt. For illustration, the *Monthly Review*, the leading critical periodical of that time, had made use of the expression, "the three first." It was immediately taken to task by a correspondent. For once an editor, ensconced behind his bulwark of type, submitted meekly to reproof. Instead of defending

himself, as he might easily have done, by the authority of the greatest of his contemporaries, Johnson, Burke, and Gibbon, he surrendered incontinently. "Thanks to Amicus," he said in the notice to correspondents in the number for December, 1784. "He is very right. 'The first three' is conformable to our usual mode of expression; and 'the three first' was a slip."

Both of these locutions exist now side by side. Since the middle of the eighteenth century one of them indeed has been constantly denounced by verbal critics, the other proclaimed by them as the one alone justifiable. How far these injunctions have affected the practice of the great writers of the past hundred years no one has taken the pains to inform us, even if he has informed himself. Yet such an investigation is a necessary preliminary to reaching any conclusion worth heeding upon the point in dispute. The practice of inferior writers may exhibit a tendency on the part of language; but it cannot of itself justify usage. Not until a complete examination shall have been made of the works of the greatest authors of the past century and of the comparative frequency of their employment of both modes of expression, will any one be in a position to decide whether the best usage resorts to each of the two indifferently, or tends to adopt one to the exclusion of the other.

The account just given shows clearly that to reach correct conclusions about propriety of speech is in numerous instances far from being an easy task, however easy many make it for themselves. No one who studies the subject thoroughly will look upon it as the occupation of idle moments or resort to it as an occasion for passing hasty judgments. It behooves him, indeed, to be, above all things, circumspect who sets out to express positive opinions on matters where usage varies widely. Yet it is perfectly safe to assert that there is no one department of human instruction undertaken with more thoughtless self-confidence or with less appreciation of the necessity of that preliminary equipment which consists in making one's self reasonably familiar with words and constructions as employed in the classics of

our tongue. As a consequence the course commonly followed has been attended with some most astounding results. There is not a single great author in our literature in whose works numerous errors have not been pointed out, or thought to be pointed out. They are charged with violating rules involving the purity if not the permanence of the language. A somewhat depressing inference follows from the situation thus revealed. The ability to write English correctly does not belong to the great masters of our speech. It is limited to the obscure men who have devoted themselves to the task of showing how far these vaunted writers have fallen short of the ideas of linguistic propriety entertained by their unrecognized betters. As a result of these critical crusades there is no escape from the dismal conclusion that the correct use of the language is not to be found in the authors whom every one reads with pleasure, but is an accomplishment reserved exclusively for those whom nobody can succeed in reading at all.

The very statement of such a condition of things carries with it the condemnation of the processes by which it has been brought about. Not that it is the intention to maintain here that the great writer cannot fall into error. That he does so is certain. It happens, indeed, far less frequently than is commonly asserted. Still, there is no doubt that through haste or heedlessness or even pure ignorance the most scrupulous is sometimes betrayed into language of doubtful propriety, if not of positive impropriety. Here of course is meant not the disregard of the numerous observances and restrictions which every callow student of speech thinks it his duty to set up, but the commission of errors which would be looked upon as errors by the whole body of cultivated men and would be acknowledged as such by the author himself the instant his attention was called to them. Even he who strives with the utmost solicitude for what he deems correctness of expression will be more fortunate than most if some lapse into which he has been betrayed never reveals itself to him until what he has written has been enshrined in the immutability of print.

There is nothing, indeed, to give the great author absolutely complete possession of the facts of language—which are in truth infinite—any more than the facts of any other branch of knowledge. Mistakes accordingly must occur. Even writers of the highest grade have gone down before the confusion which exists in colloquial speech between *lay* and *lie*. The example usually furnished of this is found in Byron's words, "There let him lay," contained in the apostrophe to the ocean with which "Childe Harold" concludes. But this is really an unsatisfactory one. There is little question that here the word was resorted to intentionally and not inadvertently. The poet wanted a rhyme to *bay* and *spray*, and accordingly grammar was made to bow to the necessities of the verse. But Byron must not only have been aware that his use of the verb was common in colloquial speech, but with his wide reading of literature he could hardly have failed to observe that it also appeared occasionally in reputable English authors, and in a few that can justly be called classic.

Certain of these examples are so striking as to lead to the conclusion that in the minds of some no real distinction existed in the use of the two words. The confusion of *lay* with *lie* naturally goes back to the period when the preterite of the one verb came to have precisely the same form as the present and infinitive of the other. It would not be surprising therefore to find the two confounded, as they are now, by the uneducated or the imperfectly educated. Yet there are examples of the employment of the one for the other where no plea can be set up on the ground of ignorance, no palliation can be offered on the ground of haste or carelessness, no justification on the ground of real or fancied poetic necessity. Bacon tells us in one place that "nature will lay buried a great time and yet revive upon the occasion of temptation." The sentence containing this passage was added to the enlarged final edition of the *Essays* which appeared in 1625, dedicated to the Duke of Buckingham. The form is therefore found in a work which had been written deliberately and had been revised carefully. There is hardly any escape from

the conclusion that Bacon regarded the usage as allowable.

This view is borne out by the fact that later in the same century, and during a large share of the century which followed, the use of *lay* for *lie* can be found in the writings of authors who were at least respectable and in some instances fairly eminent. It is accordingly reasonable to believe that while in certain cases it was a blunder, in others it was deliberately employed because it was deemed correct. Occasional examples of the confusion between these two words can be observed in Pepys, Fielding, Mason, Cumberland, Horace Walpole, besides a number of writers who, however, under no pretence can be reckoned as authorities. In nautical language, in fact, the use of *lay* for *lie* may be said to have definitely established itself with us in certain expressions. A general tendency to confound the two was at one time existent and to some extent still is. Mrs. Montagu, the head of the blue-stocking world, wrote in 1766 to Beattie, "I wish that Ossian's poems were laying by me." Walter Scott, in one verse certainly, said *laid'st* for *lay'st*. In the account of the nominal author given in a letter included in the introduction to Knickerbocker's *History of New York* mention is made of "old mouldy books laying about at sixes and sevens." This may have been intentional on Irving's part. But no such explanation can be given of the usage which is put in the mouth of the hero of Trollope's novel of *The Belton Estate*. "What is the use," says he, "of laying in bed when one has had enough of sleep?"

But among authors of any rank the most incorrigible offender, from the grammarian's point of view, was Sterne. That *lay* for *lie* does not constantly appear in his writings in modern editions is due not to him, but to the editors of his works. Contemporary critics attacked him for perpetrating "such English"; but their censure had no effect upon his practice. When in 1768 his *Sentimental Journey* was published, the leading review of the day savagely assailed him for adopting a vulgarism characteristic "of a city news-writer," it said. "But Maria lays in my bosom," wrote Sterne. "Our readers," remarked the irate reviewer, "may possibly conclude



that Maria was the name of a favorite pullet." Sterne's indifference to the rebukes he received on this particular point seems to indicate that he was one of those who regarded the usage as proper.

This account of *lay* and *lie* has been given so fully, not to disprove the theory that the usage of the best writers is the standard of speech, but to establish the truth of it beyond dispute. It brings out sharply two decisive points which are to be kept constantly in mind. One is that the errors into which the great author falls are not only exceptions to his usual practice, but they are very rare exceptions. It is what he does regularly which serves as a model for imitation, not what he may occasionally be betrayed into doing through heedlessness, or even induced to adopt designedly. The other is that these errors are not only committed rarely by writers of the highest grade, but by the vast majority of them they are never committed at all. When we take into consideration the millions of times in which *lay* and *lie* are confounded in popular speech, and the petty number of instances of such confusion that can be gleaned from the most exhaustive study of all our great authors, we recognize what it is that constitutes that consensus of which Quintilian speaks as the authority to which we all have to submit.

No better proof indeed is there of the right to rule which inheres in the collective body of great authors than the fact that so few errors of this sort occur in the heat of composition or pass unchallenged in revision. The wonder must always be, not that they happen, but that they happen so rarely. Least of all should linguistic students make their appearance, if they do appear, a matter of reproach, when we find a similar confusion between *set* and *sit* in the writings of a professed philologist. The late George Perkins Marsh was one of the foremost promoters of English scholarship. To the students of the former generation his works did more than furnish instruction: they were an inspiration. Yet in the second of his lectures on the English language he speaks of a person giving "a cluck with his mouth not unlike the note of a setting hen." One would naturally suppose that a linguistic scholar, who was in addition a stern critic of usage, ought to know sooner than any one else that, though anybody can set a hen, the hen herself sits. The confusion of the two verbs is, however, so common in conversation that it is liable at any time to appear in print. The only thing remarkable about the example just given is that it should occur where it does.

## The Lost Soul

BY JOHN VANCE CHENEY

A LONE soul came to Heaven's hard gate,  
 Low at the warder's feet she fell;  
 Sobbing, she said she had not knocked so late  
 But for the many roads to Hell.

Stroking her bowed, unmothered head,  
 Up spoke the good old warder gray:  
 "This child, too fair, high up let her be led,  
 Past them that never lost the way."

# “The Marriage Question”

BY GRACE ELLERY CHANNING

THE noonday quiet was only interrupted by the click of the typewriter at one desk and the occasional restless movement of legal papers at the other. In the outer office nearly every one had gone to lunch. It was indeed past the hour when Satterlee himself usually went, yet he lingered. Perhaps the breath of river air, lacking in the streets below but gratefully felt at this altitude, was too pleasant to leave. Outside, the mercury stood in the nineties, but up here it registered a bare eighty-two; if not cool, it was at least tolerable.

The girl at the typewriter put up one hand and pushed the damp hair off her forehead with a languid gesture curiously in contrast to the almost feverish though ordered activity with which her fingers the next moment renewed their dance over the keyboard.

Satterlee, behind the screen of his desk-top, made a mental note of this, adding it to the entries of several months (its power of extension gives the mental note-book its chief danger), and he frowned above the papers in *re Pettis*.

Suppose—just for once and for instance—one *did* ask her to cure the day's fault of heat with the cool pleasantness of a roof-garden at night, wherein would be the harm? Would there, in fact, be any? And—a question nearly as interesting—suppose one did ask her, would she go? It was a nice problem in the adjustment of employer and employed.

It grew hotter every minute. It was going to be intolerably hot riding the rail a whole hour to S— merely for the satisfaction of riding back again with the other commuters in the morning. Satterlee detested S— anyway; moreover, he suddenly remembered a great number of useful things he could do in town—such as looking up precedents in *re Pettis*. It was only the matter of wiring Isabel. Instinctively he drew to-

wards him one of the pile of yellow blanks and pencilled the message:

“Detained on business. Will be down to-morrow.”

While he did so he had already a vision of its reception some hour later. One of the servants of the luxurious cottage for which he enjoyed the privilege of paying would carry the envelope sedately on a silver salver to Isabel; Satterlee could see the very gesture with which she, cool and elegant in some of those intricate creations of lawn and lace for which also he had the privilege of paying, and which so admirably became her, would stretch out her smooth, slim fingers to take it. That vague irritation which he so often felt in his wife's presence stirred him now at the image. He moved so brusquely that the girl opposite looked up, surprised, and their eyes met.

It was a meeting without occult significance beyond that contained in the bare fact of meeting without embarrassment or the need of speech,—the implication of a certain fine adjustment. The girl went on again with her typing, but Satterlee looked down at his desk strangely troubled.

Yes, if one asked her,—he thought she would go. A kind of rage of compassion seized him for that indomitable and enduring frailness which had faced him so equally, without fainting or murmur through the winter's rigor and the summer's strain. He made a few aimless markings with his pencil, a sharp breath that might have been a sigh escaped him, and he tore the yellow paper into two long strips and pushed back his chair.

“I shall be back within the hour,” he said, brusquely, reaching for his panama.

The girl nodded, without stopping that incessant dance of fingers, and Satterlee paused as he passed her table, ostensibly to glance at the copy. She was too pale



by half! Again that rage of compassion swayed him subtly. Why should some women rest eternally and a girl like this never know an hour's recreation? And where could a girl like that go alone in New York for recreation? Satterlee himself was tired; extreme heat is a subtle sapper of the moral energies; the long torrid months, with the bidaily railroad trips, had relaxed some fibre in him; he felt used up. It would be immeasurably restful to take a woman like that to a quiet little supper somewhere and see her enjoy it;—a woman who shared his preoccupations of mind and fatigues of body and who wouldn't expect him to entertain her with golf or scandal. He mentally defied his whole social world—*Isabel's* whole social world—to show cause why he shouldn't or indicate the smallest earthly harm therein. They were necessarily comrades to an extent already, in the enforced intimacy which was the substance of their waking hours; exiles of labor, isolated from that world in which Isabel and her associates took their pleasure so lavishly, why should their moment of innocent relaxation be disallowed? Because she was not of his social set?—Isabel and she had been classmates; nothing but the accident of money—*his* money, as he could not help recalling at this moment—ordained the one's life of leisure and ordered the other's life of work. And yet he *must not* ask her; this he kept reiterating to himself through his growing consciousness that he *should* ask her, that he was even now on the very point—

There came a knock at the door—a well-bred knock, but which went through Satterlee's nerves like a bang. He jumped, and facing suddenly about, faced his wife.

"You didn't expect me," said Isabel, smiling.

Her husband stared at the sleek, rosy, healthy creature, redolent of sea and air and superior to temperature. To all appearances she might just have come off of ice and out of a glass case. So flawless a vision might, it would seem, have stirred a pulse of masculine pride in ownership, but the effect was the opposite. Her very remoteness from the common influences of heat and dust and fatigue, the very perfection of her toi-

lette, the accurate angle of her becoming hat, and the immaculate crispness of her white duck costume were an offence to him at that moment.

"I certainly did not," he replied, with unconscious emphasis. "What in the world brought you to town on the hottest day of the season?"

"Oh, I had business," said Isabel, lightly. She moved, with the artificially natural carriage of the woman of society, across the room, and sitting down at her husband's desk, laid thereon a frivolous pocketbook and preternaturally slim umbrella, and began slowly to remove her gloves.

"You were just going to lunch, weren't you? Don't let me keep you; I will wait here till you return."

"Won't you lunch with me?" her husband asked, with an effort of courtesy.

"No, thanks; I have lunched already. I sha'n't disturb Miss Clarke,"—she nodded pleasantly to the girl.

"She needs to be disturbed," responded Satterlee, with sudden sharpness. "She has been at work since eight o'clock." As he spoke he moved to the window and solicitously lowered a shade to intercept a ray which fell across the girl's hair. It was done with that masculine unconsciousness which must be a remnant of man's lost innocence. The girl, flushing slightly, bent lower over the typewriter; Mrs. Satterlee, leaning her cheek on one hand and nonchalantly tapping the desk with the fingers of the other, gazed discreetly down at it. Satterlee, vaguely helpless between the two, hesitated a moment and then put on his hat once more.

"You won't come, then?"

"No, thank you."

"Very well; I sha'n't be long."

The door closed somewhat forcibly. Simultaneously, Isabel Satterlee lifted her eyes and contemplated the figure of the girl before her. Item by item she inventoried her, with a characteristic and liberal justice. The bent head, the tumbled masses of soft hair, the face—its subdued suggestions of beauty dimmed by the pallor of heat and too unremitting confinement—she noted them all. That the head contained a good brain she knew; they had been college classmates. Indeed,—she recalled the circumstance



Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

"YOU MEAN TO TAKE MY PLACE!"



with faint cynicism,—it was on her own recommendation that Richard had given Miss Clarke the post. Trimly exquisite herself, in her appraisal she did not make the mistake of discounting anything for the other's tumbled cuffs, disordered hair, and cheap shirt-waist, which had lost its first crispness. She conceived these things might have their appeal for a man by nature chivalrous. Mentally she was reviewing, as best she could, the life of her husband in this restricted space; here he really and effectively *lived* in the intervals of those transient moments of existence spent with his family. And here—it came to Mrs. Satterlee with a new vividness even after months of contemplation of the fact,—here Eleanour Clarke really lived also. This with them both expressed the major part of their existence not merely in measure of time, but in measure of weight. Here was the chief occupation and preoccupation of each, necessarily; the active reality of labor and interests about which the remainder of their lives was more or less loosely builded. Isabel looked down at the desk with its crowded pigeonholes and files of bulky papers, and up at the formidable legion of calf-bound volumes on the shelves all about; these represented the internal life and world of the man for whom she poured coffee every morning,—and to whom she had incidentally borne two children,—and she found herself wondering what kind of world it was. Probably Eleanour Clarke knew. Isabel's glance, traversing the desk once more, fell upon two yellow strips in the immediate foreground. Mechanically she absorbed their pencilled contents. In an instant the message had delivered itself, and for the first time Mrs. Satterlee's dark cheek flushed.

A slight movement recalled her. Miss Clarke had risen, put aside her papers, and producing with a murmured word of apology a little package of bread-and-butter sandwiches, sat down by the window and began to eat. Mrs. Satterlee watched her with fascinated interest; not a movement of the other escaped her, and not one was ungraceful or displeasing. The girl had the dignity of her justified position; even the pallor and dimmed array, eloquent of her working-value, became her.

"Do you always lunch here?" asked Isabel.

"In this weather. It saves time, and the going into the sun."

Isabel's fingers drummed lightly on the desk.

"How is your mother?"

"Thank you;—she always suffers from the heat," said the girl, with a kind of weary acceptance.

Mrs. Satterlee leaned lightly forward on the desk. Few women had a more charming manner; it wore even more than its habitual graceful detachment now.

"Will you take her down to my cottage for a month?" she said.

Eleanour Clarke turned two blankly astonished eyes upon her; evidently she doubted her own ears.

"Take mother to your cottage!" she repeated,—then the color mounted slowly to her pale cheeks. "You are very kind," she said; "but it is quite impossible; I could not leave my work."

"There would have to be a substitute, of course," said Isabel. She also flushed a little, hesitated, and then added, with great frankness: "That is exactly what I came to town about to-day; I will be your substitute, if you will let me."

"You — Mrs. Satterlee!" exclaimed Eleanour Clarke. She stared at the elegant figure before her, and then all in a moment, without knowing why, she drew herself up to an unconscious defensive.

"Oh, I should be a very bad one, of course," said Isabel, lightly, "but I have been studying stenography for some months, and I really typewrite pretty well. Then this is the dull season, isn't it?—a good time for an apprentice."

Eleanour Clarke rose to her feet.

"You mean to take my place!"

The absoluteness of the attack broke through every conventional shade and brought the other woman also to her feet, as if in response to a summons.

"I mean to try," she answered, simply. "No, no, of course not!—that isn't what I meant!"

They looked at each other, equally aghast. In the girl's face a kind of waking fright was mingled with resentment and a half-blind questioning. Isabel walked to the window and stood there with her back turned, her long, useless hands clasped lightly behind her,—in

ostentatious contradiction of her tense lips and contracted brows.

"I express myself very badly," she said, speaking quietly. "What I meant is—that I am desperately tired of doing nothing, and you—you have always been doing too much. It will do us both good to take each other's place for a while. When did you last have a vacation?"

Eleanour Clarke smiled a trifle bitterly.

"The year before we both entered college."

"Exactly! But I can't leave the children with only nurses and servants; I must have some one I can trust,—and there is no one I could trust so completely as you."

Eleanour said nothing.

"And of course"—Mrs. Satterlee colored a little—"it is understood that it is a business proposition,—it would come to the same thing; I am not asking you to afford a vacation."

"No," said Eleanour, quietly; "I have my mother to support." She added, after a moment, coldly, "This means, of course, that I must look for another position."

Mrs. Satterlee had gone back to the desk and was mechanically shifting the two yellow strips of paper as if they had been pieces of a puzzle. She was exceedingly pale. Now she looked up quickly.

"It means, necessarily, nothing of the kind. Please try to understand. It is—an experiment. I may not do at all. In any case,—*in any case* nothing would induce me to take your place permanently unless you preferred another. Please"—she looked directly at the girl—"consider it a plan for the moment only, and let me know what you decide." She sat down suddenly in her husband's chair with a movement of involuntary exhaustion—singular in such a woman, if Eleanour Clarke had noted. But she was not noting,—she was looking instead at the opposite wall intently, and her voice, when she spoke after what seemed a long time, sounded from a long way off, oddly constrained.

"Very well, I will go."

Mrs. Satterlee drew a swift breath. As if she had recovered all her composure, the girl moved to her table and began quietly to arrange her papers for work.

"When should you like me to go

down?" she asked, in a matter-of-fact voice. "I shouldn't wish to—put Mr. Satterlee to any inconvenience."

"N—of course not," said Isabel, faintly. She leaned her head on one hand and stared again at the yellow papers.

"There is this brief, and the other papers in this case which must be finished to-day—"

Isabel sat upright with sudden energy.

"Could I finish them? I have until 5.45,—and might as well do that as be idle. Could you—would it be possible to talk it over with your mother and arrange to come down to-morrow? That would give us Sunday to get things running smoothly,—and Mr. Satterlee will be on hand to make the journey comfortable for your mother. Or is that too little time—would you rather wait?"

"No," said Eleanour Clarke, "that will be time enough." She rose, gathered together her small possessions swiftly, and put on her hat. "You will explain to Mr. Satterlee."

Mrs. Satterlee came forward with her hand outstretched. They were perfectly natural now, both of them, with the swift self-recovery of women.

"It is good-by until to-morrow only, then, and I can't tell you how much obliged I am."

"It is I who ought to be obliged, no doubt," replied Eleanour Clarke, with a pale smile, "but it has been—rather sudden, and I am a—little dazed." She cast a look about her. "Good-by," she said, and was gone.

Isabel, left alone, leaned for a moment heavily on the table, her color changing from red to white; she stared another moment blankly at the shining keys, then, sitting down, fell upon the typewriter with her long hands, in a kind of rage of doing.

Her husband, coming in an hour later, stopped abruptly on the threshold. He cast a quick glance about the room and then at his wife.

"What does this mean?" he asked, sharply. "Where is Miss Clarke?"

Isabel, leaning back in the typewriter's chair, told him, with a smile.

"The whole thing strikes me as Quixotic to a degree," said Satterlee, dryly. He stood by his desk, whither he had



walked at the conclusion of her statement, and moved the papers impatiently. There was every shade of annoyance and disapproval in his voice.

"It must of course strike you as—sudden," said Isabel, with unexpected meekness, "and I admit I owe you a sincere apology,—but I hoped you would approve. Eleanour Clarke needs a vacation."

"About that there cannot be two opinions," replied Richard, with unconscious emphasis; there was almost an implication in the glance he cast at his wife,—so cool and composed, so redolent of summer idleness, of an infinity of doing nothing. He was instantly aware of it and ashamed.

"Of course it is very kind,—not to say Quixotic,—on your part, and there is no earthly reason why you should not invite Miss Clarke and her mother to visit you if you choose. I can easily procure a substitute,—if you had done me the honor to consult me," he ended, dryly.

"It was outrageous in me, of course," said Isabel, still meekly; "but you see I knew Miss Clarke would never consent,—in any other way,—and unless she could go as a paid companion, she would not feel she could go at all."

"Then pay her," said Richard.

Isabel shook her head, controlling a climbing knot in her throat. Was it necessary for him to make it so very obvious?

"It wouldn't work. Besides,—I really mean that I want to come. If you knew how tired I am of doing nothing,—do let me try, Richard!"

"There is no necessity for my wife to drudge through the summer either," observed masculine inconsistency stiffly. "If there were,—it would be quite another matter."

"There are different kinds of necessities. I admit I have taken an outrageous liberty, but—couldn't you stand me—just one month, Richard?"—the little laugh with which she said it ended, to her horror, in something like a sob, plainly audible to her own ear.

Richard was horrified in his turn. He had not caught the sob, but her words touched so very near the spring of his reluctance. He flushed as he hastily took up a paper and gazed with great intentness at it,—upside down.

"That, of course, doesn't enter; I should only be too honored—" Then his annoyance again overcame him. He flung down the paper. "But you must remember this is a place of business. I should much prefer to know you were enjoying yourself at the shore, and any professional typewriter—you must excuse me—would serve me quite as well."

"Better, no doubt," said Isabel, smiling resolutely; "but—you said last week this was the dull time. I promise not to be troublesome in any way. Won't you let me at least try?"

"You couldn't possibly stand the commuting."

"I don't intend to; I think you find it rather hard yourself. It would be much better only to go down Saturdays."

"You forget that the house is closed and the servants gone."

"We don't want them; I've thought of all that. Do please let me arrange—"

"There are the children—"

"They will be perfectly well and happy. Miss Clarke will telephone every day, and we shall have Sundays with them."

Satterlee was silent; there was indeed nothing left to say. He glanced moodily at his wife's face, fresh and fair.

"One of her usual caprices," he thought, "and she will be heartily sick of it by the end of a week."

"Of course," he said, aloud, "if you put it that way, there is no more to be said."

"I may try?"

"You may try." He could not repress the slight shrug with which he acceded.

"Thank you," said Isabel, cordially. "Then I'll just finish this."

She bent her head above the machine, and Richard sat devouring his annoyance in silence, while his wife's fingers filled the room,—not with the steady click to which his ear was accustomed, but with positive little taps, very characteristic of Isabel, he thought. As he glanced at the industrious figure opposite, he bit his lip, smitten suddenly with the absurdity of the situation. It would be a singular experience to have her opposite him day after day, except across an elaborately appointed table. Of course, too, she would be more or less on his hands outside the office as well; not that she was



a woman to be much on any one's hand—he did her that justice, she was extremely independent,—but there would be none of her set, nor the children. After all, it might be better to commute.

Meanwhile Isabel typed steadily on, and as she did so another quality in her became evident—the rare, the golden quality of concentration. She knit her brows and wrestled silently with the unaccustomed legal phrases, bringing to the accomplishment of the task so much conscience that she partially forgot her husband's presence and the strained point of the situation. When at last she brought him the pile of neatly typed legal pages, it was almost without embarrassment, and she awaited his verdict like a child.

"Is there anything else?" she asked, glancing at the desk.

"No; you have been very industrious,—and you type very well indeed," he was forced into adding with some surprise.

"I shall do better with practice. Then, if there is really nothing more, I will go." She took up her big hat, pinned it on, and slowly drew on her gloves. "You were not coming down to-day?"

Richard hesitated, then seized the bait. "No; I want to look up some rulings."

Isabel nodded. "Would you like me to come up to-morrow? Miss Clarke will need all her time—oh, I forgot—will you please send her the exact train-time?—and I told her you would see them comfortably down."

Satterlee turned and looked with sudden kindness at his wife.

"No, don't come; I'll close up early to-morrow. I shall put you on your car, of course." He reached for his hat.

A moment later he stood looking after the car which bore his wife away, with some contrition.

"After all," he thought, "there aren't so many women of her set who would take the trouble. Of course the thing is going to be a confounded nuisance, but she doesn't realize that, and I needn't have been so beastly unsympathetic."

He was grateful to her again, as he walked up-town, for the breathing-space she had so opportunely furnished him—in which to look over the ground and collect himself. It was not until hours later that it occurred to him to wonder how she knew he was not intending to go down?

His compunction had lost nothing next day when he delivered his two charges into his wife's cordial hands. Whatever of embarrassment he might have felt in the rapid readjustment of relations, the night's reflection had restored to the man of the world his self-possession; he had cordially endorsed Isabel's invitation and made the journey delightful to his visitors. Mrs. Clarke was a fine, worn, elder edition of her daughter, and Satterlee watched, not without emotion, the brightening of their city-tired eyes when the blue waters bore them their first breath of sea air. In the girl's sigh he read a vast and pathetic expansion; some thin armor of manner fell suddenly away.

"Oh," she breathed, "it *was* good of Mrs. Satterlee to give us—to give my mother this chance!"

It *was* good of Isabel, Richard felt, when he consigned them to a greeting so cordial. The large guest-room had been filled with flowers by the children; Isabel herself had a thousand preoccupations for their comfort, and presently advanced as many charming prospects for their days. Under the spell of her entire naturalness, even Eleanor Clarke's constraint wore subtly away. It *was* certainly good of Isabel, thought Richard.

"It will do them no end of good,—and was no end good of you to think of it. I was a brute," he said that evening.

"I am glad you approve," she answered, quietly.

It was a novel experience to Isabel Satterlee to rise early for a definite purpose unconnected with the pursuit of pleasure, and once seated beside Richard in the train, she was conscious of an excitement she had not previously reckoned with. Under certain circumstances, to travel with one's own husband becomes the boldest of adventures.

Richard was half amusedly, half awkwardly alive to the oddity of the situation. To his masculine eyes his wife wore somehow a look of difference. He vaguely missed the plumes and furbelows and long skirts which became her so well; yet it occurred to him that she was looking usually distinguished.

"She is dressing the part," he decided, with some secret entertainment.

"You will want to go up to the house," he observed, as they emerged from the station after an almost silent journey. "I will put you in a cab and you can come down when you feel like it."

"No," said Isabel, quickly. "The house can wait; I am going to the office."

If this excellent promptness was expected to win approval, she was disappointed; it annoyed Richard instead. He felt the yoke settling about him, but he merely answered shortly:

"All right. I've got to hurry and look over some papers before a man comes." And straightway Isabel was a witness for the first time in her husband of that change, incomprehensible to the average woman and proportionally resented by her, which falls upon the man the moment he is face to face with his work, be that what it may;—the sudden banishing of the personal which leaves most women feeling cold.

Possibly Isabel was not an average woman, or possibly with this too she had reckoned, for she stepped into the elevator with unabated energy.

"Will you please tell me what you wish done first?" she asked, slipping off her hat and gloves and uncovering the typewriter with a despatch for which Richard was unprepared. The personal note had vanished also from her voice, and Richard, looking up, found her standing like a respectful subordinate awaiting orders. He repressed an inclination to laugh—she was taking the game so seriously; then he glanced at his papers and his business preoccupation returned.

"Can you take my dictation?" he asked, dubiously.

Isabel nodded. She sat down and drew towards her pencil and pad. Richard began dictating—slowly at first, then, as he became immersed, faster and faster, and Isabel with knit brows dotted and dashed after.

"Copy those out at once," he said, without looking up. "They want to catch the Chicago mail."

The morning wore away almost in silence. Once or twice Isabel referred a phrase, and from time to time she rose and laid a neat pile of pages on her husband's desk, which he acknowledged by a mute nod. The "man" came and was

introduced into the inner office. He happened to be of their set socially, and for a moment Richard looked a halting doubt whether to present him to Isabel or not, but she kept her head resolutely bent and ticked steadily on, and the gentleman departed without a glance in her direction. This first obliteration of her identity amused Isabel, but she soon found enough to do in wrestling with unfamiliar terms, and ceased to take note of the opening and closing of doors.

At noon Richard suddenly resumed human relations. He came and stood beside her; there was even a little smile in his eyes at her exaggerated industry. The day was hot, and damp curls of hair clung to Isabel's forehead; something of the spick-and-span freshness of the morning had departed from her aspect, but she typed steadily on. It occurred to Richard that he had never seen her look like this before.

"You don't have to work yourself to death," he said.

Isabel sat back and looked up at him. Then she laughed.

"I am having a splendid time," she said, and the zest of her eyes bore out the words. "Will you correct that, please?"

"After lunch. Where may I take you?"

"Nowhere; I'm going to lunch here." She rose as she spoke, and producing a dainty hamper, proceeded to open it. Richard hesitated between relief and courtesy.

"You can't live on sandwiches; you aren't used to it."

"I don't intend to," she answered, cheerfully, over her shoulder. In a twinkling she had spread a spotless napkin on the airiest of the broad window-ledge, and proceeded to set forth a dish of salad, bread-and-butter cut delicately thin, a couple of perfect peaches, and a pint bottle of claret. All that looked uncommonly good, it struck Richard hungrily, and he observed with a distinct disgust that it was obviously apportioned for but one.

"There!" said Isabel, with a cheerful nod, as she installed herself in the breezy window and drew forth a new magazine. "I shall cool off until my hour is up."

Richard smiled and went off without

further words; when the door had closed behind him, Isabel also smiled, a trifle subtly. She had expended much thought upon that lunch—for one.

Her husband meanwhile, walking towards his customary lunch-place, experienced a curiously compounded sentiment of relief and resentful surprise. Quite evidently he need not have worried as to her being a burden on his hands; she was well able to manage for herself—*uncommonly* able, apparently,—apparently, too, she meant to let him understand so. And of course this was very convenient;—nevertheless he recognized a duty towards her and should invite her to lunch and dine regularly. He would take her to dinner at the club to-night;—it would indeed be decidedly piquant to gather her first impressions of a legal career.

Having arrived at this conclusion, he had a recrudescence of the forenoon's unpleasant sensations when his wife promptly but graciously declined his invitation.

"You can't starve yourself," he insisted, rather sharply.

Isabel only smiled. She explained that she had "things" to do at the house, and passed him a formal promise to dine well—alone.

That house, to which he always made late and reluctant returns on such occasions as business detained him for the night, wore a pleasant difference to-night, of which he was sensitively conscious the moment he crossed the threshold. Without analyzing it, he accounted for it vaguely on the ground of feminine presence. The gas was burning low, the evening paper was spread readably, and a general lived-in air pervaded the rooms even in their summer undress. His own exhaled a seductive order and rest. Isabel, however, had already retired, and again he was not sure whether this was a relief or a disappointment.

There was something so completely unnatural in the situation that it kept him awake for a time. Vaguely he misgave that he was being made the subject of some kind of experiment, which he was prepared to resent in advance. Then he remembered that all kinds of notions were epidemic among women nowadays, and that probably Isabel had contracted a feverish germ of efficiency which might

be safely left to burn itself out. In this wise—since inevitable—conclusion he fell asleep.

The odor of newly made coffee saluted him desirably the next morning when he strolled into the breakfast-room, and Isabel smiled at him from a table temptingly set forth with coffee, rolls, and cream. Richard decided to invite himself to breakfast on the spot.

"That smells powerful good," he said, enviously. "Is there enough for two?"

"Dear, I'm afraid there isn't," replied Isabel, peering sympathetically into the pot. "And no hot water, either! Could you wait? You see, I naturally thought you would prefer the club. I can make you some to-morrow."

"Oh, don't trouble; it's not the slightest consequence," said Richard. He departed with an elaborately friendly nod, but feeling distinctly—and he recognized, unreasonably—hurt. Isabel, watching his tall figure down the path, smiled; then her eyes irrationally filled with tears.

She was at her desk, however, bright and busy, when her husband arrived.

"You are punctuality itself," he said, a trifle formally, as he passed to his.

And the morning and the evening made the second day.

They made also the third and fourth and a whole summer sequence after. Richard had been too proud to hint breakfast again, but his way lying through the breakfast-room, he strolled in the second morning with the air of one who expects nothing of destiny. *Two* cups and plates greeted him cheerfully this time, and Isabel nodded across a platter of his favorite melons. Richard unbent promptly.

"This is good," he said, with a sigh of satisfaction presently, giving himself up to the luxury of a second cup,—and he meant more than the coffee.

It was strangely pleasant to have his wife opposite him in the intimacy of a tête-à-tête; and this Isabel, trim and brisk in her business suit, waiting upon him herself, making the coffee with her own hands, and ordering him to get the sugar-bowl, was a different personality from the Isabel of the laced and flowing gowns who descended indifferently and late to a state breakfast.

"How much jollier it is without the

servants!" he exclaimed. "I have an unholy feeling of taking liberties with my own house,—don't you?"

"I am just finding out what a nice house it is," said Isabel, with conviction.

Life became a constant "finding out" to her as the days wore on.

She did her work well and with few words. And her improvement was rapid. She had already travelled a long way in her grasp of his world since the day when she confided him her awakened sympathy for two of his clients—John Doe and Richard Roe—and her sometime wonder that any two men could achieve so many kinds of trouble. They had made a great deal of history together since then. *Together*—that was the key-word—the great thing; this common bond of *little* things knitting their days in one. To Isabel it was as if for the first time she were living with her husband. Not wifehood, nor motherhood, had brought her this as a continuous experience; those had brought consummate moments, after which Richard drifted away and left her stranded in an outer world, or in an inner corner of the real world outside. But this—

It moved her with a great compunction, and she went, on her next visit to S—, and sought out Eleanour Clarke sitting apart on the shore. The ex-secretary was prettier with every week, the rose and tan of the sea and sun vivifying her delicate face. It was Isabel who looked a trifle dragged, if either of them, as Richard found himself remarking at lunch with a movement of sympathy.

"The children are looking splendidly," said Isabel. "How am I ever to thank you? And you—do you find time heavy on your hands? Are you sure you do not want to go back?"

"Not now," Eleanour answered her. "Just at first I did. I am used, you see, to working steadily. But it has meant a great deal to me—this rest and time to think things out. I was a little worn, I think, and for mother this has been like a miracle." She hesitated a moment, then lifted her eyes with grave directness to Isabel. "I want to thank you—*now*, Mrs. Satterlee."

Isabel did not speak; she was profoundly moved.

"And you, Mrs. Satterlee?" asked Eleanour Clarke, quietly.

"I," said Isabel—"I am just beginning to live."

They were silent after this, looking out over the rocks to the breadth of blue sea. When they returned to the house presently, talking, as women will, of trivial things, each was sentient of an unspoken knowledge between them—the foundation of one of those friendships which men deny to women, and of which, in fact, only a few, either of men or women, are capable, since its essential condition is a high reserve.

Isabel awoke the following Monday with a keen sense of anticipation. She looked forward alike to the office routine and the informal housekeeping, and sank into the car-seat with a sigh of satisfaction.

"What a comfort to get rid of that eternal commuting!" exclaimed Richard, as he drew down the car-blind. "We don't have to do this for another week."

Isabel's conscience registered a pang for all her husband's years of commuting. She was learning to weigh with some wonder and more respect the stores of masculine patience and good-will annually consumed in this sacrifice on the family altar, as she encountered Richard's many fellow victims, perspiring but devoted, rushing to and from the town.

Meanwhile Richard, adaptable as man is, and straightforwardly made as man is also, had accepted the *status quo* with final ease and simplicity. Twenty times a day (it was perhaps the finest compliment he paid her) he spoke to her, put into her hand or took from it a paper, issued a brief command, as if she had been the machine she operated; but on the twenty-first he addressed her with such an explicit note of personality as had been absent from his voice and eye for long. Occasionally her inexperience drew from him a quick impatience, and Isabel silently swallowed these small surprises, bethinking herself she was official.

Eventually she came to pay him back in his own coin, and this the man found distinctly unfit. On the first occasion he looked up with a quick frown, but the sight of Isabel's unconscious head and flying fingers set him smiling suddenly over his papers.

He came back early from lunch this



Monday (he was always coming back early nowadays), and surprised this ardent worker asleep in her chair, her book fallen to the floor. Richard smiled as he picked it up—it was *Biles on Bills*—and with it in his hand he stood contemplating his wife. The day had been scorching, and there were slight dark circles under her eyes and a suggestion of pallor—just that faint, ennobling hallmark which says so clearly, “I have labored.” It stirred Richard with a kind of tenderness which would have been out of place towards the brilliant and unfatigued Isabel of other days, and he bent and kissed his wife’s hair, very lightly, but at the touch she opened her eyes, and started bolt upright at sight of her husband’s face.

“I have kept you waiting!” she exclaimed, with mortification. “I had fallen asleep!”

“Don’t you think you might let up a little on this?” replied her husband. “You are fagged out.”

Isabel knew an instant foolish and feminine pang for appearances, but she rallied stoutly.

“I am not in the least tired; it was only the heat.”

“Well, wait one moment.” Her husband laid two detaining hands on her shoulders. “You don’t go back to that desk until— At least, I beg your pardon,” he added, awkwardly, removing his hands and coloring, “but won’t you promise to dine with me to-night? You never saw a roof-garden, did you? We will go and refresh ourselves in a cool corner I know; is it agreed?”

Isabel hesitated one moment.

“It is agreed,” she said, and rising quickly, went over to the desk. But all the afternoon’s sober routine could not bar out a little subconscious anticipation, which now and again brought their eyes together with a laugh at their own youth.

They fared forth that evening as gayly as two children to the garden in the sky, where a river breeze blew and where, in spite of the gayety about them, or because of it, they were deliciously withdrawn and secluded in their cool corner. They were both honestly tired with their day’s work, and gave themselves up with relief to the repose and unrestraint of the

hour. At first they scarcely talked at all; it was entertainment enough to sit and watch their fellow diners; but later they talked a great deal, smiling over the humors of the scene and exchanging sympathies over the pathos of the common humanity about them, till, driven back by this to their own immediate life share, they fell into discussion of Richard’s impending cases. Last of all, over his cigar and her coffee, they fell into a silence which was also best of all. In one of its moments, Richard, glancing across at his wife’s face, knew suddenly that this was what he had dreamed of all his life—this companionship which was as far from society as it was from solitude, which was, indeed, a kind of companioned solitude. And he had a passionate moment of gratitude that it was his wife who sat there, not another.

“Are you still so warm?” said Isabel, smiling at his flushed cheeks.

But Richard, signalling the waiter, made himself very busy with the ridiculously small bill, to which he added a lavish tip, and his smile was for once as subtle as a woman’s.

“I haven’t had so much fun for my money in years,” he said.

“Nor I—”

“Then why not every night?”—he caught up the admission quickly. “I know so many jolly places—and you know nothing of the city. Do!”

“You really want me?”

He did not answer, but he looked at her.

From that time a new life began for them. They dined together nightly, wandering inconstantly as the mood impelled them, and wondering as constantly at the resources of the cosmic city. That well-regulated institution the club saw them but seldom. It was a surprise to her husband, but a far greater to Isabel herself, to find how rich was her endowment of adaptability—that precious capacity for living, so much rarer in women than in men, so rare in high degree in either. It made her an essentially good comrade, bringing to all their little adventures that wide-eyed interest and tolerant capacity for small pleasures which render the society of some beings an eternal feast. Under it all she was learning.



Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

FROM THAT TIME A NEW LIFE BEGAN FOR THEM



Men whom she had hitherto associated solely with the champagne frappé of idle dinner-tables she met now working like steam-engines and solacing hurried lunches with the homelier beverage of beer,—and she took the discovery for symbolic. Everywhere so much more malt,—so much less fizz than she had dreamed! And everywhere man, on the whole, a better and a simpler animal than he shows to be in drawing-rooms. She wondered anew at the eternal disadvantage of this meeting-ground of the sexes.

The remainder of the summer ran away with appalling swiftness, punctuated by visits to riotous babies and an ex-secretary who grew prettier every week. One day Richard, coming into the office, laid a paper on his wife's desk.

"What is it?" she asked, abstractedly.

"Your salary; I forgot it till now."

To his amusement she took it up soberly and looked at it a long time.

"Well," he said, quizzically, "how does it feel to earn your bread by the sweat of your brow?"

"It feels very good. Have I really earned all that?"

"All that!" Richard could not suppress a smile. He recollected other checks in the past. "Yes,—it is honest money,—you have earned every cent of it. You make a very capable private secretary; I will give you a recommendation any time."

"Thank you," said Isabel, seriously. She laid the check aside and resumed her typing; but Richard continued to lean on the desk, looking down at her.

"Next Tuesday is the 15th; does it seem possible! You will want to go down, of course,—and I suppose Miss Clarke will be ready to return?"

"Yes,—I suppose she will be ready."

"And you—you will be *more* than ready?"

Isabel struck two keys together; she waited deliberately to disentangle them before she replied.

"Don't talk to me now, Richard; you are making me make a dreadful mess of this Latin. Wait till lunch-time."

He smiled, fidgeted restlessly for a few moments, and finally put on his hat and went out. The Latin came to an abrupt standstill, and Isabel, with a long breath, leaned back in her chair.

It had come at last!—and she was ready for it; but this moment of extra preparation had seemed nevertheless as necessary as the gathering together which precedes a spring. It had come,—but how little as she had foreseen! She sprang up and began to pace the office floor with quick, excited steps. What a tragic farce it all had been! She smiled to herself now, remembering how she had girded herself and gone forth to heroic conquest,—where scarce an effort had been required. Her husband's heart had come home to hers as if opportunity had been all it sought. There was almost an element of the ludicrous in it. Was it possible, she asked herself, that there *was* no marriage question, after all?—that all that was needed was to be *married enough*?—that what men craved in a wife *was*, first, last, and always—a comrade? A comrade, it is true, capable of all, capable of those breathless moments which are the mortal's nearest reach to immortality, and of that tender maternity which extends from a man's children to himself, but capable consummately of comradeship, of loving a man's work, his life, his play, because it is all his? Was it possible that nothing else was needed?—and that nothing less would serve?

It was not necessary that every woman should enter her husband's office to learn this,—but neither, surely, could such a bond ever exist between the worker and the parasite. She put it aside as a doubt to be resolved in the larger future whether such a bond were possible, either, between the worker and the working drudge,—whether the happiest "domestic" marriage in the world did not leave long reaches in the man's existence which the merely domestic woman could not fill, yet which must inexorably be filled, if not by one means, then by another.

So far from the man's point of view;—there remained the woman's! She walked restlessly up and down the room. Now she wished her husband would return,—now that she was quite ready. And she wished, irrationally, for the babies. On the strength of this longing she rang them up over the long-distance telephone, and when their voices chirped in her ear, she laughed with her eyes full of tears. It did her good, however, and she went and stood quietly looking down at her

husband's desk with its files of paper and cumbered pigeonholes. It seemed a lifetime ago that she had sat there twirling the yellow strips and wondering about Richard's world—*Richard's* world!

He had come in so quietly that she did not hear him till he spoke beside her.

"Marvelling at the admired disorder of my desk?"

"The children are going clamming, Richard."

"And you wish you were? Poor child!"

"Richard, there is something I want to tell you."

"That you are homesick? Well, I can't blame you. You've stuck it out splendidly, but, of course—" His voice somehow did not sound quite natural.

He too had been preparing himself, telling himself that the end had come; that of course he had always known it couldn't last; it had been a glorious resurrection, but of course it couldn't last. He must make up his mind to lose the new-found comrade in the old Isabel, as was inevitable with the return of the old habits of life, demands of the old imperious preoccupations. And his duty—the least return he could make her—was to be gracious and reasonable about it.

"You asked me this morning if I wanted to go down to S——."

"No, excuse me. I said of course you *did* want to."

"Well, I don't. No, please, Richard; let me speak." She began to pace the floor again nervously; then, ashamed of that nervousness, stopped with dignity in front of her husband and went on with quiet energy.

"Richard, when I came into the office, it was for—well, it was for personal reasons; it doesn't matter what they were, for they no longer exist; but it's enough to say that I wanted to get nearer you and understand your life. We seemed to have drifted away. That was my real reason for wanting to work. No, *don't* speak! I haven't finished, and you won't like the rest so well. I don't know how to make you understand, Richard, but now I care so much for the *work*

that I'm afraid I shall have to go on working."

*He* was walking up and down now, with quick, impatient steps. He stopped at last, facing his wife, and gazed intently at the kindled face, the figure so full of health and suppressed energy.

"I understand—I understand perfectly; what I never *did* understand is how women of your type endure their lives. And you can't think I don't wish it were possible to go on this way always? It has been—well, no matter what it has been. The point is, we can't relive our lives, and I'm afraid, dear, it is too late! For one thing, there are the children."

"Yes, thank Heaven, there *are* the children," said their mother, with vigor; "I'll do better by them than I was done by. The baby shall have a profession, for one thing."

Richard smiled, then grew grave again.

"But it is useless to pretend they need me every minute. They are busy all day long; that's why they are so well and jolly. I could breakfast with them, lunch with them, dine with them, have all their leisure hours with them; I don't do more than that now. *Everybody* is busy except me, and the time has come when I have got to be busy too—really busy, not play busy."

Richard, looking into her eyes, was suddenly dazzled by what he saw there. The old Isabel, then, was gone? She need not return? She could not, indeed, return! The bright new comrade, the equal friend, need not be lost? In an instant he had the vision, and it led him down the whole vista of their lives. He too asked himself suddenly if possibly *this* was what marriage meant—was what life meant?

He took his wife's hands in his.

"Stay with me, Isabel," and quiet as his tone was, it had not been more passionately urgent when first he asked it of her. "Stay with me—if you can. Study with me, read law with me, work with me,—do whatever you will,—but stay with me if you can!"

"I can—gladly," said Isabel, with the old humorous smile, above which her eyes sent a ray of deepest tenderness.



# Mississippi Sketches

BY THORNTON OAKLEY

IT was New Orleans; it was the afternoon, and the hour was near for departure of the steamboat. The sun flamed down as though the sky were the open door of a furnace, and the levee quivered with the heat. To the right and to the left stretched a long vista of cotton-bales, and beyond the rows of bales lay the packets, their smoke-stacks—tall and lean, ribbed with white and topped by bell-shaped grills of wrought iron—reaching up into the blue sky full of floating clouds. Here and there were groups of negroes stretched out on the cotton-bales and basking in the torrid glare. Their shirts were stripped open and their black bodies glistened with streaming sweat. The air was full of the smell of the cotton. Huge rents gaped in the coarse sacking, and the gushing cotton littered the levee like snow.

I saw the captain of our steamboat among the sprawling black figures, trying to rouse them to work. He was a large, stout man, and his face was congested with heat. He alternately fanned himself with a palm-leaf fan and mopped his forehead with a blue cambric handkerchief. The back of his linen coat was wet with sweat; it clung tight to his shoulders, and you could see his sus-

penders through it. He passed among the lounging negroes with a curious mixture of Southern contempt for the black man and a desire for his help to load the boat. "You lazy niggers you!" he was saying, "who wants to work?"

The rousters scarcely heeded him; they shook their heads and grinned. Suddenly the captain burst forth into a torrent of curses and abuse, and the result was immediate. The grins disappeared. A huge negro, with a small bulletlike head, distended nostrils, and leaping muscles, got up from the cotton-bales. One by one the other rousters roused themselves, threw aside their tattered coats, shook off the cotton fibre, and in a little while a stream of freight was pouring from the

levee to the decks of the *Sarah Lane*.

The mate, a powerful man, with his sleeves rolled back from his hairy arms, stood upon the forecastle of the packet, cracking a whip and shouting oaths and orders. To and fro, in a steady, endless chain, the rousters swung with hulking strides. They had become, as it were, mere beasts of burden, and the imprecations of the mate drove them forward like toiling animals.

I believe that all the curses that can be found throughout the South were on



HARKENS, THE MATE

the tip of the mate's tongue, and when he yelled them fiercely at the toiling negroes they leaped to work as though he had laid his lash across their shoulders. The rouser, they say, has no respect for the mate who cannot swear. The mild man who would request the negro politely to "hurry up" would probably be

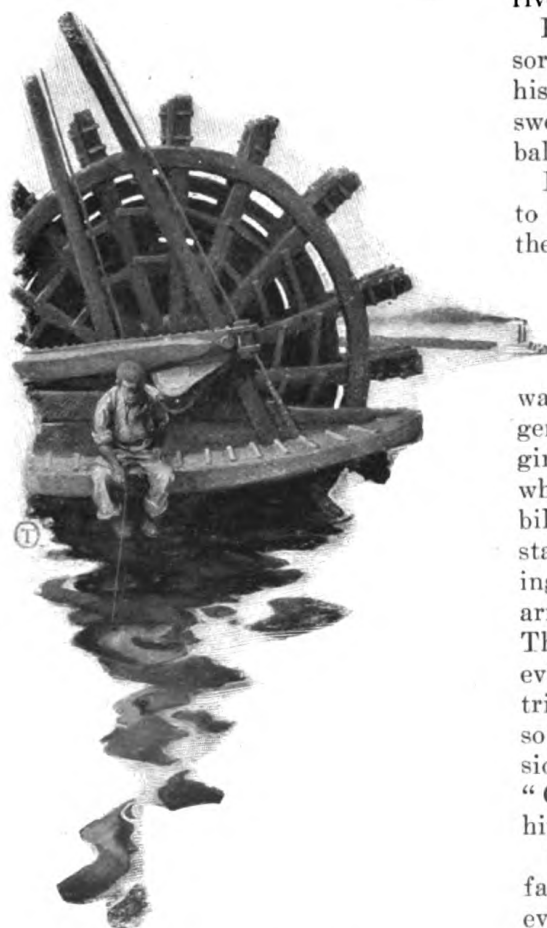
with cotton that from the shore she seemed a floating mountain, the captain chanced to have such a slave-driving brute as mate. The roustabouts worked sullenly a day or two, then informed the captain that at the next landing either they or the mate would have to leave the boat. In the cotton season the roustabouts are, after all, the lords of the river, so the mate went.

But our mate was of exactly the right sort, so he raved and cursed and smacked his whip, and the black man toiled and sweated, until the last box and the final bale were safe aboard.

By this time the passengers had begun to arrive. As two of them stepped upon the gangplank over which the half-naked roustabouts were swarming, the mate was hurling oaths at a lagging black. They were a young couple, obviously unused to the ways of travel. The young man staggered under three huge valises; the girl was small and prim, and carried a white parasol. At the mate's flow of billingsgate she drew back with wide, startled eyes. "Andrew," she said, laying her hand upon the young man's arm, "we can never go on this boat!" The young man shifted his valises; he evidently was reluctant to give up his trip. "Oh," he said, "I guess it won't be so bad; let's try it." But another explosion from the mate decided the girl. "Come," she said, firmly, and she led him back across the dusty levee.

The sun had set; the garish colors had faded away into dull grays, and a cool evening breeze began to blow from off the river. The quaint smoke-stacks of the waiting steamboats now stood black against the clear sky, and the arc-lights on the wharf began to glint and splutter. Then, as the red disk of the moon floated up above the distant shore, the *Sarah Lane* slipped away from her moorings, and cotton-bales and levee and town drifted slowly away into a dim perspective like other things that have passed into a memory.

When I came out on deck the next morning everything was vivid with life and color. The hot sunlight streamed down upon a noisy throng of negroes in the forecastle. Gaudy handkerchiefs

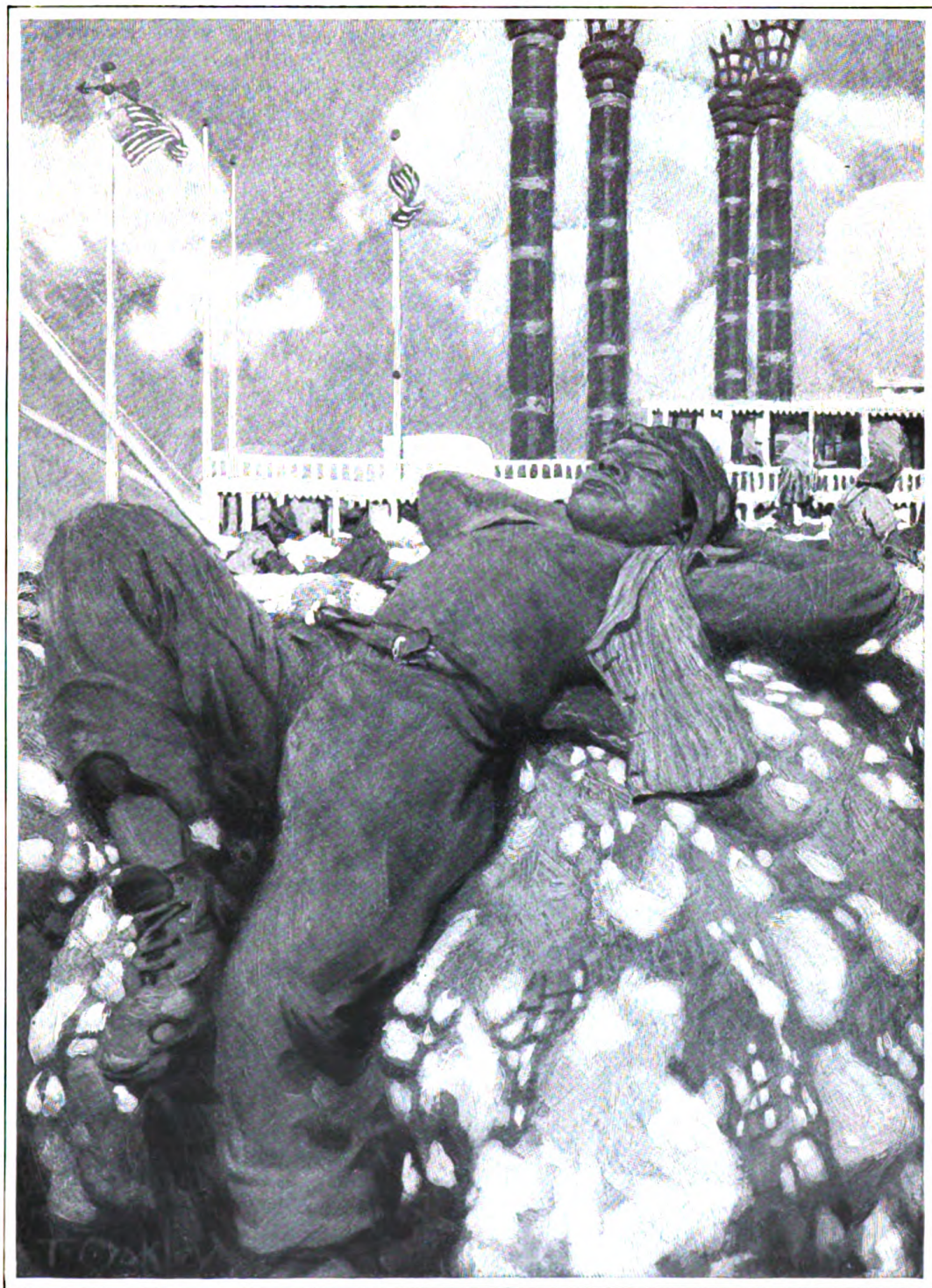


FISHING FROM THE STERN WHEEL

left with all his freight waiting on the wharf. The driver who would affect the brutality of the slavery days, and who would kick and beat the toiling roustabouts, would find himself in a little while left with nobody to work for him; but a big, roaring, cursing, whip-cracking fellow like our mate appears to stimulate the blood and tone up the nerves of the black man so that he will load a packet full of cotton in no time.

Once, while coming down the river in the busy fall, the *Sarah Lane* so piled





STRETCHED OUT, BASKING IN THE TORRID GLARE

tied about heads, necks, and waists flared like flames of color. Their skins glistened as though they had been oiled. We were pushing steadily up against the swift and muddy stream, the engines were clanging rhythmically, and the steam-pipes were puffing out volumes of white vapor. Smoke poured from the grilled tops of the towering, striped stacks in dense black clouds. Down on the fore-castle were piled the checkered cotton-bales, and here and there shone out the bright blue heads of molasses-barrels. A ring of rousters in the bow were snapping their fingers and clapping and stamping while a strapping young fellow

in a green shirt danced a lively jig. Another negro, with a curious leer upon his apelike face, was jesting vulgarly, to a chorus of loud guffaws.

A young fellow, a fellow passenger, was leaning upon the rail beside me, looking upon the scene below. He told me to watch and he would show me some sport. He drew a dime out of his pocket. He waved his arm to attract the attention of the negroes down upon the lower deck, and then he flung the coin. It fell tinkling, and rolled between two cotton-bales. With yells, the negroes rushed at it tumultuously, piling over one another, a tangled mass of waving

arms and legs, whence issued muffled groans and grunts. Then, suddenly, the mass dissolved again into a mob of rousters, gaping up at us with rolling yellow eyes and heaving chests and dilated nostrils. Another piece of silver twinkled in the air and fell among them. Leaping and grabbing, the negroes snatched at the falling coin, then plunged again into a heap.

By this time others of the passengers had heard the noise and the scuffling, and soon quite a crowd was gathered along the rail. A shower of change began to fall upon the deck below and into the crowd of now half-frantic blacks.

It was a comical spectacle. A little while before, the negroes had been quietly



ANOTHER PIECE OF SILVER FELL AMONG THEM





A DIFFICULT LANDING FIFTEEN FEET ABOVE OUR UPPER DECK

busied about their own affairs; a handful of cheap silver had fallen among them, and in less than a minute their small world was transformed into a pandemonium. I have heard it said that the same phenomenon occurs sometimes on the Stock Exchange.

Suddenly there was a blast from the *Sarah Lane's* whistle. We were approaching a landing. Harkens, the mate, strode out upon the forecastle like a tamer of wild beasts. He snapped his whip into a crack like a pistol-shot. "You — — — baboons! Hoist your starboard plank! Get out your head line there, you grinning ape, you!"

The comedy was over; down fell the curtain, and the routine of work began again.

I remember this was a difficult landing. The bank was a naked cliff of slime and ooze, and rose fifteen feet above our upper deck. The gangplank, raised on

end as steeply as it was possible to climb, reached up scarcely two-thirds of the way. Two roustabouts climbed out upon it with the huge noose of a heavy rope, and before the packet had touched the land, sprang off upon the mud—gripping the treacherous earth with prehensile toes. Struggling and slipping, the ground crumbling beneath their feet, they finally gained the top and tugged the heavy hawser to the nearest tree. Then the *Sarah Lane*, her exhaust-pipes roaring out hissing jets of steam, was tied like some huge amphibian monster to the crumbling bank. The staging was lowered against the steep shore, and the roustabouts swarmed out with axe and shovel, and soon a muddy path was hewn to the top of the bluff. Ashes were dumped about to insure a firmer foothold, and all was ready to unload the freight.

Harkens, the mate, whip in hand, stood on the brink, and the thunder of his



cursing rolled above our heads. The captain was on the top deck, but, save a few sharp orders to the pilot, took no part in the debarkation. He wisely left the management of the negroes to the mate.

rope in front, and four more pushing from behind, it started on its uncertain journey up the incline. We passengers watched it as it ascended, slowly, cautiously, inch by inch. Suddenly a rouster slipped, and, in a shower of mud and slime, fell with a splash into the yellow water. A woman screamed. The captain smiled. The rousters on board shrieked and howled with laughter. The mate ignored the incident and continued cursing the men who still struggled up the plank. The water was shallow, and presently the fallen negro, after floundering to the boat, climbed, dripping and grinning, to the deck.

But now the crate had reached the top, and was carried by the staggering, grunting blacks into the rude wooden shed which projected a lonely roof above the wall of mud.

At landings such as this the freight receives rough usage. On the *Sarah Lane* there was a little, weazened white man who was always running about with a hammer and a box of nails and a needle and thread, nailing broken lids of boxes and sewing up torn bags. But though he could mend, he could not avert disaster. Once I saw a rouster swing a sack of flour upon his head, and as he swung it, it burst open, and a deluge of white meal enveloped him like a cloud of snow. Another time I saw a negro, as he lifted a molasses-barrel, knock its head against a stanchion, and the next instant become a streaming, sticky mass. I remember

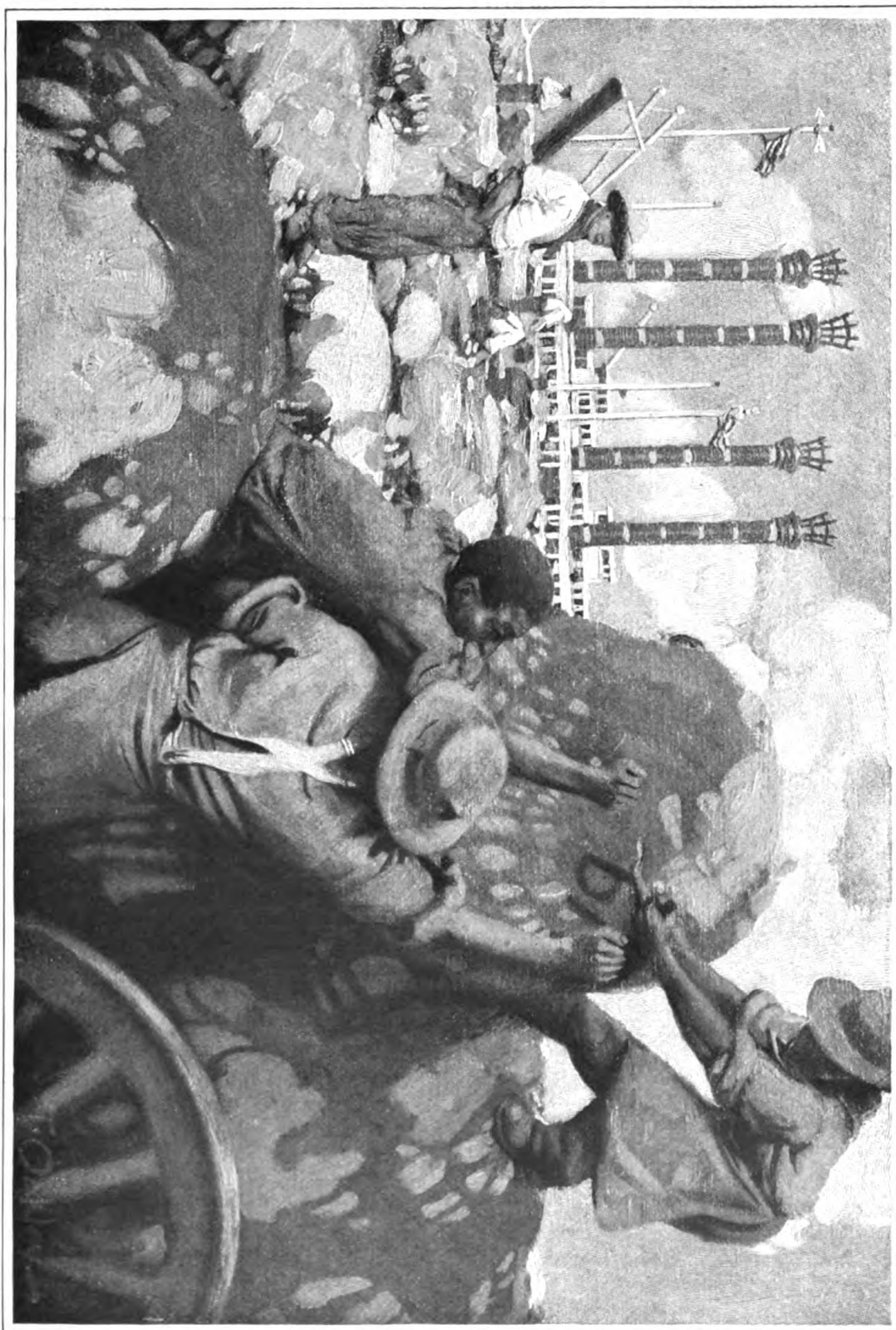
upon this occasion how a burst of oaths from Harkens cut short the loud-tongued merriment of the other roustabouts at the sweet mishap of their fellow.



T.O.

CONSTANTLY SEWING UP TORN BAGS

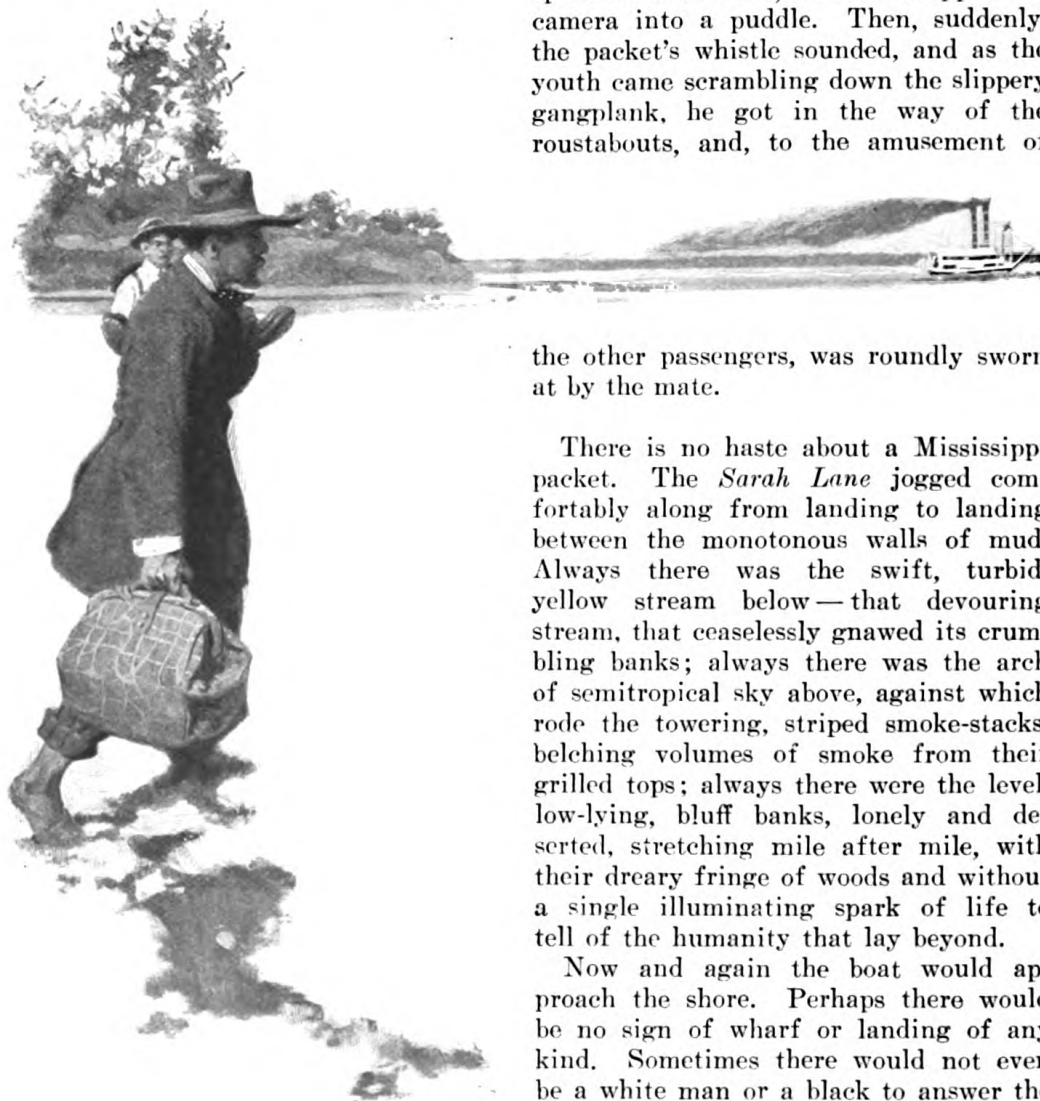
A huge, bulging crate was separated from the bulk of freight, and to it a rope was lashed. It was raised upon the shoulders of eight staggering blacks. Then, with ten rousters hauling upon the



ROUSTERS HANDLING FREIGHT ALONGSIDE A STEAM-PACKET

Often, while the *Sarah Lane* lay moored beside some clumsy wharf or miry bank, I was tempted to go ashore, to escape for a moment the narrow quarters of the deck and to mingle with the strag-

group of buxom mammies with gaudy kerchiefs and aprons of red and yellow checks. He repented of his rashness. His polished boots sank deep into the mire; his newly creased trousers were splashed with mud, and he dropped his camera into a puddle. Then, suddenly, the packet's whistle sounded, and as the youth came scrambling down the slippery gangplank, he got in the way of the roustabouts, and, to the amusement of



FLOUNDERING OUT ACROSS THE MUD

gling crowd of idlers that had perchance collected to greet the steamboat. But my courage never rose to the actual point of debarkation, and I contented myself with watching the tribulations of the few more venturesome passengers.

At one mud-bank landing the youthful passenger who had been throwing money to the roustabouts bravely climbed ashore with his kodak, evidently attracted by the pictorial possibilities of a

the other passengers, was roundly sworn at by the mate.

There is no haste about a Mississippi packet. The *Sarah Lane* jogged comfortably along from landing to landing between the monotonous walls of mud. Always there was the swift, turbid, yellow stream below—that devouring stream, that ceaselessly gnawed its crumbling banks; always there was the arch of semitropical sky above, against which rode the towering, striped smoke-stacks, belching volumes of smoke from their grilled tops; always there were the level, low-lying, bluff banks, lonely and deserted, stretching mile after mile, with their dreary fringe of woods and without a single illuminating spark of life to tell of the humanity that lay beyond.

Now and again the boat would approach the shore. Perhaps there would be no sign of wharf or landing of any kind. Sometimes there would not even be a white man or a black to answer the blast of the packet's whistle, and to receive the single package that would, maybe, be dropped upon the edge of the seeming wilderness. At another time, you would see, from a mile or so downstream, a flag or handkerchief waving from a pole, and a solitary figure standing beside it. Sometimes it would take the boat half an hour to make a landing such as this, but I never knew it to fail to take aboard its passenger.

Once we glided up to a low bar of mud but recently deposited by the Mississippi, and stretching out a mile or so from shore. This time we were not able to

reach real terra-firma, so the gangplank was lowered to the strip of mud. For some time there was no sign of a passenger, or of freight to be unloaded, and I wondered why we were waiting. But in about a half an hour two passengers came floundering out across the mud. They had signalled the packet from the shore, but had not started across the mire until they were certain that the boat would stop for them.

At every official landing where we dropped freight you would see a buxom negro wench, or maybe two or three, bedecked with gaudy feathered hats and flirting ribbons. They were there to see and to be seen; gabbling volubly in strident, high-pitched jargon, laughing shrilly, and calling cadently now and then to some rouser or other, toiling and sweating under the ever-watchful eye of the mate. They would stand watching the toiling negroes till the last barrel would be rolled, or the last bale tumbled ashore. Then, with the end of the task, would come an instant of relaxation; a louder noise of gabbling voices, with the deeper masculine tones running through the shriller feminine falsetto; a flashing of white teeth, and loud yah-yahs of laughter.

Then the great whistle would give a sudden blast, and there would be a swift parting—maybe a hug and the smack of a kiss, and a minute later a widening stretch of water, with the landing drifting rapidly away, and the gaudy, black-faced figures waving a farewell.

Several of the rousers were specially favored upon these occasions, and after a while some of the passengers got to betting who of the black men had the most sweethearts ashore. Two of them easily led the others—one, a striking youth, with high forehead, strong jaw, and a lithe, supple figure; the other, older, misshapen, huge, with knotted muscles and apelike arms and the strength of a gorilla.

At every landing one or the other, and sometimes both, of them greeted some dusky damsel. Now one and now the other led the race. Then, suddenly, the contest ended, for at one landing four swarthy maidens surrounded the black Apollo. Beauty had triumphed over strength.

It was midnight, and I stood upon the upper deck gazing into the mysterious blackness which enveloped the throbbing steamer. We were approaching a landing, and suddenly the white search-light flashed out into the velvet darkness. It fell upon the near-by shore, and in an instant there stood out, as upon a black curtain, a vision of waving trees and of a group of dilapidated shanties, among which black figures were fitting. Then, as we glided slowly by, these disappeared, and into the circle of light there slid the image of a little levee, rising pale and ghostly out of the black river, clear-cut against the darkness. It was silent and deserted save for one solitary figure guarding the mass of waiting freight.

So we slid mysteriously to our moorings, the heavy gangplank was swung out, and the negroes swarmed into the area of still, white light. Back and forth they toiled across the levee, casting black, distorted shadows, and the hill of freight ashore crumbled away. Then, as a bell clanged harshly, the last barrel was rolled on board; there was a tinkle of an answering bell ringing in the engine-room, a wheeze and groan of the engines, a sigh from the steam-pipes; the great paddle-wheel astern began to beat the water noisily; the spluttering search-light vanished and we glided out again into the mystery of the night. It was like a sudden vision of unreality, seen for a minute in the present, then in a minute swallowed up into the past.

So lives the Mississippi steamboat, a straggler in the march of time. Where once the river teemed with packets, a single steamer may now and then be seen threading her lazy way through tortuous, ever-changing channels. Inland, beyond the levee, the iron band of the railroad has conquered, but between the levee and the river, on that narrow strip of land, ever crumbling, ever building, the railroad dare not venture. From this vestige of former empire the wandering packet gathers tribute. This is her domain. Here she, a creature of the past, dare flaunt herself, outworn and archaic in the face of progress.

She is the daughter of the Father of Waters.

# Amarina's Roses

BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

IN the deep yard in front of and in the deep garden behind the old Deering house was a marvellous growth of roses. There were all the old-fashioned varieties. There were the sweetbrier, the hundred-leaved, the white, the deep red, the Scotch blush roses, prairie roses, and rose peonies—which last are, of course, not roses, but may reasonably be considered gigantic symbolisms of them. Amarina herself was a marvel. She had a wonderful blondness, although she tanned instead of freckled in the sun. But there was something about that soft creaminess of tint which her skin—as that of her foremothers' had done—assumed in the summer-time which had a beauty beyond that of mere pink and pearl. Through this creamy tint was always to be seen on the cheeks a flush of rose; and her eyes, which were brown, shaded into the cream, and her lips were crimson. There had been many intermarriages in the Deering family. Amarina's own parents had been distantly related, but she was an instance of endurance instead of degeneration. She was as perfect as one of the roses in her garden, which had come of the reproduction of many generations of bloom. Amarina had outlived her immediate family, and lived alone with an aged great-aunt and two old servants. She was nearly thirty, and had never had a lover. But it was not held in the least to Amarina Deering's discredit that she remained single, for it was universally conceded that there was nobody in the village who could have aspired to her hand without presumption. She was set up on a pedestal like some goddess, and if she realized a loneliness thereon nobody knew it, for she had the pride of her family.

Amarina's great-aunt was very old, but she seemed to have attained a pause of longevity at the summit of her hill of years, and time now seemed to make no further impression upon her. She was

dim-sighted, dim of comprehension, and very hard of hearing, as she had been for years; she had never been married. Living with Amarina's great-aunt Margaret Deering was scarcely like living with an animated person, but the girl was fond of her, and tended her with the greatest care.

Amarina at almost thirty was to the full as lovely as at eighteen. People said that she did not change in the least. And in truth there was little difference. She looked as truly the same as the new roses which appeared blooming on the perennial stalks of the old ones in the garden every June.

However, when Amarina neared thirty she began to think of putting on caps.

All women, as a rule, of that age wore caps. One summer afternoon she got out some fine old lace and muslin, and sat on the porch beside her great-aunt fashioning a cap. The old woman cast a glance at the filmy stuff which Amarina was manipulating.

Amarina answered the look as she would have answered a question; she had come to understand her aunt's silences as she would have understood speech. "I am getting near thirty, Aunt Margaret," said she, "and I thought I might as well be getting some caps ready." She laughed as she said it,—and there was not the slightest bitterness in her laugh, which was that of one amused with Time while she makes concessions to him. The old woman looked away from Amarina and the cap, and her eyes took on an odd blank of remembrance.

Amarina continued to gather the lace and sew it to the muslin. She wore that day a lemon-colored muslin gown, and her fair hair fell in curls all over her neck and shoulders. Out of them looked her round face, slightly browned by the sun, with the rose-flush on the cheeks, and the brown eyes which still regarded the



world and life itself with the surprise and trust of youth.

Suddenly a man entered the gate at the end of the yard and came up the path between the rose-bushes and rose peonies which bordered it. Amarina glanced from her work at him with a gentle surprise. The old aunt did not seem to see him at all. She was trying to recall her own first cap, which she had donned at thirty.

The man approached the porch; he lifted his hat and spoke quite familiarly, with a pleasant, almost mischievous laugh. "All the pink roses are in bloom in the yard," said he, "but the one yellow one blooms on the porch."

Amarina arose and confronted him with a slight hauteur. "Sir?" said she.

"Then you have forgotten me," said the stranger. "Well, I will forgive you; there are many bees, but only one rose."

"I will admit that you have the advantage of me, sir," Amarina said in her sweet, slightly formal manner.

"Well, why should you remember?" replied the man. "It was ten years ago that we met, but the years have flown over your head like a flock of humming-birds. I am Alonzo Fairwater."

A flash of recognition came into Amarina's eyes. Alonzo Fairwater was the distant cousin of her one girl friend, Alicia Day, who lived three miles away in a tiny suburb of the village, which was named for her family—"Day Corner." It was seldom that Amarina saw Alicia, since she herself was kept at home by the care of her aged aunt, and Alicia was away the greater part of the year in the city. She was a beauty and a belle. Some called her handsomer than Amarina, although she too had never married.

Amarina curtsied, and motioned Alonzo Fairwater to a chair. "Yes," she said, "I beg your pardon. I remember you now; but ten years is a long time."

"Not for you," replied Alonzo Fairwater, seating himself, with eyes of open admiration upon the girl's face.

"You are visiting at Alicia's?" said Amarina, again with a slightly haughty air.

The young man explained his presence with an odd eagerness. It seemed that he was out of health, and country air had been recommended, and he had

come on a visit to the Day homestead. Alicia was away, as Amarina knew, but Alonzo said that she was to return the next day. He touched very lightly upon the subject of Alicia, but said a great deal about the beauty of the village and the sweetness and health-giving properties of the air.

As the two sat there, with the silent great-aunt in the background, a young man crossed the front yard with a rake over his shoulder. He cast one glance, which was almost surly, toward the group on the porch, and only dipped his head slightly in response to Amarina's salutation, which was as marked as if he had been any gentleman coming to call upon her.

"Who is that sulky swain?" asked Alonzo Fairwater, in a voice so loud that the young man must have heard; but he continued without turning his head, and was soon seen moving about, tossing up the newly mown hay in an adjoining field.

Amarina colored. "He is one of my neighbors, Mr. Thomas Hetherly, and he makes hay on my land on shares," she replied.

Fairwater gazed with a sort of supercilious amusement at the young man moving in a green and rosy foam of clover and timothy. "It is very early to make hay, is it not?" he said.

"Very early," replied Amarina. Then Martha, the wife of old Jacob, the two being the servants of the Deerings, came out with a tray on which were a squat silver tea-service and a plate of little cakes; and nothing more was said about Thomas Hetherly.

However, after Alonzo Fairwater had taken his leave and the sun was low, Amarina gathered up daintily her lemon-colored skirts and crossed the yard, and approached the haymaker. Thomas Hetherly stopped when he saw her, and waited with a sort of dignity which sat well upon him; for, in spite of his working-clothes and his humble task, he was a masterly-looking fellow of great height, and with a handsome face so strong as to be almost stern.

Amarina smiled pleasantly, albeit a little timidly, up at him from the cloud of her yellow curls. "How do you get on with the hay, Mr. Hetherly?" asked she.

"Very well, Miss Deering, considering the size of the field."

"It is good hay weather," said Amarina.

"Very good."

Thomas's replies were almost curt. He looked straight at her beautiful face with a sort of defiance,—the defiance of the original man for the wiles of the woman.

Amarina turned away, then she hesitated. "That gentleman who was sitting on the porch was Alonzo Fairwater," said she.

"Yes; I knew him. I saw him years ago," replied Hetherly, quietly.

Amarina hesitated still. A deep pink overspread the cream of her cheeks. "I know you must have overheard what he said," she faltered. "I am sure he meant no harm, and I hope you do not think—"

Hetherly turned from her and gave the hay a little toss. "I think nothing at all about it," he replied.

"I am very glad," said Amarina, with a curious meekness, for she had a proud soul, and she had met, in a sense, with a repulse.

"I did not intend to be surly toward you," said Thomas Hetherly, tossing the hay steadily, "and as for anything else, I never store in my mind what was not meant for my ears."

"I am very glad," said Amarina again, and still with that curious meekness. Then she was gone, skimming the stubbed surface of the field in her lemon-colored gown as lightly as a butterfly, and Thomas Hetherly continued his work until the sun was below the horizon and the stars were shining, then he went home. He was poor and lived alone. All his life until the last year he had been burdened with the care of his father, who had suffered with a terrible incurable disease, and who required not only great care, but great expense. When he died, the small Hetherly estate was heavily encumbered, and Thomas was working to clear it. When he reached home he built his kitchen fire, set the kettle on, then washed himself and changed his clothes. He did so on account of Amarina Deering's daintiness, and because he could not bear to compare himself to so much disadvantage with the fine gentleman who had sat on the porch with her that afternoon. After his simple supper he sat

down on his front door-step, and looked across the street at the old Deering house.

It was a strange old pile, a conglomeration resulting from the tastes and needs of succeeding generations of one race. Nearly everybody who had dwelt in it, since the original founder, Amarina's great-grandfather, had added something to it. It was a multiplication of the first simple theme, a house of eight square rooms on two floors. Now there were ells and outbuildings, and rooms opening from one another by unexpected steps, and the stairs and doors were in such numbers that they were a matter of jest in the village. The whole was an immense aggregation of the tastes and needs of different individuals of one race, consolidated in brick and wood and plaster. There was, however, a singular unanimity about the house in the midst of variety. It was, in reality, harmonious architecture, although not of any known school. And the deep front yard and garden in the rear, with their rank growths of roses, carried the harmony farther still, and Amarina, the true daughter of the race, raised it to the utmost pitch. Amarina's very name illustrated curiously the tendency of her family to compound and conserve. Her grandmother's name had been Amanda, her mother's Marina, hers was Amarina. There had been no strictly new name in the family for generations, and there had been hardly one new thing in the house.

Alonzo Fairwater, who came often, found a charm in this conservation of the graceful old. He viewed the furniture: chairs with harp backs, the spindle-legged piano, the gilded candlesticks dangling with prisms, on the mantel; the pictures, darkly rich and mysterious old paintings in heavy dull frames, steel-engravings of ultra-delicacy, and pencil drawings made by Amarina's ancestresses—and all fascinated the man, who had an æsthetic nature. Nothing which had ever entered that old house, except the people who had dwelt therein, had ever departed from it. And yet they had not been a niggardly race—not with money; they had always been free with that. It was only with that which money had bought that they had been chary. It was as if their possessions had acquired for them a worth

beyond their intrinsic ones, and became a part of their individuality. Amarina's great-aunt, Margaret Deering, dull as she was, would have aroused to enough life to break her heart had she been deprived of aught of her old store, although nothing seemed very clearly present with her in the aged dimness of her mind.

Alonzo Fairwater had called upon Amarina many times before she fairly remembered the first cap which she had donned when she passed out of her girlhood. Then suddenly, one evening, when she and Amarina and Alonzo were all in the sitting-room, and Amarina was embroidering a handkerchief by the light of a candle in a tall silver stick, and Alonzo sat near, watching her with half-bold, half-furtive admiration, the old woman remembered, and when she did remember the tears rolled down her withered cheeks as if she had been a child.

Amarina looked up and saw the tears, and, dropping her work, ran to her. "Why, dear Aunt Margaret," said she, "what is the matter?"

"It had three rows of thread lace, and there was a bow of lilac ribbon," sobbed the old woman.

Alonzo stared, and the thought came to him that the old soul had clean lost her wits, but Amarina spoke soothingly. "What was trimmed with three rows of thread lace and a bow of lilac ribbon, dear aunt?" said she; "and why do you weep about it?"

"Three rows of thread lace and a bow of lilac ribbon," repeated the old aunt, and she sobbed aloud.

"On what, dear aunt?"

"On my cap, my first cap that I wore when I was turned thirty," wailed the old woman.

Alonzo Fairwater turned his face aside and laughed a little, but Amarina regarded her aunt with entire sympathy. "Yes, I understand, dear Aunt Margaret, now," said she, and indeed she did understand as no one of alien blood could have understood.

"And the lace dropped to pieces, although I mended it carefully, and the lilac-ribbon bow faded, and it is all gone," sobbed old Margaret Deering, and she wept as if at the memory of her dead mother or her dead sister or her dead self. Amarina soothed her, Alonzo Fairwater

could not help thinking, like an angel. She called Martha, and the old woman was led off and put tenderly to bed, after she had been given a cup of spiced cordial.

Alonzo Fairwater rose. "It would be worth while being old and feeble if one could have such care as yours," he said, and his voice trembled a little, but Amarina only laughed. She accompanied him to the door, and they were standing in a stream of moonlight which poured into the old hall, when suddenly he cut his speech short—it was of the probable weather the next day—and seized Amarina's hand and kissed it. "Oh, Amarina!" he sighed out, but she drew back.

"Sir," she said.

Alonzo Fairwater moved away from her further into the stream of silver moonlight. "Forgive me, I beg you," he murmured, and went quickly down the path between the rose-bushes, which were then past their bloom.

Amarina when she was in her own chamber that night reflected. She had no doubt that Alonzo Fairwater loved her, that what he had said and done was equivalent to a declaration of love, and that he would follow it up by more precise avowals on the first opportunity. She had no doubt, but no rapture. She considered the matter gravely, its advantages and disadvantages. While she was doing so, lying in her little white bed, stiffened with strenuous thought, a light shone in her eyes from a window of the Hetherly house opposite. Then directly her heart leaped to an understanding of itself, and at the same time to indignation with herself. She understood that if the question had been of marriage with Thomas Hetherly, such careful weighing of consequences would have been almost out of her power, but she was merciless with herself because of it. In the first place, Thomas Hetherly had manifested no inclination to marry her, and she accused herself of indelicacy at the imagination of such a thing. In the second place, the women of her race had never married a simple, poor man like him, and the conservatism which was born with her held her like chain armor. She was a creature of an almost majestic maidenliness. She pressed back the involuntary leap of her heart, and reflected upon the subject of marriage with Alonzo,

as if it had been an embroidery pattern. Although she had a keen mind and a vivid imagination, the real significance of marriage itself, except as a matter of custom for which she had hereditary instincts, and an estate which it became a woman to enter, and which was held somewhat to her disparagement to miss, was scarcely present to her consideration at all.

Amarina fully expected that Alonzo Fairwater would present himself the next day and make a definite proposal for her hand; the dignity of the Deering women had never been affronted with a scene like that of the night before except with such a sequel. All the time she reflected, but was not able to make up her mind concerning her answer, for whether she would or not, the gleam of that candle of Thomas Hetherly's seemed to send her thoughts adrift, and the image of him drove the image of the other man from her heart.

But the next afternoon, instead of Alonzo, Alicia Day came in the Day coach, and she was out in a swirl of purple and gold-shot silk, for she was of a dark and splendid beauty and fine raiment became her, and she delighted in it. A bird-of-paradise plume curled around her hat, and her wrought veil of yellow lace drifted to her waist before her lovely face as she ran up the path between the rose-bushes to Amarina hastening to meet her. "Oh, Amarina!" sighed Alicia.

"Dearest Alicia!" said Amarina, and she held her in her arms and kissed her fondly. Then she led Alicia into the house and the best parlor. Alicia sank into a corner of the sofa, drawing Amarina down beside her. "Oh, Amarina!" she sighed again, and the brilliant flush upon her cheeks deepened, and her dark eyes shone with tears.

Amarina laughed. "This is the second time you have said that, and what ails you, sweetheart?" said she.

Alicia glanced up at Amarina in a sweet confusion, like a rose in a gale of wind. "I know it," said she. "I am silly as I never thought Alicia Day could be, but I am silly because I am happy as Alicia Day never expected to be happy, dear." Alicia had tossed back her long veil, and her glowing, beautiful face was framed by the floating lace flowers. Her

blush mounted to the soft black curls on her forehead. "Cannot you guess what makes me so happy, dear?" she whispered.

After all, Amarina, in spite of her almost frozen maidenliness, was a woman. A blush mounted high on her own cheeks, and she cast down her brown eyes. "You are betrothed," she whispered.

Alicia hid her face on her friend's shoulder. "Yes," said she, "I am betrothed for some months. Next year at this time I shall be wed, and you shall be bridesmaid, Amarina."

"Who is he, sweetheart?" asked Amarina.

Alicia laughed with utter exultation of bliss. "Who could he be but Alonzo Fairwater?" said she. "Oh, Amarina, I have loved him ever since I was a child, and thought there was no one like him, and something came betwixt us, and my heart broke, but now it is all over, and we love each other and are to be wed. But why do you say nothing, Amarina?"

"I wish you joy, sweetheart," replied the other girl, and her voice was strange, but Alicia in her excitement did not notice it.

"Joy I shall have, pressed down and running over," said she. "There never was a man like him; I thought you might guess, dear, since you knew he was here, for he has told me that he paid his respects to you, since you were my friend, although he has been pining for my return. I was obliged to remain in Boston for Elizabeth Ware's wedding. But how little you say, Amarina!"

Amarina roused herself, and she spoke fervently, although dissimulation was new to her. "I hope you will be very happy, dear," she said.

"Happy!" repeated Alicia. "Oh, Amarina, did you ever see a man to equal Alonzo?"

"Not in your eyes, dear," replied Amarina, evasively.

Then Alicia laughed gayly. "I verily believe that you have seen some one who looks in your eyes as Alonzo does in mine," said she. "Own up to me, sweet."

But Amarina paled and sobered, and Alicia could get nothing from her. That evening, when she and Alonzo were sitting alone, she said that she suspected that Amarina had herself lost her heart to some one, and that she hoped that such



STANDING IN A STREAM OF MOONLIGHT WHICH POURED INTO THE OLD HALL

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happiness as she herself had might come to her, for she had but a dull life alone with her old aunt. They were sitting in the moonlight, and Alicia could not see the expression on Alonzo's face, but it was one of both pain and triumph. "I do not see who he can be," said Alicia, reflectively; "there is no one here for her. Do you not think her very beautiful from what little you have seen of her, Alonzo?"

"Very beautiful," replied Alonzo, with a slight tremor in his voice, which Alicia did not notice. She had the entire trust and confidence of a great beauty who had always seen men at her feet.

The next afternoon, when Amarina was seen driving up with her aunt in the old Deering coach, Alonzo Fairwater, who had always esteemed himself brave as men go, did what some might have considered a cowardly thing. He stole softly down the back stairs, and across the garden into a thick wood behind it. Therefore, when Alicia sent to call him, he was not to be found. "I thought Alonzo was in his room," said Alicia, "but he must have gone out."

Amarina murmured that she was sorry to miss the pleasure, but her beautiful lips curled with covert scorn. She was thankful for once for her aunt's dullness, which prevented her from any betrayal of Alonzo's frequent calls upon herself.

It was not long after that that Alicia and her mother went away to visit the Fairwater family near Boston, and of course Alonzo went also, and it so happened that Amarina saw Alicia but seldom for a year, when it was June again and the wedding-day at hand. The Day farm remained for the greater part of the time in charge of the farmer who managed it, and Alicia and her mother remained away. Alicia was fond of gayety, and she was preparing her trousseau in Boston. Then, too, Alonzo, who was a lawyer, had an important case, which kept him closely confined in the city.

In the mean time Amarina had had her own experiences. It was as if Alicia's betrothal had furnished her with a key-note to which she could not help but pipe and sing, whether she would or not. She began to be cognizant, as she had never been before, of Thomas Hetherly's com-

ings and goings, his house being distinctly visible from her sitting-room windows, especially when the leaves were off the trees. In the winter-time, Thomas Hetherly had little work to do, except the care of the few creatures which comprised his live stock. She watched him in the frosty mornings, with furtive eyes turned from her embroidery, going back and forth between the old red barn and the well with buckets of water. Then she watched him with a book under his arm of an afternoon, setting forth for the village library. The village library was but a poor affair, and that set her thinking of her father's study, the walls of which were lined with books,—not new ones, but of a rare selection. Then one afternoon Mrs. Ephraim Janeway, a neighbor, came in to call. She was an elderly woman with the eye of a fox, and the whole village was as an open book to her, in which she read to others' discredit and her own glory. It was this woman who spoke of Thomas Hetherly and his haunting of the village library. "'Tis said he is bound to read it all through," said she, "but to my mind he would not have such a hunger and thirst for books were it not that Prudence Emmons has the charge of them." This Prudence Emmons was a widow to whom the charge of the little library had been given to eke out her scanty income, and she was considered very fair to see.

Amarina flushed angrily. "It seems hard if a man cannot indulge a love for good books without a suspicion of that kind," said she. She spoke in a soft voice, and took another stitch in her embroidery, but she was angry. Mrs. Janeway was shrewd and never affronted willingly. "Well, it may not be so," she admitted. "I heard it at the sewing-circle the other afternoon, and one can never tell what the truth is when women are gabbling together, but the library is old, and Mrs. Prudence Emmons was always one whom gentlemen favored, and she has lately taken to going without caps, and she will never see thirty-five again."

After Mrs. Ephraim Janeway had gone, Amarina went up to her own room and stood before her looking-glass and pulled off her own cap with an impatient gesture, and when her yellow curls, being set free,

tumbled about her face, she shook her head defiantly. "I will wait until my face be thirty years old before I crown it with a cap, and let them say what they will," said she, quite aloud.

That evening, when the old servant-woman Martha was out in the kitchen with her husband, she said to him that she wondered if Amarina had anybody in mind, because she had left off her cap, but the old man was smoking stupidly his after-supper pipe, and shook his head with a mumble meant to express his ignorance. It was the very next afternoon that old Jacob came to her and told her, with a chuckle half of amazement, half of suspicion, that Amarina had asked him to step across the road to the Hetherly house and ask if Mr. Thomas Hetherly would do her the favor to call some evening on a matter of business. The old man eyed his wife roguishly for approbation at his discovery of a confirmation of her own suspicion, but she replied to him angrily.

"Good Lord!" said she, "are you gone clean daft? Think you for one moment that one like her would favor one like him? Not a college-learned man in his whole family, and he himself without money enough to do anything but travel in the same track his father and grandfather went before him. 'Tis a good young man enough he is, but when it comes to a husband for Amarina Deering—" The old woman made a gesture expressive of the utmost contempt.

"She sends in December to see about mowin' the fields!" said old Jacob, and he chuckled openly.

"What of that?—the Deerings were always beforehand with their plans," returned Martha, sharply.

Still, when Thomas Hetherly did not obey her mistress's summons for some ten days afterward, she waxed indignant. "I would like to know who he thinks he is," she said to old Jacob. "One of the Hetherlys not to run as fast as his feet could carry him when one of the Deerings, and a lady too, sends for him!" But old Jacob was smoking his pipe again after supper, and he only grunted in reply.

Amarina herself was somewhat surprised at Thomas Hetherly's lack of haste to call in response to her request. The

very first evening after it was sent she had curled her hair carefully and put on her brown silk, and an embroidered collar with a cameo brooch. The next evening she had so arrayed herself again, and the next after that she had put on a crimson silk which had been said to become her. Every evening she had arrayed herself, with a view to Thomas Hetherly's appearance, and not one item of her furbishing had escaped old Martha.

It was that very evening when she had inconsistently complained of his non-appearance that there came a tap on the old knocker, and Martha pulled off her apron to answer it. "He has come," said she.

Old Jacob roused himself. He removed his pipe, which he seemed to suck with the blank content of an infant.

"To see about mowin' of the hay in December!" said he, and chuckled. But his face sobered at his wife's fierce glance, and he resumed his pipe while she went to the door to admit Thomas Hetherly.

Amarina looked a little shy as she arose to welcome Thomas. The old aunt had retired. Thomas had made no preparations for his call on Amarina. He wore his every-day clothes, which were neat and whole, although coarse. Still, he was a splendid figure of a man, and he dominated his clothes as he stood there returning Amarina's greeting. He had come, in fact, with a curious inward sulkiness and revolt of pride. But no man could have found any fault with his reception, which was as punctilious as toward any gentleman in the land. "I pray you be seated, Mr. Hetherly," said Amarina, and she indicated with her long, slim, white hand a chair which was in some sense the chair of state for a caller. But Hetherly remained standing.

"I thank you," he said, "but I have not long to stay, and I will not sit if you will be so kind as to tell me your business with me."

Amarina colored. She herself felt the absurdity of sending for Thomas on the only errand which she had been able to devise. She hesitated a moment. "I wished to ask you if you had any objection to farming my land on shares as you did last year?" she said, timidly, and she saw the young man's start of surprise, and colored to the roots of her yellow hair.

"None in the least," replied Thomas Hetherly, and with that he turned to go, but Amarina stopped him. She had come quite close to him, and she held one of the silver candlesticks in her hand.

"I wanted to ask," she said, "if—if you would not like to borrow some books from my father's library. There are a great many, and I should be very glad to loan them to you."

Thomas's own face colored. "Thank you," he replied; "but I get books from the library."

His voice was fairly curt, but Amarina continued. Somehow the curtness pleased her better than subservience would have done.

"But the village library is small," said she, "and I have heard the books were not well chosen, and if you wished—"

"Thank you," said Thomas again, "but I find very good books in the village library."

Amarina tried to look at him haughtily, but the benefit thrust back upon her in such wise hurt her, and in spite of herself her voice had a piteous tone. "Very well, Mr. Hetherly," she said; "it was only that I saw you going to the library for books, and I had so many, and I thought—"

Then suddenly Thomas's own face softened. In thinking of it afterward he saw himself as a churl, instead of a man well aware of his own individual worth, and the slight estimate in which it was probably held by this girl of a gentle race. "Thank you," he said, "and perhaps, since you are so kind—"

"Pray come directly into the library with me," cried Amarina, eagerly. She held the streaming candle high, and Thomas followed her out of the warm sitting-room and through the length of the icy hall into the library. Amarina moved close to one of the book-lined walls, holding the candle. "Please make your choice," said she, "and please take as many as you like."

Thomas Hetherly stood scrutinizing the books over which the candle-light played uncertainly. The room was very cold; his breath and Amarina's mingled in a cloud of smoke.

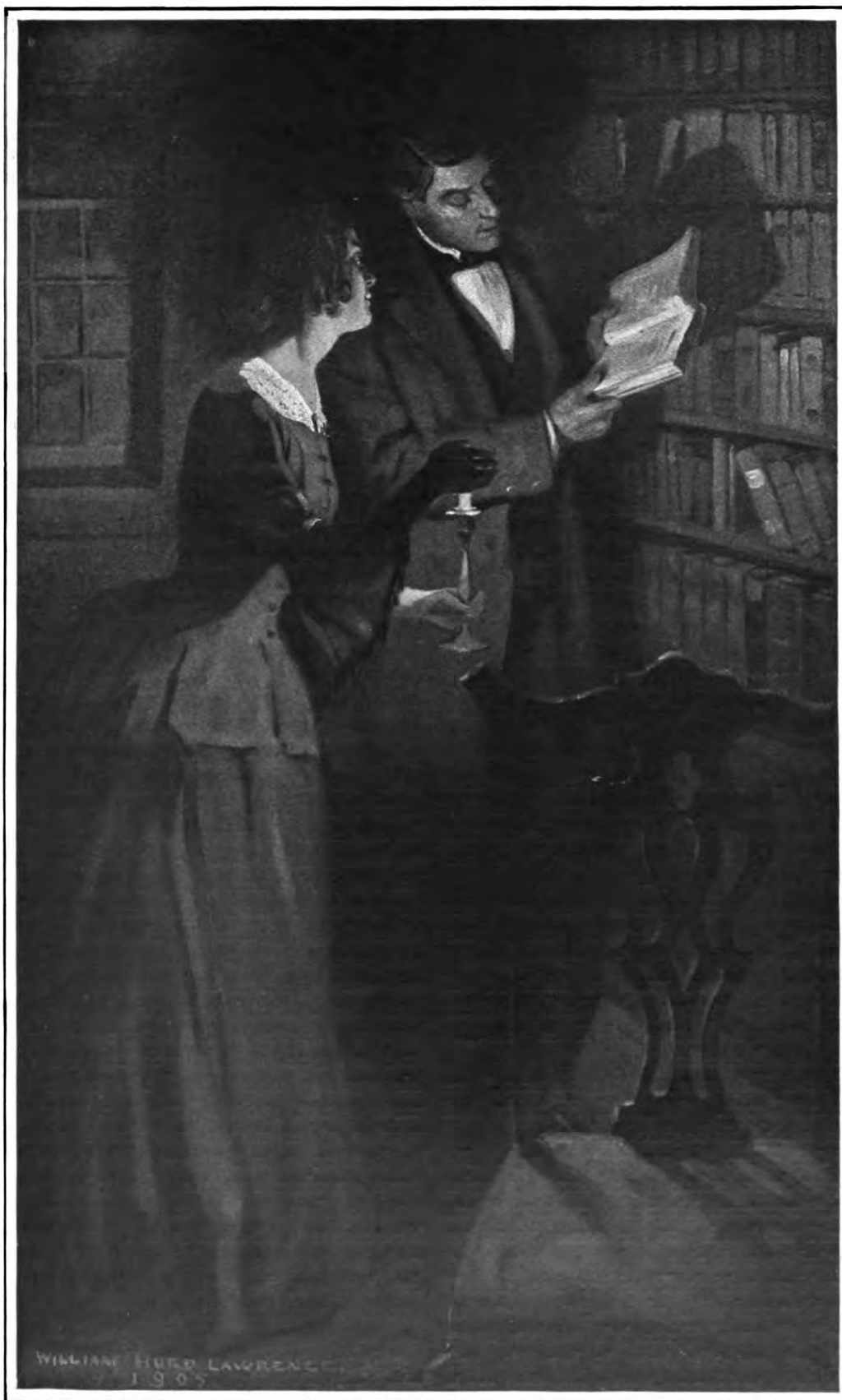
She held the candle here and there that Thomas might see the old books the better, and her face was radiant, and her

cheeks began to glow with the cold. The windows were expanses of white frost-work which sent out here and there sparkles like diamonds where the light from the candle struck them. The books which finally Thomas selected felt like blocks of ice to his hand. Amarina scudded before him to the sitting-room, and he followed her, but he did not accept her invitation to sit down. That night, after Amarina went to bed, the light of his reading-lamp shone in her face. She had in her heart the pleasant warmth of a kindly deed to one beloved, although she still never seriously entertained for one moment the possibility of marriage with Thomas Hetherly. It was not because she scorned him, for Amarina had in one sense a humble heart, but simply because he seemed to her of another sort. She regarded him, when it came to a question of mating, as a bird of paradise might regard a sparrow. None of the Deerings had married any but men with liberal educations and of gentle antecedents. Thomas Hetherly's father, before his health failed him, had been the village painter, and many a time when she was a child she had seen him in his stained white clothes perched on a ladder before her own house. His illness had been due to the poison in the white lead, and Amarina had heard from Mrs. Ephraim Janeway that he had made Thomas promise on that account that he would never take up his father's old trade.

"He could have made a better living at it," Mrs. Janeway said; "I don't believe Thomas more than makes two ends meet, though I hear he sold a good deal of honey last year." Thomas kept bees, and a long row of hives stretched behind his house.

In a week's time Thomas returned the books, and took two more home with him, but he did not accept Amarina's invitation to be seated. The almost churlishness of his manner had gone, but instead was a pride before which Amarina's own shrunk, fairly dwarfed.

"I'd like to know who Thomas Hetherly thinks he is?" said old Martha, one evening, after he had taken his books and gone. She had entered the sitting-room on an errand about breakfast. "Anybody would think he was a prince to see the way he acts."



THOMAS HETHERLY STOOD SCRUTINIZING THE BOOKS

"Nonsense," said Amarina.

"He holds up his head as if there wasn't anybody in the country quite good enough to speak to him," continued Martha; "and what is he? He just grubs along on that little land, and farms yours on shares, and keeps bees. H'm!"

"He has a good deal of book-learning," said Amarina, blushing, and timidly yet dignifiedly on the defensive.

"He ain't college-larnt. What college did he ever go to, I'd like to know?"

"He has read a great deal, and taught himself a great deal. He can read Greek and Latin, and he has studied mathematics."

"H'm!" said Martha again.

When Martha was out in the kitchen, she sat down the other side of the stove with a face so glum that even old Jacob dropped his peaceful pipe to stare at her and inquire thickly what was the matter.

"I know what is the matter," said old Martha. She was a very large woman, and her small eyes rolled with unwarranted accusation at her husband from the placid curves of her disturbed face.

"What's to pay?" further asked old Jacob.

"Girls don't leave off caps when they're turned thirty, and put on silk dresses, and stand hours in freezin' rooms a-holdin' candles for young men to pick out books for nothin'; that's what's to pay," said she.

"You don't think—"

"I think that when a body can't get a sweet grape, a body will take a sour sometimes rather than no grape at all," returned Martha; "and to think of old Abel Hetherly's son a-holdin' up of his head when he comes, as if he was the Lord of all creation!"

"Abel Hetherly was a good man," remarked Jacob. Old Abel Hetherly had been one of his boyhood friends.

"Of course he was a good man. I'd like to know who's sayin' anythin' agin' him," returned his wife, crossly; "but, Lord! who's his son, to come over here puttin' on sech airs, and she a-dressin' of herself up as if the President was comin'? Her blue and white plaid silk on to-night. Lord! Thomas Hetherly's mother never had but one silk dress in her life, and that was a cinnamon-brown one that made her look as yaller as saffron, and she was laid out in it. Thomas Hetherly ain't

used to women in silk dresses, and he ain't no call to come and hold up his head so high afore them that wears them. What if he does know a little book-learnin'? What's book-learnin' to an old family like the Deerin's? They're above book-learnin', and always was. They had books jest as they had bread and butter, but they was above 'em. Books is nothin' but ideas, and not true at that, most of 'em, printed and put betwixt covers, but folks is folks. Lord! Thomas Hetherly and one of the Deerings, an' he a-seem-in' to look down on her at that. If I was her mother, I'd give her a piece of my mind."

Amarina continued to dress her hair prettily, to go without her cap, and to don a becoming gown on the evenings on which she expected Thomas Hetherly might come. However, all this time, Thomas never presumed upon the privilege which most men might have esteemed offered to them. He never lingered a moment beyond the time necessary to choose his books. And Amarina never acknowledged to herself that she would have it otherwise. Now and then there was a word or two between them, mostly with regard to the weather, and that was all, save that now and then there was a look in Thomas's eyes when he regarded Amarina, which caused her to lower hers quickly, and him to turn his away with something of brusqueness, for the truth was that he was angry with himself for yielding to the spell which she, unwittingly or not, cast upon him, with her fair face and her gentle, high-bred ways. And yet in time he came to have a defiance of his own humbleness, and he argued with himself that whether his worldly estate fitted him to be her mate or not, yet his love as a man was worthy of her esteem, and that he should be lacking in self-respect did he shrink from avowing it to her. So it happened that in June, when the roses were in blossom, and Alicia Day had come home, and in fact the wedding was the next day but one, he sent Amarina a letter, and this was the letter:

"DEAR MADAM AMARINA DEERING,—He who indites the following does so for the sake of his own self-esteem, believing that although his worldly estate be in-



ferior, and an insurmountable obstacle to his union with you, yet the affection which he cherishes in his heart for your graces of face and mind renders him the equal of any man, and that he confesses himself less than himself if he fails to avow it. I therefore beg leave to inform you, madam, that I love you and you only, and shall so love you until the day of my death, and I tell you this asking for naught in return, and even scorning aught in return, as a giver may scorn reward, and I remain your obedient servant to command,

THOMAS HETHERLY."

When Amarina received this strange letter, she read it and locked it up in her little desk, and reflected upon it. There was something in the haughty attitude of this poor lover who scorned to woo which she seemed to understand as she had before never understood anything in another human soul. Amarina reflected upon the letter while she finished her bridesmaid gown for Alicia's wedding. She made over an old India muslin which had belonged to her mother, and the fancy had seized her to embroider over the pattern in colors. She therefore went, with colored embroidery silks, all over the delicate patterns of the muslin, until it was blooming with garlands of bright flowers. The gown was low cut, but there was an embroidered scarf to wear over the neck, and Amarina wore a wreath of tiny rosebuds twisted among her curls. On the day of the wedding she set out a long time before the hour appointed, since she was to assist in dressing the bride. She had with her, laid carefully on the seat of the coach, a great bouquet of bride roses, gathered from her garden, and tied with white lustrous ribbon, and the bride was to carry it. Amarina had seen but little of Alicia lately; Alonzo she had not seen at all. Whenever she thought of him it was with a shame and scorn which was almost vindictive, but with no love. She had never loved him, but she had, in response to his wooing, placed herself in an attitude of receptivity toward love, and for that she found it hard to forgive him.

When she reached the Day house, Alicia's mother, as graceful and fair to

look upon as a spray of lilacs in her shimmering lilac satin, came to meet her, and her gentle face was pale and distressed. "Oh, my dearest Amarina," she cried, "I am so glad you are come, for something very sad has happened to us, and I am looking forward to you, and you only, to set matters right."

With that she drew Amarina wondering after her into the house, and the great parlor all trimmed with flowers for the wedding. And all the house was sweet with flowers and wine and wedding-cake.

"My dear," said Alicia's mother, "she will not be married; and, oh, the disgrace that has come upon us this day, with the guests all bidden and no wedding!"

"What do you mean?" asked Amarina, herself pale and gasping.

"She will not be married!"

"And why?"

"She sits in her chamber, and her wedding-gown lies on her bed, and she will not put it on nor be married, nor tell any of us why; and I have been looking for you, dear, thinking she might be more open with one of her own age and her closest friend than even with her own mother." And as she said that, the poor lady broke into sobs and lamentations. "Oh, go up to Alicia's chamber and talk with her, my dear," she begged; and Amarina forthwith ran up the stairs, the carved banisters of which were wound with green vines, and entered her friend's chamber. Alicia sat there alone in a rocking-chair, and she was dressed in an old loose gown of sprigged pink and white muslin, and her black hair was tumbling over her shoulders, and she was rocking herself violently back and forth, and her beautiful mouth was set in a straight line. But when Amarina entered she sprang up and accosted her with a sort of fury.

"You may have him, you may have him!" said she. "Go down and marry him if you will! Put on my wedding-gown and my veil. Go down and marry him, I say!"

Amarina looked at her friend sternly. "Alicia, what do you mean?" said she.

"Well you know what I mean. 'Tis you he shall wed, and not me."

Then Amarina's own quick temper flashed. "Know you, Mistress Alicia



Half-tone plate engraved by J. H. Grimley

SHE WAS CUTTING ANOTHER BOUQUET OF BRIDE ROSES

Day, I would not wed with Alonzo Fairwater if he were the last man in the world!" she cried out, and her face flamed.

"Yes, 'tis you he shall wed, and not me."

"Alicia Day, have you lost your wits?"

"Tell me how many times Alonzo came to call upon you last summer before I returned!"

"I cannot tell."

"Of course you cannot tell, for the times passed count, but Alonzo told me that he called but once to pay his respects. Tell me if he spoke the truth?"

Amarina was silent.

"Tell me if he spoke the truth, Amarina Deering?"

And again Amarina was silent, for she could not reply.

"I knew it," Alicia said, with such an accent of woe that Amarina shuddered.

"Alicia, sweetheart, he did come more than once, but—but he made no—no avowal," stammered Amarina.

"Did he say or do anything that would have caused you any disturbance had you been in my place; answer me that?" demanded Alicia.

Amarina was again silent a moment; then she answered, although she felt in her heart that she departed somewhat from the truth, for as she spoke she seemed to see Alonzo's ardent eyes upon her face, and feel his lips on her hand. "No," said she.

"I do not believe you," said Alicia.

"I have found out that Alonzo was always at your house last summer before my return, and—and the one who told me was passing, and she saw him—she saw him—"

"Kiss my hand," said Amarina, coolly; "and what of that? What does kissing the hand mean? Nothing at all. And I know who told you; it was Mrs. Ephraim Janeway."

"She thought it her duty to tell me, and not let me marry the man with whom my dearest friend was in love, when she was breaking her heart over him," said Alicia, in the frozen, stubborn tone which had come into her voice.

Amarina stared at her. "I am not breaking my heart over him," said she again, "on my honor."

Alicia shook her head.

"Sweetheart, this is nonsense!" cried

Amarina, and as she spoke she moved toward the bed on which lay the wedding-gown and veil. "Here, sweetheart, let us have no more of this," she said. "Come here and let me dress you." But Alicia began rocking back and forth again. She was, between her love and jealousy, scarcely sane. Her face was burning and her eyes were wild. "Come here, Alicia," said Amarina, but Alicia would not stir. "But, sweetheart," said Amarina, so bewildered that she scarcely knew what to say or do, "you would marry him if—"

"Yes, I love him so that I would marry him in spite of everything if I were sure you would not."

"I tell you I would not."

Alicia shook her head in her strange, stubborn fashion.

"Come, sweetheart, if you love me, and be dressed," begged Amarina, at her wits' end.

"I tell you I will never wear that wedding-dress, unless they put it on me when I am laid in my coffin and I cannot help it," replied Alicia Day, "unless—"

"Unless what? Do not talk so, sweet."

"Unless I see you happily married to somebody else."

"Then would you believe?"

"Yes, then I should believe," said Alicia.

Amarina stood a moment reflecting. Her face colored rosy red, then she paled. Then she spoke with a strange note of fear and resolution: "Very well, dear," she said. "See me married you shall." And with that she was gone.

Alicia's mother, pale and trembling, caught hold of her white gown as she was going out of the door. "Where are you going?" she whispered. "Will she?"

"I shall be back," replied Amarina.

"Will she? Oh, what shall I do?"

"She will when I come back."

As Amarina drove away in her coach she had a glimpse of Alonzo Fairwater's face at a window. He looked ghastly white and troubled, and the sight of him strengthened her for her purpose, for she was about to do what no woman of her family had ever done before.

Amarina bade old Jacob drive fast, and it was not long before she reached the Deering house; and she sprang out of her coach, and ran in for her scissors

and some white lutestring ribbon, and was out in the garden cutting another bouquet of bride roses, the while old Martha watched her furtively from a window; and when she saw her hurry with her great bunch of white roses to Thomas Hetherly's, she thought she had gone clean mad.

Amarina hurried across the road, and her garlanded dress floated out on either side like the wings of a butterfly; and as she hurried she heard a jangling yet somewhat rhythmic sound, like barbaric music, for Thomas was beating a tin pan behind his house in order to settle a swarm of bees, which were overhead in a humming cluster around their queen. Amarina paid no heed to the bees, and she ran up to him, and held out the bouquet of white roses; and he too forgot his bees, and stopped beating the tin pan, and looked at her, and his face was as white as if he were dead.

"I got your letter, Thomas," said she, in a low voice, and stood extending the bunch of roses toward him, as if it were some sword of maidenhood which she was surrendering. Still, Thomas did not speak; his head was swimming with the perplexity of it all.

"I got your letter," Amarina faltered again, and it was as if she were emerging from an atmosphere in which she had been born into another, which rent her with agony of new life. Yet after a second she continued: "Alicia will not marry Alonzo, because she has learned that he has paid some slight attention to me, and she will have it that my heart is broken," she said, and her voice had the appeal of a child's; "and so—and so—"

Thomas did not speak. He stood holding his pan, and the bees hummed angrily overhead.

"She will not marry him unless she is convinced by my marrying another man," cried Amarina, tremulously. She held the roses toward him, and they shook as if in a gale. "And so, and so—I came back, and I—have your letter, and—I have made another bridal nosegay, and if—if—"

Then Thomas Hetherly seemed to

fairly tower over her. "So you come to me in order that I may save your pride," he cried, "and in order that—" But his words were cut short, for down came the bees in a buzzing mass, and swarmed on the bunch of roses outstretched in Amarina's hand. "Keep still—oh, keep still for God's sake!" shouted Thomas Hetherly. And Amarina kept still, although she never in all her life forgot that keeping still which seemed to comprise in a few minutes an eternity. She had nerve and courage, for she did not come of the Deerings for nothing; and she held the bunch of roses, which a second before had so shaken, with a clutch like a vise, although the muscles on her girlish arms swelled with the weight and stress, and there was a roaring in her ears above the war-hum of the bees. Thomas ran for a hive, and soon it was all over, and she had not a sting; but she dropped her roses, and put both her little hands before her face and sobbed; and in spite of himself, and influenced thereto by a mightier and more primeval hunger for sweets than those of the bees, Thomas came close to her and took her in his arms to comfort her. "'Tis all over, 'tis all over, and the bees are in the hive," he said, "and don't be afraid, sweetheart."

"Oh, 'tis cruel, 'tis cruel," she sobbed out; "'tis cruel, Thomas. For I came not because of my pride, but—because I—loved you."

It became one of the village traditions: how Amarina Deering went to seek Thomas Hetherly, and how his bees swarmed on her bridal bouquet, and he hived them, she never getting one sting, and how he dressed himself in his best, while she went home to tell her aunt, who, it was said, never fairly understood until a week later; and then how Amarina and Thomas drove in the coach back to the Day house, and how hastily the other bride was dressed, and how there was a double wedding instead of a single one, as there will sometimes unexpectedly appear a double rose on a bush of single roses.

## Editor's Easy Chair.

THEY sat together on a bench in the Park, far enough apart to distinguish themselves from the many other pairs who were but too obviously lovers. It could not be said quite that these two were actually lovers; but there was an air of passionate provisionality over and around them; a light such as in spring-time seems to enfold the tree before it breaks into the positive color of bud or blossom; and with an eye for literary material that had rarely failed him, Eugenio perceived that they were a hero and heroine of a kind which he instantly felt it a great pity he should not have met oftener in fiction of late. As he looked at them he was more and more penetrated by a delicate pathos in the fact that, such as he saw them, they belonged in their fine sort to the great host of the Unemployed. No one else might have seen it, but he saw, with that inner eye of his, which compassion suffused but did not obscure, that they were out of a job, and he was not surprised when he heard the young girl fetch a muted sigh, and then say: "No, they don't want us any more. I don't understand why; it is very strange; but it is perfectly certain."

"Yes, there's no doubt of that," the young man returned, in a despair tinged with resentment.

She was very pretty, and he was handsome, and they were both tastefully dressed, with a due deference to fashion, yet with a personal qualification of the cut and color of their clothes, which, if it promised more than it could fulfil in some ways, implied a modest self-respect, better than the arrogance of great social success or worldly splendor. She could have been the only daughter of a widowed father in moderate circumstances; or an orphan brought up by a careful aunt, or a duteous sister in a large family of girls, with whom she shared the shelter of a wisely ordered, if somewhat crowded home; or she could have been a serious student of any of the various arts and sciences which girls study now in an

independence compatible with true beauty of behavior. He might have been a young lawyer, or doctor, or business man; or a painter or architect; or a professor in some college, or a minister in charge of his first parish. What struck Eugenio in them, and pleased him, was that they seemed of that finer American average which is the best, and, rightly seen, the most interesting phase of civilized life yet known.

"I sometimes think," the girl resumed, in the silence of her companion, "that I made a mistake in my origin, or my early education. It's a great disadvantage, in fiction nowadays, for a girl to speak grammatically, as I always do, without any trace of accent or dialect. Of course, if I had been high-born or low-born in the olden times, somewhere or other, I shouldn't have to be looking for a place, now; or if I had been unhappily married, or divorced, or merely separated from my husband, the story-writers would have had some use for me. But I have tried always to be good and nice and ladylike, and I haven't been in a short story for ages."

"Is it so bad as that?" the young man asked, sadly.

"Quite. If I could only have had something askew in my heredity, I know lots of authoresses who would have jumped at me. I can't do anything wildly adventurous in the Middle Ages, or the Revolutionary period, I'm so afraid; but I know that in the course of modern life I've always been fairly equal to emergencies, and I don't believe that I should fail in case of trouble, or that if it came to poverty I should be ashamed to share the deprivations that fell to my lot. I don't think I'm very selfish; I would be willing to stay in town all summer, if an author wanted me, and I know I could make it interesting for his readers. I could marry an English nobleman if it was really necessary, and if I didn't like to live in England because I was fond of my own country, I believe I could get him to stay here half the time with me; and that would appeal to a large class. I don't know whether I would



care to be rescued a great deal; it would depend upon what it was from. But I could stand a great deal of pain if need be, and I hope that if it came to anything like right or wrong I should act conscientiously. In society, I shouldn't mind any amount of dancing or dining or teeing, and I should be willing to take my part in the lighter athletics. But," she ended, as she began, with a sigh, "I'm not wanted."

"Yes, I see what you mean," the young man said, with a thoughtful knot between his brows. "I'm not wanted myself, at present, in the short stories; but in the last dozen or so where I had an engagement, I certainly didn't meet you; and it is pleasant to be paired off in a story with a heroine who has the instincts and habits of a lady. Of course, a hero is only something in an author's fancy, and I've no right to be exacting; but it does go against me to love a girl who ropes cattle, or a woman who has a past, or a husband, or something of the kind. I always do my best for the author, but I can't forget that I'm a gentleman, and it's difficult to win a heroine when the very idea of her makes you shudder. I sometimes wonder how the authors would like it themselves if they had to do what they expect of us, in that way. They're generally very decent fellows, good husbands and fathers, who have married ladylike girls, and wouldn't think of associating with a shady or ignorant person."

"The authoresses are quite as inconsistent," the professional heroine rejoined. "They wouldn't speak to the kind of young men whom they expect a heroine to be passionately in love with. They must know how very oddly a girl feels about people who are outside of the world she's been brought up in. It isn't enough that a man should be very noble at heart, and do grand things, or save your life every now and then, or be masterful and use his giant will to make you in love with him. I don't see why they can't let one have, now and then, the kind of husbands they get for themselves. For my part, I should like always to give my heart to a normal, sensible, well-bred, conscientious, agreeable man, who could offer me a pleasant home—I would-

n't mind the suburbs; and I could work with him and work for him till I dropped—the kind of man that the real world seems to be so full of. I've never had a fair chance to show what was in me; I've always been placed in such a false position. Now, I have no position at all. Not even a false one!"

Her companion was silent for a while. Then he said: "Yes, they all seem, authors and authoresses both, to lose sight of the fact that the constitution of our society is more picturesque, more dramatic, more poetical than any in the world. We can have the play of all the passions and emotions in ordinary, innocent love-making, that other peoples can have only on the worst conditions; and yet the story-writers won't avail themselves of the beauty that lies next to their hands. They go abroad for impossible circumstances, or they want to bewitch ours with the chemistry of all sorts of eccentric characters, exaggerated incentives, morbid propensities, pathological conditions, or diseased psychology. As I said before, I know I'm only a creature of the story-teller's fancy, and a creature out of work at that; but I believe I was imagined in a good moment—I'm sure *you* were—and I should like an engagement in an honest, wholesome situation. I think I could do creditable work in it."

"I *know* you could," the heroine rejoined fervently, almost tenderly, so that it seemed to Eugenio there was an involuntary *rapprochement* of their shadowy substances on the bench where they floated in a sitting posture. "I don't want to be greedy: I believe in living and letting live. I think the abnormal has just as good a right to be in the stories as the normal; but why shut the normal out altogether? What I should like to ask the short-story writers is whether they and their readers are so bored with themselves and the people they know in the real world that they have no use for anything like its average in their fiction. It's impossible for us to change—"

"I shouldn't wish *you* to change," the hero said so fondly that Eugenio trembled for something more demonstrative.

"Thank you! But what I mean is, couldn't *they* change a little? Couldn't

they give us another trial? They've been using the abnormal, in some shape or other, so long, that I should think they would find a hero and heroine who simply fell in love at a dance or a dinner, or in a house-party, or at a picnic, and worked out their characters to each other, through the natural worry and difficulty, and pleasure and happiness, till they got married—a relief from, well, the other thing. I'm sure, if they offered me the chance, I could make myself attractive to their readers, and I believe I should have the charm of novelty."

"You would have more than the charm of novelty," the hero said, and Eugenio trembled again for the *convenances* which one so often sees offended on the benches in the Park. But then he remembered that these young people were avowedly nice, and that they were morally incapable of misbehavior. "And for a time, at least, I believe you—I believe *we*, for I must necessarily be engaged with you—would succeed. The difficulty would be to get the notion of our employment to the authors." It was on Eugenio's tongue to say that he thought he could manage that, when the hero arrested him with the sad misgiving, "But they would say we were commonplace, and that would kill the chance of our ever having a run."

A tremendous longing filled Eugenio, a potent desire to rescue this engaging pair from the dismay into which they fell at the fatal word. "No, no!" he conjured them. "*Not* commonplace. A judicious paragraph anticipative of your reappearance could be arranged, in which you could be hailed as the *normal* hero and heroine, and greeted as a grateful relief from the hackneyed freaks and deformities of the prevalent short story, or the impassioned paper-doll pattern of the medieval men and maidens, or the spotted and battered figures of the studies in morbid analysis which pass for fiction in the magazines. We must get that luminous word *normal* before the reading public at once, and you will be rightly seen in its benign ray, and recognized from the start—yes! in *advance* of the start—for what you are: types of the loveliness of our average life, the fairest blossoms of that faith in human nature, which has flourished

here into the most beautiful and glorious civilization of all times. With us the average life is enchanting, the normal is the exquisite. Have patience, have courage; your time is coming again!"

It seemed to Eugenio that the gentle shapes wavered in his vehement breath, and he could not realize that in their alien realm they could not have heard a word he uttered. They remained dreamily silent, as if he had not spoken, and then the heroine said: "Perhaps we shall have to wait for a new school of short-story writers before we can get back into the magazines. Some beginner *must* see in us what has always pleased: the likeness to himself or herself, the truth to nature, the loyalty to the American ideal of happiness. He will find that we easily and probably *end well*, and that we're a consolation and refuge for readers, who can take heart from our happy dénouements, when they see a family resemblance in us, and can reasonably hope that if they follow our examples they will enjoy our blessings. They can't really enjoy themselves in the company of those degenerates, as I call them. They're mostly as young and right-principled and well-behaved as ourselves, and if they could get to know us, we should be the best of friends. They would realize that there was plenty of harmless fun, as well as love, in the world; and that there was lots of good luck."

"Like ours, now, with no work and no prospect of it?" he returned, in his refusal to be persuaded, yet ready to be comforted.

Having set out on that road, she would not turn back; she persisted, like any woman who is contraried, no matter how far she ends from her first position: "Yes, like ours now. For this is probably the dark hour before the dawn. We must wait."

"And perish, in the mean time?"

"Oh, we shall not perish," she responded heroically. "It's not for nothing that we are immortal," and as she spoke, she passed her translucent hand through his arm, and rising, they drifted off together, and left Eugenio watching them till they mixed with the mists under the trees in the perspective of the Mall.

## Editor's Study.

A MAN'S maturity is reached long before the noonday of his career; but between it and what may properly be termed his youth there is a clear line of distinction.

Youth, including childhood, is the period of nutrition, physical, mental, and spiritual. Its tension is an exaltation, and, at the same time, it deepens every capacity, while faculty, however potent, is latent. Withdrawn from the world in its self-absorption, it yet makes upon that world an imperative draft. Thus we associate with aspirant youth and with young races, in their crescence, a buoyant and arrogant selfishness, unspoiled by cold calculation or any conscious greed of accumulation, but postulant to the limit of an ever-deepening capacity—an eager, exacting, and boundless litany.

This superb, self-centred pride is one with innocence, naively shamefaced, suggesting the roseate freshness and fragrance of dawn, since for the most part yet withdrawn behind the veil of sleep, and, because of latent potency, still in alliance with all the powers that be, which take heed that the sleeper, like the Lover in the Canticles, be not awakened until he will.

Sleep attends nutrition and increase. It is the veil shielding the innocence, the continences, and all that inviolate virtue which is the implication of virility. The potency is hidden and the tension is only partially released in outward manifestations, which indeed seem to contradict and belie the inmost meaning. Within the veil, an infinite might,—without, in the period of infancy every sign of helplessness, and, in the later stages, the need of tutelage as a safeguard against mistakes and blind impulses. Within, the most ancient wisdom, truth in its integrity,—without, idols and toys and baubles, the need of mechanical devices to assist the understanding, while truth must be broken into minute fragments for mental and spiritual nourishment. But always the insatiate demand upon the world—to which the world as inevitably responds.

Where there is consumption there

must be expenditure, even in the ascending and cumulative movement of life; but in youth this expenditure is but the necessary escape of pent-up forces in motions which are for the most part meaningless with reference to any definite outward aim.

Youth is mostly asleep and adream, despite its outward show of wakefulness and alert activity. Its exaltation is invisible, certainly not disclosed save by incidental manifestations which fail to register its true height or to show its real worth. The correspondent deepening of its capacity is wholly withdrawn from observation. The ideals of youth are unconsciously cherished rather than expressed.

The period of maturity is that of expression. It is then that the marvellous storage of youth is beneficently precipitated. The expenditure of youth is rather an overflow than a precipitation. The points of florescence and fruitage are most remote from those of nutrition. Adolescence is the ascent of a curve of which the parental functions mark the descent. The vitally inevitable altruism, as distinguished from that which is consciously assumed, is a characteristic trait of maturity.

Face to face with his offspring it is that the parent beholds his own youth, appreciating and expressing its ideals.

In the large cycle of human development, the period which we have reached is that of an advanced maturity, in which the values, silent in earlier ages, are amply expressed—especially in our literature. The fullest expression is in fiction, the freest, also, and most flexible, with no limit to its variety.

Confining ourselves, then, to this one view of life—that which is given in contemporaneous fiction—and still further limiting ourselves to the consideration of such fiction as is worthy of respect for its disclosure of the manifold as well as of the intimate truth of life, we shall find, as we should expect to find, that the favorite field of the writers is that of maturity rather than that of youth.

To what extent have the temptations, we may even say the fascinations, of this period of life come to outrival those allurements of the spring-time of youth which led the story-writers of former generations to linger with delight in the garden of adolescence?

We should gravely err were we to fix a hard and fast line between the present and the past of fiction in this respect. The great masters of the art in England and on the Continent have from the first fully appreciated the manifest advantages afforded by the period of maturity, and it is from these advantages that distinctive artistic values have been chiefly developed. Indeed, it is true of the imaginative creations of all ages that youth in its simplicity is an element in them almost as latent as youth itself is. The flaming powers of genius which so frankly and abundantly in all epics blazoned forth the deeds of heroism and which in the oldest lyrics sounded in full volume the praise of martial and athletic achievement were not, in that high pitch, attuned to idyllic harmonies. *Romeo and Juliet* stands alone in the whole Shakespeare portfolio for the portrayal of romantic young love. The more closely we examine, the more we are astonished at the remarkably small number of such examples in all literature: here and there an *Aucassin and Nicolette*, a *Paul and Virginia*, or a *Hermann and Dorothea*.

The idyllic charm of the old, old story is perennial. But it is a simple strain, so that, even in romances, it has usually been blended with others in accord with it—of knightly adventure, of mystical quests, and of worldly aspirations, martial, political, and social,—or, to make the effect more brilliant and complex, with sharply discordant strains—of jealousy, hatred, and every evil passion in the infernal index. The story of *Isabella*, as told in the *Decameron* and afterward in Keats's poem, "The Pot of Basil," is a striking example of this elemental mixture, and in "The Eve of St. Agnes" the element of mystery is predominant, as in nearly every production, good or bad, which marked the revival of romanticism in England and in Germany.

Probably a careful survey of modern

fiction, from George Eliot's *Adam Bede* to Howells's latest novel, would show that youth has had more prominence in it and has been more truthfully portrayed than in any earlier period of the art.

We Americans are probably deceived in our estimate of the proportion allotted to stories of young romantic love in present as compared with past fiction, because we are thinking not so much of novels as of short magazine stories. For, whatever change may have come over the good novel of our day, from a finer art and more realistic aim, it is slight as compared with that which distinguishes the magazine short stories set before us now from month to month from those of fifty years ago. We do not forget that the popular novel of that time was likely to be something extremely sentimental, like *The Wide, Wide World* and *The Lamplighter*; but there were then also, and running serially in this Magazine, novels of a very different character, the best examples of Victorian fiction. On the other hand, the short story most in demand for American readers was the downright love-story, appealing to a crude and half-awakened sensibility.

Against this retrospect it is not strange that we should note a wide departure. It is especially noteworthy that where love happens still to be the story-writer's theme, it is in most cases the concern of people already married rather than of young lovers. The vast disproportion of marriage stories at the present time is maintained even if we exclude unhappy divorce stories, to which writers are strongly tempted, because the violation of solemn vows is more strikingly dramatic than the shifting of a fickle fancy in a free field. These stories, where marriage is pointedly the theme, are mostly written by married women. It is the world they live in. As one of these writers, who has been producing this kind of stories for a generation, and who began it before it was the fashion, writes us, "Marriage, like conduct, is three-fourths of life."

There it is, the real reason. That period of life at which marriage is indicated is the dividing-line, physiologically, between youth and maturity, and, from this point of view, we may say of

maturity that it is three-fourths of the individual existence—the explicitly significant portion of it, whether viewed with reference to the relation between the sexes or as to those varied manifestations of the human spirit which transcend physically elemental activities and survive them in historically memorable achievements, such as differentiate one generation from another. These manifestations, preeminently interesting in the individual and in society, must furnish the most important material to the masters of fiction, if their interpretations of life are to satisfy the demands of a highly cultivated sensibility.

Therefore in both the novel and the short story the elemental youthful passion has come to be really incidental, though it is of everlasting interest, and though no story-writer can wholly eliminate it from his dramatic scheme. Even the most idyllic of love-stories, like *The Cardinal's Snuff-box*, or the most romantic, like *The Forest Lovers*, must subordinate the elemental strain to other notes in the harmony, in order to leave it its implicit beauty, its native dignity and reserve. On the other hand, the philosophy of a Meredithian novel yields but an arid satisfaction if in its dry air that gentle strain is never heard.

Perhaps a change has come over love's young dream itself, even in young America, since we read about it in those old magazine stories of fifty years ago and in the sentimental romances of the T. S. Arthur type. Perhaps the feeling is not now so much of "all for love and the world well lost." Is that a typical situation in Mr. Howells's latest novel, *Miss Bellard's Inspiration*, where the heroine breaks with her betrothed because they love each other too much? We cannot believe it. Miss Bellard is too mature to stand for simple girlhood. Though she is still young, the veil which, whether mercifully or fatefully, insulates youth has been broken, and through the rent she has taken in untimely lessons from the experiences of the married couple in the story, for whom love proved to have been not enough, since mingled with it there were no other accords in the harmony compelling the wild and tender strain within its natural compass of grace and dignity.

Why may not the story-writer—especially the writer of the short story—let the veil remain, though every overt act of youth outside the veil seem to older heads like some divine folly of the dreamer, and still find his theme and motive right there?

We confess to the more express allurements of maturity—in its bounty, its tolerances, its humor, its gracious flexibility and relaxation; we even look to it for the adequate expression of the ideals of youth denied to youth itself, and of all the noble emotions of the human heart. Yet is there not room, in one at least of the many variations of the so widely diversified short story of our time, for not merely the child study, but for the imaginative interpretation of youth and of youthful love? The mystery is so far withdrawn, the tension so absolute, that no disclosure of this hidden truth of youth seems possible till the Rubicon is passed—till the moment of florescence. Must that moment be left wholly to the poet? Is there no possible story of this world of wonder?

The question would seem to be a challenge to genius—to genius in the full maturity of its powers. But genius has its varied planes, and we see no reason why, without attempting the sublime heights of poetic tension, it should not take easily and kindly to the study of youth in its everlasting and ever-present Eden. The brief love-story has come into disfavor because of its shortcomings—because it has lacked the true inward interpretation and the spontaneous expression which characterize other works of fiction and give them a happy significance and embodiment. It has been too readily assumed that first love is a folly well foregone, whereas it is the one divine and natural folly still left to our unsophisticated humanity,—it infolds the deeper wisdom of those powers which, having prompted it, preside over it, giving it a singular security.

Let the short-story writer seize upon this folly and make the most of it. Certainly the satisfactory story of this kind must be quite different from the obvious, artificial, and wholly insufficient and unconvincing thing to which we have been so much used in the past.



# EDITOR'S DRAWER

## Mercenary Molly

BY S. T. STERN

MR. RUFUS MATLOCK reached his home plainly tired, wholesomely hungry, and undeniably exultant. "The strike has been settled," he announced as his wife met him in the dining-room. "As far as my factory is concerned the unions are down and out. Two thousand employees and their delegates on the one hand. Me—alone—on the other. I fixed them, single-handed. Sheer ability to handle the human species, if I *do* say it myself. I am ready for a good meal and large one. Our new cook, I trust, has done herself proud."

Mrs. Matlock shook her head sadly. "She hasn't. In fact, there is no new cook. There is no cook at all. She left this morning."

"That's your seventh servant in two months," said her husband, with instant pettishness. "You women-folks do not know how to handle servants properly. They are overfed, overpaid, overpampered—when they are not over-nagged. One single female marks the extent of your dominion. In my factory I employ two thousand. And yet—"

"And yet," interrupted Mrs. Matlock, "my lone female does what she pleases and when she pleases; if she doesn't please she doesn't do it at all. She eats what she pleases; she entertains whom she pleases and at my expense—and then leaves."

"You do not hire the proper people, Louisa."

"Granted."

"Your chief failure is a lack of discrimination at the time of hiring."

"Hardly that. I acknowledge failure all around. I bow to the successful employer of two thousand. I invoke his aid. This time you shall do all the hiring yourself. To-morrow you shall hie yourself to an

intelligence office and bring home a domestic of your own choosing."

"But—"

"Do you mean to say, Rufus, that the man who can employ, organize, and subdue a working force of two thousand men and women fears to organize a working force consisting of one single female? Yours has been the complaint. Yours shall be the remedy."

Thus it came about that Rufus Matlock found himself the following morning in the business office of one Mrs. Doubleheimer—Servants Furnished, City or Country.

"I want a cook," he announced, loftily. "I want one who will cook, wash, and iron, and so forth. We pay seventeen dollars."



A TALL, SLATTERNLY PERSON IN A FADED VELVET CLOAK

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UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"You do, do you? Well, you can go where you'll find one," was the response. "The Charity Organization Society for yours. If you want a servant from this house you had better talk more respectful. Good day."

"But, madam—"

"Good morning."

Three other offices repulsed Rufus with scarcely greater ceremony. At the fourth he was confronted by a tall, slatternly person clad in a faded velvet cloak, surmounted by an extensive though somewhat dilapidated picture-hat. "You wants a cook?" she grinned. "How many in the family? Do you keep a man to tend heater and wash winders? Does your laundry go out? Have you a pastry-lady and one to wash vegetables? How long did your last girl stay, and why did she leave? Do I get my own room? Is any of your other servants a Swede? I do hate Swedes. Do—"

"Stop!" cried Rufus. "It is I who am doing the employing here. Let me do the asking. When I have finished with my questions it will be time for you to begin."

For answer the candidate turned her

back on him and refused further conversation.

Wearily Rufus trudged from office to office. All in vain. One young woman refused to wash; another resented deeply his impertinence in seeking her references. As if her own word wasn't good enough! A third thought that two in family entailed a prospect of too much labor. She had been accustomed, it seems, to cook for unattached spinsters. All of them treated him with arrant contempt. The captain of industry was learning a few facts in a new field.

Late that afternoon he reached an office on the upper west side. In response to his request for a cook a pretty young woman was ushered in before him. She was small and dainty, and her dress was neatness itself.

"Do you cook?" he inquired, pleasantly—and humbly.

"Yes, sir."

"Wash and iron?" This dubiously.

"Certainly, sir."

"Clean windows and tend the heater?" This breathlessly.

"Of course, sir. Cooking and washing for two people cannot consume a body's whole time."

"Your days out?"

"I generally go out twice a month."

"What references have you?" This anxiously.

"I have none, sir. My seven years of service have been spent with one lady. She is dead. That accounts for both my lack of position and of credentials."

Hope revived in the breast of Rufus Matlock. He would yet redeem himself in the eyes of his wife. Casually he inquired, "Your wages?"

"Thirty-five dollars a month."

He knew it. Something had told him all along that he was doomed to final failure. Thirty-five dollars a month! Mrs. Rufus had never in her life paid more than seventeen. He would never hear the last of it. And yet, after all, what was a paltry eighteen dollars a month to domestic peace and comfort? What was eighteen dollars a month to domestic triumph! His mind was made up at once. "You may go to see my wife. As for the wages, you and I shall settle that between us, girl. Should my wife inquire



THE STRANGE BEHAVIOR OF MOLLY

as to compensation, you may inform her that you receive seventeen dollars. At the end of each month I shall give you the other eighteen as a gift. Understand me, it is merely a gift. The sole condition attached is that you do not mention it to any one—least of all, Mrs. Matlock."

"Trust me for that," said Molly.

The subsequent interview with Mrs. Matlock proved satisfactory. Mrs. Matlock was quite as favorably impressed with Molly as her husband had been. "Your wages?" she inquired at last.

"I expect at least twenty-seven dollars a month," said Molly.

Mrs. Matlock threw up her hands. "I have never paid more than seventeen. Did not my husband tell you?"

"He did. I thought it would do no harm to see you any way."

Mrs. Matlock was not to be defeated. "I will make an exception in your case, Molly. I will pay you twenty-three—"

"I said twenty-seven, lady."

"Twenty-seven it is, then. This much you must remember: Mr. Matlock is a very severe man and exacting in his ideas of domestic economy. He is accustomed to have me pay seventeen. It would grieve him somewhat to learn I was paying more."

"So it would," said artless Molly.

"It would not do to displease him. Officially your wages shall be seventeen dollars. You understand? The balance will be a private arrangement between ourselves. Will you promise to say nothing about it to Mr. Matlock?"

"I promise," said Molly, fervently.

Molly proved herself an efficient servant. So distinguished her efforts in the cooking line that when Rufus Matlock learned of the servant troubles of his cousin, George Moore, he promptly invited that gentleman and his bride to dinner. "They've had eleven girls in their three months of married life," he apologized to Mrs. Matlock. "It is true philanthropy to indulge them in a square meal. They are coming Wednesday evening next. Give Molly free rein. I am sure you will incur Mrs. Moore's envy."

On the appointed evening the Moores entered the Matlock dining-room. "What a beautiful table!" exclaimed Mrs. Moore, rapturously. "Your servant must be a jewel. Why—"



SHE WAS SCREAMINGLY VINDICTIVE

Molly stood on the threshold. At sight of Mrs. Moore she retreated precipitously and refused to appear at any time during the evening. The remainder of the meal—it was a good one—was served by a waitress hastily borrowed from a neighbor.

"I cannot account for Molly's strange behavior," said Mrs. Matlock to her guest. "Do you know her, Belle?"

"Know her? I should say I did. For years she lived in my aunt's house. She is a splendid servant—completely competent. My aunt used to say she did not know what she would do without her. She stayed until my aunt's death. She has one terrible fault—of which, I am sure, she has since been cured. Molly is mercenary; awfully so. She is the most mercenary person I have ever encountered. For years my aunt had been paying her nominally fifteen dollars a month. After auntie's death we discovered that my uncle had been paying her as much again on the sly. She levied that tribute as the price of her continued service."

"Sh!" said Mrs. Matlock.

"Sh-h-h-h-h!" said Mr. Matlock.

Mrs. Matlock had flushed crimson. She dared not look at her husband; for the first time in her married life she had deceived him. Had she glanced in his direction she

would have seen that his eyes, like her own, were studying the frescos on the ceiling, with a concentration hardly accounted for by any intrinsic merit that they possessed. He feared discovery every instant. One thing was assured. Molly must go. Gem or no gem, her immediate retirement was imperative. Mrs. Matlock must discharge her.

He broached the subject gently soon after the departure of their guests. "Louisa," said he, "there is a mystery about Molly which does not please me. Her conduct this evening was impudent in the extreme. I cannot suffer it to pass unnoticed. She is hardly a fit person to continue in our employ."

"Not after what we heard this evening," responded his wife, with alacrity. "You must send her away the first thing in the morning."

"I, my dear? Not I. *You* shall discharge her."

"No, Rufus," she stammered. "You hired her. Yours shall be the discharge."

"I see no reason why I should, Louisa. The mere fact that I descended to the realm of the kitchen on one occasion is no reason why I should assume complete charge of your department in the house-

hold. She is with us three weeks over the month. By way of compensation you may pay her a full month's wage. You have my permission."

"Rufus," said Mrs. Matlock, with finality, "you are a coward. If I were a union delegate I'd call out your two thousand employees every day in the week."

The subject was dropped abruptly after that. Next morning Mrs. Matlock complained of a headache and took her breakfast in bed.

That evening at the dinner-table Mr. Matlock first broke silence. "Louisa," said he, "for once I altered a fixed determination. When I discharged Molly this morning she was screamingly vindictive. She threatened no end of lawsuits. That would be unpleasant for you, I know. To get rid of the girl I gave her a month's wages and an additional twenty-five dollars. That is the last time I intrude into your dominion as long as we live."

"You gave her twenty-five dollars, did you?" cried Mrs. Matlock; "and I thought I was considerate of your feelings when I discharged her this afternoon and gave her twenty-five too!"

And they have been wondering mutually ever since.

## A Call to Arms

*A New York department store offers "50c. poets marked down to 19c.," as an inducement to buyers at its present special Monday sale*

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

WHO are these fifty-cent bards,  
Bearing the laurel and crown?  
Who are the Helicon Guards,  
With laces and lingerie down?  
What are the names of the scribes  
Now in the bargain-day sale,—  
Lures of the merchant, the bribes  
Cut on such merciless scale?

Browning, and Bryant, and Poe,  
Longfellow, Whittier too!  
Emerson, Byron, and oh,  
Milton the tried and the true!  
Meredith, Lowell and Holmes,  
Scott and my Lord Tennyson—  
These are the poets whose tomes  
Are thus most unhappily done.

Fame, what's become of your eye?  
Muses, where can you be at,  
Letting such illustrious fry  
Fall into so lowly a fat?  
Isn't wondrous Sordello his doom  
Past any redemption or hope  
Some patent egg-beater to boom,  
Or carry some newfangled soap?

Must Paradise Lost or Regained  
Be hitched to a lace collarette?  
Must Lalla Rookh ever be chained  
To corset or silk pantalette?  
Shall Arthur, Lucille, or Lenore,  
Hiawatha, or Harold the Childe,  
Be used as an ambassador  
Of a negligee shirt or a "biled"?

To arms, then, ye Poets who still  
Remain here on earth in the flesh.  
Come down from the heights of the hill  
And rescue these bards from the mesh.  
Come, oil up your claymore, O Scot!  
Come, catch up your rifles, O Yanks!  
Ye Britons, whatever ye've got,  
Come grab, and enlist in the ranks.

Enlist in the army that pours  
From Helicon down on the scene  
Where gather the hordes of the stores  
That make your illustrious mean.  
Then swat 'em, and crack 'em, and switch  
Till they, in sheer terror dismayed,  
Vow never again they will hitch  
These sons of Parnassus to Trade.





### The Beefsteak Yachting Club at the Races

FIRST BEEFSTEAK ENTHUSIAST. "Good, they're turning the stake."  
MEMBERS (in unison). "Well done! Rare!"

### The Retort Courteous

AUNT TABITHA dearly loved her pipe, and could not be persuaded to give it up. She was a pious old soul too, but argued that her mother and grandmother before her had smoked in the same chimney-corner, and if it was right for them it was right for her.

A young minister came to the town, and one day as he was walking about, he stumbled upon Aunt Tabitha's hut at the foot of a hill, 'way off in the woods. He walked in, and found the old woman smoking. He at once thought who she was as he had heard of her, and deemed it his duty to remonstrate with her about the use of tobacco.

"Aunt Tabitha," he said, "don't you know that the Good Book says that nothing unclean can enter into the Kingdom of Heaven? What will you do when you are refused admittance because of your breath polluted with tobacco? What have you to say to that?" he sternly concluded.

Aunt Tabitha puffed away while she looked the minister calmly over. Then taking the pipe from her mouth she answered, "What I say to that, young man, is that I specks to leave my breath behind when I goes to Heaven."



### Taste

"YOUR dog has such poor taste in dress,"  
Said little Bessie Dowed.

"His collar does not fit him, and  
His pants are far too loud."



## Bedtime

LAST year my bedtime was at eight,  
 And every single night  
 I used to wish the clock would wait,  
 Or else stay out of sight.  
 It always seemed to me  
 The next half-hour 'd be  
 The nicest time of all the day  
 If mother would agree.  
 But she always shook her head,  
 And she sort of jumped, and said,  
 Why, it's late—after eight—  
 And it's time you were in bed!

That clock would always do its best  
 To sit all quiet there,  
 Until I was my comfdest  
 In some big easy chair.  
 Then its striking would begin,  
 And I'd tell my motherkin  
 How I'd just begun a chapter, and  
 It was so *int'restin'*,—  
 And the end was just ahead,—  
 But she *usurully* said,  
 No, it's late—after eight—  
 And it's time to go to bed.

And now my bedtime is ha'-past,  
 But yet that old clock does  
 The same mean tricks—it's just as fast,  
 Or faster than it was.  
 Last night it seemed to me  
 The *next* half-hour 'd be  
 The nicest time of all the day  
 If mother would agree.  
 But she smiled and shook her head,  
 And she kissed me while she said,  
 Why, it's late—ha'-past eight—  
 And it's time you went to bed!

BURGES JOHNSON.

## A Naturalist

A VERY nervous little girl rushed into her  
 aunt's room one afternoon. She was too  
 excited to cry and too out of breath to talk,  
 but she held up to view one chubby finger,  
 to which was attached the cause of her  
 alarm and pain—a bee. Finally she gasped,  
 between quick catches of breath, "Aunt  
 Berta—Aunt Berta—see—there's a fly with  
 a tack in his tail."



## Reveries

WAY up the chimney, out of sight,  
 Goes all the smoke so soft and white,  
 And up above it comes to be  
 The clouds that ev'ry day we see.

AND ev'ry little shining spark,  
 That flies away into the dark,  
 Goes up, oh, very far and high,  
 To be a star there in the sky!

EDWARD HALL PUTNAM.



### Exclusive

"Are you going to invite the Crows to your 'nest-warming'?"  
 OWL. "No, sir. I draw the color-line."

## Nonsense Verses

BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

### Sadie

THERE was a young lady named Sadie,  
 Who worked in a Broadway store.  
 She had features fair, and peroxide hair.  
 In a sidewise pompadour.

She was tightly laced in a white shirt-  
 waist,

And her mien was calm and proud,  
 And she talked alway to Gladys and Mae.  
 Nor glanced at the passing crowd.

She turned aside, with a noble pride,  
 When once, on a bargain day,  
 The Queen, with her crown, in her velvet  
 gown.

Came timidly up her way.

And she said to Gladys: "It very sad is,  
 That one must so often see  
 The vulgar show of them so low  
 As the Aristocracy."

Then she said to the Queen, with an air  
 serene,

And a tilt of her pompadour:  
 "Them sample's too cheap; we don't never  
 keep  
 Them kinds in this first-class store."

### The Old Maid of Nantasket

THERE was an old maid of Nantasket,  
 Who never stirred out of the house,  
 But she carried her cat in a basket  
 For fear of meeting a mouse.

### John C. Sprowls

THERE was a young man named John  
 C. Sprowls,  
 Who wished to do what was right,  
 So he spent all he had in smoked glasses  
 for owls.  
 That they might see in daylight.

### The Ostrich

THE ostrich is a silly bird.  
 With scarcely any mind.  
 He often runs so very fast,  
 He leaves himself behind.—

And when he gets there, has to stand  
 And hang about till night,  
 Without a blessed thing to do  
 Until he comes in sight.



### Pride of Birth

THE DUCK. "She looks rather self-satisfied, doesn't she?"

THE ROOSTER. "Yes. She claims to be descended from a long line of incubators."

## Steamboat Medley

BY VICTOR A. HERMANN

OH, a steamboat race on de Mississip',  
 Et keeps yo' heaht a-jumpin';  
 To see dem decks begin to dip  
 En heah de injines thumpin'.  
 De Cap'en's reddeh den a beet,  
 He bellows 'bout de bilehs:  
 He's got de boat in feveh heat  
 Fum passengehs to ilers.  
 "Steam, mo' steam,"  
 Ah heah de Cap'en cry:  
 "We'll push det ol' tub out de stream,  
 Ef we all lan' in de sky."

De smoke rush out ob each tall stac',  
 Till all on bohnd am greasy blac';  
 Higheh, higheh, de red spahks fly,—  
 Hurrah, hurrah, we've passed her by.

Heah dem fiddles in de big saloon  
 Scrapin' out der sweetest tune,  
 En de young fokes dancin' all de while;  
 En eben de Cap'en hes to smile  
 When he thinks ob de two det run away  
 En jumped abohnd de boat to-day:

De young miss seemed mos' skeehed to deff,  
 Foh right behin', all out ob bref,  
 Was de Kernal on a foamy hoss;  
 But we laffed en gib de line a toss,  
 En out we backed on de Mississip'.  
 De Kernal stamped en shook his whip.  
 Lawsee me,  
 Ah nebbeh did see  
 A man who was es mad es he.

'Way off deh wheh de willows stir  
 Am de bones ob a blowed-up packet:  
 De vines en moss dey kibbeh her  
 Dess lak a tight green jacket.  
 Her pilot-house am crumblin' in,  
 Her wheel am sunk fum sight,  
 But de deckhan' say he's skeehed es sin  
 To pass det way et night.

He say when he pas' det way et night  
 Her decks dey blaze wid a ghos'ly light:  
 En her smoke-stac's rise lak long blac' necks  
 En spirits promenade her decks;  
 En her bilehs hiss de veyhy way  
 Dey did when she raced de *Marfy Gray*.





THE DOGE SAT ALONE IN A GREAT CARVEN CHAIR



# HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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## The Island of Enchantment

BY JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

### I

**E**VIL tidings have their own trick of spreading abroad. You cannot bury them. The news which had come secretly to Venice was known from the Giudecca to Madonna dell' Orto in two hours. Before noon it was in Murano.

Young Zuan Gradenigo, making his way on foot from the crowded Merceria into the Piazza di San Marco, ran upon his friend, the young German Captain, whom men called Il Lupo—his name was Wölfart,—and learned what almost every other man in the city already knew, how Lewis of Hungary, taking excuse of a merchant ship looted in Venetian waters, was on his way to a second invasion, and had given over the Dalmatian towns to the Ban of Bosnia to ravage.

The two men were still eagerly discussing the matter and its probable outcome, half an hour later, standing beside one of the gayly painted booths which at this time—the spring of 1355—were clustered about the foot of the great Campanile, when a servant in the livery of the Doge touched young Zuan's arm and, in a low tone, gave him a message.

Gradenigo turned back to the German.

"My uncle wishes to see me at once in the Palace," he said. "If you are not pressed, go to my house and wait for me there. I may have important news for you." Then, with a parting wave of the hand, he went quickly across the

Piazzetta and under the gateway to the right of St. Mark's.

At the head of the great stair two men were awaiting him, and they led him at once through a narrow passage with secret sliding doors to an inner cabinet of the private apartments of the newly elected Doge, his uncle, Giovanni Gradenigo.

The Doge sat alone in a great carven chair before a table which was littered with papers and with maps and with writing materials. From a high window at one side colored beams of light slanted down and rested in crimson and blue splashes upon the dark oak of the table and what lay there, and upon the rich velvet of the Doge's robe, and upon his peculiar cap of office. He was not a very old man, but he was far from strong. Indeed, even at this time he was slowly wasting away with the disease which carried him off a year later, but as he sat there, bowed before the table, he looked old and very worn and tired. His face had no color at all. It was like a dead man's face—cold and damp.

And yet, although he was ill and seemed quite unfit for labors or duties of any sort, he was in reality an unusually keen and shrewd man, capable of unremitting toil. There burned somewhere within the shrunken, pallid body an astonishingly fierce flame of life. He had been elected to office hard upon the Faliero catastrophe, partly because his

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name was one of the very greatest in Venice—two others of his house had worn the cap and ring within the century past,—but chiefly because his sympathies were as remote as possible from the liberal views of the poor old man who had preceded him. He was patrician before all else, and fiercely tenacious of patrician rights,—fiercely proud of his name and possessions.

He did not move as his nephew entered the room, only his pale eyes rose slowly to the young man's face and as slowly dropped again to the table before him. Young Zuan pulled forward one of the heavy uncomfortable chairs of carved wood and sat down in it. He was wondering very busily what his uncle wanted of him, but he knew the old man too well to ask questions. Besides that, it would not have been respectful.

Presently the pale eyes rose again.

"You have—heard?" asked the Doge, in his thin voice.

Young Zuan nodded.

"It is all over Venice," he said. "That Angevin devil Lewis is coming westward again and, to begin with, has set his friend the Ban on Zara and Spalato. He chose his time well, God knows!" He paused a moment as if in expectation of comment, but old Giovanni's face was a death-mask, immobile, and he went on: "As *Il Lupo*, the German Captain, said to me, a quarter of an hour ago, 'Venice is a very sick man—poison within, wounds without.' We shall lose Dalmatia."

Old Giovanni nodded once or twice, and for a moment he closed his pale eyes, sitting quite motionless in his great chair. It was as if he ceased even to breathe. Then, quite suddenly, the eyes snapped open and a swift flame of rage seemed to leap up in the old man, amazing in its unexpectedness. A momentary patch of crimson glowed upon each of the gray cheeks.

"That dog may have Dalmatia," he cried, "but, by God and by my ring of office, I'm damned if he shall have Arbe! I won't give up Arbe. I want to die there!"

Now Arbe needs a very brief word of comment. It was, and is, one of the northern Dalmatian islands—a tiny island, claw-fashioned, ten miles long, perhaps, not more than a mile wide at

its thickest. It is hemmed about by greater isles—Veglia to the north, Cherso and Lussin Grande to the west, Pago to the south. Eastward the high, bare, rocky rampart of the Croatian hills rises sheer from the sea, almost throwing its shadow over the island that nestles under it. The northern expanse of Arbe is wooded, but at the extremity of one south-stretching claw sits a city in miniature.

It was at this time, and had been for more than a century, a summer resort for several of the great Venetian families, who had built there villas and campanili and churches as beautiful as anything beside the Grand Canal, though no more beautiful than those of the true, native, Arbesan families, such as the De Dominis and Nemira and Zudeneghi. As a witness that I do not lie you may see the ruins of them even now—magnificent ruins, dwelt in by a horde of fishermen. And among these great families, by far the foremost had been the Gradenigo. There were three Gradenigo villas, cloistered and courtyarded, which were magnificent enough to be called palaces; a Gradenigo had, early in the thirteenth century, built the highest and finest of the four campanili—it still stands; a Gradenigo had been several times Count of the island. Hence, as you see, Arbe was peculiarly a Gradenigo pride. It was the apple of their eye. Hence also you will comprehend old Giovanni's sudden flare of rage. His withered heart was wrung with fear. He saw, I have no doubt, hideous visions of the Ban's barbarians slaying, looting, wielding torch and hammer in his fairy-land.

Young Zuan looked up with new concern.

"A-ah!" he said, half under his breath. "Arbe!—I had not thought of Arbe." His tone took on a shade of doubt.

"Is it likely," he wondered, aloud, "that the Ban will go out of his way to attack the island? It's of no value whatever, strategically. It would be mere wanton vandalism."

"And what," snarled old Giovanni, "is that mongrel Bosnian but a vandal? 'Likely,' say you? It is more than that. The dog has sworn to take Arbe and give it to that Magyar strumpet of his, Yaga. He knows nothing would hurt

me more. He went about Zara, a week ago, boasting openly of what he meant to do—so the word comes.”

Young Zuan flushed red and cursed under his breath.

“That is beyond bearing!” he said. “That woman in Arbe? That shameless, thieving wanton who stole away Natalia Volutich?”

The Doge nodded, licking his blue lips. “The same,” he said. “The Ban’s Yaga would appear to have a grudge against the house of Gradenigo.”

About a year before this time, for the sake of cementing a closer union between the two republics, a marriage had been arranged between young Zuan Gradenigo and the daughter of the Ragusan Senator Volutich. But before Zuan had reached Ragusa to make his visit of ceremony and see his prospective bride, the girl, riding with her women a little way beyond the land-gate of the town, had been stolen by brigands. Such things were by no means extraordinary. Nothing had been heard of her since, save that, a fortnight after her capture, a letter, couched in most insulting terms, had come to Ragusa from the Princess Yaga, that infamous favorite of the Ban, saying that the girl was in her household and somewhat preferred it to her former home.

“It’s beyond bearing!” said young Zuan again, and he was so angry that his voice shook. Then, after the two had for a moment stared into each other’s eyes, he threw out his hands with a little laugh of sheer exasperation.

“But what can we do?” he cried. “Madonna Santissima, what can we do? With this war upon our hands the Council will never consent to sending aid to Arbe, which is, after all, of importance to only a few families.”

“They *must* consent!” said the Doge, fiercely. “I will not lose Arbe! Look you! Who are the families concerned? Loredan, Morosini, Dandolo, Celsi, Venier, Contarini, Corner. All of them members of the Ten. I will see them, and, amongst us, we shall be able to arrange it. The thing must remain a private matter. We who love Arbe must go to Arbe’s aid unofficially. Three galleys will suffice. They must leave to-night, and the Council must not know of it until after they have sailed.”

Young Zuan looked up with a certain awe, for the scheme, when one considered the state of internal affairs in Venice at that time, was almost madness.

“It is a desperate plan,” he said, gravely. “You must feel very deeply to risk such a scheme, after the Falerio affair.”

Old Giovanni Gradenigo beat his yellow hand upon the table before him, and once again the two spots of color came out upon his sunken cheeks.

“I will not lose Arbe!” he cried for the third time. “Leave the risk and the arrangements to me. As for you, Zuan, you must go at the head of the expedition. I want a Gradenigo to rescue my island, and you are the only one of the house who is experienced in warfare.”

“Oh yes, of course I should go,” said Zuan. “I have the best right.” He rose to take his leave. “I shall have a busy day of it,” he said, “but I can have the three galleys ready before midnight, and secretly at that. I shall take Il Lupo with me. He is very faithful and a better man than I. When shall I come to you for instructions and authority? I must have authority to clear the galleys, of course.”

“Come to-night when I send for you,” said the Doge. “Everything shall be ready for you.” He had sunk wearily back in his great chair once more, and all signs of life had faded from his face. It seemed to his nephew that he looked more than ever like a dead man. He raised one feeble hand a little way as if in sign of dismissal, but the hand dropped back upon the carved wood of the chair-arm with a sort of dry rattle, and Zuan left him so, still, silent, deathly, with the bars of colored light from the high window slanting across his velvet robes in billets and lozenges of vert and gules and azure.

The three galleys which slipped gently out of the canal of the Giudecca that night bore southward before a favoring maestrale. Of one galley young Zuan Gradenigo held the command, of another the German called Il Lupo, and of the third a Venetian captain whose name does not matter. By noon of the next day they were off Lussin Grande, and hove to, well out of sight of land, to

await the darkness. They saw during the day nothing to disturb them. No ship passed save a Venetian fishing-boat or two, high-prowed and with colored triangular sails painted with some device; also, in the afternoon, three great trabacoli south-bound from Trieste or Pola, bluff-bowed craft, with hawse-ports painted to represent ferocious eyes.

Toward evening the maestrale died away, as it so often does in these waters, and from the south a scirocco arose, bringing a rack of clouds over the sky and a heavy dampness to the air. Before dark it was freshening fast and a fine rain was beginning to drive. The three galleys pitched and plunged heavily in the mounting sea. Young Gradenigo signalled to the two other ships and, leading the way himself, ran for the southern point of Lussin. He knew that, once within the shelter of the islands and scoglie, he would be well out of danger, for there is never a sea there, even though a storm may be raging outside.

By the time he reached the tranquil shelter between Lussin and Pago the night had fallen, black dark. It rained in spells, but once in a while the driving rack overhead parted for a moment and a flash of moonlight came down. Young Zuan ordered the galley brought to, and waited for one of these momentary floods of light. The light came, touching with silver the great tumbling seas outside the barrier reef, but the seas were empty. There were no galleys making for the southern point of Lussin. Gradenigo turned with an oath of surprise to the old sailing-master who stood beside him, sheltering his eyes from the wind with one brown hand.

"They have been driven northward," he said. "They'll have to run between Cherso and the mainland and beat south again by Veglia." The sailing-master shook his head gloomily.

"It is a bad night, lord," said he. "That sea will be hell in another hour." And he moved off forward to give orders to his men.

There seemed nothing for it but to go on and, in the sheltered cove at the north of Arbe, where the disembarkment was to take place, await the other ships. Young Zuan felt no great anxiety over them; he was sure that they had merely

been driven northward, and would have to round Cherso, and then make their way down again through the sheltered "Canal" between the island and Veglia. His only fear was that they might not reach Arbe before morning, in which case the relief of the city—granting always that the Ban's expedition had already occupied it—would have to be delayed until another night.

He put about again, and running before the strong scirocco (the wind, of course, reaches these sheltered waters, somewhat abated, though there is no sea), made out the lights of Arbe within two hours. In another hour, leaving the galley well to the west of the island and hidden in the gloom, he was in a skiff, rowed by two strong sailor-men, creeping round the walls of the city.

Now it has been said that the city occupies a southward-jutting claw of rock. The villas and streets, indeed, crowd to the very edge of the narrow ridge. On the western side the sea-wall, a hundred feet high, rises sheer from the water, and is continued upward by the walls of the buildings. Eastward, however, round the point, the land slopes lower, and here is a sheltered cove in the crook of the rocky claw, with a mole and landing-place of hewn stone. Upon the landing-place opens a public square.

Young Zuan in his skiff crept round the point and, always under the shelter of the sea-wall, into the still harbor where was the landing-place. Fifty yards from the point where the sea-wall dropped to the water's level, and the open square began, he halted. From the wall—near by lion heads of carved stone projected, and in each beast's mouth hung a great bronze ring for mooring ships. One of the two sailor-men laid hold of a ring and held the skiff steady, and Zuan rose to his feet to look.

Far over his head the wind—driving a thin rain before it once more—shrieked and whistled past the roofs of Arbe, and flapped the gay awnings which hung over the marble balconies. Once, above the wind's noise, a woman's shriek rose and held and then died suddenly. Beyond, in the open square, a great fire blazed on the flags, and hurrying men in strange dress threw armfuls of fuel upon it. Others held hands and danced

about the fire in a ring, like devils, singing a weird and wild chant. It was a fine chant and stirring, and these Huns sang it well, but to young Zuan Gradenigo's ears it was the baying of unclean dogs.

He dropped back upon the thwart of his skiff with a sobbing curse. The Ban's Magyar strumpet was set where the Ban had sworn to set her.

"Row to the galley!" he said, and as the two sailor-men bent to their work, standing at their oars gondolier fashion, and the skiff leaped forward through the wet gloom, he laid his face in his hands, and it twisted and worked bitterly. He was by no means a coward, and he was not a particularly imaginative man, but the picture of that leaping fire and the leaping, chanting devils about it persisted before his eyes, and he looked forward to the struggle which was to come, and an odd premonition of disaster took possession of him and would not be driven away.

In the tiny sheltered cove of rendezvous, two miles above the city, they anchored the galley and disembarked. There is a rocky headland beside the cove, high at its outer end, and here certain trusty officers took their station, with lanterns muffled in their cloaks, to watch for the approach of the other two ships. Young Zuan went within a deserted fisherman's hut which stood where wood and beach met, and there held council with his sailing-master and his chief lieutenant. He was still strong in the belief that Il Lupo's ship and the other were safe and would arrive in a few hours—it was by now somewhat after midnight,—but the old sailing-master again shook a gloomy head. He had served Venice for forty years on land and sea, and he was a pessimist.

There arose cries and shoutings without, and a petty officer burst into the hut, puffed with importance and pride.

"Prisoners, lord!" he reported. "Three spies caught skulking and peeping in the wood."

"Bring them in!" said young Zuan. "And keep those men quiet outside. Do you wish the whole island to know we are here?"

The prisoners were thrust into the room—great, squat, hairy fellows in the

barbaric dress of Huns, surly and villainous. They would not speak. It was evident that they understood neither Italian nor Greek, and they affected not to comprehend the sailing-master's halting efforts at their own tongue. They only stared under their shaggy brows, silent and stolid, and tugged at the hands which were bound behind them.

"Are these men?" cried out young Zuan, in fine Venetian scorn. "Take the cattle away! Bind their feet and set a guard over them. Hark! What is that?"

That was a woman's scream from without, low and very angry.

"But a woman, lord," explained the officer who had brought in the prisoners—"a young wench who was prowling with these fellows and was taken with them. Asking your lordship's pardon, I thought it idle to bring her to you—a common wench."

"Take these men away," said young Gradenigo, "and bring in the woman. It may be that she speaks a Christian tongue."

She crept into the hut, pressing against the side of the doorway, and stood against the farther wall—a girl, a mere slip of a girl, with her long brown hair down over her eyes. And there against the wall she stood, shaking, her hands twisting together over her breast, and her eyes, like the eyes of a hunted, cornered animal, went swiftly from one face to another of the men across the room, and finally settled upon the face of Zuan Gradenigo, and did not stir for a long time.

She stood in her thin white shift, and on her bared arms were marks as if rough hands and none too clean had been there.

When young Zuan spoke, his voice was gentle and kindly, the maid was so sore beset, so full of fear, so alone.

"Do you—understand Italian?" he asked. The maid did not answer him; but when she spoke, she spoke in perfectly fluent Venetian dialect—as good Venetian as Gradenigo's own. And the fear seemed to go from her, giving place to anger.

"My garments, lord!" she said, and laid her bruised arms across her bosom in a little pitiful gesture of outraged modesty. "Your men have taken them from me. I am ashamed, lord. They—



laid their foul hands on my arms." Her face twisted as at the memory of insult, and the lieutenant who stood across the room laughed aloud. Young Zuan turned upon him fiercely.

"Hold your laughter for a fitter excuse!" he said. "Are we Huns, to insult women? Go out to those men and find the maid's garments. Bring them here." The man went, staring, and, at a motion of Gradenigo's head, the sailing-master followed him, leaving the two alone.

"I am sorry, child," said Zuan Gradenigo. "We did not come here to ill-treat women. I shall see that my men are punished for what they have done. Meanwhile—" He took up the mantle which he had put aside over a near-by bench, and crossing the room, laid it over the girl's shoulders. It covered her almost to the feet. And when he had done this he stood, for what he imagined to be a moment, looking down into the eyes that held his so steadily—brave eyes, unafraid, unclouded, unwavering. One could not be harsh or cruel in the gaze of such—even though they looked from the face of an enemy. An enemy? Nonsense! A girl taken by chance as she wandered through the wood—as she peeped, full of childish curiosity, at the disembarkment of a ship's load of soldiers. Brave eyes, unafraid. That was why they held him so, because they fronted him without fear—even with trust.

Ayl doubtless that was why they held him so, and yet— He stirred restlessly. Such great eyes! With such illimitable depths! How came a wandering child by such eyes? They moved him oddly. The child would seem to be an uncommon child. Those steady, burning eyes of hers had some uncommon power, worked some strange spell, some sorcery, not evil, but unfamiliarly sweet, unknown to his experience.

He gave a little confused laugh and raised an uncertain hand toward his head, but the girl had, at the same moment, put out one of her own hands to fasten the clasp of Zuan's mantle at her throat, and his fingers touched her arm.

At that, as if it brought back her injuries to mind, she dropped her eyes, and the man was loosed incontinently from his chains.

"Lord!" she cried again, flushing red

in the light of the lanterns, "they put their foul hands upon me! They put their hands upon me!" The very present peril in which she might well have believed herself to stand seemed not to occur to her. It seemed that only those rough, befouling hands were in her mind. Her face gave once more its little shivering twist of anger and repulsion.

"They shall be punished, child!" said Zuan Gradenigo, between tight lips. "Oh, they shall suffer for it, you may be sure. And now"—he took a turn away from her, for her great eyes were upon him again, level and unafraid—"now will you tell me who you are and how you came to be found with those barbarians to-night? Surely you can have no traffic with such. Surely you are a lady. I have seen that." And indeed he had seen, while the girl stood in her thin white shift, how beautifully she was made—deep-bosomed, slim-waisted, with tapering wrists and ankles, and round white throat. No common wench was there. There was good blood under that white skin of hers.

"Surely you are a lady," said young Zuan, but the girl bent her head from him.

"Nay, lord," she said, very low, "I am only—a serving-maid to the Princess Yaga."

The red flamed into Zuan's cheeks.

"That woman!" he cried. "You serve that vile fiend in human flesh, that royal strumpet, that wanton at whose name men spit? *You?*" The girl stared at him under her brows.

"Oh!" cried Zuan Gradenigo. "Where is God that hell could devise such a wrong? What was God doing that you should stray into such clutches and He not know? That—that monster of vice and uncleanness!" He pointed a shaking hand toward the south.

"There she sits," said he, "polluting the castle where Jacopo Corner has sat for so many years, where my grandfather sat before him, and his father before him! There she sits gloating; but, by God and St. Mark's lion! before this week is over I shall tear her head from her body and throw it to the dogs. Nay! better than that! I shall send it, in the name of Venice, to the Ban who sent her here to shame us."



HE LAID THE MANTLE OVER THE GIRL'S SHOULDERS



"Lord!" said the maid, very low—"lord! Oh, you do not know! You—speak wildly. You do not know what you say."

"I know," said Zuan Gradenigo, "that all I say is true. That woman's name is infamous throughout Europe. It is a name of scorn. It means all that is vile—as you must know. Will Arbe ever be clean from her—even when we have washed its stones with her blood? But *you!*" he cried, in a new voice. "Oh, child, that *you* should have to serve her—be near to her! I cannot think of it with calmness."

The maid turned a little away from him and moved over to the wooden bench where Zuan's mantle had lain. And she seated herself at one end of the bench, looking across the room at him very soberly.

"And why not I, lord," she asked, "as well as another? What do you know of me? I am—a serving-maid, and such must serve whomever they may." He came nearer and stared into her face, and his own was oddly troubled, frowning.

"I cannot think of you—so," he said. "A serving-maid? There's something strange here. Oh, child, you have something about you—I cannot say what it is, for I have no words. I fight, I am not a poet, but were I such, I think—your eyes—their trick of looking—their—I cannot say what I mean. A serving-maid? Oh, child, you are fitter for velvets and jewels! I do not understand. Something breathes from you," he said, with that trouble upon his frowning face, an odd trouble in his eyes—bewildered, uncomprehending—like a child's eyes before some mystery. "Something breathes from you. I do not know what it is."

The maid looked at him in the yellow, flickering lantern-light, and she made as though she would speak, but in the end shook her head and turned it a little aside, and sat once more silent. And for a time the man also was silent, watching her averted face and thinking how amazingly beautiful it was; not white with the pallor which the Venetian women so prized, but sumptuously rich of color, sun-kissed, free, unashamed of the wholesome blood which flowed under its golden skin and stained it with red on

either cheek. He found himself possessed of a mad desire to touch that cheek which was nearest him with his finger, and the sheer folly, the childishness of the thought, would in any other mood have shaken a laugh of scorn from him. He was not a woman's man, as he had said, but a fighter.

One of the maid's hands stirred in her lap and dropped beside her on the wooden bench. The lantern-light fell upon it—long, slender, tapering.

"Your hand, child!" said young Zuan. "It is not the hand of a serving-maid. It has never done rough tasks."

"My Princess is kind to me, lord," she said. "My tasks are easy."

He put out an uncertain hand and touched the hand that lay in the lantern-light. The maid drew a little, quick, gasping breath, and her eyes turned to him, great and dark. Then, like two silly half-grown children caught holding hands, they both flushed red and their eyes turned aside once more.

Zuan raised a hand to his temples, where the blood throbbed.

"I—do not know what has come over me," he said, and turned a few steps away across the room. In a moment he was back again, on one knee before her.

"You lay a spell upon me!" he cried, whispering into her bent face. "I am unmanned. Strange things stir my heart, child—mount to my head like wine. You lay a spell upon me."

"No, lord!" she said, very low. "I am but a maid. I cannot work spells or sorcery. It is only that I am alone and beset and miserable. It is pity that you feel, lord. Ah, you are kind and merciful. Lord, I—wish that I might do you a service for the service you have done me."

"Pity?" said young Zuan.

"Pity, lord," she said again; and to his awkward, unskilful tongue and to his unaccustomed hands no occupation seemed to come, so that he knelt silent and troubled before her in the lantern-light.

If it seem that enchantment came over—swiftly upon him, overprecipitately, it must be borne in mind that he was a soldier, wholly unused to a woman's company, and that this girl, young, beautiful, and in sore straits, was brought before him in the manner most certain to

waken his chivalry—ay, to stir his ready heart. The maid spoke shrewdly. It was pity he felt. But other emotions wait hard upon pity's threshold. Further, in young Zuan's day love came swiftly or not at all. It was not the day of courtship. Love was born of a look—a smile—a hand-touch. And such love has wrecked empires. It is a sober truth that no great passion was ever of slow maturing.

There came from without the door eager voices and quick steps, and the lieutenant whom Zuan had sent to fetch the maid's outer garments—krozet, saruk, and girdle—burst into the room. His eyes were round, starting out of his head, and his face was flushed with excitement.

"She's still here, lord?" he cried out, almost before he had entered. "The woman is here? You have not let her go!" His gaze searched the hut swiftly.

"She is here," said Zuan Gradenigo, "but you will speak more respectfully. Give me the garments!" The man's excitement was too great to heed reproofs. He thrust the things he held into his master's arms.

"See!" he cried. "See the girdle—the necklace—the charm she wore about her neck! See whom we have taken!"

Young Zuan looked at the jewels, and they slipped from his fingers and fell, flashing in the light, and lay about his feet. He turned very slowly toward the girl, who stood against the farther side of the wall, and his eyes were once more like a child's eyes—bewildered, hurt, uncomprehending. He stretched out a hand toward her, and the hand shook and wavered.

"It is the Princess herself!" cried the lieutenant. "It is Yaga!" and fell into a chattering, hysterical laugh.

"It is not—true," whispered Zuan Gradenigo, across the little room. "Say it is not true!" His voice rose to a sharp, agonized appeal, but there was no conviction in his tone. He knew.

At the name the girl had cried out suddenly, and to smother the cry she caught her two hands up to her mouth. Even then her eyes went from one man to the other, swift and keen.

"Say it is not true!" pleaded Zuan Gradenigo, but the lieutenant babbled on, stammering in his excitement,

"See, Messer Zuan! We have her! We have her fast! Why not set sail at once with her on board—at once before they in the city know she is taken? Why not? See! they are helpless without her. We can force them to give up Arbe for her. She is worth fifty Arbes to them—all of Dalmatia, perhaps. Why not do that? Messer Lupo's galley has not come, nor the other. We can do nothing alone. Take her on board, lord, before it is too late, and set sail. Leave Arbe to itself for a little. The Huns will give it up to us. Come, come!"

It is doubtful if young Zuan even heard. His eyes, stricken and hopeless, were upon the girl across the room, and he whispered over and over again:

"Say it is not true! Say it is not true!" But the woman's eyes were upon the floor, and her hands dropped to her breast, and then to her side with a little forlorn gesture, and she bent her head.

"It is true, lord," she said. "I am the Princess Yaga."

The lieutenant gave a great shout and dashed out to his fellows. Young Zuan dropped down upon the near-by bench, covering his face.

Then the woman came to him, crossing the room swiftly, and dropped upon her knees on the floor beside him.

"Lord!" she said, touching his arm with her two hands—"lord, it would have been of no avail to deny it. You would have found me out in time. I am that—dreadful woman, lord; perhaps not so dreadful as you have thought; perhaps men have lied about—me, made things worse than they truly are. Still—lord—" She crept closer to him on her knees, and her hands pressed eagerly at his arm. "Lord, it was wise, very wise, what your officer begged you to do. You have me fast—the Ban's Yaga. Will you not set sail with me and leave Arbe? Will you not hold me hostage for your island? The Ban will give it up to you in exchange for me. Lord, will you not do this?" She pleaded with him in an odd tone of eager anxiety which might have aroused his suspicions had the man been less overwhelmed in his misery. I do not think he heard more than the pleading voice. I do not think he followed her words at all.

"Lord!" she cried again, shaking his



arm with her two hands, "will you not do this? It will be best for you. Oh, far best! Listen, lord! You have been kind to me, gentle and pitiful. You saved me from—from great shame at the hands of those men. You saved me when you knew that I must be an enemy—even though you did not know how great an enemy,—and now I am trying to save you. You are in great danger, lord, you and your men. Will you not listen to me?"

Young Zuan raised a white face, and his eyes looked bitterly into the woman's eyes that burned so near.

"Danger?" he said, dully, under his breath. It seemed as if he did not care. "What danger?"

And then, as if his gaze held for her some of the strange sorcery which hers had laid upon him, the woman faltered in her swift speech, and she gave a little sob.

"Oh!" she cried. "Why did I not know? Why did I not know?"

"What danger?" repeated Zuan Gradenigo, as if the words meant nothing to him.

"They know that you are here, lord," she said. "We knew, in the city, that you were coming. The fishing-boat which passed you this morning at sea brought us news of three galleys from Venice. Now two of your galleys have been blown away by the scirocco. You are but a few men, a handful, and you will be overwhelmed. Oh, lord, we whom your men took to-night were spying upon you, but there were three more who escaped—three more men. They will have reached the city before this time, and you may be attacked at any moment. Lord, *why* do you sit there silent? Why will you not take me on board your ship and sail away?"

It came dully to Gradenigo's mind, through the stress and whirl which obscured it, that the maid showed a strange eagerness, out of reason.

"Why do you tell me this?" he asked, suddenly. "Why not let your barbarians capture us—put us to death? Why do you wish to defeat your own cause? There's trickery here." He rose to his feet, frowning, but the woman was before him.

"If you—cannot see—lord," she said,

and a bit of bright color came into her cheeks, "then I cannot tell you." Suddenly she put out her two hands upon his breast and fell to sobbing.

"I will not have you killed!" she cried. "Oh, lord, I will not have you taken or slain! For your men I care nothing. They may die where they stand and it will be nothing to me; but *you*—lord, I cannot bear to have you taken!" There was no trickery in that. It came from the woman's soul, shaking her sorely.

Zuan looked at her, this slim pale girl shaken with her sobbing—this monster of vice and sin, at whose name men spat with derision,—and again he felt the strange paralyzing weakness creep over him. He could not hate her. He turned his eyes away and shook himself into attention.

"Come!" he said, "we will go. You cannot be lying to me. We will go."

But before he could take a step there arose in the night without a babel of cries and screams and the clashing of steel. Above it all the same strange barbaric chant which those devils leaping about the fire in the landing-place of the city had sung together.

"Too late!" cried the girl. "Oh, too late! They are here already!"

Zuan Gradenigo sprang silently for his sword, which he had laid aside in a far corner of the room; but as he did so the woman threw herself upon the half-open door of the hut and crashed it to, swinging the great bar into place.

"You shall not go!" she said, in a gasping whisper. "You shall not go out there to be slain."

"Out of my way!" cried Zuan, sword in hand. "Out of my way, or by Heaven I'll run you through! Would you have me skulk here while my men are fighting? Get out of my way!" He ran at her and caught her by the arm, swinging her aside from the door; but the woman was back again, on hands and knees, before he could recover his balance. She caught him about the knees with her arms, and she was as strong as a young animal and as lithe. He could not move.

He raised the Venetian dagger which he held in his left hand. His eyes were on fire.

"Once more," said he, "will you stand out of my way and let me go?" Outside

in the night, the cries and clash of arms clamored on, and that barbaric chant, broken sometimes, sometimes swelling loud and triumphant, rang over all.

"You shall not go through this door!" gasped the woman, clinging fast to young Zuan's knees. "They are four to one out there. They would kill you the moment you stepped beyond the door."

Strategy came to her, and she shot out a bare arm toward the single window.

"Go by the window!" she cried. "It opens upon a thicket. They will not see you there." She loosed him and he sprang for the window, swinging away the bar and pushing open the heavy wooden shutters.

The woman was upon his heels as he leaped into the night, but he did not know nor care. Through the tangle of

shrubby and vine in which he found himself he could see the battle raging in the clear space of the beach beyond, and toward it he fought his way. A heavy creeper laid hold upon his ankles, and, cursing savagely, he slashed at it with his sword. A little rise of ground was before him. He mounted it in a single leap, and from its crest leaped again.

Then he fell a long way, crashing first through the mask of thicket which covered a narrow ravine, striking thence upon the earth of the farther side and rolling down that. Once or twice he threw out his hands to catch himself, but as he slipped and fell again his head struck upon something hard—a stone, probably,—and that was the last he knew.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

## Morning

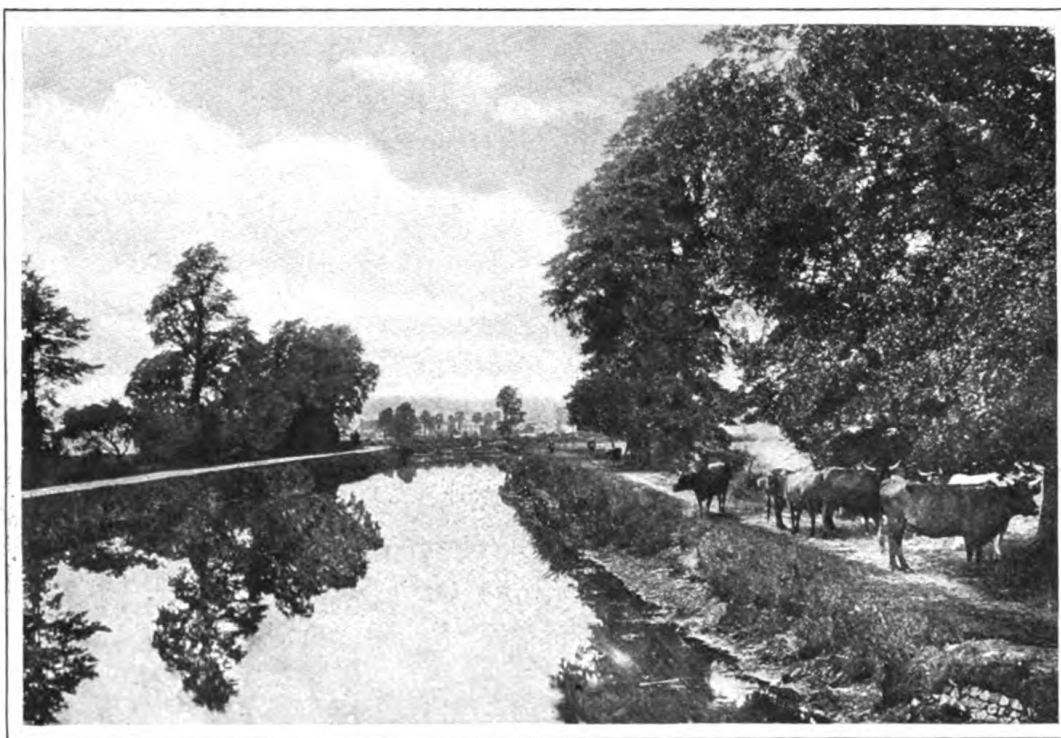
BY MILDRED I. McNEAL-SWEENEY

TO my high window,  
Cool with the winds of night  
And strange with stars,  
Comes slowly  
Out of the dark and almost past her hour,  
The faithful wonder of the morning light  
And sets my grave room glowing  
Like a flower.

And I, long lying  
Troubled with heavy dreams,  
Feel at my lids  
The loving  
And lustrous summoning of old:  
And wakening, suddenly all the young world seems  
One color of joy too deep  
For heart to hold.

Gold at her forehead,  
Gold at her radiant foot—  
No meaner color she wears  
This day.

And I? And this too-often returning pain?—  
Ah, let me remember, and thou, brave sorrow, be mute,  
How royally, yesterday,  
She wore her rain.



A BIT OF COUNTRY BETWEEN PLYMOUTH AND EXETER

## Twenty-four Hours at Exeter

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

THE weather, on the morning we left Plymouth, was at once cloudy and fair, and chilly and warm, as it can be only in England. It ended by cheering up, if not quite clearing up, and from time to time the sun shone so brightly into our railway carriage that we said it would have been absurd to supplement it with the hot-water foot-warmer which, in many trains, still embodies the English notion of car-heating. The sun shone even more brightly outside, and lay in patches much larger than our compartment floor on the varied surface of that lovely English country with which we rapturously acquainted and reacquainted ourselves, as the train bore us smoothly (but not quite so smoothly as an American train would have borne us) away from the sea and up toward the heart of the land. The trees, except the semitropical growths,

were leafless yet, with no sign of budding; the grass was not so green as at Plymouth; but there were primroses (or cowslips: does it matter which?) in bloom along the railroad banks, and young lambs in the meadows where their elders nosed listlessly among the chopped turnips strewn over the turf. Whether it was in mere surfeit, or in an invincible distaste for turnips, or an instinctive repulsion from their frequent association at table, that the sheep everywhere showed this apathy, I cannot make so sure as I can of such characteristic features of the landscape as the gray stone cottages with thatched roofs, and the gray stone villages with tiled roofs clustering about the knees of a venerable mother-church and then thinning off into the scattered cottages again.

As yet we were not fully sensible of the sparsity of the cottages; that is some-



IN EXETER OUR FIRST CATHEDRAL WAS AWAITING US

thing which grows upon you in England, as the reasons for it become more a part of your knowledge. Then you realize why a far older country where the land is in a few hands must be far lonelier than ours, where each farmer owns his farm, and lives on it. Mile after mile you pass through carefully tilled fields with no sign of a human habitation, but at first your eyes and your thoughts are holden from the fact in a vision of things endeared by association from the earliest moment of your intellectual nonage. The primroses, if they are primroses and not cowslips, are a pale-yellow wash in the grass; the ivy is creeping over the banks and walls, and climbing the trees, and clothing their wintry nakedness; the hedgerows, lifted on turf-covered foundations of stone, change the pattern of the web they weave over the prospect as your train passes; the rooks are drifting high or drifting low; the little streams loiter brim-full through the meadows steeped in perpetual rains; and all these material facts have a witchery from poetry and romance to transmute

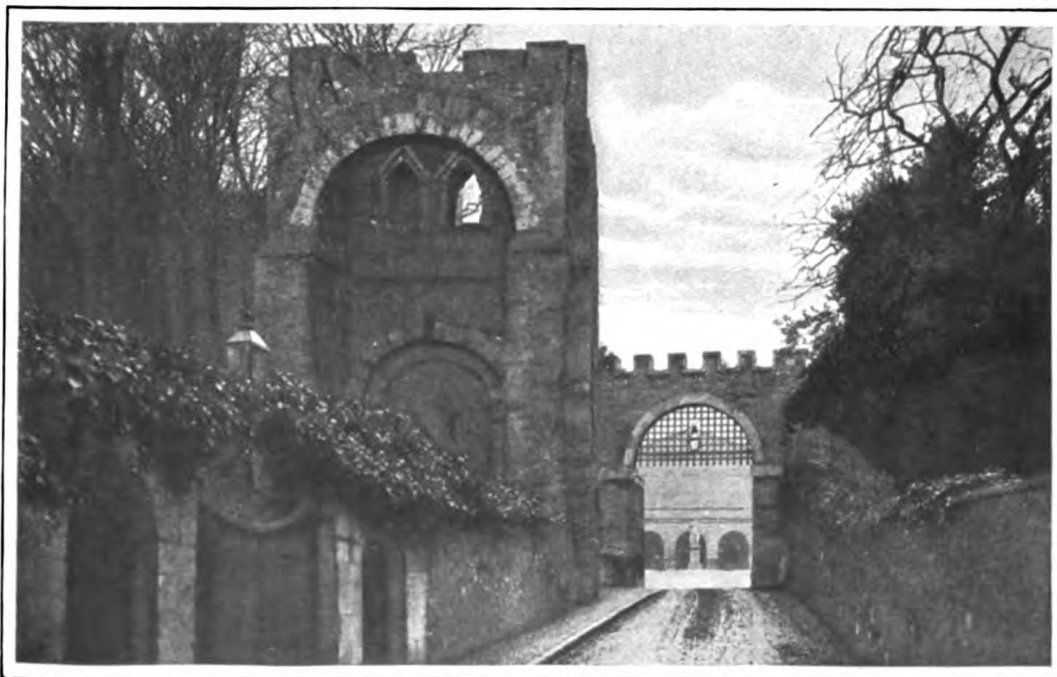
you to a common substance of tradition. The quick transition from the present to the past, from the industrial to the feudal, and back again as your train flies through the smoke of busy towns, and then suddenly skirts some nobleman's park where the herds of fallow deer lie motionless on the borders of the lawn sloping up to the stately mansion, is an effect of the magic that could nowhere else bring the tenth and twentieth centuries so bewilderingly together. At times, in the open, I seemed to be traversing certain pastoral regions of southern Ohio; at other times where the woods grew close to the railroad track I was following the borders of Beverly Farms on the Massachusetts shore, in either case recklessly irresponsible for the illusion, which if I had been in one place or the other I could have easily reversed, and so been back in England.

The run from Plymouth to Exeter is only an hour and a half, but in that short space we stopped four or five minutes at towns where I should have been glad to have stopped as many days if I had

known what I lost by hurrying on. I do not know it yet, but I know that one loses so greatly in every sort of high interest at all the towns one does not stop at in England that one departs at last a ruined, a beggared man. As it was we could only avert our faces from the pane as we drew out of each tempting station, and sigh for the certainty of Exeter's claims upon us. There our first cathedral was waiting us, and there we knew, from the words which no guide-book fails to repeat, that we should find "a typical English city . . . alike of Briton, Roman, and Englishman, the one great prize of the Christian Saxon, the city where Jupiter gave way to Christ, but where Christ never gave way to Wodin. . . . None other can trace up a life so unbroken to so remote a past." Whether, when we found it, we found it equal to the unique grandeur imputed to it, I prefer to escape saying by saying that the cathedral at Exeter is more than equal to any expectation you can form of it, even if it is not your first cathedral. A city of scarcely forty thousand inhabitants may well be forgiven if it cannot look an unbroken life from so remote a past as Exeter's.

Chicago herself, with all her mythical millions, might not be able to do as much in the like case; when it comes to certain details I doubt if even New York would be equal to it.

I will not pretend that I was intimately acquainted with her history before I came to Exeter. I will frankly own that I did not drive up to the Butt of Malmsey in the hotel omnibus quite aware that the castle of Exeter was built on an old British earthwork; or that many coins, vases, and burial-urns dug up from such streets as I passed through prove the chief town of Devonshire to have been built on an important Roman station. To me it did not at once show its Romano-British origin in the central crossing of its principal streets at right angles; but the better-informed reader will recall without an effort that the place was never wholly deserted during the darkest hours of the Saxon conquest. The great Alfred drove the Danes out of it in 877, and fortified and beautified it, and Athelstan, when he came to Exeter in 926, discovered Briton and Saxon living there on terms of perfect amity and equality. Together they must have manned the walls in resisting the



THE CASTLE OF ROUGEMONT



Northmen, and they probably united in surrendering the city to William the Conqueror after a siege of eighteen days, which was long for an English town to hold out against him. He then built the castle of Rougemont, of which a substantial ruin yet remains for the pleasure of such travellers as do not find it closed for repairs; and the city held for Matilda in the wars of 1137, but it was finally taken by King Stephen. In 1469 it was for the Red Rose against the White when the houses of Lancaster and York disputed its possession, and for the Old Religion against the New in the time of Henry VIII.'s high-handed reforms, when the Devonshire and Cornish men fought for the ancient faith within its walls against his forces without. The pretender Perkin Warbeck (a beautiful name, I always think, like a bird-note, and worthy a truer prince) had vainly besieged it in 1549; and in the Civil War it was taken and retaken by King and Parliament. At some moment before these vicissitudes, Charles's hapless daughter Henrietta, who became Madame of France, was born

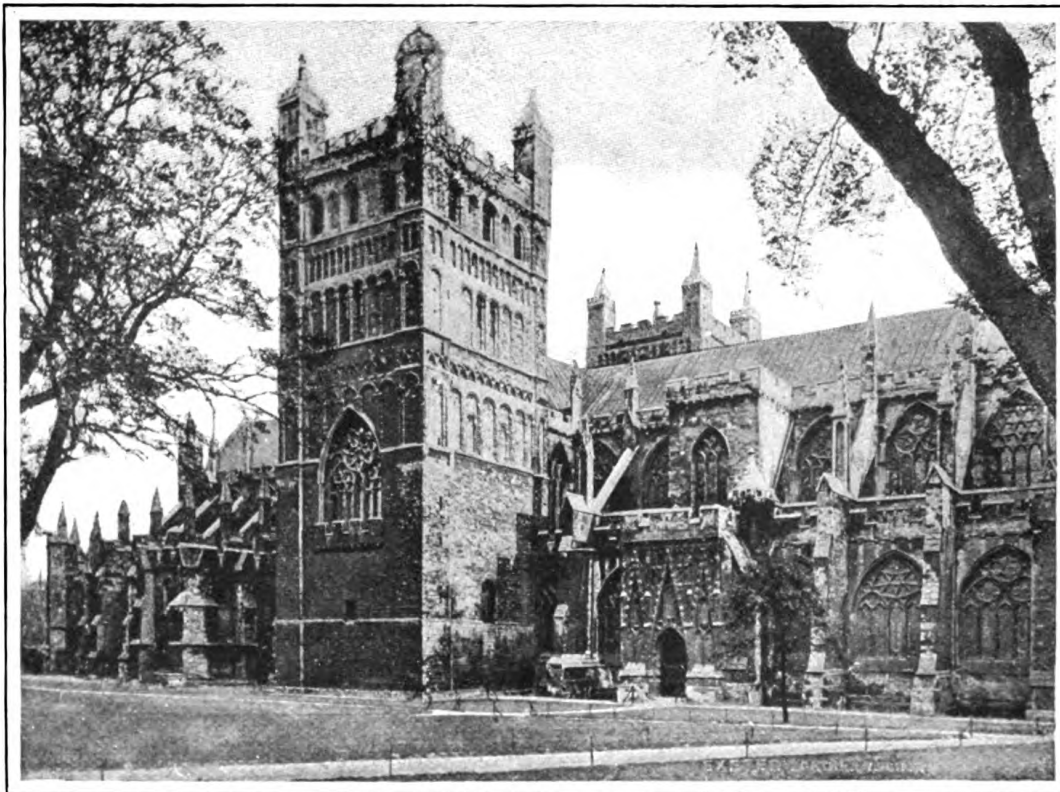
in Exeter; and in Exeter likewise was born that General Monk who brought the Stuarts back after Cromwell's death.

The Butt of Malmsey had advertised itself as the only hotel in the cathedral close, and as we had stopped at Exeter for the cathedral's sake we fell a willing prey to the fanciful statement. There is of course no hotel in the cathedral close, but the Butt of Malmsey is so close to the cathedral that it may have unintentionally confused the words. At any rate, it stood facing the side of the beautiful pile and getting its noble Norman towers against a sky, which we would not have had other than a broken gray, above the tops of trees where one nesting rook the less would have been an incalculable loss. One of the rooms which the managers could give us looked on this lovely sight, and if the other looked into a dim court, why, all the rooms in a cathedral close, or close to a cathedral, cannot command views of it.

We had of course seen the cathedral almost before we saw the city in our approach, but now we felt that the time



INTERIOR OF EXETER CATHEDRAL

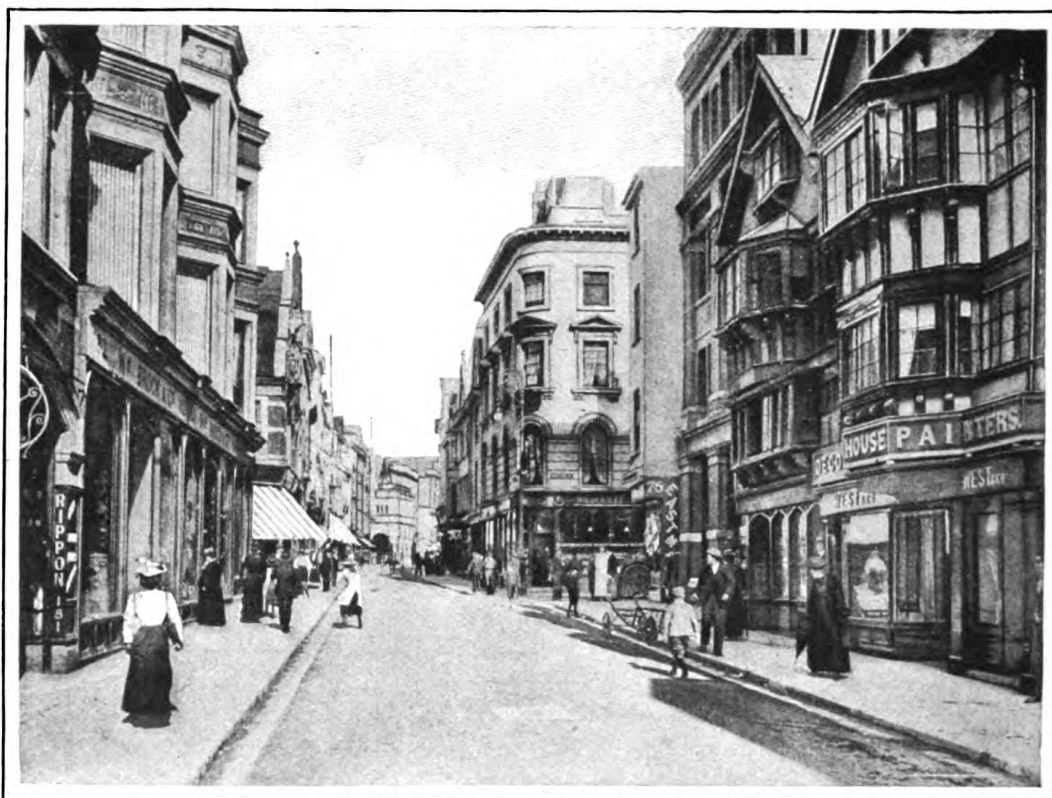


THE CATHEDRAL. A SOFT GRAY BLUR OF AGE-WORN CARVING

spent before studying it would be time lost and we made haste to the great west front. To the first glance it is all a soft gray blur of age-worn carving, in which no point or angle seems to have failed of the touch which has blent all the archaic sanctities and royalties of the glorious screen in a dim sumptuous harmony of figures and faces. Whatever I had sceptically read, and yet more impatiently heard, of the beauty of English cathedrals was attested and approved far beyond cavil, and after that first glance I asked nothing but submissively to see more and more of their gracious splendor. No wise reader will expect me to say what were the sculptured facts before me or to make the hopeless endeavor to impart a sense of the whole structure in descriptions or admeasurements. Let him take any picture of it, and then imagine something of that form vastly old and dark, richly wrought over in the stone to the last effects of tender delicacy by the miracles of Gothic art. So let him suppose the edifice set among leafless elms, in which the

tattered rooks'-nests swing blackening, on a spread of close greensward, under a low welkin, where thin clouds break and close in a pallid blue, and he will have as much of Exeter Cathedral as he can hope to have without going there to see for himself; it can never otherwise be brought to him in words of mine.

Neither, without standing in that presence or another of its kind, can he realize what the ages of faith were. Till then the phrase will remain a bit of decorative rhetoric, but then he will live a meaning out of it which will die only with him. He will feel, as well as know, how men built such temples in an absolute trust and hope now extinct, but without which they could never have been built, and how they continued to grow, like living things, from the hearts rather than the hands of strongly believing men. So that of Exeter grew, while all through the tenth and eleventh centuries the monks of its immemorial beginning were flying from the heathen invasions, but still returning, till the Normans gave their monastery fixity in the twelfth



TUDOR HOUSES IN THE HIGH STREET

century, and the long English succession of bishops maintained the cathedral in ever-increasing majesty till the rude touch of the Tudor stayed the work that had prospered under the Norman and Plantagenet and Lancastrian kings. If the age of faith shall extend itself to his perception, as he listens to the afternoon service in the taper-starred twilight, far back into the times before Christ, he may hear in the chanting and intoning the voice of the first articulate religions of the world. The sound of that imploring and beseeching, that wailing and sighing, which drifts out to him through the screen of the choir will come heavy with the pathos of the human abasing itself before the divine in whatever form men may have imagined God, and seeking the pity and the mercy of which Christianity was not the first to feel the need. Then, if he has a sense of the unbroken continuity of ceremonial, the essential unity of form, from Pagan to Roman and from Roman to Anglican, perhaps he will have more patience than he otherwise might with the fierce zeal

of the fanatics who would at last away with all ceremonial and all form, and would stand in their naked souls before the eternal justice and make their appeal direct, and if need be, through their noses, to Him who desireth not the death of a sinner.

Unless the visitor to Exeter Cathedral can come into something of this patience, he will hardly tolerate the thought of the Commonwealth's-men who deemed that they were doing God's will when they built a brick wall through it, and listened on one side to an Independent chaplain, and on the other to a Presbyterian minister. It is said that they "had great quiet and comfort" in their worship on each side of their wall, which was of course taken down directly after the Restoration. For this no one can reasonably grieve; and one may of course rejoice that Cromwell's troopers did not stable their horses in Exeter Cathedral. They forbore to do so in few other old churches in England, but we did not know how to value fully its exemption from this profanation in our first cathe-

dral. We took the fact with an ignorant thanklessness from our guide-book, and we acquiesced, with some surprise, in the lack of any such official as a verger to instruct us in the unharmed monuments. The printed instruction which we received from the placard overhanging a box at the gate to the choir did not go beyond the elementary precept that we were each to put sixpence in it; after that we were left free to look about for ourselves, and we made the round of the tombs and altars unattended.

The disappointment which awaits one in English churches, if one's earlier experience of churches has been in Latin countries, is of course from the want of pictures. Color there is and enough in the stained windows which Cromwell's men sometimes spared, but the stained windows in Exeter are said to be indifferent good. In compensation for this, there are traces of the frescoing which once covered the walls, and which Cromwell's men neglected to whitewash. They also heedlessly left unspoiled that wonderful Minstrel's Gallery stretching across the front of the choir, with its fourteen tuneful angels playing forever on as many sculptured instruments. For the rest the monuments are of the funereal cast to which the devout fancy is everywhere pretty much confined in sacred edifices. There is abundance of bishops lying on their tombs, with their features worn away in the exposure from which those of many crusaders have been kept by their stone visors. But what was most expressive of the past, which both bishops and crusaders reported so imperfectly, was the later portrait statuary, oftenest of Elizabethan ladies and their lords, painted in the colors of life and fashion, with their ruffs and farthingales worn as they were when they put them off, to rest in the tombs on which their effigies lie. It is not easy to render the sense of a certain consciousness which seemed to deepen in these, as the twilight of the closing day deepened round them in the windows and arches. If they were waiting to hold converse after the night had fallen, one would hardly have cared to stay for a share in their sixteenth-century gossip, and I could understand the feeling of the two dear old ladies who made anxiously up to us at

one point of our common progress, and asked if we thought there was any danger of our being locked in. I did my poor best to reassure them, and they took heart, and were delightfully grateful. When we had presently missed them we found them waiting at the door, to thank us again, as if we had saved them from a dreadful fate, and to shake hands and say good-by.

If it were for them alone, I should feel sensibly richer for my afternoon in our first cathedral. But I think my satisfaction was heightened just before we left, by meeting a man with a wheelbarrow full of coal which he was trundling through "the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault" to the great iron stoves placed on either side of the nave to warm the cathedral, and contribute in their humble way to that perfect balance of parts which is the most admired effect of its architectural symmetry. As he stopped before each stove and noisily stoked it from a clangorous shovel, the simple sincerity of this bit of necessary housekeeping in the ancient fane seemed to strike a note characteristic of the English civilization, and to suggest the plain outrightness by which it has been able to save itself sound through every age and fortune. The English have reared a civic edifice more majestic than any the world had yet seen, but in the temple of their liberty and their loyalty a man with a wheelbarrow full of coal has always been frankly invited to appear when needed. It is this mingling of the poetical ideal and the practical real which has preserved them at every emergency, and but for his timely ministrations church and state would alike have fared ill in the past. He has kept both habitable, and to any one who visits cathedrals with a luminous mind the man with the wheelbarrow of coal will remain as distinctly a part of the impression as the processioning and recessioning celebrants coming and going in their white surplices, with their red and black bands; or even the singing of the angel-voiced choir-boys, who as they hurry away at the end of the service do not all look as seraphic as they have sounded. There is often indeed something in the passing regard of choir-boys less suggestive of the final state of young-eyed cherubim than of evil provisionally repressed.



I do not say that I thought all this before leaving the cathedral in Exeter, or till long afterwards. I was at the time rather bent upon seeing more of the town, in which I felt a quality different from that of Plymouth though it pleased me no better. The manageress of the Butt of Malmsey had boasted already of the numbers of nobility and gentry living in the neighborhood of the little city, where, she promised, we should see ten private carriages for every one in Plymouth. I did not keep count, but I dare say she was right. What was more to my crude pleasure was the sight of the many Tudor, and earlier than Tudor, houses in the High Street and the other streets of Exeter, with their second stories overhanging their first, to that effect of baffle in the leaded casements of their gables which we fancy in the eyes of stout gentlemen who try to catch sight of their feet over the intervening bulge of their waistcoats. They are incomparably picturesque, those Tudor houses, and as I had afterwards occasion to note from some of their interiors, they mark a beginning of domestic comfort, which, if not modern on the American terms, is quite so on the English.

To the last, I had always to make my criticisms of the provision for the inner house in England, but my conviction that the English had little to learn of us in providing for the inner man began quite as early as in my first walks about Exeter, where the most perverse American could not have helped noting the abundance and variety of the fruits and vegetables at the greengrocers'. Southern Europe had supplied these better than Florida and California supply them with us at the same season in towns the size of Exeter, or indeed in any less luxurious than our great seaboard cities. Counting in the apples and oranges from South Africa and the Pacific colonies of Great Britain, we are far out of it as to cheapness and quality. Then, no place in England is so remote from one sea or another as not always to have the best and freshest fish, which as the dealers arrange them with an artistic eye to form and color, make, it must be owned, a more appetizing show than the thronging shapes of carnage which start from the butchers' doors and win-

dows, and bleed upon the sidewalk, and gather microbes from every passing gust. There is something peculiarly loathsome in these displays of fresh meat carcasses all over England, which does not affect the spectator from the corded and mounded ham and bacon in the grocers' shops, though when one thinks of the myriads of eggs needed to accompany these at the forty million robust English breakfasts every morning, it is with doubt and despair for the hens. They seem equal to the demand upon them, however, like every one and everything else English, and they always lay eggs enough, as if every hen knew that England expected her to do her duty.

We sauntered through Exeter without a plan, and took it as it came in a joy which I wish I could believe was reciprocal, and which was at no moment higher than when we found at the corner of the most impressive old place in Exeter the office of a certain New York insurance company. As smiling fate would have it, this was the very company in which I was myself insured, and I paused before it with effusion, and shook hands with the actuary in the spirit. In the flesh, if he was an Englishman, he might not have known what to do with my emotion, but with Englishmen in the spirit the wandering American always finds himself cordially at home. One must not say that the longer they have been in the spirit the better; some of them who are actually still in the flesh are also in the spirit; but a certain historical remove is apt to relieve friends of that sort of stiffness, which keeps them at arm's length when they meet as contemporaries. At the other end of Bedford Circus, where I had my glad moment with the insurance actuary, I found myself in the presence of that daughter of Charles I., the Princess Henrietta, who was born there near three hundred years ago, and whose life I had lately followed with pathos for her young exile from England, through her girlhood in France, and through her unhappy marriage with the King's brother Monsieur, to the afternoon of her last day when she lay so long dying in the presence of the court, as some thought, of poison. I could not feel myself an intrusive witness at that strange scene, which now



represented itself in Bedford Circus, with the courtiers coming and going, and the doctors joining their medical endeavors with the spiritual ministrations of the prelates, and the poor princess herself taking part in the speculations and discussions, and presently in the midst of all incontinently making her end.

I suppose it would not be good taste to boast of the intimacy I enjoyed with the clergy in the neighborhood of the cathedral, by favor of their translation into a region much remoter than the past. Without having the shadow of acquaintance with them and without removing them for an instant from their pleasant houses and gardens in the close at Exeter, I put them back a generation, and met them with familiar ease in the friendly circumstance of Trollope's many stories of cathedral towns. I am not sure they would have liked that if they had known it, and certainly I should not have done it if they had known it; but as it was I could do it without offence. When we could rend ourselves from the delightful company of those deans, and canons, and minor canons, and prebendaries, with whom we really did not pass a word, we went a long idle walk to an old-fashioned part of the town overlooking the Exe from the crest of a hill, where certain large outdated mansions formed themselves in a crescent. We instantly bought property there in preference to any more modern neighborhood, and there our subliminal selves remain, and stroll out into the pretty park and sit on the benches, and superintend the lading and unlading of the small craft from foreign ports in the old ship-canal below: the oldest ship-canal in the world, indeed, whose beginnings Shakespeare was born too late to see. We do not find the shipping is any the less picturesque for being much entangled in the network of railroad lines (for Exeter is a large junction), or feel the sticks and spars more discordant with the smoke and steam of the locomotives through which they pierce, than with the fine tracery of the trees farther away.

I was never an enemy of the confusion of the old and new in Europe when Italy was all Europe for me, and now

in England it was distinctly a pleasure. It is something we must accept, whether we like it or not, and we had better like it. The pride of the old custodian of the Exeter Guildhall in the coil of hot-water pipes heating the ancient edifice was quite as acceptable as his pride in the thirteenth-century carvings of the oaken door and the oak-panelled walls, the portraits of the Princess Henrietta and General Monk, and the swords bestowed upon the faithful city by Edward IV. and Henry VII. I warmed my chilly hands at the familiar radiator while I thawed my fancy out to play about the medieval facts, and even fly to that uttermost antiquity when the Roman *Prætorium* stood where the Guildhall stands now. Still, I was not so warm all over but that I was glad to shun the indoors inclemency to which we must have returned in the hotel, and to prolong our stay in the milder air outside by going a drive beyond the city into the charming country. I do not say that the country was more charming than about Plymouth, but it had its pleasant difference, which was hardly a difference in the subtropical types of trees and shrubs. There were the same evergreens hedging and shading, too deeply shading, the stone cottages of the suburbs as we had seen nearer the sea; but when we were well out of the town, we had climbed to high, rolling fields, which looked warm even when the sun did not shine upon them; there were brown bare woods cresting the hills, and the hedgerows ran bare and brown between the ploughed fields and the verdure of the pastures and the wheat. Behind and below us lay the town, clustering about the cathedral which dwarfed its varying tops to the illusion of one level.

We had driven out by a handsome avenue called, for reasons I did not penetrate, Pennsylvania Road. Stately houses lined the way, and the wealth and consequence of the town had imaginably transferred themselves to Pennsylvania Road from the fine old crescent where we had perhaps rashly invested; though I shall never regret it. But we came back another way, winding round by the first English lane I had ever driven through. It was all, and more, than I could have asked of it in that quality.

for it was so narrow between the tall hedges, which shut everything else from sight, that if we had met another vehicle, I do not know what would have happened. There was a breathless moment when I thought we were going to meet a market-cart, but luckily it turned into an open gateway before the actual encounter. There must be tacit provision for such a chance in the British Constitution, but it is not for a semi-alien like an American to say what it is.

We were apparently the first of our nation to reach Exeter that spring, for as we came in to lunch we heard an elderly cleric, who had the air of lunching every day at the Butt of Malmsey, say to his waiter, "The Americans are coming early this year." We had reasons of our own for thinking we had come too early; probably in midsummer the old-established cold of the venerable hostelry is quite tolerable. If I had been absolutely new to the past, I could not have complained, even in March, of its reeling floors and staggering stairways and dim passages; these were as they should be, and I am not saying anything against the table. That again was better than it would have been at a hotel in an American town of the size of Exeter, and it had a personal application at breakfast and luncheon that pleased and comforted; the table d'hôte dinner was, as in other English inns, far preferable to the indiscriminate and wasteful superabundance for which we pay too much at our own. It is of the grates in the Butt of Malmsey that I complain, and I do not know that I should have cause to complain of these if I had not rashly ordered fire in mine. To give the grate time to become glowing, as grates always should be in old inns, I passed an hour or two in the reading-room talking with an

elderly Irish gentleman who had come to that part of England with his wife to buy a place and settle down for the remnant of his days, after having spent the greater part of his life in South Africa. He could not praise South Africa enough. Everything flourished there and every one prospered; his family had grown up and he had left seven children settled there; it was the most wonderful country under the sun; but the two years he had now passed in England were worth the whole thirty-five years that he had passed in South Africa. I agreed with him in extolling the English country and climate, while I accepted all that he said of South Africa as true, and then I went up to my room.

With the aid of the two candles which I lighted I discovered the grate in the wall near the head of the bed, and on examining it closely I perceived that there was a fire in it. The grate would have held quite a double-handful of coal if carefully put on; the fire which seemed to be flickering so feebly had yet had the energy to draw all the warmth of the chamber up the chimney, and I stood shivering in the temperature of a subterranean dungeon. The place instantly gave evidence of being haunted, and the testimony of my nerves on this point was corroborated by the spectral play of the firelight on the ceiling, when I blew out my candles. In the middle of the night I woke to the sense of something creeping with a rustling noise over the floor. I rejected the hypothesis of my bed-curtain falling into place, though I remembered putting it back that I might have light to read myself drowsy. I knew at once that it was a ghost walking the night there, and walking hard. Suddenly it ceased, and I knew why: it had been frozen out.

## Evening

BY ETHEL BARSTOW HOWARD

THE Showman Sun folds up his pageantry  
And hies him, weary, to the western inn.  
After him stray the little loitering stars  
And the shy crescent, silver-white and thin.

# A Madonna of the Desert

BY ELIA W. PEATTIE

THE "Dancers" trip it for twenty miles along the Mojave Desert—grotesque forms in red lava rock, fixed in a horrible static saraband. The trail to Camp Crowe leads through this mocking company and takes its name from them, though for the last twenty-five miles it emerges from the "Ball Room" and climbs a dun mesa which terminates in a fortresslike outcropping of quartz, which is at once the lure and the shelter of the men who live at its base.

On a certain March day in 1890 the overland stopped at San Miguel—an almost unprecedented event—and let off two passengers. The man was lifted down carefully by the train crew. The woman, forgetful of self, neglected the casual hand of the porter, offered for her assistance.

"Well, ma'am," said the conductor, "there's the wagon to meet you. I swear, that takes a burden off my mind. Now you're all right, ma'am; though I do hate to leave you here among them blamed Dancers. Here's the man to meet you, ma'am. And I'm thankful you got through without any—any accident."

He gave a swift clasp to the woman's hand and swung on the slow-moving train. Her companion sat on the embankment, leaning against her, as she waved a farewell to the men who had helped her through her long and cruel journey, and then turned to greet the driver of the wagon her husband's cousin had sent from Camp Crowe. The supply-wagon was visible a little way off, hitched to four "clay-bank" mules—creatures which suited their environment in every respect, and at a comparatively short distance melted completely into the monochrome of the desert. The driver of the wagon had a stretcher with him, as if quite prepared for the helplessness of his passenger. He and the woman carried the sick man to the wagon, the

man on the stretcher saving his strength in every way. He did not so much as trouble himself to look around, but had the air of one who guards a very precious thing and cannot afford to have his attention diverted. He did, indeed, guard the one thing that money, science, and faith cannot supply—the light of life, which flickered low in its socket and which a breath would extinguish.

The woman had a voice both cheerful and clear, and as she staggered along over the rough embankment, carrying her end of the stretcher, she said:

"It's such a relief to find you here waiting! When I was told that the train never stopped here at San Miguel's unless it was signalled I realized what a deserted place it must be, and I wondered what we would do if you didn't happen to be here on time."

"The hull camp was worryin' fur fear I *wouldn't* git here," admitted the man. "An' Hank Crowe wanted to send another man with me, but I knew he couldn't well spare one. I said to him I kalkilated a woman that would come out to this place, an' leave her baby an' all, would git up spunk enough to help me with the stretcher."

His kind glance met hers and seemed to applaud her as they stumbled over the uneven ground with their light load.

"But is there no man at all at San Miguel's?" she asked.

"None to speak of," said the other, gruffly.

They had reached the wagon with its covering of white canvas, and Sandy Rich slipped the stretcher adroitly in its place. He went back for the trunks and hampers which had been thrown off, while the woman gave her attention to the invalid.

"Air you goin' to set inside?" he asked, "or will you git up on the driver's seat with me? I put in a foldin'-chair so's you could stay inside if you wanted."

Claudia Judic looked questioningly at her husband.

"I'm feeling very well," he whispered, still with the air of guarding that unspeakably precious thing. "Sit outside, Claudia."

"You see," said Rich, under his breath, as they walked around to the front of the wagon together, "there is another man here. He's the agent of the station yon, and he does the telegraphing. But, thunder and mud! it wouldn't do for Mr. Judic to see him! He's a scarecrow—come out here six months ago much in the same way Mr. Judic is now. He's doing fine, but it wouldn't have done to have him carryin' that stretcher. It would 'a' scared Mr. Judic outright at the start. I went to him and said, 'Hull, don't you so much as stick your head out of the door.'"

"Poor fellow!" said the woman.

"Who? Hull? Oh, he's all right. Hull ain't the sort that frets about a missin' lung or two. There he is now!"

Claudia looked over where the dark-red station-house squatted in a patch of green, which lay like an emerald in the dull gold of the desert. A slender young man stood at the side waving a handkerchief.

"Does he want something?" she asked.

"Hull? No. That's his way of sayin' 'good luck.'"

"Oh!" said Claudia Judic. She snatched her own handkerchief from her belt and fluttered the white signal. The desert, which a moment before had seemed limitless and alien, already showed signs of neighborliness.

They had been talking almost in whispers, but now she spoke aloud.

"I've just given him his milk and his stimulants," she said, looking back in the wagon from the seat to which she had with some difficulty attained, and speaking as women do in hours of wifely anxiety, as if there were but one being in the world entitled to the masculine pronoun. "For half an hour, at least, I think he will be safe. It takes us a very long time to reach the Camp, I suppose?"

Rich said nothing for a second or two. He gathered the reins in his hands and chirruped low to his animals. Sixteen stanch legs stretched forth in unison, and with a curious, soft, steady

movement the wagon began to whirl along the desert. Claudia Judic thought she had never experienced a more delightful motion.

"They're as smooth as silk, them mules," said Rich, referring to the locomotive qualities of the excellent beasts and not to their mottled skins of cream and tan. "And though it is a good way to Camp, we'll git there as safe an' as quick as the critters ken git us."

"Well," said Claudia, in a tone of resignation, "it seems as if things were going to come out right. I can't help feeling it. And, anyway, I've done all I could."

"Yes'm," said Rich, with conviction, "I'll bet you have."

From time to time he stole a glance at the woman by his side. She was a small creature with a delicate face, sweetly featured and tinted. Her eyes were a soft brown; the brows above them were rather highly arched, and the lashes long. Her ears were pink and small; her brown hair, touched with gold, curled about her ears and waved on her brow in filmy bannerets. She sat soldier-straight, but she was full of impulsive and graceful motions, and when she turned—as she did every moment or two—to look at the prone figure within the wagon, there was something so protecting and efficient in her look and gesture that Rich felt if "anything happened" she would meet it with courage. He had been warned that something might happen. At the Camp they were under the impression that he had gone out to meet a dying man. James Judic was the cousin of Henry Crowe, owner and promoter of Crowe's Mine, and of the cyanide plant which made marketable its economical product, and Crowe had offered the sick man his last chance for life in extending to him the hospitality of the desert.

Every half-hour the mules were reined in while the sick man was given food and stimulants. He seldom spoke, and his eyes had that lonely and forbidding look which comes to those who stand at the beginning of the Long Trail. His wife spoke to him as if he were a child. She used a tone of command, for all her tenderness. She was the directress of his destiny, and unconsciously she suited voice and action to the part.

Claudia was almost childishly amused at the "dancers," and when she came to two that stood apparently with lifted skirts, toes pointed high and arms poised above the head, she laughed outright.

"I believe it does me good to laugh," she said, piteously, clasping and unclasping her hands. "I never would have dared to do it if the place weren't so large. There's no use in keeping shut up in your trouble in such a big place as this!"

She took in the vast wild, the arching heavens, the flight of a proud eagle, with her sad and gentle eyes.

"No use on yearth!" agreed Mr. Rich. "I say nothin' was ever any better for pullin' a long face over it. We may as well whoop it up while we're on this yearth below." He said it with a twang that seemed to give it a Scriptural turn.

The wind blowing over the desert was cool and refreshing. The gray-green flora of the waste mitigated the expanse of sand, and here and there a few piñons cluttered, or a patch of alfileria grew. The distance was lilac, the sky a cloudless sapphire.

"It doesn't look so terrible," said Claudia Judic, under her breath. "I had always thought the desert would be very terrible."

"It gits riled," said Rich. "But I never saw none so ugly they was riled all the time."

Mrs. Judic laughed lightly.

"That's true enough," she said, and settled her feet on the dashboard. She was ready, evidently, to accept both the comforts and the philosophy of the place. She had left behind her the freshly weaned babe of her love and all the friends of her native town; left behind the snug home-life, the ease which had always been hers. She had set out to race and to struggle with Death, and she was nerved to the contest. She had no thought and no hope that did not relate to it.

"It's a pity," said Rich, as they ate together from the lunch-basket he had spread between them on the high seat, "that you couldn't 'a' brought your baby. Hank Crowe was tellin' me how you had to leave it behind. I said to him I thought that was mighty tough."

"Oh," said Mrs. Judic, with a catch

in her throat, "I *couldn't* bring him. He was just six months old the very day the doctor told me that if I wanted to keep Mr. Judic alive I'd have to take him to another climate. You see, Mr. Judic couldn't go alone. He depends on me so. About one-tenth of him is body and all the rest is spirit, you may say. The doctor—old Doctor Reynolds that we've always had—said if I sent him off alone he was as good as doomed. I had to hold James in my arms a good part of the way here. His vitality was so low I was afraid he might—might go, and I not know it. You see, I simply couldn't bring the baby."

She looked at the man with an expression at once wistful and defensive.

"Oh pshaw, no!" he cried. "What could you 'a' done with a baby?"

"I just gave him over to Mother Judic," said she. "Mother has such a nice little home, with a beautiful yard and all. And all the neighbors are interested in Jamie. He's a very healthy baby, and he's quick to make friends—holds out his hands to every one and is forever laughing. His hair is the brightest yellow I ever saw. You'd think it was spun gold if you were to see it in the sun, and there's a dimple at every finger and one at each knee and elbow,—besides, of course, those in his cheeks."

"Must be as full of holes as a sieve," laughed Rich, rather huskily.

"You never had a baby, I suppose, Mr. Rich?"

"Who? Me? Oh, thunder! yes, I've had a kid. Dead, though. Mother dead too. His mother was part Mojave—part Indian, you know. But she was a good woman. And the kid—he was all right too. We had a smallpox summer here once and—"

"I see," said Claudia Judic, softly. "And your boy—how old was he?"

"Why, he was three. He was mighty cute, too,—used to pretend help me hitch up, and 'd ride with me everywhere. I was doin' haulin' for the old Bonaventure mine then. I just quit and come away after he was gone. It was too all-fired lonesome; I couldn't stand it."

"No," said the woman, softly. They drove on for some time in silence, each absorbed in his own thoughts. The breathing of the sick man came to them heavily.



"It's a long way yet, I suppose," said Mrs. Judic.

"Oh, not so far," heartened the other, and whipped his mules into a faster run. The woman's small hands were clasped in her lap, and Rich could see that her whole being was at a tension. She was listening, body and soul, to that labored breathing. She had asked her husband a dozen times if he wanted her to hold his head or sit by him, but he had more air, he said, if he had the whole space to himself. There was air enough, surely—air sweeping out of the lilac distance, quivering visibly on the horizon, tossing the finer sand in soft hillocks. From time to time Mrs. Judic gave her husband whiskey and water from a flask, but between times she used all of her self-control to feign indifference. It annoyed him, she feared, to be the constant subject of attentions.

At twilight they reached the Camp. It was a group of tents set in the sand. A cold and beautiful spring bubbled up out of the ground and trickled away in a small rivulet. In the shadow of the Fortress, as the rock was called, stood the cyanide plant, with its fresh pine sides—an ungainly edifice.

There was a new tent set apart among a group of piñons, with its door opening to the expanse of the desert. Rich pointed it out.

"That's your home, ma'am," he said. "No front steps to scrub, you see." He did not drive up to the tent, but kept on the road and stopped before a hitching-post.

"I ain't goin' to cut your yard all up," he explained.

Their approach had been silent, and the men, who were at supper in the eating-tent, had not heard their arrival.

"The dogs usually let folk know when there's anything doin'," said Rich, "but this time we've fooled them."

In the dim interior of the wagon they could make out the sick man lying motionless. His eyes were closed, his breath feeble, his hands shut in a curious grip.

Rich started back from the wagon, but Mrs. Judic gave a reassuring whisper.

"He's just holding on to himself," she said. "Let them know he's here, and tell them to bring something hot—coffee or soup."

A moment later the men came pouring out of the eating-tent. They were silent, having evidently been warned against a commotion. At their head walked Henry Crowe, Judic's cousin. He strode up to Claudia, looking gigantic in the twilight, and grasped her hand in awkward congratulation.

"Well, you got here!" he said, significantly.

He had made the Judics' tent comfortable in soldier fashion, with two cots covered with gray blankets, a table, some folding-stools, a stove, and a wash-stand. He and Rich carried in the sick man. The Chinese cook came running along in the windy dusk bearing a tray of hot food, and Claudia threw off her hat to make ready to feed her husband. At the end of an hour he was sleeping comfortably. Then she stood up and wiped the perspiration from her face.

"Come," Crowe whispered. "Come over and get something to eat. One of the men will look after James."

She obeyed without a word, and Crowe sent one of the men to keep watch till her return.

"Well," said Henry Crowe, suiting his pace to hers as they crossed the camp-yard, "I like your way of doing things, Claudia. If James lives, I guess he'll know where to put the blame. I always knew you had sentiment, but I wasn't so sure you had sense. I thought perhaps you were too sweet to have any sense."

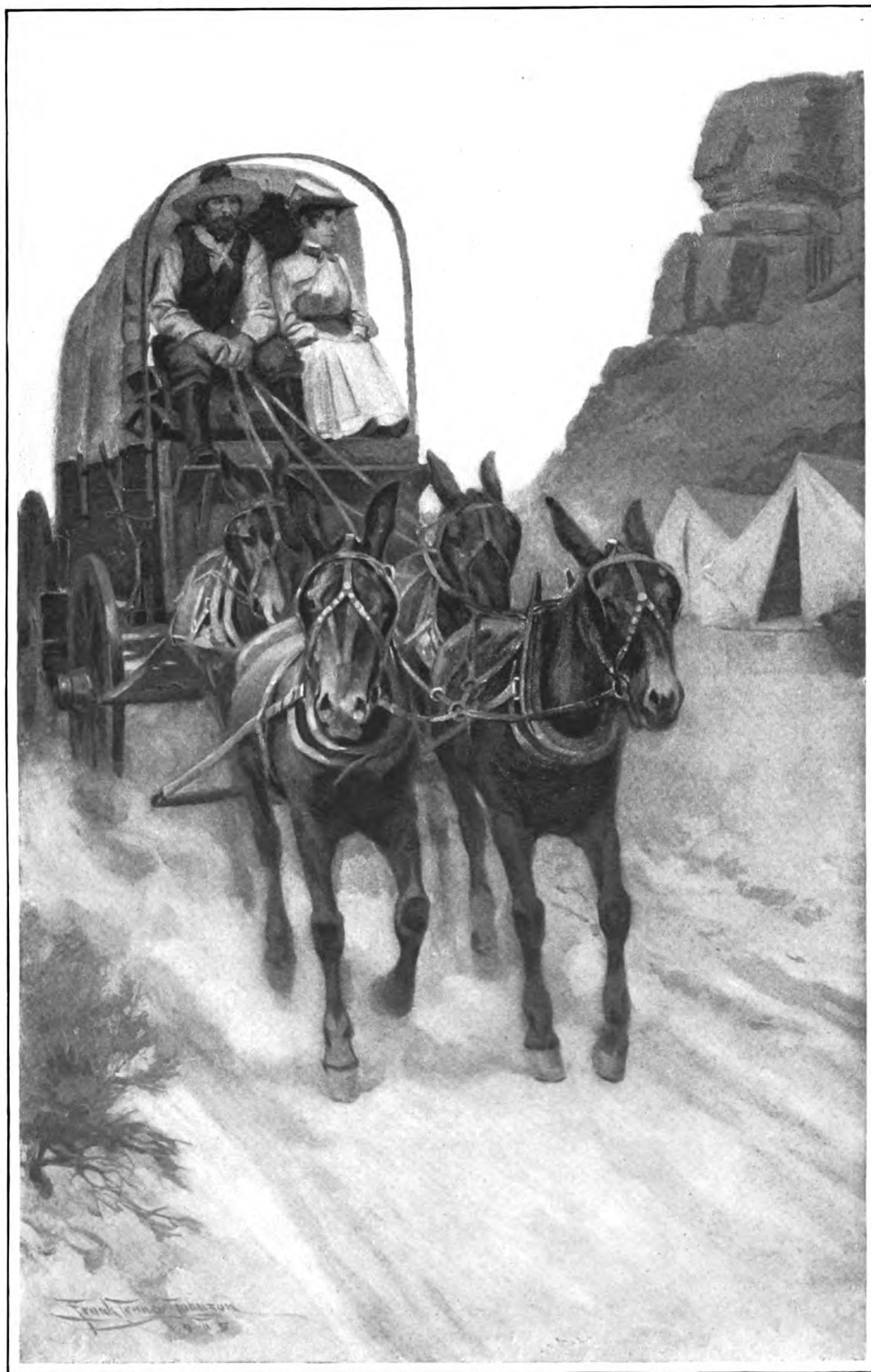
His cousin's wife looked up wanly.

"Oh, Henry," she laughed, "how queer it sounds to have any one talking about me! I've almost forgotten that I existed. It's been so horrible about James, and it was such torture for his mother to part with him, and every one has been so wondering how the baby would get on and if it would live, that I've ceased to have any life except through these others."

Crowe seated her at the table and waited on her, even cutting the bread from the loaf.

"That's all right, too," he said, heartily. "You've been living, Claudia! Some of us couldn't care that much about any one if we wanted to, and if we did care we'd never know how to think of anybody but ourselves."

As Claudia Judic ate the coarse food



"THAT'S YOUR HOME MA'AM," HE SAID



of the camp, washing the meal down with the hot, grateful tea, she thought of her cousin's words. Perhaps this labor, this consuming anxiety, this utter submergence of self, *was* life. Maybe it was a privilege—this responsibility, this midnight flow of tears, this relinquishment of delight! She fell to thinking of her wedding romance, of the days of joy and service and of pleasant neighborly offices and domestic tasks, of her first home-keeping and all the pleasures of that placid, useful, wholesome time. Then came the revelation of Jamie, the child of her heart, and, suddenly, as his father and herself worked and loved and planned together, brooding over the child, building for it, and nurtured with the sweet food of content, James had been stricken down. Had he been a heartier man, the physician said, he would have died. As it was, he hung somewhere between life and death, and fared forth neither way. Then came the period of horrible waiting, while the soul and the mind of the sick man grew torpid, while all planning and initiative devolved upon her, so unexperienced and untrained, and their small store dwindled, and the dread of want overtook them.

She looked up suddenly, remembering where she was. Not far from her, in a corner, her cousin sat smoking his pipe. Six feet and two inches in height, with his sand-colored khaki, yellow leggings, and his sun-bleached hair, he was typical of the West of which Claudia had dreamed—dreaming not so much with anticipation as with dread.

"You'll sleep well to-night," said her cousin, "and in the morning we'll talk things over. I don't say James's prospects are bright, but I say he has a fighting chance—a fighting chance! As for you—"

Claudia Judic held up a fragile hand on which glittered her diamond engagement-ring, and the plain gold band that James Judic had placed on that slender finger on a yet more significant occasion.

"Don't speak of me!" she cried, with a kind of gayety. "I—I think I'd rather talk of anything else."

They went out-of-doors together and paced up and down the sands, talking of their friends and neighbors back in Craven, Iowa. Crowe wanted to say

something about the baby, but she avoided that subject, and turned him from it whenever he approached it. So, after a time, he left her at her tent. He paced up and down at a distance for a while, watching her as she made preparations to care for the sick man during the night. She had not asked to have any one near her, had expressed no fear of the black waste without her door, had not even so much as inquired if there were wild animals or prowling Indians. There were both, in fact, but the men at Camp Crowe took their chances even as men in the city take theirs, with the expectation that disaster will come to other men, but not to themselves. After a while she let down the flap of her tent. She was ready for the night—the night which would bring her little refreshment and many interruptions.

And when, the next morning, she came early from her tent, hollow-eyed, but smiling, and went to breakfast with the rest, she was accepted as part and parcel of Camp Crowe. The men accepted her, liked her pluck, her reserve, the courageous cheerfulness of her voice. The desert accepted her, and tanned her delicate skin and took the brilliant gloss from her hair, nourished her limbs and strengthened her spirit. The day and night accepted her and gave her work and rest. She worked more hours than any man in the Camp, but she had a power of recuperation that none of the rest had. While they plodded along the sand, she tripped; when they gloomed, she laughed. It was not a laugh which sprang from gayety, for there was nothing to inspire that. It was the maternal laugh—the laugh the brave spirit makes to hearten those about it. And from the first she assumed maternal responsibilities in the Camp. She began by looking after her husband's cousin, but presently she was looking after every one—even Li Chung, the Chinese cook.

For the first two months her husband's destiny hung in doubt. It was a gambling crowd at Crowe's Camp, but no one was taking chances on James Judic's life. Then, almost in a day it seemed, he began to walk up and down outside his tent in the morning sun, and to wonder what the mail would bring, and to laugh at the songs the men sang. After this his

improvement was rapid, and presently he was given small tasks to do about the camp, and Henry Crowe consulted him on business. He had a head for business, and his practical training in a bank made it easy for him to assume the responsibilities of the bookkeeping and the correspondence for the Crowe Mining Company.

At the end of six months he began to feel himself established there, in a way. He was still far from strong, and it was impossible for him to make even moderate excursions. But he was comfortable; he slept and ate well, and his spirits were good. He began to develop a taste for the life, and left Claudia much alone while he sat with the men, listening to their stories or their songs, or taking a hand with them at poker.

Something curious had befallen James Judic in that strange twilight of existence when he hung between life and death. His soul had somehow divested itself of conscientiousness, and he had shuffled off responsibility. He fell into the way of living for the hour, of avoiding thought of the future, and it was evident that he regarded the past as a time of heavy burdens. He seldom referred to it, seldom spoke of his mother or his child. He seemed, in the revival of animal life that had come to him, to find sufficient satisfaction in the mere facts of sun, wind, sleep, food, laughter, and converse. He had preserved that unspeakably precious thing which he had clutched with eager hands. It was his. He lived. To-day was to-day; all that went before was with yesterday's seven thousand years, and to-morrow was an unknown quantity.

Claudia had begun to take up other tasks. She went into the kitchen at least once a day to direct the cooking, and she often prepared dishes with her own hands, transforming the table by these ministrations. She kept Henry Crowe's tent in a condition of exquisite cleanliness, and if any of the men required to have a needle used they came to her, sure of gracious service. She was a practical and an honest woman, and she gave these offices in reciprocity for the hospitality which she received—hospitality for which she could make no other return. James paid his way by his book-

keeping—paid it and more,—and after a time Crowe recognized this fact and gave him a stated stipend. How much it was Claudia did not know, for she never saw any of it.

It is wonderful how Time can cheat the unwary. In this little sequestered community, where each day was like the last, where no events of importance disturbed the trivial usualness, the weeks and the months slipped by like beads on a string. The gray djinn of the waste are wizards and mesmerize the soul. At least every one seemed sordidly content, though the mine gave small profits, and nothing occurred to justify the sacrifice represented by this isolation.

There was but one member of the party who was actively discontented, and that was the one who habitually spoke words of content. Claudia Judic, as has been said, had no thought at first but to spend herself for her husband. She was consumed with the desire to see him well. It was as if she hung over a pit, holding him from the abyss with her fragile arms. But when she had lifted him, when he stood at the rim—though, perchance, somewhat too near the sheer dark edge—her generic maternity recurred to something more specific. She began to remember the babe she had left thousands of miles behind. Not but that she had always remembered him in a sense. A child is always in a mother's mind, furnishing the substructure of thought and feeling. Or, to speak with clearer simile, the voice of the child is forever audible to the mother; it is the fundamental, ever-present harmony, and as the diapason of the sea lies behind the other harmonies of nature, making the voices of the wind, the cries of men, birds, and trees but accessories, so the sounds of the world relate themselves to the voice of the child in the heart's-ear of the mother. This consciousness had always been Claudia's. But now more definite longing came to her. She was ready for her babe, and therefore her being cried out for him. Nor was it alone her spirit that made this demand, nor yet merely that she might learn how he had grown in thought, what words came to his lips, what expectations and fears looked out of his heaven-blue eyes. It was these things, truly, but it was



much more. Her whole body desired him. The passion of the lover for his mistress is a little thing compared to this maternal hunger. Her arms ached, literally, to clasp him, her shoulders ached to bear his weight, her feet ached to run in his service; her eyes were hot for want of beholding him. At night she dreamed she felt him tugging at her long hair, or nestling his satin-soft and dimpled hand in her bosom, his delicious, perfumed body against her own.

She did not dare to speak. More than ever James needed her. His health would have deserted him with his first week's residence in a less arid climate, and there were other than physical reasons why she now felt she must remain with him. She set herself against the atmosphere of the camp, contriving this thing and that to keep her husband with her after work-hours, and pouring her love upon him like a libation. She gave so freely that she did not realize that she was giving, and neither, indeed, did James. He took her devotion as he did the sunshine, not analyzing the cause of his elasticity of heart, nor, perhaps, understanding it. It is not the way with most men to notice the presence of happiness, but only the absence of it.

"It's a free life," he would say to his wife. "I never dreamed, Claudia, till we came here, how free life could be. I wouldn't go back to the conventionalities and restraints for anything that could be given me. Oh, if I had my health, of course, it might be different! But as it is, this is the life for me."

It never seemed to occur to him that *she* wanted to go back. And she knew there was not enough money with which to pay for that long journey. They were all but penniless. Such small investment as they had—and it was only a few hundred dollars—Claudia had placed at the disposal of her mother-in-law to use for the child. She was much too proud to ask her husband's cousin for any money, and, indeed, he had hard enough work at times to pay off his men and purchase the supplies.

It was not oftener than once a fortnight that the wagon was sent for the mail. Then it went the forty miles to San Miguel and ten miles beyond, following along the railroad to the town of

Santa Cerro, where there was a supply-store as well as a post-office. The hour of return was always uncertain. The men were sent turn and turn about, that they might have the taste of the pleasures of the town, and if these proved particularly enticing, the return of the wagon might be delayed a good many hours, sometimes even a day or two. Such dereliction as this met with general disapprobation, it is true, but it was looked upon in the light of an accident, which the man who had lapsed from the path of rectitude and punctuality regarded with almost as much regret as did his fellow campers.

Mail-days became active torture to Claudia Judic. She would await with tense expectation the appearance upon the horizon of the dusty "schooner" drawn by its four "clay-bank" mules. Fortunately her tent stood farthest desertward, and sitting at her door she could see for five miles down the level floor of the mesa. Certain days she could see even farther. She had a remarkable sight, and the desert life sharpened it. She could pick out a bird that others could not see, could catch its wings glinting in the sun in the burning sapphire; note the distant movements of the prairie-dogs and catch the flick of the rabbit's tail when none but herself could detect them. Sometimes for hours she sat with her eyes focussed on the most distant visible part of the dusty mesa. But the most terrible moment of all, perhaps, was when the wagon was entering camp. She was suspicious if the driver chanced to withhold his gaze from her, imagining that he had no letter and was loath to confess it; if he signalled her with his glance, she was equally certain it was from pity, and that he had come letterless. She felt like shrieking with impatience while she stood among the others, commanding her face to impassivity, till the letters were handed round. It was taken for granted that nothing was to be done by any one till that ceremony was over. Men were excused from their work, meals stood uneaten, everything waited for this event.

A yet more poignant instant came when the letter was actually in her hand. She could not bring herself to read it before the others, and often she could

hardly summon the strength to walk away with it to her tent. Then, alone, she hesitated to tear it open, and would compel herself to the nice use of her pen-knife, opening the letter properly. At the first reading she could understand nothing. Her eyes would eat up the words, which conveyed no meaning to her. All was as confused as if it had been written in a foreign tongue. But she would discipline herself to patience and to perception, and slowly, word by word, like a child learning to read, she would follow her mother-in-law's small, neat chirography through the closely written pages.

Usually the letters were filled with anecdotes of Jamie—he had teeth like grains of rice; he was running around the yard alone; he was talking, and there would be an attempt to reproduce his speeches. Now he had had some escapade, now some unusual pleasure; or he was indisposed with a cold, or he had a new Sunday frock, or his grandmother had bought him some toys. The reports were minute and merciful. Across the jealousy which a woman feels for a son's wife the mother-bond spanned, making the old mother compassionate to the young one. She actually refrained from telling all the child's loveliness and cleverness lest she should cause unnecessary torture. She tried to think of ways in which Claudia could contrive to come back for a visit; she apologized for not being able, physically or financially, to bring the child out to Camp Crowe.

It was in the second year that Claudia began to lay a plan. She had accustomed herself to the idea that if her husband was to live at all he must stay where he was. He was making himself useful, and his income was now of some account. Claudia began to ask him for a little each week, and this she scrupulously put away. She was nest-building, and once the idea seized her, it became an absorbing passion.

"I want a house, Henry," she said one night to her husband's cousin.

They were walking, as they often did, up and down, on the soft earth, in the wild wonder of the sunset. It turned their very faces into gold, tinged their sun-faded hair with glory, and lighted their eyes with a sort of over-beauty.

Their clothes no longer appeared worn and work-stained, but garments splendid. When they spoke simple words, it was as those who can afford to use plain language, because of some argent richness of thought lying behind the words. About them was vastness; and their isolation became at such moments not pitiable, but proud. They seemed allied to historic desert-dwellers, and they felt sure of the possession of the virtues which have made such dignified among men—the virtues of hospitality, of courage, of tribal faith. This night the glow was paler than it sometimes was, and they spoke softly, and of home things, Claudia following with idle gaze a humming-bird that nested in the branching cactus, unafraid of harm.

"You should have had a house long ago," said Crowe, "only I had a fear that you might think we were trying to tie you down here. Neither James nor I wish to do that, of course."

"Destiny has made this my home," she said, gravely. "It is here that I live." There was no sadness in the tone. The soft vibrations of the voice seemed tinged with a gentle pride.

"I would have built a house for myself," continued her companion, "only I've always liked that little bunch of tents. It reminds me of a Bible picture I used to look at when I was a little fellow. Probably the picture was all wrong, and that tents of that particular sort had nothing to do with the case; but, anyway, it's in my mind and won't get out. The mules have been a real cross to me. I always wanted camels and some date-palms."

Claudia gave a gurgling, birdlike laugh in her throat.

"I know," she said; "but, dear me! you never *can* have camels. And you can't make a tent-woman out of me. I'm not that kind, you see."

"No," admitted Crowe, looking at her, "you aren't."

She had never lost her look of fragility, of gentleness. She was essentially domestic. Her smile was made to welcome one at the threshold. Her voice was for sheltered rooms. It suited itself to the hearth, the cradle, and the family table. The wild might be all about her, but she remained a tame thing, a creature

of roof and fire, of songs and dreams, of the quiet arts, of housed loves.

So the men were set to work to put her up an adobe. It was in two parts, with a patio between, and in the patio she swung hammocks and set certain potted vines—things not of that environment. One room was for sleeping. It was bare and clean and comfortable, with the air blowing in from every side, if the occupants so willed.

The other room was for living—for it was still Crowe's idea to have his cousins eat at the general table, that being economy both of food and service. This second room Claudia decorated with the conventionalized leaf of the yucca splashed in dull red upon the walls. She had, among the things she had brought from home with her, a roll of dark-red Indian cotton flecked with peacock's feathers, and of this she made draperies and a couch-cover. James's invalid-chair and her own rocker, brought over from Santa Cerro, stood beside the reading-table, and there were a few books and twenty photographs of Jamie. The floor of pounded earth was made gay with Indian rugs, and baskets, both for use and ornament, played a conspicuous part in the furnishing. A well-tended olla stood in the shadiest corner, and a flowering Mexican shawl flaunted itself—a piece of flamboyant tapestry—from the wall. It was rather a gay little apartment, and when its mistress was in it her qualities of femininity seemed to become accentuated.

"I would know it was your room, Claudia," said Henry Crowe, "if I stumbled in it without a notion that you were this side of the Rockies."

It seemed to speak of home and old association to Judic, too, and he was in it a good deal more than might have been expected. He and Crowe got in the way of playing chess together, and Claudia sewed or watched them.

But this room, sociable as it was, could not be said to be her favorite. She liked better the night-room—the room where she slept. For sleep had come to be the doorway to an enchanted castle of Heart's Desire. There baby kisses were ready at hand to warm a mother's starved lips; baby hands tugged at one's skirts; a baby voice shattered the great bubble

of silence. Sometimes, even, warm, down-soft baby fingers cuddled in one's palm. And when dawn came, overbright, awaking one to the bald facts of life, there was—well, anything but that which came in dreams.

By common consent the group of piñon-trees near Mrs. Judic's adobe was considered as her private garden, though no wall surrounded it save the blue horizon, and no flowers grew there except those of the fancy. But the scrub-pines made a sort of screen, so low did their branches grow upon the trunks; and the point of honor, which was to avoid scrutinizing Mrs. Judic when she retired to this spot, gave it a privacy which walls might not have secured. It had from the first been Claudia's custom to spend much time there, but when for several days she came to haunt the spot, the men grew curious. And at last Sandy Rich played the Peeping Tom. Mrs. Judic had gone for a canter, and when her white mare and blue frock were splotches of color on the mesa, Sandy, feeling mean to the very boots of him, ventured into the "garden." What he saw made him worried for a moment about Mrs. Judic's sanity. For there were little shelves fitted in between the trees, with low benches before them, and on the shelves were bits of broken china, glittering pieces of quartz, mica chips, a foolish array of shards and scraps such as a child might gather. Sandy, heavy-jawed and wide-eyed, stood staring. He thought hard and long, and by degrees an idea dawned.

"It's the kid!" he decided. "She's plannin' to git the kid out."

He told first one and then another of the men, till all the camp knew. It needed this explanation, perhaps, to account for the change that was coming over her. Something half coquettish or expectant, something sweetly and timorously gay, showed itself in her manner and her looks. She was laying aside the old frocks which she had worn till they were almost in rags, and was appearing in new clothes, made by her own hands, and girded with scarlet or blue. She donned little cloth caps of the same colors, and she had the appearance when she came from her tent of having a new toilet. The sum represented in these

purchases was a minute one, but forethought had been given, that was evident. James Judic happened to mention, casually, that his wife was sending back a red tam-o'-shanter because she didn't like the shade.

It may have been about this time that he began to notice that he had lost his abject servitor. He no longer required close service, it is true, but his sick vanity had got into the way of expecting it. His wife, however, appeared to have too many matters in hand to spend her time in watching or anticipating his moods. She was continually occupied with something, as he noticed with an irritation of which he felt ashamed and for which he could not account. She was riding, or housekeeping, or sewing, or touching with fingers reminiscent of old days the zither which Henry Crowe had bought for her on her last birthday. The music, soft as an æolian harp, crept into the air, spending itself like a slow wave. Under her fingers it was as soft and yearning as a woman's voice; and, indeed, the melodies took to themselves—or so it seemed to him who had given her the instrument—the accents of supplication. They appeared to woo and call and coax. Sandy Rich, striding up and down in the night, unseen and vaguely dreaming of things he could not voice, tormented, too, with a pain he did not understand, made out the meaning of all this.

"She's callin' the kid," he said, in his beard. "An', by gosh! if I was dead I believe I'd hear her—callin' like that!"

Presently it was known that Sandy's surmises had been correct, and that "the kid" was coming out in the care of a woman who lived at Towner, the next village to Craven, and that she was going on to Pasadena, and was to drop little Jamie Judic off at San Miguel, where the train was to be slackened for the purpose. The day was set. He was coming; and it was considered good form for every one to make some reference to it when Mrs. Judic was around.

"I tell ye what," said Sandy, "you'll have to keep him clost to the house, Mis' Judic. You mustn't let him git around the blastin'."

"There's that colt of Nancy's," said Crowe, speaking of the flecked colt of the white mare. "By the time it's old

enough to saddle, Jamie 'll be the right size to mount him."

"I cal'late we'll have to shet off Sandy's vile swearin' tongue," declared Judson Shafer, the overseer of the mill. "He ain't fit for no kid to be around."

Crowe decided to build himself a home; and after that had been built in the odd hours of the men, Shafer, the overseer, went in with two other men to put up a third residence. Camp Crowe began to lose its gipsy look—its appearance of being an overnight caravan.

Moreover, Claudia contrived a sundial, and she got Sandy Rich to build a spring-house. It was of rough rock, with seats by the side, and Sandy fretted out, crudely, in the stone, this doggerel which Claudia wrote for the purpose:

Comfort give to great and least,  
Wandering man and weary beast.

She sent for some pepper-tree saplings and willow cuttings, and set them out near the spring, where they took kindly to their environment.

But Claudia Judic, working, laughing, cajoling, was, after all, merely cheating time. Her hands were busy, but her eyes were, so to speak, on the clock. She was set to one tune, wound up for a certain hour, focussed to a coming event!

"I think," she said, gravely, to the men at supper one night, "that though it may seem foolish in me, I'd better start for the train the night before Jamie is expected. You see, starting at dawn is all very well ordinarily, and I know you've made it with the mules over and over again. Yet, if one of them should happen to fall lame or anything break about the wagon—" She broke off in horror at the thought.

"But where could you sleep?" asked Crowe, turning a deep gaze upon her. "You can't lie out in the desert, you know."

Claudia had a vision of the dark wonder of the pulsing sky, and the star of the Nativity above the place where the Babe lay.

"Oh, I should not at all mind lying out in the sand," she said. "And in the morning we could build a fire and make our coffee, and have Mr. Hull over to eat with us. I have always liked Mr. Hull so much!" She referred to the





A MISERABLE PANIC SEIZED UPON THE MEN





station agent who had signalled her good luck the day of her arrival.

So it was agreed. Sandy was to drive, and Judic and his wife were to go in the wagon, which was to be taken on to Santa Cerro for supplies, and then, returning to San Miguel, pick them up.

But from excitement or defect of will, James Judic fell ill, suddenly and acutely, and his wife could not leave him. She came to breakfast and told the men.

"I can't go," she said, in a voice they had never heard her use before. "Mr. Judic is very ill indeed. He'll be well by to-morrow or the next day if I nurse him properly, but I couldn't leave him. It's out of the question. You'll have to—to go alone, Mr. Rich."

A stormy silence spread around the table. Tornado seemed imminent, and Claudia quivered to it. She held the men steady with her brave, tortured eyes.

"Mr. Judic is terribly distressed about—about disappointing me," she said. "But he knows that Mr. Rich will take good care of—of—" She could not utter another syllable. For the first time in their three years' experience with her she broke down. But she had a proud frankness about it. She put her hand first to her trembling lips and then to her eyes, and arose with dignity and made her way to the door.

Sandy Rich was off early. He started, indeed, a day in advance of the appointed time, but there was, of course, the marketing to do at Santa Cerro.

"Thunder and mud!" sighed Sandy, "but I'll bet them mules *do* go lame! I'll bet you two to one the darned wagon breaks! I'd ruther be chased by Injuns than go on this yere errand!"

"See you do it well," growled Judson Shafer. "If you come back here without that kid, you'll be lynched."

It was meant for a jest, but it sounded curiously unlike one. Sandy knew the eyes that watched from the adobe by the piñons, and as he flicked his sand-colored mules down the mesa, they seemed to be burning holes in his back—those eyes with their soft fires. He resisted the impulse to turn as long as he could. It seemed almost too familiar, too confidential, for him to respond to this mystic and imperious message. But the

force was too compelling. He turned and waved his hand. Something scarlet flashed back and forth in answer. It was the red cap—of the right shade—which Claudia Judic had got to please the critical, heaven-blue eyes of her son!

Work went badly at the blastings and worse at the mill. An air of uncertainty pervaded everything. Mrs. Judic was not at dinner nor at supper. The sound of her zither was not heard. An appalling and, it seemed, a presageful silence hung over her house. The night settled down, with purple sky and stars of burning beauty; the dawn was pellucid, with a whispering ground-wind. But still, at breakfast, she was not visible. The camp had fed and batted on her good cheer, but she hid herself in the hour of her fears. The gay mask was down, and she spared them the sight of the bared, truthful face.

The long day waned—the long, bland, golden, unemphasized day. It drew to its close, as all days have to, whether of agony or ecstasy. And on the mesa, a little bunch against the sky, appeared the familiar wagon.

"It's Sandy," said the men, drawing long breaths and lighting their pipes—for supper was just over. "It's that fool Sandy." And they smoked silently, waiting in vicarious agony.

Had the train been smashed? Had the woman kidnapped the child? Had the child died on the way? These questions, crudely put and jokingly exchanged, represented the sympathy felt for that invisible woman in the adobe. They did not know that at their utmost they could encompass only a portion of her fears.

It came on along the mesa—the wagon came on. It was at first an exasperatingly small thing, but it grew. It attained its normal size. It drove into the camp yard. A glorious gold from the uttermost west enveloped the earth, and all things were visible by it, though beautified. They all saw Sandy there in the wagon, and saw him sitting—alone. The men were as statues—immovable as those hideous dancers back on the old trail—as Claudia Judic came out of the adobe and drifted like an ungraved ghost down the warm sands. She was dressed in white—none of them had ever seen her

so dressed before—and she wore a little trailing vine in her hair.

The eyes they had known so patient had a different look in them now. They held a consuming expectancy, a terrible impatience, a sort of divine torment. But there was only Sandy on the seat, busying himself with something back in the wagon, and for very mercy the men looked away.

What did she mean by coming on like that when she saw there was only Sandy? They were indignant. They wanted to shout to her to go back. Shafer tried to wave to her, but his arms fell powerless. She came on so swiftly, too! A miserable panic seized upon the men. They wanted to run.

Then, as they looked, as they flinched, as they inwardly cursed, up above the seat back rose a tousled head of gold, a

pair of wondering eyes filled with baby-wisdom, a dew-damp face flushed from sleep, smiling yet tremulous!

Sandy leaned back and lent a hand.

"Up with you, old man!" he cried. "Here ye are, honey-heart, and here's yer ma!"

They saw her come on and reach up her slender arms. They saw the boy look at her with adorable timidity; saw her beaming beauty banish his fears, saw her gather him close and walk away with his head pillowed in her neck.

Sandy got down from the wagon seat and stood on the shining earth in the glorified light. He began to unharness the mules, and three men came to assist him. Silence hung heavy sweet. But Sandy valorously broke it.

"I calkilate I don't git lynched," he said.

## The Oracle

BY ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

I LAY upon the summer grass.  
A gold-haired sunny child came by.  
And looked at me as loath to pass,  
With questions in her lingering eye.

She stopped and wavered; then drew near;  
(Ah, the pale gold around her head!)  
And o'er my shoulder stooped to peer.—  
"Why do you read?" she said.

"I read a poet of old time  
Who sang through all his living hours  
Beauty of earth,—the streams, the flowers,  
The stars, more lovely than his rhyme.

"And now I read him since men go  
Forgetful of these sweetest things;—  
Since he and I love brooks that flow,  
And dawns, and bees, and flash of wings."

She stared at me with laughing look,  
Then clasped her hands upon my knees.—  
"How strange to read them in a book!  
I could have told you all of these!"



BEFORE THE MOUNTAINS WERE BROUGHT FORTH, THERE WAS THE SEA

## The Seashore

BY E. S. MARTIN

Photographs by Arthur Hewitt

“AS was, and is, and evermore shall be.” May we say that of the sea and its shore? Of the sea perhaps, unless our thought is very comprehensive and deals with distances in time even more profound than the geological periods. But if we go on and add, “World without end, Amen,” we get into trouble, applying to things finite—largest things though they be—words that belong to the infinite and illimitable. But so far as things finite go, the sea is such an extremely remote back number, and promises to keep along into so extremely remote a future, that we in our little day are well enough warranted in thinking of it as the thing—the one thing—that always was and always will be.

Before the mountains were brought forth, there was the sea, veiled in mists and vapors, waiting with immeasurable patience for shores to be adjusted to it. In the Lord’s good time they were adjusted, gradually, tentatively, and with successive fittings and readjustments; paroxysmally on an enor-

mous scale; less obtrusively, by wind and wave, attrition and deposit, on a smaller but indefatigably steady one. Compared with the sea itself its shores are modern, but compared with anything else, some of them reach back to a creditable antiquity,—not so far back as the mountains, but a long ways. It is a long time since continental forms have changed, but when one comes to details, even the rock-bound coasts, slowly rising or falling, change their contours somewhat from cycle to cycle, while some of the sandy ones shift their unstable outlines from year to year.

But variable or not, the seashore is always there, and that the sands shift and the rocks submit, however reluctantly, to the persuasion of the ages, doesn’t greatly affect the main proposition. For aeons uncounted there has been that irregular line about countries and continents where the land meets the water, and whenever that line ceases to exist there will be no land-born creatures left alive to regret its discontinuance. Beyond any plausible doubt it will last

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our time, and I am glad to believe it will, for there is no part of the land that is more indispensable to the satisfaction of us who dwell on it than its edges.

I suspect the seashore was the old home of the ancestors of all living people, so strong the impulse is to get back to it, and so substantial are the satisfactions of return. There isn't enough of it for us all to live on all the time, and even if there were enough, it is undisputed that there are important things to be done inland, and that a due proportion of us must live inland most of the time and do them. But observe how common it is for folk who have managed to accomplish their important inland duties so that they can be spared for a time, to move themselves and their families off to the seashore and stay there as long as things are pleasant. It is this propensity that has made the Atlantic seaboard from the southern end of New Jersey to the northern edge of Maine look like a continuous village. Villas, cottages, and hotels

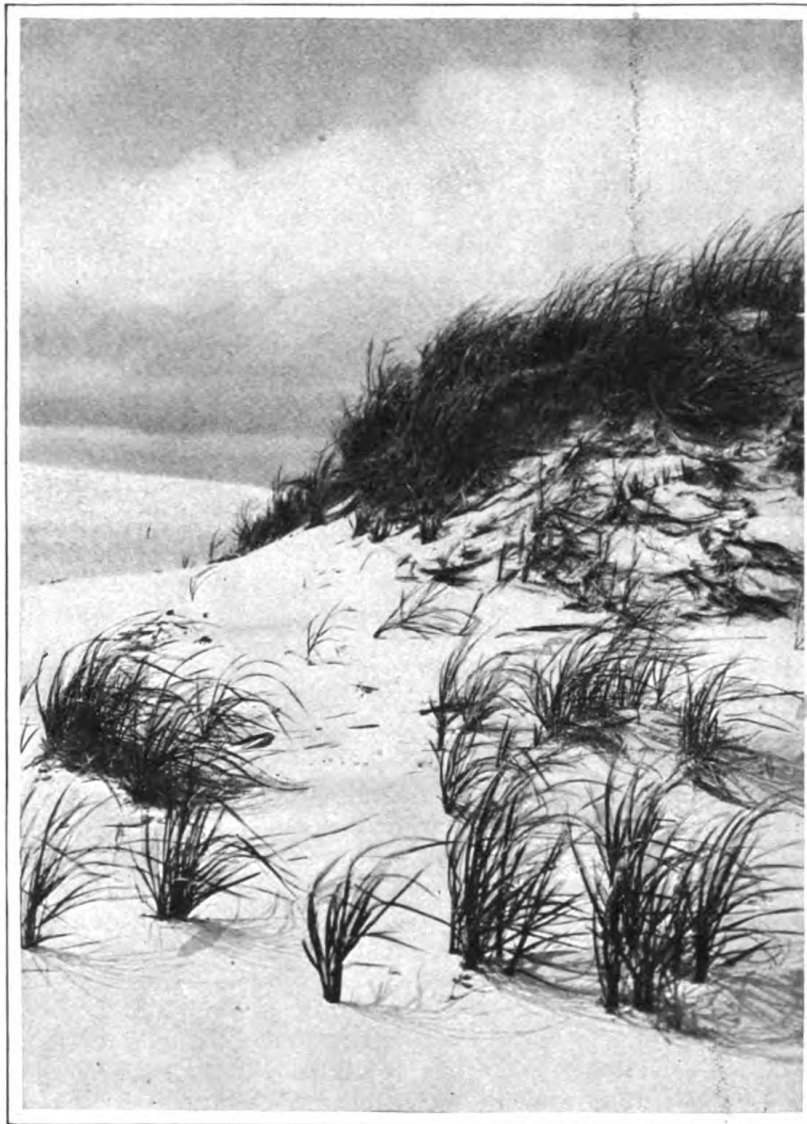
stretch along a thousand miles of sinuous coast, crowded often so close together that there is not room for a bathing-house between, and leaving only the most inaccessible reaches bare of human habitation. The Atlantic seaboard with its great cities has a considerable population of its own that likes the sea air and the sight and contact of salt water in the summer; and since that population, constantly crowding in increased numbers to its shore, finds its needs in competition with demands of prospered families from the thriving inland States, it has become evident that the demand for the seashore is fast outrunning the supply, and that pretty much all the available coast remaining is destined soon to be cut up into house-lots which will be owned by people who can afford that luxury.

This prospect in very recent years has had the good effect of stirring up some far-seeing and public-spirited people to exert themselves to promote the purchase and reservation of strips of seashore for the public use. In New



VARIABLE OR NOT, THE SEASHORE IS ALWAYS THERE





LAKES MAY NOT RIVAL THE SEA'S INSPIRATIONS

England the late Charles Eliot, the landscape architect, devoted a share of his useful energies to this work with admirable results, promoting the reservation of several very important strips of shore in New England, and spreading with great diligence and energy in and beyond New England the idea that such reservations are exceedingly desirable. When he died that particular work lost the most efficient friend it had. It has gone on. New York talks about making a great seashore park at Coney Island, and many other like plans are under discussion or in process of fulfilment. But there is still a vast deal left to be

done in the same line. Every seashore village that has an eye to its own interests ought to secure, where it is still possible, such a strip of beach as will insure to its own people and its summer population, present and to come, due access to salt water and enjoyment of all its incidents and privileges.

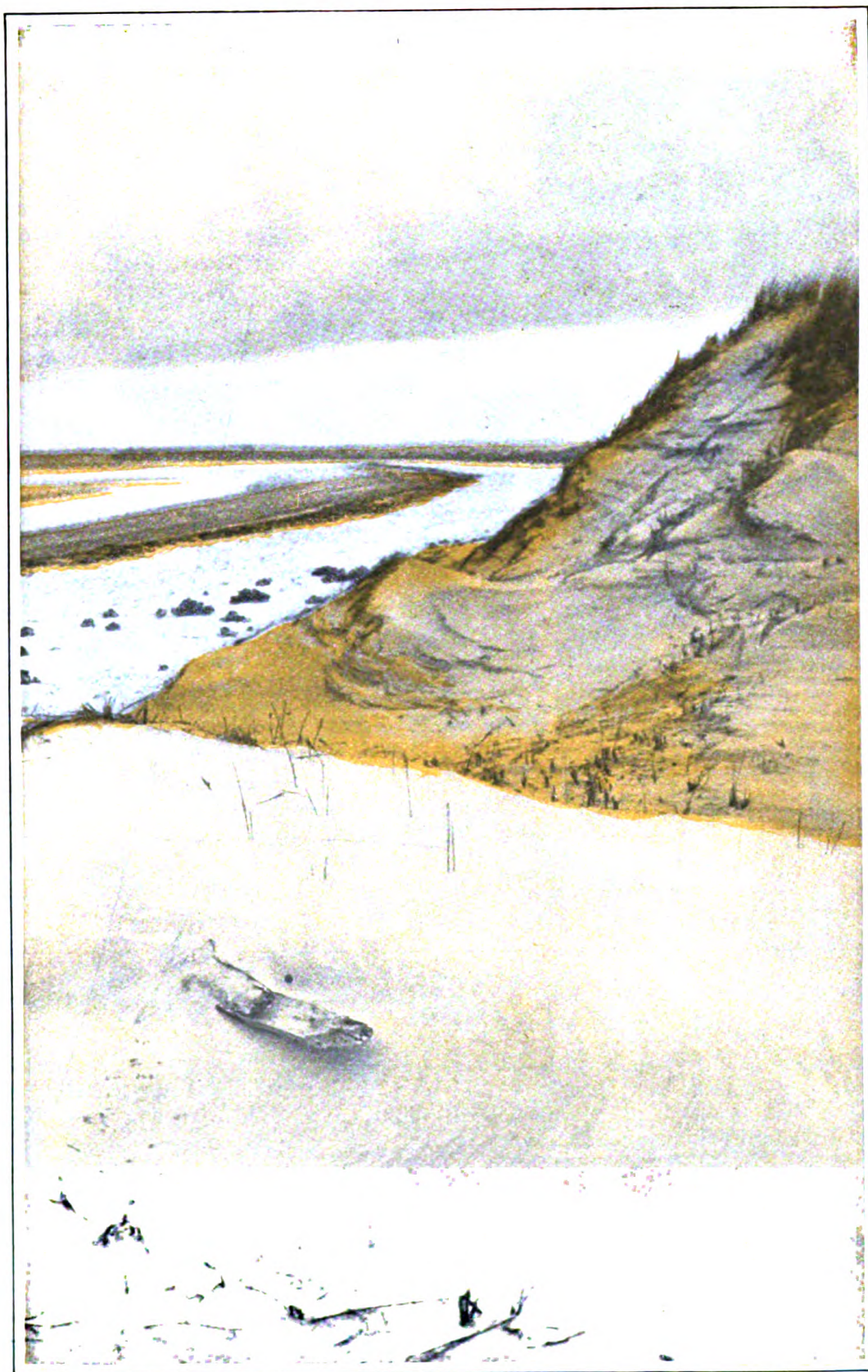
The seashore villages have been and are extremely short-sighted in this matter. The seashore can support an immense summer population within a mile, more or less, of the shore. But the shore itself is absolutely limited in extent, and every village that allows its whole shore to go into the hands of private owners, so

that it cannot offer bath-houses and bathing-beaches, seats on the beach, wharves, and boat-anchorage to its summer visitors, not only allows itself to be cut off from its own use of the sea, but deprives itself in great measure of the chances of gain that come with the increase of the summer population. If people can get to the water, they will go and live, not necessarily on it, but near it. But they will not care to live near it if the whole water-front has been so taken up by private owners that they cannot go swimming, nor have reasonable use of any part of the shore, except by the benevolence of some friend. Most of the seaboard villages have common lands somewhere which have come down to them from their provident forebears, but the old commons and parks are seldom on the shore. They usually form one side of the main village street. The need of saving more of the shore for public use than a wharf or two for coasters to tie up to, is something that has developed within thirty or forty years. It is a need that as yet has been very imperfectly met, and to provide for it grows year by year more difficult and more costly.

Lakes, great and small, have their charms—exceedingly substantial ones—and their invaluable uses, too, but they are not the sea, and may not rival its inspirations. They don't smell like it; they don't taste like it; they don't feel like it; they have not its illimitable suggestiveness. There is nothing on the bottoms of our American lakes—the best lot of lakes in the world—that is really worth meditating about. No Spanish galleons with bones and treasure in them; no triremes, no long boats of Norse pirates, no corals, no considerable store of pearls. And beyond them what is there? The Spanish Main? Araby? The Isles of Greece? No; beyond the biggest of them is nothing more than Canada; and though Canada has its history, fairly well peopled with romantic figures, it is very modern. Down to the seashore comes all history. The sea is the one great common possession of all mankind; the one great playground and battle-ground and provision-house and roadway of the nations. Attempts have been made to parcel it out to this

country or that. Spain once claimed, and England disputed, dominion over vast stretches of it; popes have named owners for oceans, the limits of which were still conjectural. But all that has passed. Nobody claims the high seas any more. They are ours. The wind blows over the great lakes and comes clear and cool to their borders. It makes good air to breathe—wholesome, stimulating—but it does not come as the sea-winds do, freighted with messages from all mankind and from all history.

One of the advantages of living in a great city is that one is touched and animated by great currents of life. In spite of all the drawbacks of it, the crowding, the driving, the competition for space, for air, for a livelihood, there are compensations in its ceaseless activities and in the intimacies of its human associations which become exceedingly valuable to persons who have once become used to them. Full streets and hurrying crowds make an atmosphere which comes in time to seem vivifying and desirable. It may be a perverted taste—this taste for great cities,—but it is certainly a growing one; and while it may lead finally to exhaustion of energy, it is at least an effectual antidote to dry-rot. There is an analogous stimulation about the sea. The seashore-dweller, too, is always in touch with an immense living force, always in motion, subject to ceaseless changes, terrible, amiable, beneficent, and cruel by turns, giving life and taking it, but never indifferent and never torpid. He is a cosmopolitan in his way. In older days in our country, before railroads simplified and cheapened transportation, the coast-dweller had the advantage of his neighbors inland in getting away from home more, and seeing distant towns and their people. Every seacoast village then had coast-trading schooners, and the bigger towns with better harbors had whaling-fleets, and other ships that sailed for any port that promised profit. Not much of that deep-sea adventure is left to them nowadays, when a large part of the coastwise traffic has gone to the railroads, and steamers plying between all the great ports in the world have pretty much monopolized the transportation on the deep seas. But the coast-dwellers



DOWN TO THE SEASHORE COMES ALL HISTORY





SEA-WINDS, FREIGHTED WITH MESSAGES FROM ALL MANKIND

still fish, and they still have the society of the ocean, and the Gloucester fleet at least still sails to the Newfoundland Banks, and a hardy population, quick of hand and eye, still lives by the salt water.

But the great seaside industry of our day is the cultivation of the summer boarder. Deliberately, and in many cases reluctantly, the coast-dweller has come to regard him and his family as a fortuitous occurrence singularly adapted to yield the means of support. He provides for him at a price; sells him land when he insists, or rents him a cottage and sells him such of the necessities of

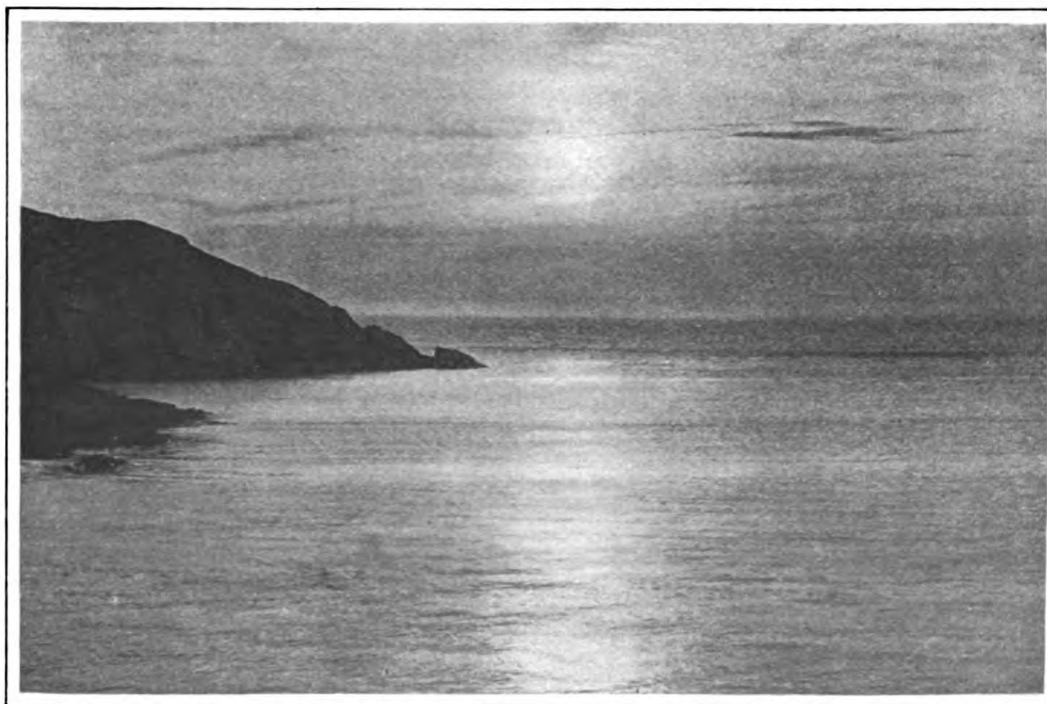
life as do not come in cans or bottles or paper boxes. The master of a clipper-ship that sailed out of Boston twenty-five years ago told me that he had been offered the command of a transatlantic liner, but had refused it because it was not to his taste to keep a hotel. It is not always to the coast-dweller's taste to conduct a summer home for people who live in towns, but he does it because it is the thing that has come to his hand to do, and because the seafaring occupations of his fathers have either passed away or diminished in variety and extent, or become less profitable

than this shore business, which in the last fifty years has yearly pressed in in increased volume and demanded to be attended to. And so now when the great ports that the railroads run to have got pretty much all the shipping business, and mineral oil and gas and electricity light the world that once burned whale-oil, the pleasure of the ocean's invigorating and improving company has come to be the attraction that keeps the coast villages still prosperous, and fills the little harbors with little sails.

Very improving company it is for folks who are harmonious with it. It does good to some—to the young especially—by affording them occupation, and to others by enabling them to dispense with occupation. Women who have come to be aware of nerves, tired men who have worked hard, sit and look at the sea, watch distant sails of boats beating back and forth, keep tab on the tide, listen to the wash of the waves on the shore, or at other times to the gurgle of the water under the bows of a sail-boat. They take books down to the shore or out in boats, and don't read them, because the sea has better things to tell them than are in most of the

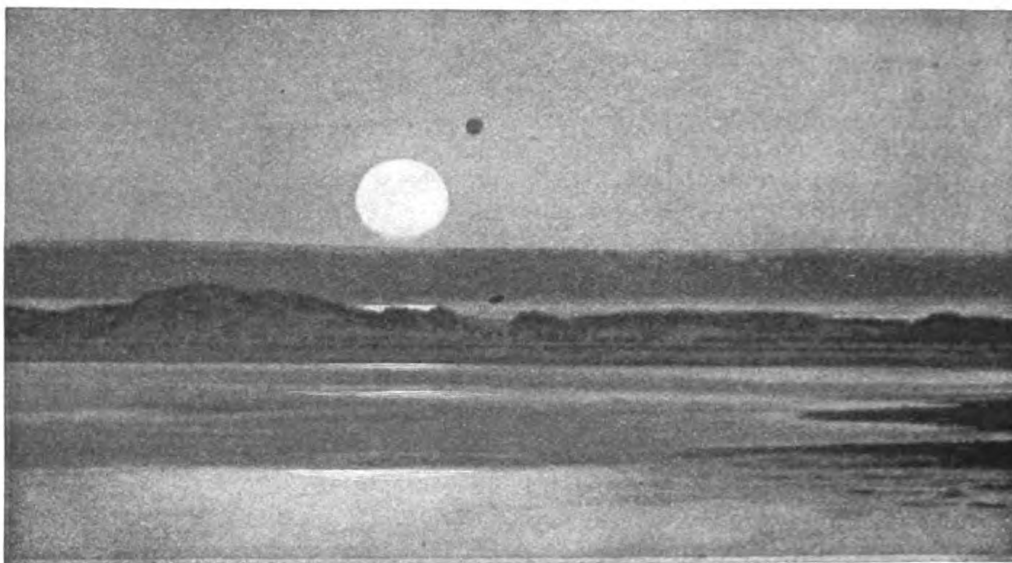
books, and tells them better. And the sea-creatures are company for them—the periwinkles, the jellyfish, the starfish, the hermit-crabs, and all the other crabs, the oysters, the lobsters, and the unostentatious clams. A stretch of sand or mud that the tide plays over is more than a stretch of sand. It is a marine garden-patch, full of life, interest, and even profit. The stunted, stubborn, wind-blown cedars that keep obstinate hold of the unstable soil their roots have grasped, are more than stunted trees. They are arboreal soldiers, always in a fight for life, exemplars of the unending struggle for existence. One honors them for their experience.

And where are there such stage-effects as the sea contributes to? Have you sometimes seen sunrise on the water? A score of mornings every summer—twoscore maybe—it is worth getting up to watch, and of course that is saying a great deal. What magic the setting sun works we all know, and what unreal and surpassing wonders the moon can compass with the waves to help her. And where are there such smells as the sea-smells? Even the bad ones are good,



THE ROADWAY OF THE NATIONS





AN IMMENSE LIVING-FORCE, ALWAYS IN MOTION

for they are salt and wholesome and full of flavor. Let us not disparage the fragrance of a flower-garden, or of the wild grape, or the locust blossom. Praise the Lord for those benefits, but praise Him even more heartily for the common, inexhaustible smell of salt water. History tells of the exultant cries of Xenophon's Greeks when, with all their weary parasangs at last behind them, they faced

the sea. To them it meant home, liberty, the end of perils and of tribulations. It may never mean quite all of that to us, but even to us it does speak of permanency and of freedom, and even in our eyes it is the one thing that always looks just as it used to look, that time does not dwarf, that fashion does not alter, and that never needs to be restored.

## The Master Workman

BY ALDIS DUNBAR

I WAS a stone beneath a Sculptor's hand  
 That lay and muttered in my discontent:  
 "Yea, worn am I. No beauty hast Thou lent  
 My surface,—naught of splendor where I stand.  
 My quarry-brothers, Lord, at Thy command  
 Receive great honor,—carven ornament,—  
 Rich traceries. Good Master, was I sent  
 For uses dull? for no brave glory planned?"

Then He: "O eager stone—that cannot wait  
 My hour in patience—heed thou in what wise  
 From blocks of shapeless marble I create  
 All works divine. Thy brothers from such guise  
 Grow into noble outlines, day by day,  
 Not as I give, but as I rive away!"

# Young Bob Kemp

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

AS you did not know the Whist Set of Palmerton, I am sure you will die without knowing the best and the dearest people the world has seen. The Whist Set met every Thursday evening, usually at "Mrs. De's" (for so we called the gentle aquiline-nosed lady, one of the De Mortimers of New Rochelle), and was the cream of the cream of the little Iowa town.

To play whist is in itself a token of aristocracy, or was in those days—now it is played by very common people, I hear,—and to play whist with the Whist Set was to be above the struggle for social position. It was to be cultured and refined and gentle to know how to pronounce "calliope" and "isothermal" so correctly that no one outside the set could understand them. Dear gentle ladies! Only "Mrs. De" remains now; and the gentlemen?—they are all gone, every one, even Young Bob Kemp! It is a different Palmerton now than when I was a girl. My Palmerton was a hill-top on which the Whist Set lived in gentle consciousness of the "down-town" and of the "meadows" where business and labor were supposed to be. Now Palmerton is sawmills and shops, and the main street, and public libraries, and improvements, and noise, and prosperity. It is a great decadence.

I must have been a very silent and obedient little girl in those days, for I was allowed to go to the whists with my aunt. I suppose I went to sleep in a chair very soon after the playing began, for I recollect always finding myself on "Mrs. De's" big bed when home-going time came, but while I remained awake I was blissfully happy. I used to look forward to the whist evening all the week. "Mrs. De's" house always smelled so good. It was the odor of sandalwood. I know now. And always she met me with the same, "And *Elsie* too! Well! well!" which was like a clean aristocratic

benediction. Then there were wafers for me at once; thin cakelets that melted on your tongue and tasted very much like the wafers we fed the goldfish on at home, but with a tantalizing flavor that was almost tasteable, but not quite. And preserved ginger! Just a little piece, but there was no other in all Palmerton, and it was like a bit of edible fairy-land.

"Mrs. De's" house was a wonderland to me then. Its china was so thin, its linen so fine and white, and everything so unusual and delicate and *gentle*. Things can have gentleness, I am sure, and in "Mrs. De's" house one wished to be polite to the very china and teapots. And "Mrs. De" herself was more gentle and delicate than anything in her house. Tall and gray and thin and very, very proud, in a sweet way that hurt no one's feelings, but was constantly hurting her own.

The other ladies were quite as gentle and sweet; Miss Sophy and Mrs. E., my aunt Lou, Mary Wentworth, the Warren sisters, and all the rest. Then there were the men. Mr. De, big and bluff and serious and kind; Mr. Howard, gray-haired and a bank president, and occasionally the rector. They all considered whist a most serious occupation. Even my aunt, who *couldn't* remember trumps or what had been played, and who led the wrong card regularly, felt, I am sure, that next to religion came whist. You can imagine, then, how odd and quaint Bob Kemp must have seemed among those gentle, serious whisters. For there was not a serious thing apparent about Bob Kemp. Bob Kemp at the whist night was like—let me see!—like a harlequin in church.

This was Bob Kemp: A tall man, iron-gray hair parted at one side and brushed smoothly over the bald place and fluffed up just over his ears, thin white face and narrow, square forehead, dozens of little smile wrinkles at the sides of his eyes; a

good chin; a white mustache, with long drooping ends; wee feet and hands, and the brightest, most twinkling, gray eyes man ever had.

Usually Bob Kemp said, "Miss Lou" (that was my aunt), "we will let these old fogies cut for partners, but you and I will play together to-night. We must redeem our errors of last week," and my aunt would agree, because she, dear lady, knew she played miserably, and she did not like to be an annoyance to any of the better players. It did not matter to Bob Kemp. And the others agreed to this, because it was hoped that some time Bob Kemp would—well, that Aunt Lou would become Mrs. Bob Kemp! There seemed no one young enough and good enough for Aunt Lou but Bob Kemp, and every one thought it would be best for Aunt Lou and best for Bob Kemp, and Bob Kemp really meant to marry Aunt Lou *some-time*, but he thought there was no hurry. He was young yet and so was Aunt Lou, and he did not believe in a man marrying too young! Bob Kemp was fifty-nine, and my aunt Lou only fifty. He had felt too young to marry for forty years, and he swore he felt younger every day.

Of course there was no engagement, nor even anything understood between Aunt Lou and Bob Kemp, but it was understood by all the other "whisters." Bob Kemp always walked home with Aunt Lou and me, and I have been told that he began walking home with her some twenty years before I was born. Bob Kemp gloried in his youth. He felt young, and he boasted that he felt young, and by filling his life with boyish pranks he kept himself young. He was always up to some kind of trick. I remember how shocked I was when he took dinner with us once and Aunt Lou foolishly asked him to say grace, and he rattled off the alphabet under his breath! Aunt Lou did not hear him, but I did, and, like a little minx, I told her. He took the upbraiding that Aunt Lou gave as part of the good joke, and assured her that he had given the Lord all the graces that could be possibly said. It was merely a matter of arranging the letters of the alphabet properly. Some of the things he did were so shocking that the dear old ladies of the Whist Set would have been mortally offended, but that it was Bob

Kemp did them. They forgave him because he *was* Bob Kemp, and especially because he was Young Bob Kemp. I think they liked his youthfulness. They must have felt, at times, that they were quite old, and have joyed in the companionship of a young man. They really believed he *was* young. They had believed it so many years that it had become an accepted fact, like "When in doubt play trumps."

He was always a gentleman, and besides, he was their only link with the newer and younger Palmerton.

Bob Kemp danced. Every night he seemed to have a dance, or a party, or a straw-ride, or some pleasuring on hand, and he was as popular with the girls of the younger sets as he was with the old ladies of the Whist Set. There were few of the younger men and boys who had a chance with the girls if Bob Kemp's invitation arrived at the same time. He was so witty, so well dressed, so gentlemanly, and such a splendid dancer that to have him for an escort or a partner was a great happiness. I imagine that my aunt rather liked this popularity of Bob Kemp; I know she thought of him as a boy rather than a man.

It seems a trite thing to say, but it was the youthfulness of Bob Kemp that kept him young, just as the knowledge of her beauty keeps a woman beautiful. Bob Kemp lived his youth and joyed in it. I can hardly say that he cultivated it, for that is too cruel, but he met it more than half-way, and he needed the spur it gave him.

In his truly young days Bob Kemp had gone the pace, which, in a raw town like Palmerton, is a brutal pace indeed. I never learned just what it was he did, but there was a horrid scandal, and he was never to be trusted by cold-blooded business men again. It must have been very brave of him to stay in Palmerton. The gossips are like gadflies there. But he stayed, and after the debauch that led to the wickedness, whatever it was, he was never seen intoxicated again, but he never forgot, and his gayety and youth were but anodynes that eased the pain of a great wound. He hid from himself in the new self he created, but the old self was just outside, ready to step in and render his life miserable. I know we

young girls used to think, when we were old enough to think, that Bob Kemp was a great buffoon and laughing-stock, but when I became older and knew his story I, for one, saw in him a hero such as the world has but few of—a weak man with strength enough to call to his aid a second self to combat his weakness.

There was something magnificent in the way he fooled not only our little world, but himself also, into believing in his youth, in spite of the bald spot and the smile wrinkles and the gray hair.

Whether his misdemeanor had been so great that no one dared give him a position of trust, or whether the first years of distrust killed his ambition, or whether his gayeties absorbed all the ambition he had I do not know, but he never had a position above that of a common clerkship in a book-store, and the wage must have been pitifully small. He took a room at this or that boarding-house as old ones discontinued or new ones began, but it was always the smallest room and the cheapest. He spent most of his wage for clothes—for a young man must dress well—or for the expenses his social gayeties demanded.

He was in many respects the life of the town; always foremost in organizing pleasures, as subscription dances, moonlight excursions on the river, and so on, and scarce a day passed that the *Palmer-ton Eagle* did not record some doing of his, either in society or in the way of harmless practical jokes.

The Whist Set very seldom got into the *Eagle*. I think Van Dorn, the editor, left their names out purposely, for he had a good sense of the fitness of things, and the Whist Set was too genteel and retiring to be dragged relentlessly into the glare of print; Van Dorn felt that it would mar one of the finest things in Palmerton,—he had an artistic soul in his hard-worked body.

Just because the Whist Set was so seldom in print it enjoyed the more the frequent allusions to Bob Kemp. The refined ladies were so far from the bustle of society that the little "Locals" were looked for eagerly. The printed doings of Bob Kemp were their share in the *Eagle*.

I know Bob Kemp enjoyed its items. In fact, he usually posted Van Dorn,

stopping in at the littered editorial-room on his way home to smoke a cigar and give full particulars, for the *Eagle* had no society editor. I know, too, that Bob Kemp had a scrap-book in which he pasted the items. He laughingly said he intended writing a history of Palmerton's social gayeties sometime, and that the clippings were his documents, but it would have been an incomplete history, if he had ever written it, for the affairs in which he took no part were not recorded in the scrap-book.

One of the things that few people have the hardihood to admit is that they like to see their names in the newspapers, and in Palmerton this was elevated to the dignity of a principle, but there are few who do not feel a sense of consequence and honor to have their doings thus publicly recorded for all their protestations, and with Bob Kemp it went farther. He was inordinately proud of the publicity. It was the balm that eased the sore of his otherwise inconsequential life, but no one ever guessed how vital it had become until Van Dorn sold the *Eagle* and young Edgren took the editorial chair.

Van Dorn had grown old in the harness, and, like so many others in the West, his was a real genius cramped and stunted by the bands liquor had forged around it in his early days. Like so many other old settlers of the West, too, he had won a thrilling battle against his vice, and while Bob Kemp was still a baby, Van Dorn had "straightened up," but the stigma always remained. He must have felt the soil of it all his life, and, like so many other born overlords of mankind in the West, the common failing of his youth democratized one who was at heart an aristocrat, and the *Eagle* politically went with the "masses," who, paradoxically, were a minority in Iowa, although Palmerton itself usually went strongly democratic.

Being so much older than Bob Kemp, it was but natural that Van Dorn should think of him as "Young Bob Kemp," and write of him as "Young Bob Kemp." Van Dorn never seemed to know that Bob Kemp and his contemporaries had grown older than they were in the days when they were the "young set." Day after day, and year after year, as Bob Kemp grew balder and grayer, Van Dorn

wrote the same little items, telling how "Bob Kemp, one of our younger set," did so and so; and how "Bob Kemp, Lillian Vose, and several other young people" made this or that excursion, or how "Bob Kemp, the popular young bachelor," arranged a dance, or decorated a church with greens, or made a flying visit to Eastbourne.

Between the elderly ladies and men of the Whist Set, who considered him a spoiled boy, and the columns of the *Eagle*, Bob Kemp was perpetually bathed in the fountain of youth, and did not know he was growing old.

I suppose there were some in Palmer-ton who saw in him only a worn-out, decayed, old dandy, making a buffoon of himself, but they were not his friends or those who knew him best. To me and to all of the better souls—I was so young then that I was guiltless of a soul, I suppose, being all stomach—he was as young as he imagined himself. I know that I looked on him as a meet playmate for one of my tender years. I would have been astounded if any one had told me that Bob Kemp was old, just as I would have been surprised if I had heard that my aunt Lou was an old maid. Age had nothing to do with Aunt Lou—she was just Aunt Lou; and Bob Kemp was, equally, just Bob Kemp.

There was a peculiar irony—or shall I call it malice?—in the fate that made Van Dorn break his leg on a slippery walk. He lay in bed for months, cheerfully proclaiming a quick recovery, and then the leg was amputated and he failed rapidly; but not before he had chosen his successor carefully, feeling that to leave the *Eagle* in bad hands would be to play a scurvy trick on the town he loved so well. He sold the *Eagle* to Edgren for less than he could have had from another bidder, because he felt that Edgren was the best man for the town.

No one missed Van Dorn so deeply as Bob Kemp. The midnight chats in the editorial office had become a habit with him, and although Van Dorn had introduced him to Edgren and he tried to continue the chats with the newcomer, he found Edgren too serious in his work and too busy, as was natural for a man who had all the ropes of a new location to learn.

Bob Kemp climbed the dark stairs to

the office several times and received only scant, although courteous, attention before Edgren realized that in Bob Kemp lay the mine of society news he had sought so vainly.

"Mr. Kemp," he said, one night, "I was told on the street to-day, while I was nosing around for news, that you were Van Dorn's stand-by for society gossip. I hope you won't go back on the *Eagle* now, just when it needs all the help it can get to patch out a poor editor sufficiently to fill the chair of the big, good man it has lost."

Bob Kemp smiled pleasantly.

"I didn't like to press my services on you," he said, "but if you want my tittle-tattle I am as eager to let you have it as you are to get it. I get around a bit in the social element, and I like to stick by the *Eagle*. Help the old bird out, you know." He laughed, and after that they were the best of friends. Bob Kemp never had an enemy; at least not long.

It was not to be expected that Edgren would look at people and sets from Van Dorn's view-point. Van Dorn was old; Edgren was very young, hardly more than a boy. To Edgren, Bob Kemp must have seemed almost patriarchal. The entire paper showed the change in editorship. There was more personal news of the very popular young people—of the Y. M. C. A. set, and of the High-School graduates, and those of the dancing-school age,—and less news of the elderly men and women who formed the Palmer-ton that Van Dorn knew best.

I remember Bob Kemp coming into "Mrs. De's" parlor the first evening his name appeared in the *Eagle* after Edgren took charge. He made us all laugh; the ladies laughed gently as was their gentle way, and "Mr. De" roared out his guffaws, and my aunt Lou was quite hysterical. I giggled. Bob Kemp had turned up his coat-collar and came in with his back bent, leaning on a cane, and with his lips drawn in over his teeth to mimic the toothless jaws of old age. It was a capital take-off. His hand and his knees trembled, and his voice trembled over the words he mumbled out, and then he straightened up and turned down his collar and joined us in our laugh. He had a copy of the *Eagle*, and he showed us a paragraph:





Half-tone plate engraved by Frank E. Pettit  
THE MIDNIGHT CHATS HAD BECOME A HABIT

"Robert Kemp, one of the older set, has taken a praiseworthy part in the organization of the dances of the Friday-Night Club, working untiringly to promote the pleasure of our young society people."

His eyes fairly sparkled with the fun the paragraph afforded him.

"See what associating with 'De' and Howard here has brought me to," he taunted. "Because I mix with them I am branded as one of the older set! What is that quotation?—'He who touches pitch—'"

"Mrs. De" coughed her prefatory lady-like cough and smiled.

"Why do you blame the gentlemen only?" she asked. "We ladies are quite as guilty—except Miss Lou,—are we not?"

Bob Kemp bowed in his immutable way.

"Ladies are always young," he said, and "Mrs. De" shook her fan at him and smiled, but not ill-pleased.

I remember, the next night, as Aunt Lou was reading the *Eagle*, she said:

"I wish the paper would not call Bob Kemp old. It makes me feel old too."

I do not know what the paragraph was that night, but Edgren could not, it seemed, speak of Bob Kemp without insisting on his agedness. I do not suppose he even gave the matter a moment's thought. It was natural that he, a newcomer, should classify Palmerton folks into "the young people," "the old people," and the others who were just "people." He was seeking to lay out the puppets that meant his news, as one separates and classifies the suits in a whist hand, and Bob Kemp fell into the elderly group.

The next Thursday Bob Kemp was not with us—there was a dance or something that required his attendance, but Edgren's paragraphs appeared almost daily. The following whist night the paragraphs spoke of Bob Kemp as one of the "old settlers." Of course he was that—many Palmertonians much younger than he were entitled to admission to the Old Settlers Society, but Bob Kemp would have been the last man to join the society.

He was late coming to "Mrs. De's" that night; I had already had my wafers and my candied ginger, and was asleep

on the couch in the hall when he entered. He went in to give his greetings and then came into the hall again to remove his overcoat, and I was awakened. Sleepy as I was at the moment, and young as I was, I was puzzled by the change in him. Instead of his straight, military bearing, he was slouched forward in the shoulders and his cheeks looked flabby, and when I saw his eyes they were dull and tired-looking. His whole appearance was of weariness.

When he saw me he straightened with a suddenness that was almost a jerk, and forced a smile and a twinkle and pinched my cheek, as he always did, and I heard the bravado of his jest when he went into the parlor, but when I went with my aunt Lou to the bedroom where the ladies donned their wraps after the whist, I heard them commenting with sweet concern on the change in Bob Kemp.

"He looks quite old, for so young a man," said dear little Miss Sophy, and "Mrs. De" murmured,

"Overwork, my dear."

As if Bob Kemp ever did any real work.

He missed the next whist night, too, but we did not learn until the following Monday that it was because he was ill.

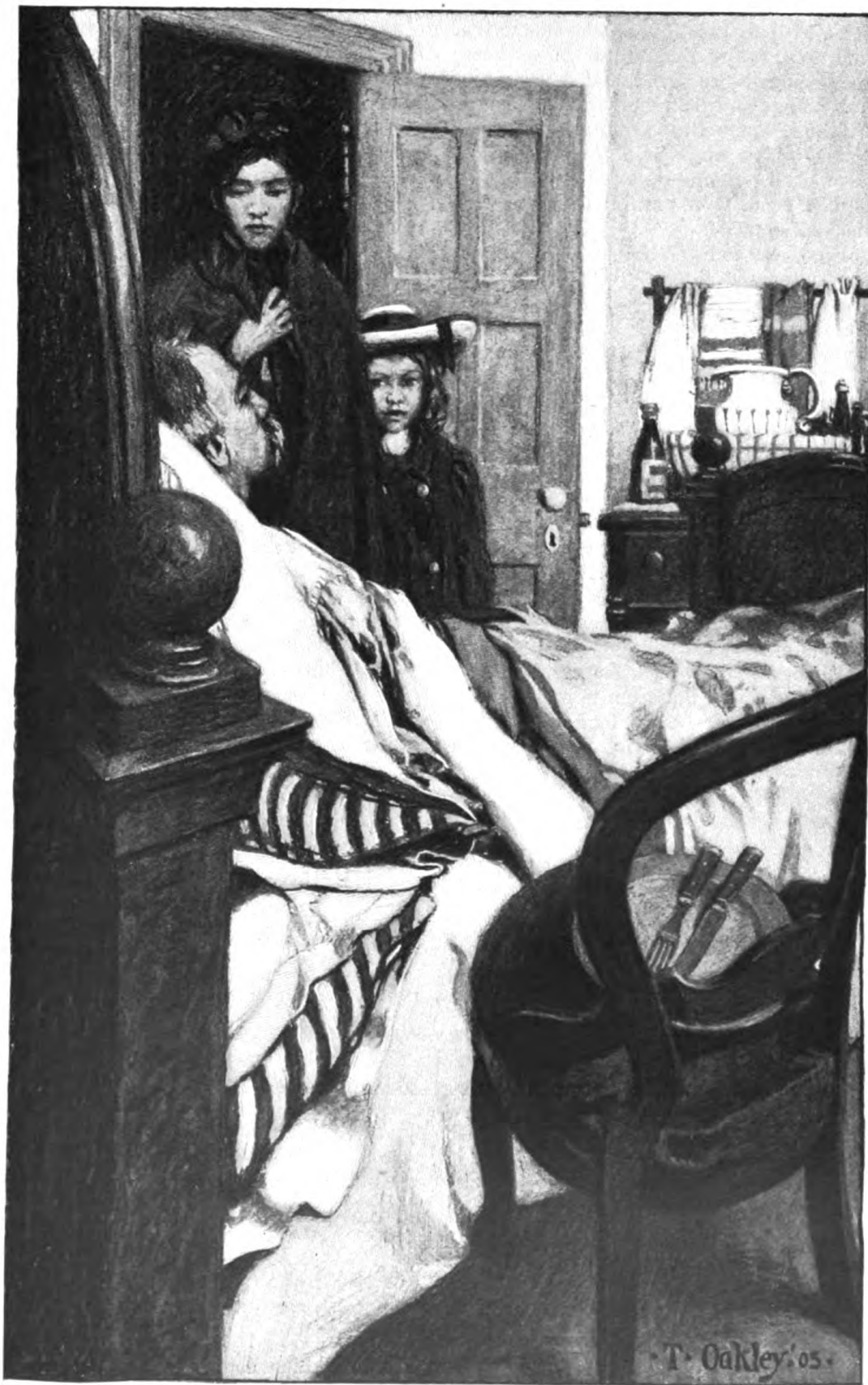
Aunt Lou inquired every day of Dr. Tonbridge, who lived next door to us, but the doctor was very grave about the case. He said Bob Kemp seemed to have no ambition to get well, and that there seemed to be nothing particularly wrong. It was just a general breakdown.

"If I were not so sure of the facts," he said, "if I did not know Bob Kemp so well, I should say it was a case where stimulants had been used for years to keep the patient going, and that a sudden discontinuance of the stimulants had caused a complete collapse. I may be able to do something for him yet, but I don't know how to take hold of the case. I can't find the weak spot."

The good doctor could not be expected to see that the weak spot was in the columns of the *Eagle* he read every evening.

Then there was one morning when the doctor said that he had no hope.

When Aunt Lou came into the house her face was a little paler than usual. She bade me go to "Mrs. De's" at once and say that she wanted her company



YOUNG BOB KEMP WAS OLD AT LAST

for a visit to Bob Kemp, who was dying, and then, before I could put on my hood, she changed her mind and put on her own things and took me with her to Mrs. Fulson's, where Bob Kemp was boarding.

The widow apologized for the appearance of the room—and the apology was needed,—and then she left us alone with the sick man.

I do not know what Aunt Lou had come prepared to say. Whatever it was she was unable to say it. I think she was terribly shocked by his appearance. I was. I did not know the man on the bed for Bob Kemp at all. His long hair hung in strings of white about his thin face, his cheeks were great hollows, and his eyes were sunken, and, oh, so tired-looking! Never, never have I seen such utter hopeless weariness and dulness in human eyes.

He evidently lacked nothing that friends could give. The ladies of the Whist Set had sent dainties enough for a hospital, and softer pillows and even flowers and books.

I believe I drew back from him frightened, but he did not seem to see me. He looked at Aunt Lou a long time. She could not take his hand if she wished

to take it, for both his hands were under the coverlet. It must have been very painful for her to stand there trying to speak and unable to, and presently she put her hands over her face and sobbed.

Bob Kemp did not change his expression in the least. He only shook his head slowly on the pillow and eyed her wearily, and then he said, quite as wearily:

"I'm too old! Too old!" and continued to shake his head, and after a while again.

"Too old."

People cannot be held accountable for their feelings, and my aunt Lou felt more deeply, or at least more powerfully, than most, and she presently turned and ran from the room and down the stairs, moaning.

I have always felt a sense of shame in the presence of big emotions, and I felt it then. I kept my emotions trodden down and out of sight, and I followed Aunt Lou sneakily, I dare say. She let down her thick brown veil before we went on the street, and we walked home silently, but once we were in our own house she clasped me close and wept over me, half moaning and half speaking, calling me dear names.

## A Thrush Singing

BY FRANK DEMPSTER SHERMAN

PERCHED on the topmost branch of yonder tree,  
Emblem of joy and its epitome;

In his green minaret, at midday's hush,  
Hark!—'tis the song of the muezzin Thrush.

Music wherein the sweetness of the day  
Is all transformed in some transcendent way:

Fragrance and color, glint of grass and dew,  
Changed into melody marvellously new:

The Earth beneath him; Heaven's blue above;  
And Allah listening to learn his love!

# The New Slave-Trade\*

INTRODUCTORY II.—WEST-AFRICAN PLANTATION LIFE TO-DAY

BY HENRY W. NEVINSON

BAILUNDU, AFRICA, May 11, 1905.

*"Since I last wrote to you from Bihe I have been far into the interior, have crossed the Hungry Country twice, and thoroughly explored all that district and the country beyond. Of course I have received no letters or news from you or any one else since December, but I hope to reach Loanda in a month's time, and to find letters there.*

*"The task has been dangerous and difficult. For nine weeks I have had fever almost continuously. I am worn very thin. For three months I have been lame on both feet from some sort of poison. Through the Hungry Country—five weeks hard going on foot—I had to do on one meal a day and that bad. I am now only two hundred miles from the coast, but, unhappily, the most difficult and dangerous part of the whole prospecting is still before me.*

*"A runner takes this to catch the mail at Benguela. I might have caught that boat, but was too ill with fever. It would not have made much difference in the end, and as it is I may have a chance of stalking a famous lion which has killed fifty people on the footpath down.*

*"I much regret the delay of my report, but it cannot be helped. If I do not get back, I shall leave it addressed to you in separate envelopes, and some of it may possibly arrive, though my luggage will, of course, be plundered.*

*(Signed) HENRY W. NEVINSON."*

[From a private letter just received.]

LOANDA is much disquieted in mind. The town is really called St. Paul de Loanda, but it has dropped its Christian name, just as kings drop their surnames. Between Moorish Tangiers and Dutch Cape Town, it is the only place that looks like a town at all. It has about it what so few African places have—the feeling of history. We are aware of the centuries that lie behind its present form, and we feel in its ruinous quays the record of early Portuguese explorers and of the Dutch settlers.

In the mouldering little church of Our Lady of Salvation, beside the beach where native women wash, there exists the only work of art which this side of Africa can show. The church bears the date of 1664, but the work of art was perhaps ordered a few years before that, while the Dutch were holding the town. For it consists of a series of pictures in blue-and-white Dutch tiles, evidently representing scenes in Loanda's history. In

\* This article was written in Loanda late last year before Mr. Nevinson left there for the interior.

some cases the tiles have fallen down, and been stuck on again by natives in the same kind of chaos in which natives would rearrange the stars. But in one picture a gallant old ship is seen laboring in tempest; in another a gallant young horseman in pursuit of a stag is leaping over a cliff into the sea; and in the third a thin square of Christian soldiers in broad-brimmed hats, braided tail-coats, and silk stockings is being attacked on every side by a black and unclad host of savages with bows and arrows. The Christians are ranged round two little cottages, which must signify the fort of Loanda at the time. Two little cannons belch smoke and lay many black figures low. The soldiers are firing their muskets into the air, no doubt in the hope that the height of the trajectory will bring the bullets down in the neighborhood of the foe, though the opposing forces are hardly twenty yards apart. The natives in one place have caught hold of a priest and are about to exalt him to martyrdom, but I think none of the Christian soldiers have fallen. In



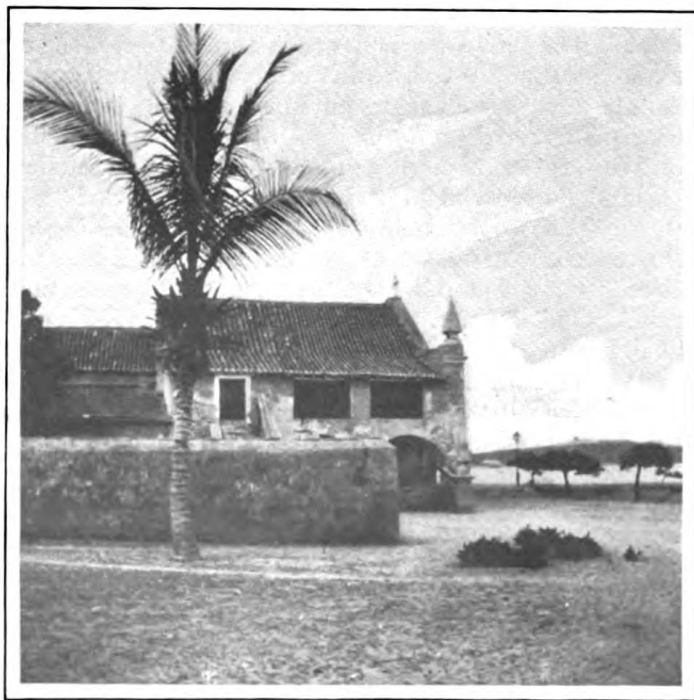
defiance of the cannibal king, who bears a big sword and is twice the size of his followers, the Christian general grasps his standard in the middle of the square, and, as in the shipwreck and the hunting scene, Our Lady of Salvation watches serenely from the clouds, conscious of her power to save.

Unhappily there is no inscription, and we can only say that the scene represents some hard-won battle of long ago—some crisis in the miserable conflict of black and white. Since the days of those two cottages and a flag, Loanda has grown into a city that would hardly look out of place upon the Mediterranean shore. It has something now of the Mediterranean air both in its beauty and its decay. In front of its low red and yellow cliffs a long spit of sand-bank forms a calm lagoon, at the entrance of which the biggest war-ships can lie. The sandy rock projecting into the lagoon is crowned by a Vauban fortress whose bastions and counterscarps would have filled Uncle Toby's heart with joy. They now defend the exiled prisoners from Portugal, but from the ancient embrasures a few old guns, some rusty, some polished with blacking, still puff their salutes to for-

eign men-of-war, or to new governors on their arrival. In blank cartridge the Portuguese War Department shows no economy. If only ball-cartridge were as cheap, the mind of Loanda would be less disquieted.

There is an upper and a lower town. From the fortress the cliff, though it crumbles down in the centre, swings round in a wide arc to the cemetery, and on the cliff are built the governor's palace, the bishop's palace, a few ruined churches that once belonged to monastic orders, and the fine big hospital—an expensive present from a Portuguese queen. Over the flat space between the cliff and the lagoon the lower town has grown up, with a cathedral, custom-house, barracks, stores, and two restaurants. The natives live scattered about in houses and huts, but they have chiefly spread at random over the flat high ground behind the cliff. As in a Turkish town, there is much ruin and plenty of space. Over wide intervals of ground you will find nothing but a broken wall and a century of rubbish. Many enterprises may be seen growing cold in death. There are gardens which were meant to be botanical. There is an observatory which may be

scientific still, for the wind-gauge spins. There is an immense cycle-track which has delighted no cyclist, unless, indeed, the contractor cycles. There are bits of pavement that end both ways in sand. There is a ruin that was intended for a hotel. There is a public band which has played the same tunes in the same order three times a week since the childhood of the oldest white inhabitant. There is a technical school where no pupil ever went. There is a vast municipal building which has never received its windows, and whose tower serves as a monument to the last sixpence. There are



OLD PORTUGUESE CHURCH, LOANDA

oil-lamps which were made for gas, and there is one drain, fit to poison the multitudinous sea.

So the city lies, bankrupt and beautiful. She is beautiful because she is old, and because she built her roofs with tiles, before corrugated iron came to curse the world. And she is bankrupt for various reasons, which, as I said, are now disquieting her mind. First there is the war. Only last autumn a Portuguese expedition against a native tribe was cut

to pieces down in the southern Mosamedes district, not far from the German frontier, where also a war is creeping along. No Lady of Salvation now helped the thin Christian square, and some three hundred whites and blacks were left there dead. So things stand. Victorious natives can hardly be allowed to triumph in victory over whites, but how can a bankrupt province carry on war? A new governor has arrived, and, as I write, everything is in doubt, except the lack of money. How are safety, honor, and the value of the milreis note to be equally maintained?

But there is an uneasy consciousness that the lack of money, the war itself, and other distresses are all connected with a much deeper question that keeps on reappearing in different forms. It is the question of "contract labor." Cheap labor of some sort is essential, if the old colony is to be preserved. There was a time when there was plenty of labor and to spare—so much to spare that it was exported in profitable ship-loads to



NATIVES IN CHARACTERISTIC DRESS

Havana and Brazil, while the bishop sat on the wharf and christened the slaves in batches. But, as I said in my last letter, that source of income was cut off by British gunboats some fifty years ago, and is lost, perhaps forever. And in the mean time the home supply of labor has been lamentably diminished; for the native population, the natural cultivators of the country, have actually decreased in number, and other causes have contributed to raise their price above the limit of "economic value."

Their numbers have decreased, because the whole country, always exposed to smallpox, has been suffering more and more from the diseases which alcoholism brings or leaves, and, like most of tropical Africa, it has been devastated within the last twenty or thirty years by this new plague to humanity, called "the sleeping-sickness." Men of science are undecided still as to the cause. They are now inclined to connect it with the tsetse fly, long known in parts of Africa as the destroyer of all domesticated animals, but hitherto supposed to be harm-

less to man, whether domesticated or wild. No one yet knows, and we can only describe its course from the observed cases. It begins with an unwillingness to work, an intense desire to sit down and do nothing, so that the lowest and most laborious native becomes quite aristocratic in his habits. The head then keeps nodding forward, and intervals of profound sleep supervene. Control over the expression of emotion is lost, so that the patient laughs or cries without cause. This has been a very marked symptom among the children I have seen. In some the great tears kept pouring down; others could not stop laughing. The muscles twitch of themselves, and the glands at the back of the neck swell up. Then the appetite fails, and in the cases I have seen there is extreme wasting, as from famine. Sometimes, however, the body swells all over, and the natives call this kind "the Baobab," from the name of the enormous and disproportioned tree which abounds here, and always looks as if it suffered from elephantiasis, like so many of the natives themselves. Often there is an intense desire to smoke, but when the pipe is lit the patient drops it with indifference. Then come fits of

bitter cold, and during these fits patients have been known to fall into the fire and allow themselves to be burned to death. Towards the end violent trembling comes on, followed by delirium and an unconsciousness which may continue for about the final fortnight. The disease lasts from six to eight months; sometimes a patient lives a year. But hitherto there has been no authenticated instance of recovery. Of all diseases, it is perhaps the only one which up to now counts its dead by cent per cent. It attacks all ages between five years and forty, and even those limits are not quite fixed. It so happens that most of the cases I have yet seen in the country have been children, but that may be accidental. For a long time it was thought that white people were exempt. But that is not so. They are apparently as liable to the sickness as the natives, and there are white patients suffering from it now in the Loanda hospital.

My reason for now dwelling upon the disease which has added a new terror to Africa is its effect upon the labor-supply. It is very capricious in its visitation. Sometimes it will cling to one side of a river and leave the other untouched.

But when it appears it often sweeps the population off the face of the earth, and there are places in Angola which lately were large native towns, but are now going back to desert. So people are more than ever wanted to continue the cultivation of such land as has been cultivated, and, unhappily, it is now more than ever essential that the people should be cheap. The great days when fortunes were made in coffee, or when it was thought that cocoa would save the country, are over. Prices have sunk. Brazil has driven out Angola coffee. San Thomé has driven out the cocoa. The Congo is driving out the rubber,



NEARLY EVERY WOMAN HAS AN INFANT ON HER BACK



HOW BURDENS ARE CARRIED

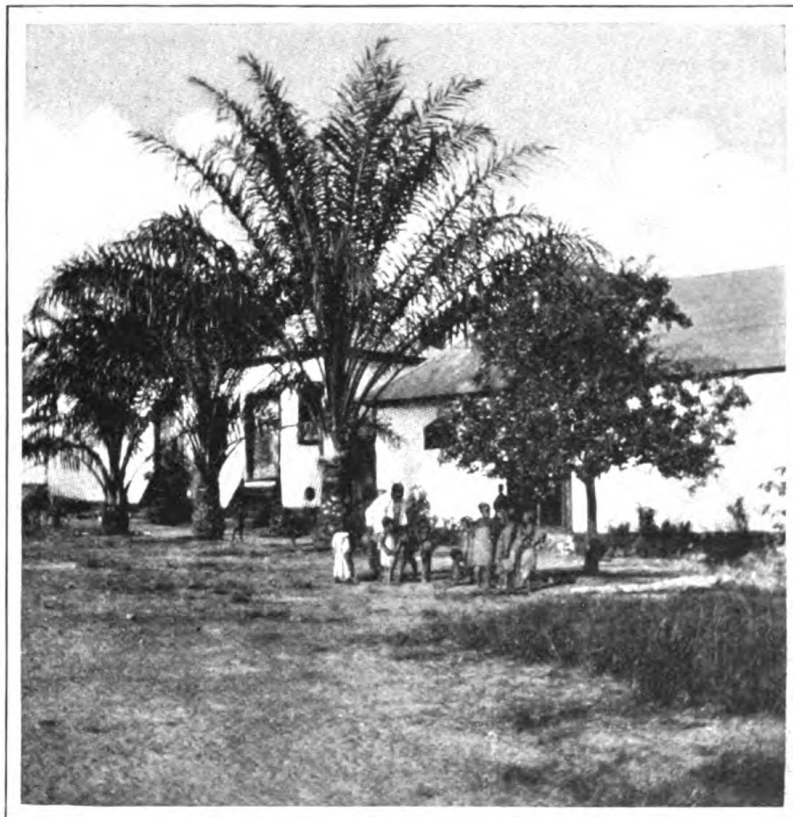
and the sugar-cane is grown only for the rum that natives drink—not a profitable industry from the point of view of national economics. Many of the old plantations have come to grief. Some have been amalgamated into companies with borrowed capital. Some have been sold for a song. None is prosperous, but people still think that if only “contract labor” were cheaper and more plentiful, prosperity would return. As it is, they see all the best labor drafted off to the rich island of San Thomé, never to return, and that is another reason why the mind of Loanda is much disquieted.

I do not mean that the anxiety about the “contract labor” is entirely a question of cash. The Portuguese are quite as sensitive and kindly as other people. Many do not like to think that the “serviçaes” or “contrabidos,” as they are called, are, in fact, hardly to be distinguished from the slaves of the cruel old times. Still more do not like to hear the most favored province of the Portuguese Empire described by foreigners as a slave state. There is a strong feeling

about it in Portugal also, I believe, and here in Angola it is the chief subject of conversation and politics. The new governor is thought to be an “anti-slavery” man. A little newspaper appears occasionally in Loanda (*A Defeza de Angola*) in which the shame of the whole system is exposed, at all events with courage. The paper is not popular with the official or governing classes. No courageous newspaper ever can be; for the official person is born with a hatred of reform, because reform means trouble. But the paper is read none the less. There is a feeling about the question which I can only describe again as disquiet. It is partly conscience, partly national reputation; partly also it is the knowledge that under the present system San Thomé gets all the advantage, and the mainland is being drained of laborers in order that the island’s cocoa may abound.

Legally the system is quite simple and looks innocent enough. Legally it is laid down that a native and a would-be employer come before a magistrate or other





PLANTER'S HOUSE ON AN ANGOLA ESTATE

representative of the Curator-General of Angola, and enter into a free and voluntary contract for so much work in return for so much pay. By the wording of the contract the native declares that "he has come of his own free will to contract for his services under the terms and according to the forms required by the law of April 29, 1875, the general regulation of November 21, 1878, and the special clauses relating to this province."

The form of contract continues:

1. The laborer contracts and undertakes to render all such [domestic, agricultural, etc.] services as his employer may require.

2. He binds himself to work nine hours on all days that are not sanctified by religion, with an interval of two hours for rest, and not to leave the service of the employer without permission, except in order to complain to the authorities.

3. This contract to remain in force for five complete years.

4. The employer binds himself to pay the monthly wages of —, with food and clothing.

Then follow the magistrate's approval of the contract, and the customary conclusion about "signed, sealed, and delivered in the presence of the following witnesses." The law further lays it down that the contract may be renewed by the wish of both parties at the end of five years, that the magistrates should visit the various districts and see that the contracts are properly observed and renewed, and that all children born

to the laborers, whether man or woman, during the time of his or her contract shall be absolutely free.

Legally, could any agreement look fairer and more innocent? Or could any government have better protected a subject population in the transition from recognized slavery to free labor? Even apart from the splendor of legal language, laws often seem divine. But let us see how the whole thing works out in human life.

An agent, whom for the sake of politeness we may call a labor-merchant, goes wandering about among the natives in the interior—say 700 or 800 miles from the coast. He comes to the chief of a tribe, or, I believe, more often to a little group of chiefs, and, in return for so many grown men and women, he offers the chiefs so many smuggled rifles, guns, and cartridges, so many bales of calico, so many barrels of rum. The chiefs select suitable men and women, very often one of the tribe gives in his child to pay off an old debt, the bargain is



concluded, and off the party goes. The labor-merchant leads it away for some hundreds of miles, and then offers its members to employers as contracted laborers. As commission for his own services in the transaction he may receive about fifteen or twenty pounds for a man or a woman, and about five pounds for a child. According to law, the laborer is then brought before a magistrate and duly signs the above contract with his or her new master. He signs, and the benevolent law is satisfied. But what does the native know or care about "freedom of contract" or "the general regulation of November 21, 1878"? What does he know about nine hours a day and two hours rest and the days sanctified by religion? Or what does it mean to him to be told that the contract terminates at the end of five years? He only knows that he has fallen into the hands of his enemies, that he is being given over into slavery to the white man, that if he runs away he will be beaten, and even if he could escape to his home, all those hundreds of miles across the mountains, he would probably be killed, and almost certainly be sold again. In what sense does such a man enter into a free contract for his labor? In what sense, except according to law, does his position differ from a slave's? And the law does not count; it is only life that counts.

I do not wish at present to dwell further upon this original stage in the process of the new slave-trade, for I have not myself yet seen it at work. I only take my account from men who have lived long in the interior and whose word I can trust. I may be able to describe it more fully when I have been farther into the interior myself. But now I will pass to a stage in the system which I have seen with my own eyes—the plantation stage,

in which the contract system is found in full working order.

For about a hundred miles inland from Loanda the country is flattish and bare and dry, though there are occasional rivers and a sprinkling of trees. A coarse grass feeds a few cattle, but the chief product is the cassava, from which the natives knead a white food, something between rice and flour. As you go farther, the land grows like the "low veldt" in the Transvaal, and it has the same peculiar and unwholesome smell. By degrees it becomes more mountainous and the forest grows thick, so that the little railway seems to struggle with the undergrowth almost as much as with the inclines. That little railway is perhaps the only evidence of "progress" in the province after three or four centuries. It is paid for by Lisbon, but a train really does make the journey of about 250 miles regularly in two days, resting the engine for the night. To reach a plantation you must get out on the route and make your way through the forest by one of those hardly perceptible "bush paths" which are the only roads. Along these paths, through flag-grasses ten feet high, through jungle that closes on both sides like two walls, up moun-



HOUSES OF LABORERS ON AN ANGOLA ESTATE



CHILDREN LEARNING A NATIVE DANCE

tains covered with forest, and down valleys where the water is deep at this wet season, every bit of merchandise, stores, or luggage must be carried on the heads of natives, and every yard of the journey has to be covered on foot.

After struggling through the depths of the woods in this way for three or four hours, we climbed a higher ridge of mountain and emerged from the dense growth to open summits of rock and grass. Far away to the southeast a still higher mountain range was visible, and I remembered, with what writers call a momentary thrill, that from this quarter of the compass Livingstone himself had made his way through to Loanda on one of his greatest journeys. Below the mountain edge on which I stood lay the broad valley of the plantation, surrounded by other hills and depths of forest. The low white casa, with its great barns and outhouses, stood in the middle. Close by its side were the thatched mud huts of the work-people, the doors barred, the little streets all empty and silent, because the people were all at work, and the children that were too small to work and too big to be carried were herded together

in another part of the yards. From the house, in almost every direction, the valleys of cultivated ground stretched out like fingers, their length depending on the shape of the ground and on the amount of water which could be turned over them by ditch-canals.

It was a plantation on which everything that will grow in this part of Africa was being tried at once. There were rows of coffee, rows of cocoa-plant, woods of bananas, fields of maize, groves of sugar-cane for rum. On each side of the paths mango-trees stood in avenues, or the tree which the parlors of Camden Town know as the India-rubber plant, though in fact it is no longer the chief source of African rubber. A few other plants and fruits were cultivated as well, but these were the main produce.

The cultivation was admirable. Any one who knows the fertile parts of Africa will agree that the great difficulty is not to make things grow, but to prevent other things from growing. The abundant growth chokes everything down. An African forest is one gigantic struggle for existence, and an African field becomes forest as soon as you take your

eyes off it. But on the plantation the ground was kept clear and clean. The first glance told of the continuous and persistent labor that must be used. And as I was thinking of this and admiring the result, suddenly I came upon this continuous and persistent labor in the flesh.

It was a long line of men and women, extended at intervals of about a yard, like a company of infantry going into action. They were cleaning a coffee-plantation. Bent double over the work, they advanced slowly across the ground, hoeing it up as they went. To the back of nearly every woman clung an infant, bound on by a breadth of cotton cloth, after the African fashion, while its legs straddled round the mother's loins. Its head lay between her shoulders, and bumped helplessly against her back as she struck the hoe into the ground. Most of the infants were howling with discomfort and exhaustion, but there was no pause in the work. The line advanced persistently and in silence. The only interruption was when a loin-cloth had to be tightened up, or when one of the little girls who spend the day in fetching water passed along the line with her pitcher. When the people had drunk, they turned to the work again, and the only sound to be heard was the deep grunt or sigh as the hoe was brought heavily down into the mass of tangled grass and undergrowth between the rows of the coffee-plants.

Five or six yards behind the slowly advancing line, like the officers of a company under fire, stood the overseers, or gangers, or drivers of the party. They were white men, or three parts white, and were dressed in the traditional planter style of big hat, white shirt, and loose trousers. Each carried an eight-foot stick of hard wood, whitewood, pointed at the ends, and the look of those sticks quite explained the thoroughness and persistency of the work, as well as the silence, so unusual among the natives whether at work or play.

At six o'clock a big bell rang from the casa, and all stopped working instantly. They gathered up their hoes and matchets (large, heavy knives), put them into their baskets, balanced the baskets on their heads, and walked silently back to their little gathering of mud huts. The women unbarred

the doors, put the tools away, kindled the bits of firewood they had gathered on the path from work, and made the family meal. Most of them had to go first to a large room in the casa where provisions are issued. Here two of the gangers preside over the two kinds of food which the plantation provides—flour and dried fish (a great speciality of Angola, known to British sailors as "stink-fish"). Each woman goes up in turn and presents a zinc disc to a ganger. The disc has a hole through it so that it may be carried on a string, and it is stamped with the words "Fazenda de Paciencia 30 Reis" (let us say), or, "Paciencia Plantation 1½*d.*" The number of reis varies a little. It is sometimes 45, sometimes higher. In return for her discs the woman receives so much flour by weight, or a slab of stinkfish, as the case may be. She puts them in her basket and goes back to cook. The man, meantime, has very likely gone to the shop next door and has exchanged his disc for a small glass of the white sugar-cane rum, which, besides women and occasional tobacco, is his only pleasure. But the shop, which is owned by the plantation and worked by one of the overseers, can supply cotton cloth, a few tinned meats, and other things if desired, also in exchange for the discs.

The casa and the mud huts are soon asleep. At half past four the big bell clangs again. At five it clangs again. Men and women hurry out and range themselves in line before the casa, coughing horribly and shivering in the morning air. The head overseer calls the roll. They answer their queer names. The women tie their babies on to their backs again. They balance the hoe and matchet in the basket on their heads, and pad away in silence to the spot where the work was left off yesterday. At eleven the bell clangs again, and they come back to feed. At twelve it clangs again, and they go back to work. So day follows day without a break, except that on Sundays ("days sanctified by religion") the people are allowed, in some plantations, to work little plots of ground which are nominally their own.

"No change, no pause, no hope." That is the sum of plantation life. So the man or woman known as a "contract

laborer" toils, till gradually or suddenly death comes, and the poor, worn-out body is put to rot. Out in the forest you come upon the little heap of red earth under which it lies. On the top of the heap is set the conical basket of woven grasses which was the symbol of its toil in life, and now forms its only monument. For a fortnight after death the comrades of the dead think that the spirit hovers uneasily about the familiar huts. They dance and drink rum to cheer themselves and it. When the fortnight is over, the spirit is dissolved into air, and all is just as though the slave had never been.

There is no need to be hypocritical or sentimental about it. The fate of the slave differs little from the fate of common humanity. Few men or women have opportunity for more than working, feeding, getting children, and death. If any one were to maintain that the plantation life is not in reality worse than the working-people's life in most of our manufacturing towns or in such districts as the Potteries, the Black Country, and the Isle of Dogs, he would have much to say. The same argument was the only one that counted in defence of the old slavery in the West Indies and the Southern States, and it will have to be seriously met again now that slavery is reappearing under other names. A man who has been bought for money is at least of value to his master. In return for work he gets his mud hut, his flour, his stinkfish, and his rum. The driver with his eight-foot stick is not so hideous a figure as the British overseer with his system of blackmail; and as for cultivation of the intellect and care of the soul, the less we talk about such things the better.

In this account I only mean to show that the difference between the "contract labor" of Angola and the old-fashioned slavery of our grandfathers' time is only a difference of legal terms. In life there is no difference at all. The men and women whom I have described as I saw them have all been bought from their enemies, their chiefs, or their parents; they have either been bought themselves or were the children of people who had been bought. The legal contract, if it had been made at all, had not been observed, either in its terms or its renewal. The so-called pay by the plantation

tokens is not pay at all, but a form of the "truck" system at its very worst. So far from the children being free, they now form the chief labor-supply of the plantation, for the demand for "serviçaes" in San Thomé has raised the price so high that the Angola plantations could not carry on at all without the little swarms of children that are continually growing up on the estates. Sometimes, as I have heard, two or three of the men escape, and hide in the crowd at Loanda or set up a little village far away in the forest. But the risk is great; they have no money and no friends. I have not heard of a runaway laborer being prosecuted for breach of contract. As a matter of fact, the fiction of the contract is hardly even considered. But when a large plantation was sold the other day, do you suppose the contract of each laborer was carefully examined, and the length of his future service taken into consideration? Not a bit of it. The laborers went in block with the estate. Men, women, and children, they were handed over to the new owners, and became their property just like the houses and trees.

Portuguese planters are not a bit worse than other men, but their position is perilous. The owner or agent lives in the big house with three or four white or whitey-brown overseers. They are remote from all equal society, and they live entirely free from any control or public opinion that they care about. Under their absolute and unquestioned power are men and women, boys and girls,—let us say two hundred in all. We may even grant, if we will, that the Portuguese planters are far above the average of men. Still I say that if they were all Archbishops of Canterbury, it would not be safe for them to be intrusted with such powers as these over the bodies and souls of men and women.

Slavery has an unpleasant name, and under present conditions it does not even pay. But I have met no one in the country who denies its existence in the form I have described, and I am now on my way to visit the headquarters of the trade in the interior.

NOTE.—Mr. Nevinson's article on his discoveries in the interior will appear later.  
—EDITOR.

# The Miracle

BY MARIE VAN VORST

MR. RANCH, on his bed in Ward A, stared straight before him, his blue eyes hard, his mouth hard, and his heart the hardest of all. The pain he had endured with a fortitude compelling admiration—the pain was vanquishing him at last! As it racked until each separate nerve seemed a criminal ordained to especial torture—as it lacerated his frame, sending the blood pounding into his cheeks, then draining him pale as a wand—it appeared a visible demon at his bed's head: inquisitor torture-in-chief! Mr. Ranch tried to throttle it, to strike out through the daze and suffocation of the blinding mist. He struck out; it was no good! The Thing's arms were too strong and forced him ignominiously back. What a fool he was! Why not corral it? His hands were full of his lasso—the rope ran through his gloved palm; nothing easier. He could to earth with it now! In his excitement his voice rang out across the dead of the late hour and penetrated to farther wards. He was delirious. And his delirium was unlike any to which the occupants of the divers beds of unrest were accustomed. His voice, heard heretofore in quiet reply to his nurse or in actual kindly call sent across to his next neighbor, now rang out bell-like, in words whose frank, bold blasphemy surprised even the hardest men who heard.

He thought he was on his Texas plains again, with his cattle before him and his horse's flesh between his legs. He swore at the pony when he was not cursing, calling out, commanding his refractory herd. Evidently he was cold; his teeth rattled. He tried to blow upon his palm through the glove's loopholes. He tried to pull up the collar of his night-shirt to his ears. But the cows chiefly absorbed him. Every word held sacred by mankind he profanely made his own, and it was uncanny to hear them blatantly sent forth in a voice rendered unnatural

by fever and delirium. There was no chance for sleep in his ward that night! Hypodermics were useless, and the only thing to be done was what his nurse did. She leaned over him, soothing him in an undertone, calling his name repeatedly as if to summon him from those eerie plains, and the two orderlies held him down in bed.

Toward morning he had succeeded in massing his herd. Then his voice, weak with exhaustion, fell to a crooning, and he sang, first snatches of college songs, one after another, a verse here, a refrain there, from a repertoire agreeable and amusing; all at once in ludicrous contradistinction he began to sing "Lead, kindly Light," in a tenor of muffled quality like a muted violin. The melody, or his utter exhaustion—more likely the fact that, as far as he could see, his hundreds of cattle lay peacefully chewing their cuds in the full moonshine,—served to calm his disorder. With the last line of the hymn his voice sank, his tense muscles relaxed. The nurse put him on his pillows and sighed with relief. The bed, thrashed to bedlamlike disorder, she arranged as she could, and the doctor said:

"You will prepare him for the operating-room to-morrow, Miss Marchdale. Left-leg amputation at the thigh."

The nurse's hand paused in her smoothing of the sheets over a raised network lifted above the sorely hurt body of Mr. Ranch.

"He is very weak."

The chief nodded. "Gangrene has settled under the blisters. We will give him the only chance there is."

Meanwhile Mr. Ranch was serenely tramping up and down, up and down in the lucent moonshine of a Western night. . . . Before him a sea of plains broke in the distance against the shadow of the foot-hills; before him, a dark mass on the bright level, his herd lay and listened to



his voice as it called and soothed, now trembled in a low lullaby, now laughed out a familiar drinking-song, as he brought from his memory every bit of melody he had ever known to serve him in his difficult watch through interminable hours. . . . Strong, vigorous, once again the best sap of manhood running along his veins, his magnificent six feet of cowboy enterprise and force keen, vigilant, he tramped and sang, sang and tramped in dreams. In dreams—alas! only in dreams. . . . Never again any more, Mr. Ranch! Never any more!

The hard expression which had possessed his face on the day preceding his delirium irrevocably stamped his features.

During his convalescence he lay, never speaking, except in monosyllabic response to nurse and doctors. But despite his lack of interest, he was pulling through, thanks to his nursing. He was a "case," and in order to save him for science, honor, and glory, and put him on record, he was the spoiled favorite of the ward. He showed no gratitude, no recognition, and all that he contributed of grace was uncomplaining silence.

Hitherto he had only to put his hand to the plough in order to feel it sink into a morass; to touch a scheme to see it crumble to ashes. Bruised, mutilated, he reviewed the struggle of his life, its alternate successes and failures, for he had been lifted to Hope's pinnacle only to the farther fall! What was there for him now? So sombre was his mood, they feared for his brain and his life.

One afternoon, after service done for him with a gentleness and care that should have left him more grateful, his nurse said, "Mr. Ranch, I am going to ask a great favor."

"Of me?"

"You. To save you and to pull you through. The doctors have pretty nearly given me to you, you know. I have hardly any other duties. Sometimes when you are asleep I am here—but you don't know it."

"Yes, I do; I have known. I am not always asleep."

"Well, I have done what I can. Now you must do your part."

He made no reply; he did not meet her eyes.

"Mr. Ranch, if you will not help me—one more favor: you will not hinder me? I mean to say, will you repay a little of our care and pains?"

"If you mean, Miss Marchdale," said her patient, with a show of irritation, "will I please not slip my bandage, I promise you that I will not, purely because you ask it. Will that do?" He turned his head petulantly, and she left him without further word.

By his bedside had been placed for the past few days flowers in a glass of water. Once a great bunch of violets filled the ward with the perfume of a spring wood. One day roses red and white; an orchid, frail, delicate, the light traversing its translucent fibre. He had not asked where they came from; but one morning his eyes, from force of habit, sought the table. There were no flowers there.

To his annoyance, Miss Marchdale saw his look, and, with a smile that made him foolishly angry, slipped out into the corridor and came back with a glass full of blossoms, flowers whose name is different in various parts of the world. Some call them daphne; some, primavera; the English call them primrose. They were pink and white, closely held round by dark, soft, bloom-covered leaves.

His gloomy eyes met the face of his nurse. She stood smiling at him; his bedside curtains were drawn back. Miss Marchdale was a tall handsome young woman, with no nerves to shatter, no imagination to lead her astray, and a tenacious fidelity to every cause catalogued under "science." She it was who had first dubbed him "Mr. Ranch" (a misnomer by which he was now familiarly known to patients and doctors), a name suggested by the cowboy calling, of which, in the first days of his illness, he had spoken. She nodded cheerfully.

"It's time to tell you a joke, Mr. Ranch; you look about ready for one!"

She had been an agreeable sight to him; he had liked to watch her as she moved hither and thither through the ward; but on this day of active mental agony the first adjustment of his situation with reality had distorted his mind and Miss Marchdale angered him. She was too cruelly vigorous, her color too brilliantly fresh, and she was strong and privileged, whilst he—the man, her right-

ful superior—lay helpless as a child. Moreover, she was causing him to suffer in a way he bitterly began to understand. He could no longer take a serene pleasure in her, nor enjoy the sight of her all the length of the ward, from the door she entered until she came surely to his side. He no longer felt a deep contentment as she sat by his side, silently watching whilst the shadows and half-light of the night ward played on her face. No longer could he feel a sense of admiration and gratitude. Now that he was suddenly wrecked, his real sentiments made themselves distinctly understood. She had ceased to be a clever nurse, kind and efficient; she was Virginia Marchdale, a lovely woman to be won by some man—and he . . . ?

The woman in question, taking no notice of his unbending, ungracious silence, went on. "It's rather funny; you'll be just the one to see it!" She lowered her voice. "You were delirious the night before the operation, and you didn't—quite talk Sunday-school lessons, Mr. Ranch." She laughed, her regular white teeth showing between her fresh lips. His mouth relaxed a bit from its hardness. "You don't mean to say . . . ?" he exclaimed, horrified.

Miss Marchdale nodded. "I have come across lots of hard characters, but never have I heard such things!" She was laughing, not shocked nor disgusted at all with him.

He said, repentantly: "I am awfully, awfully sorry and ashamed. Thank God you were the only woman within hearing."

Miss Marchdale advanced a little nearer him. "That's the joke! I wasn't the only woman within hearing!"

Poor Mr. Ranch waited further developments.

"The next room—a private room—is occupied by an old lady, and the following morning she said to her nurse: 'There's a poor fellow in the men's ward who seems to be suffering terribly. I lay awake listening to him praying aloud. *He was calling on his Lord all night long.*'"

Upon Mr. Ranch's cheek rose a dull flush of color. He did not appear to have the sense of humor Miss Marchdale hoped to see. With a gesture towards his little table, he asked, "And the flowers?"

"Yes, from her. She has taken a great

interest in your case, and asks constantly. She is very religious, and thinks you are too. Her nurse says her greatest pleasure is to select the flowers for you. When I told her you had actually noticed when she stopped sending them, she was delighted; but you really didn't notice them at all."

"I did," said Ranch, in a muffled voice; "and I liked the last best of all. Will you tell her so?"

Miss Marchdale's patience was taxed to its perfection on the day when he made his first call on his new friend. He had no clothing of his own, having been fetched in with his garments burned partly off him, and into him, on the night of his awful accident. A new suit into which he was put, one trouser-leg turned up and pinned (ah, Miss Marchdale hated hospitals and operations that day!), sat loosely on him; his hair was rebellious, his cravat wouldn't tie to please his trembling white fingers, and Miss Marchdale was obliged finally to walk away and leave him fuming, as he wouldn't let her help him and she couldn't bear to watch his nervous irritation. Finally, with bright spots of excitement in his cheeks, breathing like a steam-engine from weakness and his first exertion, he was helped to limp into the old lady's private room.

She was sitting up to receive him, scarcely less excited than he, a beautiful silk quilt over her, masses of flowers everywhere; the room was homelike and agreeable as hospital nudity would permit; by her side a footstool and a great chair waited to receive him.

To the tall young man, who loomed up out of the unknown—as it were—to her, she extended her delicate little hand, and Ranch, as he took it, and saw how little and old and ill she was, thought: "What an exquisite and beautiful old woman! Isn't it just like my stupid misfortune to attach myself to something which is in the very shadow of death?"

There were many weeks before the shadow came between these new and dear friends. Half a dozen visits endeared Mr. Ranch and the old lady. She listened eagerly for the knock of his crutch on the floor, and it was never late. She was apt to listen and he to talk, and he gave himself the pleasure of endeavoring

to repay her kindness by interesting, entertaining, beguiling the last long hours of her fading life.

They cried and laughed together often over the books which they read together each day. She selected simple little stories, making no demand on her strength or intellect; with half-closed eyes she lay peacefully back on her pillows and listened to the man's agreeable, well-modulated voice; but best of all she liked to hear him tell of himself, delicately contrived to lead him to reveal to her his entire history. Through the long light May evenings he sat and reminisced, until she knew the struggle of his Western career, and his failures, every one of them, up to the gigantic last. She heard how for several years good luck had appeared to favor him finally, and he had succeeded in amassing a fortune, when a sudden blight fell on his cattle and they sickened and died. At length, penniless, in debt, under the partial cloud of the defalcation of the men with whom he had been most closely connected, he had found himself in New York, with no prospects for a new future and no means of undertaking a new enterprise until all his debts were cancelled.

How in New York a night or two after his arrival he had been hurt in a great fire and brought into St. —'s, so horribly burned that he seemed too far injured to save. His illness's progress she had known, and its tragic crisis, but that the fire had cruelly harmed him in return for a life he had snatched from it she could not know, nor did any one in the hospital, for he never told.

Miss Marchdale bore the flirtation with equanimity. It was saving her patient's reason, it had kept him a human being. She was not jealous; as for the old lady, both physicians and nurses claimed this interest was prolonging her life. She was a saintlike creature, one of those women born *femme-mère*; denied the joys of motherhood and wifehood, in her last days the companionship of this young man came to her like a boon from heaven; he seemed a son to her. She talked to him of the goodness of God with the serene assurance of an implicit faith.

"What did she say?" Miss Marchdale

had queried, as she helped him to bed the day of the first visit.

"I did not tell her, if you mean that," he replied, rather sharply. "I did not tell her I was anything worse than I seemed, and she called me a Christian gentleman."

Miss Marchdale smoothed the coverlid of his little bed and did not smile.

His crippled condition, by reason of which he was dependent on care and aid, made him timid and nervous. His system was unbalanced more seriously than any one realized. Helpless without his crutches and slow of progress with them, he felt himself a poor cumberer of the ground, nothing more, and wished himself devoutly off it. But pride in Mr. Ranch was a malady. No one knew his penniless, friendless state. With a sense rendered keen, regarding him, Miss Marchdale guessed much, and, for other reasons than she gave the physicians, she helped to postpone the day of his departure and discharge.

But in the month of June there was no reason why Mr. Ranch should not give his bed to some more needy one than he. All the time permitted he passed with his old friend. Daily her hands grew more and more transparent; they were the ghosts of hands, and he saw with a pang that the number of remaining days were very few indeed. He had planned to leave St. —'s one Sunday.

"I don't like to think of your making worldly plans on the Sabbath, Mr. Ranch," she said.

His "worldly plans" were therefore renounced, and the calm, still summer day remained, all throughout the book of his life, a page he loved to reread and reread again with tender reminiscence. The wards were in their Sunday trim; visitors to patients stole with hushed footfalls through the aisles between the beds, and sat for hours softly talking to their friends.

Mr. Ranch, in the little private room, gave himself up to the restful pleasure of the influence of his dear new friend. She was weak that day, and happily unconscious that she had no future to plan into for their frequent meetings.

"I shall often see you; you will come soon to see me, and tell me just where you are and who is taking care of you."

When he bade her good night and promised to come in to see her the next day, the last thing before leaving, she exclaimed, "But you haven't given me your address!"

After a second's hesitation he mentioned a small Broadway hotel, and she made the nurse write it down in her address-book. Then she added, "Come near to me." She put her hands either side his face and kissed him tenderly. "God bless you! Good night. Come surely to-morrow."

His heart was so full of her goodness and of the deception he had practised on her that he went to sleep half determined to enlighten her in the morning before he left the hospital.

He was dressed finally for the last time and with no aid from his nurse, and he was ready to leave the place where for three months he had suffered, endured, and been saved unto life through mutilation.

"Now," he said to Miss Marchdale, "let me go and say good-by to my friend." At her expression the words stopped on his lips.

"We wouldn't have told you to-day," said the girl, gently. "It's too cruel to send you out with bad news."

"When?" he asked.

"This morning at daybreak. She went very quietly; she was sleeping and her heart and respiration stopped."

He was out in the summer streets, new clothes on his back, a straw hat too large for him sinking down upon his ears. It had been impossible to take an interest in him; that he would not admit. He was a self-sufficient, non-committal Englishman. To all inquiries he said "he was going to friends; he was all right"; and with this his acquaintances had to be content. He was only one of hundreds—he knew it! A home for incurables was the place for him! *What in God's name was he to do?* On one side the cars rocked and swayed, ungentle cradles for the hustled world. At the street's other end the Elevated waited to take him wherever he would go, and at either end of the street a river waited, likewise to receive him and take him . . . where?

That destination could only be made clear after the leap! Mr. Ranch's prog-

ress had brought him as far as the dispensary door. In front of it waited a line of the city's poor; a handful of misery more pitiable than ever in an added garb of illness. One Italian woman, a handkerchief over her head, was persuading her little boy to take his place in the waiting file. The child, terrified, his imagination fired by what he thought existed behind the sinister door, hung back, now defiant and angry, now beseeching to be set free. The door opened a little way; within, the white coat of the dispensary doctor was visible. The first man on the line went in.

"Come," said the woman, in Italian, "you will lose your turn, Jacopo." Her grasp of his arm was strong. She drew him into the line; he half yielded, his eyes big, his lips trembling; but as they slipped into their places his nerve gave way and he tore himself from her hold.

"I am well," he cried, "quite well! I have no need to go!" He struck himself on the chest with a dramatic gesture, as though he proclaimed his vigor. Then Mr. Ranch saw that one little leg was twisted, deformed, shortened; he looked like a ragged, maimed cur. A wave of pity swelled up in the man's breast; and here the boy, catching sight of the giant fellow with the unmistakable marks of illness upon him, the more unmistakable marks of accident, gave a cry and pointed at Mr. Ranch.

"Ecco—ecco—it is like that they come out! No, no! Let me go! I am well, I am strong! See!" And he fled down the street through the blinding hot sun, limping, stumbling, hopping like a lame dog from pursuers.

The woman gave a sob of defeat and misery, wiped her face on her shawl, and started after the boy, and Mr. Ranch followed them. The humor and the pathos of the scene, combined, caused him to smile.

"I may at least serve as a scarecrow, a warning—as if it read, 'Better to bear the ills you have . . .'"

The Church of St. Mary the Blessed, on — Avenue, near the river, numbers amongst its parishioners only the poor. It is a little chapel set in between brown-stone houses, built for the spiritual

health of the forlornest of the riffraff of this part of the city.

For several days there had been two faithful seekers of the Church of St. Mary. Every afternoon a man, a cripple, and a boy, a cripple, came limping in together after vespers. The boy crossed himself at the basin of holy water, and finding a shrine in a corner of the building, he knelt there for a few minutes, whilst the man waited for him, leaning on his crutches at the end of the church. The little boy was praying for a miracle . . . that his leg should be made well! He petitioned in a swift mumble, an Italian jargon, a prayer which he barely understood, more to please his mother than to mend his body.

The man, his eyes daily more strange, more unnatural, his expression more sinister, prayed too, after his fashion. The dark shelter of the church was welcome these intense days—it was a refuge; a few smoking tapers were always lit at the altar and the odor of incense clung on the air. Standing thus, staring up the aisle, Mr. Ranch murmured: "Send somebody to take care of me. Save me from the river. Succor me. I cannot steal; to beg I am ashamed." In his coat pocket he had found twenty-five dollars. He believed that this had been put there by his old friend. He was living on this in the tenement rooms of the Italian family.

The freedom of his life on the plains, his semicivilized existence, ill prepared him for the state into which he had fallen. He was abnormal, morbid, and his mind a network of visions and dreams. Daily he was growing thinner and weaker; a lassitude which the heat only served to accentuate made it difficult for him to drag after Jacopo to his shrine. That the boy would return from his last day's devotion with a new leg, he did not believe; that at the end of the time he would be himself miraculously blessed, he strangely, timidly, grew to imagine. Death perhaps would become a solution to be joyfully sought, and the pale face set towards the altar resembled that of a mystic. One day during the first week of the thirty-day devotion Mr. Ranch stood alone by the door, leaning on his crutches. Jacopo had left the troublous world and its en-

tanglement to him—a trolley a few days before had overtaken the stumbling little figure. He had died in Ranch's arms. But his mother's faith had been equal to the test. "The Virgin has made him well," she said, "but the miracle is wrought in heaven."

And Ranch, paler, more wan and unnerved, resumed the post alone, and was praying like a child in the dark. He had been told to pray, and he was asking to be taken care of in the dark.

Miss Marchdale pulled at a knob, the first of six in a long line of tenement bells, as directed by a street arab who pointed: "Jovanny's is the furrst flure."

At her ring the front door and another to the right of the hallway opened simultaneously. Mrs. Giovanni, the widow of a peanut-vender, later bereft of her only child, welcomed the lady and ushered her into a room doing duty as parlor, bedroom, and kitchen, all of life comprised within four sordid walls.

"Mr. Westmoreland?"

The Italian shook her head. "Il Signor Ranchio?" she suggested, in a soft, timid voice.

Miss Marchdale laughed comprehendingly. Her own name for him! He bore it still!

"Mr. Ranch, then! Where is he? Can I see him?"

Mrs. Giovanni had no reason to refuse her beloved lodger the sight thus offered him—a tall lady with red cheeks and bright eyes and a breezy authoritative air, as if she were accustomed to being obeyed. Unmistakably she carried a basket which promised all kinds of good things. The Italian nodded delightedly and said, "Il signore is *un angelo* and of a courage!"

Part of which eulogy Miss Marchdale knew to be true; the celestial part,—one night of delirium and its subsequent days gave her the right to doubt!

Mrs. Giovanni knocked at the door next her room, and opened it for Miss Marchdale to pass in.

Virginia Marchdale had experienced few sensations in her life. She could remember them all. Among them was signally her first operation, at which she fainted; the day she received her diploma; and a few more occasions as



unsentimental as these. Of late she had been obliged to extend her list, and quite lately she had ceased to keep count.

Mr. Ranch was in a low chair before the window, his crutches beside him on the floor.

"By Jove!"

The blood rushed into his face, and Miss Marchdale repeated the blush; her eyes were shining. It was vain on his part to offer to rise. She hastened to his side.

"Why, Mr. Ranch! We've looked everywhere for you. It was awfully unkind to hide away like this! No one knew your address. One of the nurses, who was sent over here to a poor case, saw you come out of Mrs. Giovanni's, and that's how we knew! You've lost twenty pounds at least," she said, irrelevantly, severely.

For a second Ranch could not reply. "I came here," he explained, shaking hands with her, "because I hadn't much money and I wanted to make it last. I am on the first floor, too," he smiled, "and Mrs. Giovanni is a brick; she's only next best in nursing to you."

"I'm glad you put her second," said Miss Marchdale.

"I do," he said, warmly, "a very far-away second indeed."

Miss Marchdale in off-duty costume was a new person to him.

"Can I give you any more reasons?"

"No, you've explained. But what shall you do now?"

"Oh, I'm all right," he said, easily. "I'm going to learn some kind of sitting work—typewriting and stenography."

Miss Marchdale for answer raised the lid of her basket. "I've brought some fruit and things." But it was the "things" chiefly his eyes rested on with delight, as he saw the basket was brimming over with primroses.

"Heavens!" he exclaimed, "those are spring flowers. What an extravagant visitor!" He did not guess how extravagant, or that the gift represented a long pilgrimage to a Harlem greenhouse on a rare afternoon of freedom. Together they lifted out the flowers, and as they arranged them their hands met.

"The room is too clean," she said, jealously, glancing about. "There's nothing for me to do for you."

"It's awfully good to see you; I'm awfully grateful."

When after her fleeting visit Ranch found himself alone, he turned to his books and the vain effort to impress upon his mind the meaning of a system of complete stenography. At his side the tenement yards steamed in the ardent June temperature. On lines of string, drunkenly swaying hither and thither, hung the miserable raiment of the poor, garments scarcely worth the washing, whiter at a distance than in reality. He had not told Miss Marchdale that he was by far too weak to master any trade or art these days. Badly fed, a prey to a malady of soul worse even than his injury, he was pining for the plains, for the clean air of the limitless expanses, for what was so irrevocably gone that its contemplation was despair. He no longer could drag himself to the little church to continue his devotion.

By his side the primroses were the only cool fresh sight to refresh his parched senses; their very faint fragrance, pungent and earthy, brought vividly to him his English home; the figure of his mother, a silhouette indistinct and colorless, took form for him, as it were, in the shadows of the room. The need of a personal object toward which to direct his cry became urgent. God? Ah, nebulous, chaotic, indefinite problem! God? Name he had carelessly taken in vain, even cursed with. His tragic trend of mind demanded a gentle form of faith. As he sat with parted lips a maternal protection seemed to enfold him. He whispered aloud, "Mother?" but his voice hung unanswered on the hot air. "Send some one to take care of me; save me from a coward's end. . . ."

That evening, after nine o'clock, when the street noises were loud and nerve-racking, when all the world of — Avenue came out and sat on the front steps and herded in the streets, whilst piano organs stridently proclaimed trilling, scaling, octave extents, until Mr. Ranch's ears rang with the strain, Mrs. Giovanni ushered in another visitor, this time a gentleman. They had been vainly looking for Mr. Ranch for weeks—Mr.

Beauchamp Westmoreland? Known as Mr. Ranch at St. —'s Hospital.

Yes, it was he. He had proofs sufficient to his identity, etc.

The representative of Carter, Carter, and Co. regarded the young man in the tenement window compassionately.

"You are still weak, I should say—and alone?"

"There was Mrs. Giovanni!" Ranch acknowledged her with a friendly look, which she returned with a gesture of delighted acquiescence. "Yes, she was there!" Meanwhile Mr. Ranch was wondering what new crisis the visitor preceded. His debts! Ah, with a sense of relief he reflected that for the present he would be understood quite incapable—quite incapable—and he would be given time. With a timid look up at the reserved, non-committal face near him, he asked:

"What is it? What can I do for you?"

The lawyer smiled. "Well," he said, slowly, "I have an idea for the present you would better let others do for you, sir—and they will! Good news doesn't hurt, I believe, and I have good news for you. You recall Miss — who died at St. —'s a few weeks ago? She has left you all her fortune. You are heir to several millions of dollars."

Mr. Ranch stared at his herald; he made a sound in his throat hoarse and choking. They had beckoned Mrs. Giovanni, who stood near. "*You are rich!*" she said, in a suffocated voice. "*Do you hear?* Some one has left you a large fortune." . . . She ran forward to him with a cry motherly and tender. He had fainted away.

Miss Marchdale took, at this time, her summer vacation. Her splendid physique, her love for her work, had rebelled hitherto at any rest from her professional duties. She had worked two years with no break. This was sufficient reason for her pallor and her lack-lustre interest in her beloved wards. Her heads saw the probability of a collapse, and she accepted their proposition to rest with alacrity.

One afternoon on which the thermometer registered high, and the Free Mission and Air Fund had transported all they could of the children from under the

feet of suffering elders, Miss Marchdale, in a white piqué skirt and white shirt-waist so thin that the firm, generous moulding of her arms was visible, and the softer flesh of her throat, a white hat on her dark head, left her boarding-house, in whose smells and heat and loneliness the great decision of her life had been taken, and resolutely directed her steps to No. —, a few blocks away.

Mrs. Giovanni was all smiles. She had on a new beautiful alpaca dress and a spotless apron, but Miss Marchdale scarcely remarked her.

Mr. Ranch, looking up at the sound of her approach, saw her so all in white; the bright sweet freshness of her coming was so delicious that he fairly exclaimed in joy: "How *glad* I am to see you! How *good* of you to come!"

Her skilled eyes detected the ravages of the last month. His clothes hung on him loosely; his hair, long uncut, fell on his forehead. She had often put back the thick blond lock from his eyes in the hospital; she could not have put out her hand to touch it now!

A week had gone by since she had seen him. She had let too long a time already elapse; not another second would she lose of this precious life.

She was near him, her bare hands, strong and white, clasped before her. Mr. Ranch knew their velvet touch, their strength; he had cause to bless them.

Miss Marchdale said, "Mr. Ranch . . ." and stopped. "You can't go on like this; you will be very ill."

"I've been very ill," he assented, quietly, "and gone on. You know—none better—how much it takes to kill some people. But I'm all right. Don't worry. I shall pull along."

He did not tell her that he had seen the doctors, and had learned that unless at once he left New York, with proper care about him, he was lost. He could go away with Mrs. Giovanni and a doctor of his own—now he might go—where he liked, travel as he pleased, and when.

Miss Marchdale shook her head. "No," she said, "you won't get along all right; you will die."

He made a little gesture which said more than his words. "I haven't lived an adventurous life since I was sixteen years old to kick up a row at the end,

Miss Marchdale! It's all right, whichever way the tide turns."

But it did not appear to be all right to her. Her eyes were cast down, and her lashes, very long and silken, hid them.

She was quite unlike a trained nurse at this moment, not at all "Mr. Ranch's Miss Marchdale," as some one in the ward had called her, and yet she seemed to him more *his* Miss Marchdale than ever before! She said, with evident effort: "I have not been back to fix up for you or do what I could ever since the other day, although this is my vacation. I couldn't come because—I mean—I found—it was not possible for me to come to do as I did at the hospital for you." She paused abruptly, shook her head a little, as though the feminine weakness that made her eyes swim annoyed her. Then she looked straight at him. "I want you to let me come and do *everything* for you, to stay with you, not for one day, but for all the time, and to make you well."

At his face, wondering and surprised, his flush which rose as she spoke, her own cheeks burned hotly.

"Oh, if I had supposed you would ever have asked *me*, I would sooner have died than do this!" For a second only she covered her blushes with both hands. Then she composed herself, and when she removed her hands her eyes frankly met his.

Mr. Ranch half started from his chair. "You are a noble creature," he said, very low, "a wonderful woman. Do you mean to tell me—you would tie your strong, vigorous life to *me*?"

"Yes!"

"And do you think, do you dream, I would let you?"

She faltered: "I hope you will. . . . I can take care of you as no one else can; then, it is better than death."

"You speak of me," he said, quietly. "Let me speak of you. You are young, handsome, alive. I am a cripple, an invalid, more querulous, more worthless every hour. A man who has been embittered by the struggle, at odds with life, that no later than an hour ago was convinced that there was but one way out of it. Back of me is a reckless life; much of it I would not recall or tell you."

She put one hand on his sleeve for a

second. "You are just what I like," she said, simply, "no matter what has gone to make you it."

Mr. Ranch's face was undergoing a transformation; it had grown young since she had begun to speak; his eyes were radiant. "I could not repay you more miserably for your sacrifice than by accepting it."

Again very lightly she laid her hand on his arm. "It is no sacrifice at all."

For a few seconds he was silent, looking at her.

"As far as the question of money is concerned," she said, "I have a little income of fifty dollars a month, and I am not at all afraid I couldn't make out in some way to earn enough."

Mr. Ranch gathered himself together, steeled his heart, and called his manhood to his aid. By some means or other he must stem this tide that was carrying him away.

"Hush," he said, "please. You have made me seem a frightful coward—do you know it? I can't excuse it, you see, you are so wonderful to have come this way. But you must not feel I am a poor fellow thrown out on the world. I am not any more. Miss — has left me her fortune. I am provided for."

In his eagerness to dissuade her from her sacrifice he was unthinking of how little chivalrous were his words. Miss Marchdale rose like lightning. She cried out in wounded pride:

"Oh, *what* have I done? *Why, why* didn't you tell me before?" The dust of shame seemed to rise and beat in her eyes and burn them. She turned from him to hurry from the room.

Ranch put his hand to his eyes as though he did not dare to let the sun blind them. Then he called: "Miss Marchdale . . . . Virginia!" She was at the door, but paused there, her hand on the knob, motionless. He leaned from his chair for his crutches; they were beyond his reach; helplessly he stretched for them, and she watched him. He turned then, and held out his arms.

"You see!" he cried, "my helplessness. I can't come to you! . . . Will you come back to me? What man with manhood in him would not try to save you from this?" he asked, as he clung to her hands. "no matter what it cost him."

"And the woman?" asked Miss Marchdale, gravely. "Don't you see that she doesn't want to be saved?"

She stood in front of him, straight and tall; having grown pale from emotion, her face made him think of one of the white primroses. His hands seemed to draw her, to compel her to him. He said, whimsically, "You're too tall—dearest!"

And drawn down to him, she knelt before his chair, and he put his arms about her.

"Days ago the doctor came to see me here; he told me that in order to live I must leave New York at once. I could not go. Money, much as it means to a man such as I am now, is nothing to me. I felt poorer than before, having so much and no one to care and share it with. I could not leave this room where you came to me. I watched the primroses fade,

and I have become all ears listening for your return."

"Is this true?" murmured the girl. "Can it be true?"

"I have loved you for a long time. I have been suffering, tortured with the knowledge that I could never ask you to be my wife. It has needed a miracle to bring you to me—" he finished solemnly.

Her head was hidden on his breast and she could not see his face, which was absolutely illumined by an expression she could not have understood.

Mrs. Giovanni opened the door into the room's darkness, and said, in her pretty Italian voice, "This is the thirtieth day of Jacopo's devotions—" But she went no further, for the figures of the two in the window she had sufficiently discerned, and with a low word of apology she withdrew and gently closed the door.

## The Wayfarer

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL

LOVE that weary grows upon the way,  
Sighing as he goes in disarray,  
Need but find a rose—lo! he is gay.  
Small and tender things dispel the mist  
That his drooping wings has sadly kist,  
Make him king of kings—the optimist.

O wonder of the little vales  
Where streams go singing lightsofely,  
And wonder of the star that pales  
Before the moon's refulgency!  
Were I the star and thou the moon,  
Thou couldst not rise too soon—too soon.

The magic of the swooning star,  
And of the silver-cadenced stream,  
Are marvels that enchanting are  
To soothe the soul within its dream.  
But ah, how trivial are they  
When Love comes laughing down the way!

# Social Stilt-Walking

BY ELIOT GREGORY

NOT a mile away from St. Mark's Church, in one of those roomy old houses on Second Avenue that New-Yorkers have forgotten how to build, there lives a little lady who some twenty years ago was a famous belle here, in this city, and numbered her admirers by the score. When from time to time I drop in toward five o'clock for a cup of tea and a chat, the old-fashioned parlors and spotless tea-tables bear witness to a lonely expectant afternoon.

My hostess rarely fails, however, to say, as she busies herself with our brew: "You should have come a little earlier, Mr. Idler; there have been some such agreeable men in this afternoon, their conversation would have interested even you. It was really brilliant."

Poor little ex-belle, men's attention and having a "Salon" had always been her joy and ambition. So she continues to bluff, so to speak, to keep up the illusion (perhaps even to herself), and refuses to abandon her guns. After this preliminary canter for my benefit on her hobby, the lady settles down to her normal gate—a most agreeable one, by the bye,—and we have a delightful cozy talk by the fireside.

Walking away an hour later through the twilight streets, I fall to wondering whether the tiny woman should be praised or blamed for this attempt to deceive the world.

All people who have the habit of making, from time to time, some sort of mental house-cleaning, rummaging about in the cobwebby corners of their brains, dusting and sorting the half-forgotten contents, discarding the useless and attempting to put their beliefs and opinions in order, are sure to hit, during such a process, upon topics which have stood about for years demanding attention.

As a rule, we pick such a subject up, look it over languidly, then put it back on its shelf, with a shrug and a half-

promise to attend to its little business later, at some quiet moment when we may feel energetic and up to the effort. Unfortunately such a desirable leisure rarely comes to us. New material is constantly being pressed upon our notice, fresh subjects are rushed in, which must be attended to at once, sputtering questions of the hour brooking no delay in their dishing. In this way time slips by, until some rainy day the old unsettled question peeps out from the shadows, smiling ironically, as though to say: "Here I am waiting for my solution. Don't imagine that I am to be got rid of as easily as all that."

A troublesome question which refuses absolutely to remain in the dust-heap, where I have thrown it over and over again, popped up to the surface the other evening during an after-dinner chat.

One of the party, speaking of a celebrated scientist, remarked, "When I am talking with that man I always feel obliged to mount my mind on stilts to get up to his level." Now, laying aside the danger of a tumble during such foolish gymnastics, I ask, as in the case of the ex-belle: "How far are people justified in mounting stilts? How much right have we to make ourselves out stronger, cleverer, or taller than nature formed us?"

Let me whisper to you, reader mine, very gently, with much softening of hard truths—for American susceptibilities are as ticklish as a girl's,—we are just a wee bit inclined to throw out our chests on this side of the Atlantic. Socially, artistically, and financially, we are in danger of becoming a race of stilt-walkers. No other people carry this peculiarity so far or make themselves so uncomfortable in the process. This may come to some extent from our climate, and partly from a mistaken form of education—the results are the same.



As children we are taught to put our "best foot forward," but how is a well-intentioned youngster to know the point where that commendable act ends and cheap posing for the gallery begins? Aiming high, tiptoeing about with one's head in the clouds, struggling upward toward a more elevated plane, are among the qualities that have made our nation what it is, so one must be chary of casting blame broadcast. Yet (perhaps mine is an elderly point of view) one cannot help thinking how much more comfortable life would be if the majority of our acquaintances would be content to go through life with an honest heel-and-toe step.

While crossing the ocean last spring all our table was held breathless by the daring stilt-walking of a fashionable authoress installed on the Captain's right. So audacious were her feats that at moments they attained the perfection of *Haute Ecole*.

One evening, on referring to her love of diamonds and gems in general (the good lady discoursed mostly about herself), she announced that it was her rule to spend most of the money she earned by writing, on jewelry. "It may be foolish," she added with a simper, "but fine jewels are a temptation I can't resist. I bought my diamond and sapphire tiara this winter with the ten-thousand-dollar royalties from my last novel!"

It certainly was fortunate for the lady's equilibrium that she failed to recognize the junior partner of her publishing firm in the modest little man who choked so violently over his wine at this remark. He confided to me later that the book had, perhaps, netted the authoress five hundred dollars.

At certain big houses where one dines the whole meal is, so to speak, mounted upon stilts. Our host, to better impress the guest with his standing and his grand relations abroad, tells us that the mutton is "some my friend the Duke of Blank has just sent out!" the champagne is "from the Prince of C——'s sale, you know!" and the partridges have an equally exalted origin. The food is generally good and the wines need no bush, but the foolish host and hostess imagine they enhance their value and their importance by these lime-light effects.

Napoleon III. when Prince-President once gave a lesson to a host of this type who had called attention to the quality of the Burgundy. "Indeed," replied the Prince, after listening patiently to the history of the wine and its rarity, "old vintages rarely agree with me!" and he filled up his glass with water.

Alas! stilt-walking is confined to no one class.

Last week a poverty-stricken model from whom I was making a sketch, more from charity than an ardent desire to perpetuate her pale face on canvas, suddenly developed an acute case of the prevailing complaint.

Toward the end of our sitting my servant came into the room and began gathering up the few bits of silverware scattered about the place, carrying them off to clean.

This attracted the girl's wandering attention. As the man left the room, she turned to me and made this astonishing remark: "What a bore it is to have a lot of silver! It takes me half my time to keep mine clean."

Suppressing with difficulty a look of surprise, I suggested that she deposit her plate in a bank or have it lacquered—a process, I am told, that keeps silverware bright for some time. This with a sigh she promised to consider; then, our sitting being over, she resumed her battered hat, took my dollar, and faded away into the twilight.

In matters theatrical we Americans are especially given to all forms of tall talk. "The Greatest Show on Earth," "The Biggest Thing of its Kind ever offered to the Public," and other blatant exaggerations meet the eye on every poster. Printed by men who know that they are asserting untruths, and read with a smile of incredulity by the public.

One sign on Broadway is particularly characteristic and amusing. All the world knows—or should know—that the word "Star" (of Yankee origin, by the bye) means in terms theatrical an actor or actress whose great talents differentiate him or her from the rest of the company. It is, therefore, a bit disconcerting to a logical mind to have a manager announce that his theatre possesses an "All star stock company."

This is certainly the climax of the

absurd. "A necklace of unique stones" would be about as correct. But managers who have worn seven-league buskins are not to be deterred from their airy promenade by such trifles as logic or grammar. When I meet one of these gentlemen and hear his windy talk, I feel sorely tempted to lead him down to Sixth Avenue and point out a tiny basement shop I know of where umbrellas and canes are repaired. Over the steps leading to the dark little cellar flames a splendid sign-board on which the astonished passer-by may read, "Great International & Trans-Continental Umbrella and Walking Stick Emporium."

Collectors and owners of expensive pictures are apt to fall into similar errors. I know one gentleman who, when showing off his belongings, is not content to let the works of art stand on their own merits, nor does he waste time enlarging on any excellency of color or technique,—he has a much simpler method which covers the whole ground at one sweep. "I tell you what it is, Idler, old man, you're looking at the finest Nattier in the world, and don't you forget it!" or, "Wertheimer told me himself when he sold me that Sir Joshua that it was the very best he had ever painted—that's the reason I bought it. No second-chop pictures, is *my* motto!"

There are a directness and naïveté in the banker's remarks really refreshing. He has his stilts bought for him ready made of most expensive materials at the best shop, so he feels perfectly safe in using them. Amusing as they may be, the caperings of such gentlemen are less wearisome than the gyrations of the self-educated amateur whose veneer of culture is supplemented by a flow of artistic jargon.

Not long ago a group of people were standing before a newly imported painting, which its owner fondly believed was a Raphael (he had paid nobly for his faith). One of our party, a little lady of much alleged culture, examined the picture for several minutes in silence, stepping backward and forward before it, making a telescope of her hands, shifting the easel into several different lights. At last she announced with that profound ex-cathedra air she can assume on important occasions: "Beautiful! beau-

tiful! but certainly not a Raphael—even in his earlier manner. A Lorenzo di Credi, I should say. There's no mistaking that color and grouping!"

The good soul was doubtless right (at least in the first of her assertions), but as four of the best experts in Europe had disagreed in naming the author of the work, the speech left us all breathless, as she could not possibly have possessed any of the data from which such positive opinions are formed.

Curiously enough, it is too often among the well educated we find the most determined stilt-walking; the very people one might reasonably expect to be free from such nonsense are those most addicted to it. I refer to the class of our compatriots who read the most advertised books of the season, refuse to listen to any but serious music, and invariably admire the works of the painter who happens to be the fad of the moment.

In each branch of the fine arts there appears from time to time an exponent possessing a personal manner and endowed with certain qualities of observation and technique. These gifts render his work priceless in the eyes of his confrères, at the same time raising it by its very excellence beyond the comprehension of the uninitiated. Such masters are, so to speak, painters for painters, and musicians for musicians only. It is absolutely impossible for the common run of mortals, not trained in the exercise of that art, to appreciate the particular excellence of such work.

The praise of his fellow artists soon makes a great reputation for the new genius whose fame they herald abroad. This is the chance for the intellectual stilt-walkers, who hie them from far and near, and proceed to do dances of victory before the altar of the new god, shouting aloud their delight at works which in their interior beings they neither understand nor admire.

Nine-tenths of the admiration one hears expressed by quite commonplace people for the works of Wagner, Whistler, Rodin, or Bernard Shaw is the result of this harmful form of suggestion.

The same good souls who in their youth gushed feeble twaddle before the works of Carlo Dolci, wept over Byron's

poems, and formed their taste on the works of Ruskin, now crowd around the canvases of Velasquez and Goya and fill their bookshelves with volumes of Meredith and Verlaine.

Do not imagine that this shifting of the altar is the result of any change of heart—it is simply the inclination of certain natures to wade beyond their depth.

What proportion of our friends who to-day hang photographs of Botticelli's "Spring" on their walls, or sit patiently while Wagner's gods wrangle in the dark, honestly enjoy or understand those works, and how many in their heart's core yearn for the gay chromos on packages of "health" foods and the simple strains of the *Sultan of Zulu*? Perhaps it is as well not to examine too closely the motes in other people's eyes. As we are living in an age of pose, the majority of our generation (like the little lady and her imaginary "Salon") would consider themselves dishonored if they threw away their clogs and pattered about as nature intended.

For pure weariness of the flesh and mortal ennui, however, the ancestral stilt-walkers come first. In their society pitfalls await one at every turn.

To glance at a print or pick up a bibelot in the house of those bores, is like pulling the string of a shower-bath. You are instantly deluged with a flow of anecdotes and souvenirs, all tending *bien entendu* to the glory of the speaker and his family.

Thackeray, that keenest observer of human weaknesses, notes the fact that the higher Becky Sharp rose in the smart London world, the more illustrious her ancestry became. There are many people living in New York to-day who are as given to this Chinese form of ancestor-worship as was the astute Becky—the higher these newcomers mount, comet-like unto the social heavens, the more brilliant their genealogical tails become.

Across the water, on the island where the word "snob" was invented, a noteworthy change has of late come over the attitude of the upper ten thousand. Tall talk is now hopelessly out of fashion. So completely, indeed, has the point of

view altered, that, like Shakespeare's rider, our neighbors at present run the risk of tumbling over on the other side.

The pose of the day is to have no pose. If a man asks you to dine he will preface his invitation with the statement that you will probably have "to put up with filthy food"! The owner of a château packed from basement to roof-tree with splendid works of art will invite a friend to run down to his "shanty"; and if while there you attempt to question him about the portrait of some armored ancestor or powdered beauty, you are pretty sure to be put off with a laughing assurance that he has forgotten "who the old Johnnies were"!

To admire a woman's toilet to-day, be it Callo's most delightful flight into the ideal, is to be asked not to "laugh at one's rags," and to have the conversation changed. So general has this become among the right sort that any attempt to *faire l'article* around one's possessions or to dive needlessly into the deep sea of literature or art is looked upon as a sure sign of the parvenu and the bore.

Would, oh, would that this fad might become more popular over here! We, who are so inclined to copy the caprices in vogue in England, might do worse than ape this one. It gives me, who have had more than one slap at the follies of English Society, a distinct satisfaction to say in this connection that, with all its faults, it is perhaps freer from the stilt-walking vice than any well-defined circle in this land.

Well-born people and those holding important positions in the world are the simplest and least pretentious. This is the natural result of many causes—tradition, environment, and the tranquillity born of assured position,—but it comes, I am inclined to think, from still another source. The first lesson which going about in the great world teaches the aspirant is that of dropping his affectations. If he has any brains at all he quickly sees that posing makes those about him smile and avoid the poser. If he is too dull to see this, he will in all probability drop slowly down into the ranks of those who do not succeed, wondering the while at his own failure.

# Life's Accolade

BY ABBY MEGUIRE ROACH

"O II, there are ever so many ways of living; no one can have everything; whatever you do, you miss something and gain something." Miss Branham dragged her words, as if they were hardly worth saying, anyway: she spoke with a rising inflection, and her pointed eyebrows emphasized an inquiring, slightly derogatory expression. "It's a choice of what *you* want most."

"Choice? Want? If there's choice at all, it's of what you can get. Oh, I know you don't like that idea," he smiled and shook his head at her, "but that's the way things are. It's all law, absolutely neutral: you work with it and grow, against it and break, stay out of it and atrophy."

"Still, the universe is large enough for the individual to be an exception if he chooses. And the onlooker has the fun without the work."

"But the work is two-thirds of the fun. And you miss the best points from the grand stand."

"You don't think experience invariably necessary to realization, do you? It's my observation that experience is hieroglyphic; the individual has to supply the key; and each reads it his own way,—the old fable of (Edipus and the Sphinx. Either sympathy or self-consciousness is mostly a matter of temperament."

"But things are always different when they happen to you. Most people learn only by seeing and feeling.—Or what's life for?"

She smiled at his personalizing eagerness—a faint smile, ironical but indulgent. "Oh, life! What's it worth, anyway?"

"So little that surely one must get all there is out of it," he smiled back, an entirely different kind of smile. Channing's humor was of the sort that takes the edge from misadventure, softens criticism with kindness, and saves the person himself from the egotism

of overseriousness. "Do you know, I am going to call you the Princess of Nought: hungry at the feast for fear of poison in the wine. Have you ever"—look and voice shaded a tone deeper than the casual—"ever considered appointing a taster?"

Her eyes slipped from his. "No, really, I'm not so much afraid as—cross!" She laughed. "We poetize about beauty and truth, as if they went together! Truth is ugly. Beauty is a dream. Religion is a goad or a bait. Morality lies merely in authority or opportunity." She spoke without emphasis, with an amused drawl and bantering eye. Channing wished she wouldn't; she did herself injustice, he thought, and made him feel like one of her specimens, held at arm's length, merely stimulating epigrams. "The world is a cheese too aged, unsavory, requiring an unnatural appetite. Charity is a transparent cloak for embarrassing facts. Ideals are writing in water. Love is a euphemism for convenience or selfishness; and marriage, a makeshift, a compromise."

"So it's the thorn on the rose that pricks, eh? Oh, Nature must balance things. The right way to put it is that she always sugar-coats her pills."

"Optimism," she told him, "is putting out your eyes to call a dull day bright. Confess now, there's a great deal of mismanagement."

"But it's the best world we have at present,"—beyond a gleam of appreciation, he refused to be diverted, for it was more than conversation; "and since it is as it is, the question is how to make the best of it. What's the use of kicking?"

"Ah, *that's* the last straw!" she said, and forgot to smile. "I sympathize with the Confederates who preferred exile to allegiance."

"What a rebel it is!" Channing's look was wise and genial. "Millions for

free gifts, but for tribute never a cent. When you *do* fall in love . . ." The intonation was unintentionally admiring and wistful.

"I fall in love? How absurd!" Though she laughed, her vehemence was suggestive, and hastily recalled her to guard. "Oh no; my defence is not compromise, but avoidance," she added, dropping to her habitual drawl. "After all, one likes to keep *some* illusions!" Always so, on the verge of intimacy, she eluded him with the reserve of merri-ment or generalization. "See," she forestalled his opening lips, "what a murderous sunset!"

He looked automatically, and instantly grew tense; looked overhead, behind. "Jove!" His head lifted in an alert boyish way he had in emergencies. "Take the tiller," he ordered, still bracing it with one hand, while with the other he worked rapidly to free the fastened sheet. "Now—to the left—jam her round—hold hard! It's a race for it."

It was: a race with the storm. Busy with his own work, he hardly glanced at the girl even with his short commands; and Frieda, gratified at the tacit compliment, gripped the helm till her knuckles whitened, and obeyed. Her eyes watched the grace and strength under his flannels with the same appreciation and response that met the wind in her face. It was like flying, as if they had suddenly launched a new world in space. She shook back the whipped hair and breathed deep and exultant.

With a final career they swooped into a more sheltered cove, and as they ran alongside the dock, Channing remembered her.

"Bully for you! I never would have much opinion of any one who couldn't take orders." Then, mid-motion, he stopped and looked at her.

But the boatman was hurrying them. "Better stay here a spell, sir. You'll never reach camp dry."

"Never mind," said Frieda. "Come on."

As they rounded the rocky ledge into view of the open lake, the first big drops splashed down, and the storm rushed at them. Frieda leaned forward on it and stopped to look. "Never mind. What's a little wetting?" Then sudden-

ly she flung up her arms and shouted against the gale.

"Great, isn't it?" he agreed, boyishly, and though she looked amused deprecation of their enthusiasm, she stood all kindled with life, fluttering in the wind. "After all, on the whole, a jolly nice world, eh?" he teased. Her skirts beat round him; a gust swayed her dangerously; he flung out a steadying arm. Where his hand touched hers, both burned; their eyes grew conscious; they had a moment of utter equality and sincerity. The man's very self leaped; all her will ebbed from her, leaving a delicious weakness. Their kiss was as vital and spontaneous as its breath.

It was the girl's first knowledge of "life's sacred thirst."

When, breakfast over next morning, Miss Branham had not appeared, Channing wondered about her casually. "Oh, didn't you know? Bad news in her mail last night. She's catching the early boat to Clayton."

All regardless, Channing grabbed his cap and ran. The gangplank was up, the man with the rope had jumped aboard, when Channing leaped, clung, climbed over the rail.

He had always thought Miss Branham thoroughly patrician, with that hauteur, that faint insolence, shadowing a gracious vivacity. Now she retreated into an arctic circle as he approached.

"You couldn't have mistaken!" He was still breathing hard.

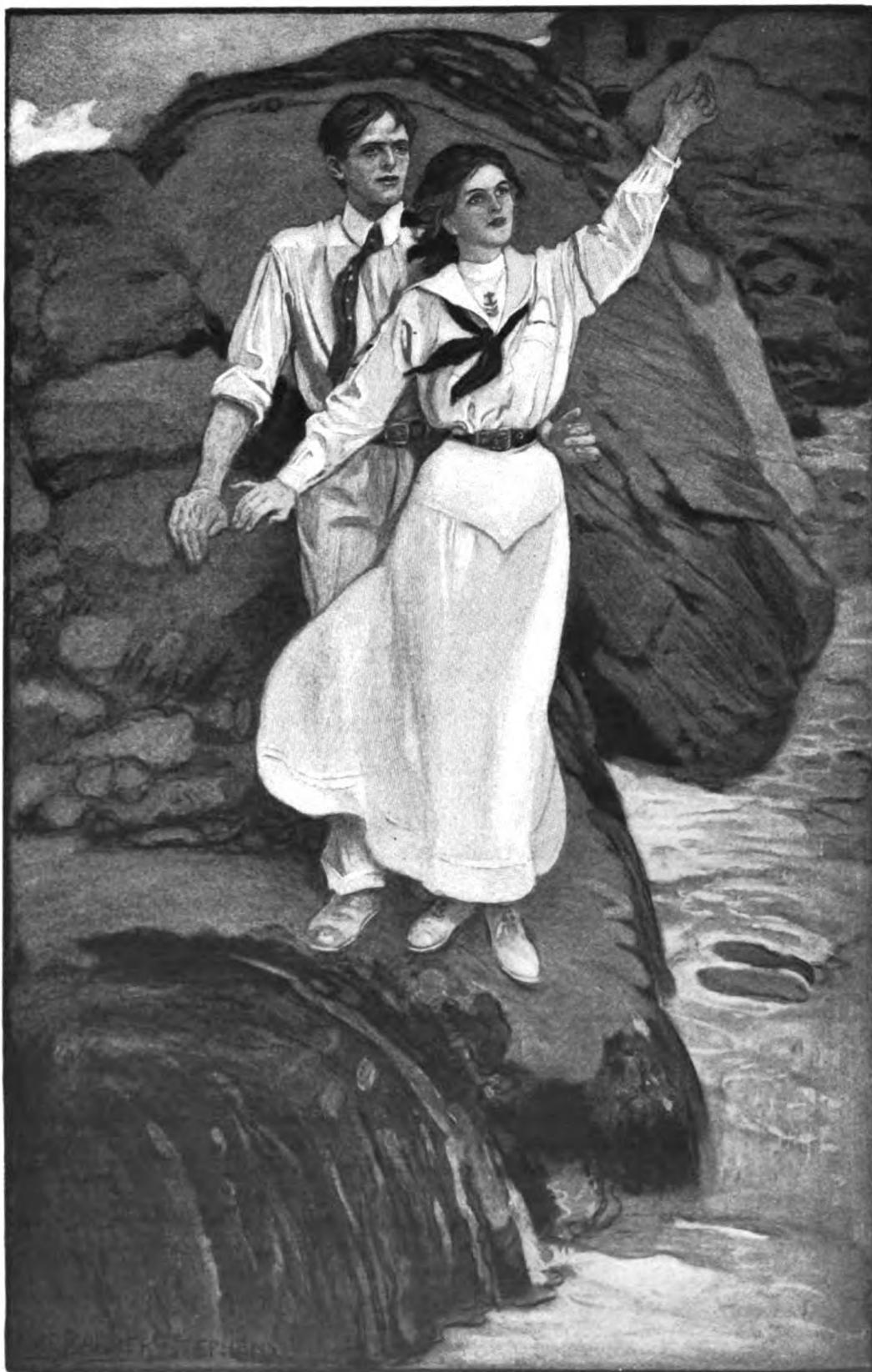
A movement dismissed the idea half impatiently. "Why did you do this? You might have respected— In any case this is not the place—"

"Yes, it is, and the time. If you did not mistake, what then?"

She hesitated; then, though the sun rose in her face, turned away coolly. "You did. It was just the rush of things—"

"Oh no," said Channing, and smiled with comprehension and relief. He would never be puzzled by her again, he thought. "Oh no. It was that we were we. The rush of things that we were part of, if you choose. You do care. You've kept me guessing all summer, though I've often thought if something could just carry you out of yourself and you would be honest— Oh, why, why do you fight me so?"





Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

SHE STOOD ALL KINDLED WITH LIFE. FLUTTERING IN THE WIND

The girl's habit of mockery and indifference was not fully regained. "And why, why can a man never understand that a girl may not want to marry?"

Slur of the water against the side of the boat; throb of the engines; disconnected voices from beyond their world.

At last a girl's voice uncertainly cold: "Don't you think you would really better go now? Am I not shamed enough?" So all girlhood since Eve in the garden has waked to knowledge bewildered by sweet shame and reluctant longing. "I shall never be self-righteous or intolerant again."

"That you should want me to go, after yesterday!"

"Oh, for that very reason."

Channing leaned over the rail. "Couldn't you—trust me, and risk it until—I can show you, until we can—talk things over?"

"If you don't understand that—"

"I do. I've tried to show you.—I'm so tied!" he chafed. Then that way of lifting his head that always touched a pulse in her. "Frieda?" he asked leave. Again their eyes had a moment of equality and sincerity. "I thought yesterday when we—got in the push, you had—caught on. It's life. It's not all of it, not nearly all we would have. But shouldn't one have everything that's intended? Do you really think it admirable to take a vow of silence till you can't talk, or stand on one foot until the other dries up? And to miss things because one is afraid either to live or die! 'The coward dies a thousand deaths,' you remember; 'the brave man dies but once.'"

"It's not that I'm afraid of pain or responsibility. I could sacrifice everything for a fine love, but would a fine love ask it?"

"But, Frieda, can't you see that it's all like the stars and the flowers? Do you think I would ask you to give up what I couldn't love you without? Do you imagine our love would take it? Have eighteen centuries of the Virgin and her Child given you no traditions of the purity of motherhood? Are only common women to be mothers, then? Life is to give life. Life rationalizes love."

"That's another thing." She spoke

steadily now. "Can you really think it kind or fair to—give life, considering . . ."

"Oh, you don't believe those things! Why, isn't it worth anything just to have the chance of yesterday? Oh, there is so much to say! It may be all right for some to keep out of it, but you have a splendid spirit if you would just trust it, and one has to live the life that comes to him: send me away now and you maim yourself. . . . Look at it this way, dear: We see only the surface of other people's lives, not their inner compensations; because things are yours, they are interesting, and important, and nice. Evil is only in misuse. Life will be what we make it, what we are. Don't you know I would be as slow as you to cheapen it? To be happy with you I would first have to make you happy with me.—Frieda! Look at me, won't you? Let me see what you think."

Her face lifted slowly, eyes dizzy from the running water. "Oh, I don't know. Can we make it like that? Can you keep me seeing it so?"

Their brief engagement was wholesomely busy with diverting superficialities—clothes, ceremony, trip, the surface interest of outsiders. Sheer happiness and excitement gave the days an impetus, a glamour; made the girl unwontedly sweet, a most unclouded bride.

But Mrs. Channing returned from their month in the Berkshires more veiled than ever in languor and superiority. She was conscious of people's eyes, too conscious of their minds. Sentiment, his or hers, she protected or avoided with deprecatory nonchalance. All the threads of her thought were tangled. How could a public ratification and social sanction make right the reversal of all her old instinct and training? With such confusion within no windows were open to spectators.

His friends thought her too self-contained and sarcastic. "They're afraid of you," Channing teased, "as I used to be,—you're so clever!"

"Dear me! that's too bad! I ought to be cleverer than that."

She had been warned that the first year determined all the rest. So, fearful of not beginning right, of spoiling him, she determinedly kept her fingers from

their impulses toward a loosened tie or a shirt in need of studs. When he gave her a brooch she considered a bad bargain she exchanged it with a practicality and frankness that would have made for comfort could she have done it less aggressively. She was jealous of all his old attentions, public and private, and the way she pulled the string to make him step up, or show off, first puzzled, then nettled, the self-respecting chap she had married. A habit of sparring grew between them in silence and the dark. He had looked forward particularly to her always greeting his home-coming; and Frieda decided it unwise to encourage any such expectations of dictatorship. Once home, he wanted to stay there and have her to himself; and Frieda feared his growing indolent about evening clothes, their getting into a rut. Other men tired her; she was too absorbed in herself to be interested in other women; and the whole thing bored Channing so patently she had no pleasure, anyway, and was embarrassed for him. So, with subtle logic, she took to going alone,—which was still less pleasure and a delicious reversal of traditions. Yet if Channing was half an hour late to dinner, she had received him from the ambulance, raised his tombstone, and, at eighty, was supporting herself basket-weaving,—when he came—to be reproached because the soufflé had fallen.

It was only moods and phases, simply two young folks in new and complicated conditions, trying to avoid the mistakes and absurdities they knew, and making their own. The mock-duel was already slackening with returning balance and adjustment, when the end of all going out came naturally.

Mrs. Channing was refolding a fluffy blue and white something into its box, when a knock sounded. "Who is it?" The covering-papers dropped guiltily. "Oh, you, dear? Come in. See what Clara Hardy sent me—the dear girl that she is! I said the other day it would have been nice to wait till I was quite ready; and she writes that every stitch in the cloak stands for envy and regret from one who waited too long. Poor old girl!"

"I've been wondering if I mightn't be allowed in that contribution-box, too.

Could you use this?" Channing offered it modestly, inquiringly, as befits one experienced in intruding into the feminine domain.

"Why, yes." Frieda took it. "That's very nice." She never could gush. Occasion for thanks affected her like expectation, demand; stiffened her. All her life she had been fluid to love, ice to constraint, so that even love had to be wary about implying a *must*. Now her eyes filled, but she looked hurriedly away to hide it.

Channing watched her, satisfied. "And you're not antagonistic any more? nor afraid?"

The color dropped from her very lips, but she turned toward, not from him. "Don't make me say too much yet. It's the *thought*! And I've been so hurried; hardly used to the idea of things before they're on me."

"And hardly on you before they're over," he said.

It was over and Frieda slept, and now woke, softened and relaxed through all her nature. "It was worth the pain, dear," she told him, "to know this freedom from it. I have never felt so sweet and light before.—But sit close; it was so terribly lonely. I suppose death is like that, and life; through all the big experiences one goes alone."

Frieda had never been so pretty, so light-hearted, so natural, as in the next few months. Though that ultimate moment on the rocks had never recurred, its memory vibrated still with a sweep and uplift. Affection and romance were alchemists transmuting common things to gold. She reversed her old proposition—passion did not degrade love so much as love ennobled passion. There was new meaning in those old folk-tales where the gods visit men in servile or commonplace disguises. Motherhood brought her the woman's ecstatic vision of the divinity of life, that makes a Madonna even of the peasant newly initiated. Men see life cleanly, as fact, taken for granted; their attitude was an enlightening paradox of Frieda. But the woman must idealize; like Murillo's Virgin, entering motherhood, far above earth, solitary, in a dream-cloud of glorified babyhood. When Frieda lifted her little

one, that suction that seemed to be in the whole small body as well as the tiny clinging palms called out all her chivalry; the fuzz on the little crown against her cheek seemed the very bloom of life. Yes, indeed, life rationalized love. Though with her temperamental fear of melodrama, she flung a glitter of jest over her emotions, it had the soft brightness of tears. As shyly, as imperceptibly as a rose, she began to blossom.

Channing knew her well enough to know how mere a trifle, even the consciousness of observation, would check that delicate unfoldment. And yet—she was so sweet. . . .

Suddenly she closed like a touch-me-not; into a quiet coldness that neither complained nor relented for all his effort.

"Frieda dear. I'll take everything from you I can. Get another maid. Save yourself."

"Save myself," she repeated, and stung him.

"Oh, this is not all of life, you will recall," she reminded him, when he attempted to sympathize with her as she freshened for second use the little garments hardly outgrown.

Channing had memories himself—"To be happy with you I would first have to make you happy with me."

Frieda was thrown back on her old nausea of sex, and its antagonism, now made personal as pain, and exaggerated, distorted, like a shadow cast by a low light. It was true—Love was a euphemism for convenience or self-indulgence. Ideals—and promises—were writing in water. Trust and generosity only offered opportunities to take advantage.

When the nurse presented Channing to his second daughter, appending the optimistic, "She's all right now, Mrs. Channing is," Frieda opened her eyes on them both with her fitting ironic smile.

She had always a point of wit to prick such bubbles of convention.

"Selfishness!" Clara Hardy reproached her.

"Now, my dear, which side in love can cast that first stone?"

"All the same, altruism is the ethics of sex."

"Undoubtedly men have made it so for the women!—Why is it always the woman who must give up?—Is it fair

that she should pay the penalty with what is usually purely vicarious suffering?"

The physician, comprehending the unspoken, had delicately assured Channing that when it was all over it would be all over. But doubtless it had been too much for Frieda. A reaction was natural from such rapid living. Her present depression was far more profound than her old scepticism. Life was to give life; life rationalized love; but did anything rationalize life? Love, work, heaven? At best stimulants or narcotics. And she was involving others in this situation requiring so much philosophy! Her strength did not come quickly. And the little new life was as flickering as candle-flame. Frieda sheltered it with a passion of tenderness and apology and jealous exclusion that shut Channing out from all opportunity with her or the child: until one midnight he resolutely took the baby from her arms—"You must sleep, Frieda."

Then the utmost she could concede was to turn without a word and lie down.

When she woke in the dawn he was sitting in the big chair, its high arms supporting his exhausted elbows. The trouble in his face was more than weariness. Had she gone beyond fairness? Where was the generosity learned with self-knowledge from that moment of life on the rocks? He did pay part of the price, and *he* paid it cheerfully. Hard work was telling on his practice and every advantage he turned to her. With what good humor he met the discomforts her disabilities had let increase in the house. What sweetening salt his wholesomeness brought to things. He said one could only suppose that what was obviously intended was right. For his part he could not doubt that there was some point to it all. And in every uncertainty he believed in taking the highest chances.

She had overheard him that evening with some man with a "tough luck" story. "Nonsense!" Channing answered, and she had guessed that spirited lift of the head. "We have to stand for what we do. Do your best; try not to repeat a mistake; and trust the rest." He had the courage of life as well as its joy. Would she want any of the edge of that keen spirit dulled? She did like him,

admire him! Her tenderness glowed warm as a banked fire.

Reluctantly, mastered, she slipped over to him. "Can't you put her down now? How your arms must feel!"

He looked at her tentatively. "Feel pretty much as Moses did, I fancy, with Aaron and Hur supporting his arms while he held up the children of Israel—and prayed," he added, with something back of the genial gleam.

Frieda leaned over from behind—a familiar little imp peeping from the corner of her eye, a wan little imp, but tantalizing as ever. Something brushed his cheek as soft and fugitive as a butterfly's wing. "Is that the answer?" Then, across the room, she laughed at his abrupt remembrance of his paternal handicap and caution.

It was not forgiveness, she told herself, but justice, and more: with no school-girl sentimentality she recognized his nature as higher than hers, saner, really sweeter-minded, braver. Even his failings were those of strength and generosity; hers, she scorned herself, of nigardliness, morbidness. This, from a woman to whom masculinity had been itself the primary fault; to whom fineness was of the feminine gender alone! In her devotion to this new revelation she would have welcomed the proof of martyrdom. She could repeat the past year at once, she felt, with what different spirit!

Then that Channing, just when she was ready for unconditional surrender, should concede her grievances and offer lavish indemnity, completed the conquest of her loyalty; all the more for his perfect guiltlessness of diplomacy.

Frieda thought she had never known love until this second child wrung it from her inhospitality. (So it wasn't purely vicarious suffering, after all!) Baby Clare had always been a joy; but her feeling for Fee (the name Clare distilled from Frieda to fit the mite) was too intense and insecure for joy. It was amends as well. Frieda loved her so it hurt, it frightened her.

"I didn't see how I was to be equal to it," she half apologized to Clara Hardy. "But it doesn't seem to make much difference. The first took all my time. A dozen couldn't do more."

Now and then as she glowed over them the abrupt consciousness of Channing's approving eyes stiffened her like an electric shock. Nevertheless, more and more life and nature had their way with her. She had never doubted the value of the children; but now it was all actualized. Already her plans for them gave her a hold on the future, on a longer future than the individual's. In the promise of evolution she saw them as an opportunity, and felt herself justified in them. Nor could she help enjoying this fulness of life, the rising tide of vitality and maturity as Channing guarded her back to vigor. Her quizzical belittling of feeling, her shyness of demonstration, were partly fear of the ridiculous; she had not understood the dignity of this softening and expansion of her nature, the luxury of easy tears and laughter, the enrichment of mere emotion. Her whole personality took on color and aroma. After all, love needed nothing but itself to rationalize it. And so with life. Everything was worth its price; the price was worth itself.

After long service and vigil she stood knighted by the stroke of life.

Beauty and truth were reconciled. Things were good enough as they are, even without the golden touch of Midas love or humor's sweetening salt. Nearness had shown her things in scale. Suffering had dignified the imperative. The end had justified the means. Even of the means,—the impersonal, which is the attitude of science and art, is also the attitude of life. Nothing of itself is common or unclean. Evil is not inherent in things any more than modesty can be defined as clothes. An enveloping veil may be suggestive of vulgarity, and nudity may front you with "formidable innocence." In the last analysis purity is but clear vision. And Frieda's old puzzle over the distinctions between the right and wrong of passion penetrated to this—that the right of passion lay in its not wronging love.

Clara Hardy found her on the nursery floor, buried under toys, her hair pulled and tousled to a mist.

"Take the Morris chair, Clara. Oh no, it's not too far back. It's delightful once you're in. But it's like love—for it to be any comfort you have to give up to it."





Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit  
 "THESE," SHE SAID, "ARE SYMBOLS AND PROPHECIES"

Clara, sinking back, dropped a photograph into Frieda's lap. "I came across that picture of Mrs. Channing, the bride; and it brought me to see *you*. My dear, you were handsome always, but now you're lovely!"

"Hear! Hear! Harry's been talking to you. My husband and children think me the most beautiful thing that ever was. Obliging of them, isn't it? Really it's quite an incentive to keep up the illusion. *I'm* not going to tell them better. They might think me in a position to know."

"What a cynic you were!"

"O—h, it was all true enough; but so many other things are just as true. Frieda Branham may well look rather contemptuously on Mrs. Channing, who does all the things she deplored—compromises, goes with the current. But Mrs. Channing can afford to be equally superior,—she's a deal happier and wiser than Miss Branham.—Do you know, I believe that it is one of the greatest gains in marriage—the wider outlook. Each gets to see the other's side of life; and then the man lets the woman into bigger concerns than her sewing-machine and gas-range, out of the personal into the general. Aren't you glad you live in the day of electricity and all this talk of the future of the Anglo-Saxon?—These," she ran on, beginning to remove the débris from her lap in the hope of rising in life herself, "are symbols and prophecies. This costume, for instance, is oracular. Fee, whose signature is in these needle-prick stains, will some day be a great milliner, with suave complimentary manner and soaring bank-account."

"I hope you will teach them something useful."

"We mean to."

"I know what I want to be," fluted Baby Clare, unexpectedly.

"Yes, dear?"

"A little mother, like mamma."

"You darling!" her godmother wept. And Frieda's face shivered with emotion like a mirror flashed in sunlight.

"Only I'd have a boy, too," the child wished. "Couldn't you get one, mamma, for us to play with?"

The women were glad to laugh. "Maybe," Frieda answered. "And perhaps mamma will after while," she admitted, with a fine color.

Clara's brows lifted in interrogation, and Frieda's lids fell.

Then they saw Channing in the door.

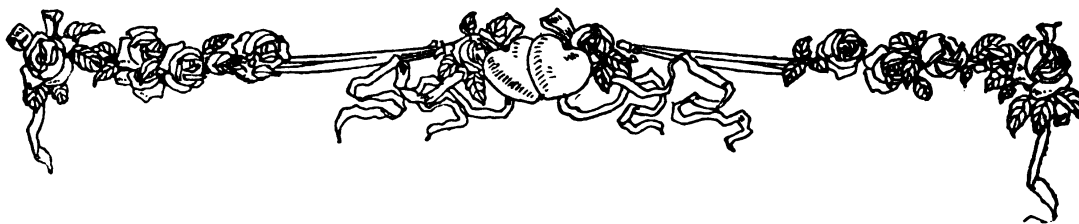
"Did you hear that unprogressive daughter of yours?" Frieda asked him, brushing a bit of lint from his shoulder with a touch that was a caress. Channing's smile was response. Love had grown so instinctive, endearment so habitual, it showed now, even at times before others, without self-consciousness or bad taste.

Clara gone, Channing himself looked inquiry at his wife. Their eyes met with the intelligence of a mutual memory—the memory of just such a moment as had constituted their spiritual marriage on the rocks. Then a mist gathered across his.

But Frieda was illuminated. "Oh, he'll be well and beautiful and happy,—you'll see,—born so!—Do you remember that day on the lake, dear (*I'm* not accusing you of softening of the brain!), when we got in the push, as you said, and you thought I had caught on? I had, more or less, but I couldn't give up all at once. I don't admit now that I couldn't have learned otherwise, but *I* wouldn't: I had to be carried away because I wouldn't let myself go. It came hard to learn trust and obedience; to understand how one saves his life by losing it; to know that Life is to know the Power, and be a part of it, and work with it; and that happiness depends not so much on things or circumstances, or even on work or love, as on being in tune."

"Now that's strange," Channing considered, "that what has been teaching you to give up has been teaching me not to.—And yet . . ." he looked troubled. ". . . after all . . . Things aren't turning out exactly as . . ."

"We promised ourselves," she smiled at him, too assured of him now to calculate or be on the defensive. "Neither of us understood. But, dear boy, it's all right. Why shouldn't I do my work? And what difference does it make which way one lives, just so he really lives?"



## The Grass-Green Maid

BY ALICE BROWN

THERE was once a maid who fell in love with a man, and finding that he had also fallen in love with her, went straightway to her mother and told her about it.

"Then, my dear," said her mother, "let me tell you something which is the one thing that will be of use to you if you want him to keep on loving you."

"Tell me," said the maid, "but do it quickly; for he is in the garden and I must run back to him. We are going to spend our lives together, and therefore I must not lose a minute."

The mother set down the strawberries she was hulling, and took her daughter by the hand.

"Do not look out into the garden," she said. "Look here at me. There is one thing you must not tell him."

But the maid had twisted her head about, and was looking over her shoulder toward the garden.

"There is one thing you must not tell him," said her mother again.

The maid laughed.

"I shall tell him everything," said she. "But what is it?—and be quick."

The mother pulled her by the wrist and then by a braid of her hair, until she bent her head.

"Do you want to whisper?" asked the maid. "Can't it be said out loud?"

But the mother whispered, and then the maid laughed.

"Why," said she, "that is the thing I shall tell him first of all."

"I forbid you to tell him," said her mother, quite sternly, and the maid was alarmed.

"Does everybody tell?" she asked.

"Everybody."

"Did you tell my father?"

"Yes, I told him."

"There, you see!" said the maid, smiling. "Nothing happened."

"Oh, yes," said her mother. "He went away to sea."

"Did my aunt tell my uncle?" asked the maid.

"Yes, I am sure she told him."

"How are you sure?"

"Because he ran away and married a girl on the coast of Africa. She could not speak his language."

"Well," said the maid, doubtfully, "I will not tell him."

So her mother let go her hair, and she ran back into the garden. For a long time she lived in the garden, and there was moonlight every night, and a nightingale sang. And she was so happy that, by and by, one night when there were two nightingales singing and the moon was shining in the water, she forgot her promise and told him. And immediately the garden was dark and the nightingales stopped singing, and she heard only the man's footsteps going away. Then she covered her face with her hair, and went in to her mother, weeping bitterly.

"Have you told him?" asked her mother, looking up from the stocking she was knitting.

"Yes," sobbed the maid, "I have told him."

"I knew you would. Now get your spinning-wheel out and go to work."

"But it whirs very loudly," said the weeping maid. "I might not hear him coming back."

"You can't hear him anyway," said her mother, snipping a thread. "because he won't come."

And he never did come. The maid sat spinning for several years. And at first she cried day and night. But finally she cried at night only, and then she did not cry at all. That gave her more time from her spinning, and she went into the garden, where she found a man who immediately loved her very much. She loved him almost as quickly, and she left him talking about it and ran in to tell her mother.

"There!" said her mother, quite pleasantly, looking up from the pease she was shelling. "I thought something fine would happen when you were old enough to deserve it. Now remember, this time, there is one thing you must not tell him."

"I shall remember," said the maid, sadly. "I shall not tell."

Then she went back into the garden and talked about a great many interesting things; but of this thing, though, curiously enough, the man asked her about it, she did not breathe a word. So she kept on living in the garden, and the moon seemed to shine all the time, just as it used to, and the nightingales had learned all the old songs. And nobody was ever so glad as the man to look and listen with her. He even seemed to look farther than she did, and to listen harder. But one night he could not look or listen at all. He only put his head on the maid's shoulder and said:

"I am tired, and my heart is heavy."

Then, because he seemed to her like a very little boy, and she thought that was the way to lighten a little boy's heart, she opened her lips and told him the thing she must not tell. The man took his head off her shoulder and sat up straight and strong.

"Really?" he said. "That's very curious." Then he pulled out his watch. "I almost forgot," said he. "I have to meet a man to-night."

So he walked away in great haste, whistling, and the maid, with bowed head, went in to her mother.

"Has he gone?" asked her mother, looking up from the shroud she was making.

The maid bent her head lower and did not speak.

"Did you tell him?"

"Yes, mother, I told him."

"Did the nightingale stop singing and the moon go into a cloud?"

"Yes, mother."

"Then he will not come back. Get out your spinning-wheel and go to work. But work slowly, if you like, for you will have to work all your life."

The maid got out her spinning-wheel and began to work, neither fast nor slow, but paying great heed to her thread. She could do it better now, because she did not cry any more, and so her sight was clearer. And when she had spun for several years, her thread all the time growing finer and finer, there came a man who knew a great deal about threads. He put his hand on her shoulder and said kindly:

"Come with me. I have many sheep and flax-fields, and you shall spin all day long."

So the maid arose and went with him, because she thought that was the thing to do, if she meant to keep on spinning threads. And one day when she sat in his courtyard, spinning, her mother came in, leaning on a staff and looking older than anything that is.

"My eyes are failing me," she said. "Is that the sunlight on your hair, or is it a crown of gold?"

"Gold," said the woman, forming the word with her lips.

"My touch must be failing me. Is that silk you have on, or linen, very smooth and soft?"

"Silk," said the woman.

"Did he give them to you?"

The woman nodded.

"He must be very rich."

The woman nodded again.

The mother set her lips to her daughter's ear and whispered:

"Does he stay at home all day?"

"All day long," said the daughter. And she sighed.

The mother put her lips closer.

"Have you told him?" she whispered.

"No, mother, I have not told him. I do not know of anything to tell."

"Speak louder," said the mother. "My ears must be failing me."

But the woman smiled at her, and went on spinning. And her thread grew very soft and fine.



# Universal Life

BY C. W. SALEEBY, M.D.

NOT only because of recent scientific investigation, but also because of the contemporary interest which attaches to the history of the idea, may we now consider the magnificent conception that the universe is alive. For we find the earliest trace of it in the first evolutionist, the Greek Heraclitus (*circa* 535—475 B.C.), whilst it recurs on the last page of the last work of Herbert Spencer, who has placed the doctrine of evolution upon the inexpugnable foundation of modern science. I quote from the last paragraph but one of his *Autobiography*.

So [incomprehensible] is it, too, with our own natures. No less inscrutable is this complex consciousness which has slowly evolved out of infantine vacuity—consciousness which, in other shapes, is manifested by animate beings at large—consciousness which, during the development of every creature, makes its appearance out of what seems unconscious matter; suggesting the thought that consciousness in some rudimentary form is omnipresent.

Between these two great names—separated by an interval of nearly two and a half millenia—the idea of *hylozoism*, or the universality of life, has had an intermittent yet ever-recurring history. Hylozoism has never been favored by the avowed metaphysicians. Matter, “the living garment of God,” in Goethe’s inspired phrase, is to them “brute matter,” which it is part of their creed to despise. Not only so, but they have the almost incredible hardihood to term those who believe that matter is endowed with rudimentary mind “materialists”—as if to make mind universal were to deny its existence. However, the unredeemed failure of two thousand years and more, compared with the achievements of positive science, has caused the metaphysicians to cease as a power that needs to be reckoned with. Their vilification of

matter—a vilification which must, on their own theories, be akin, could they see it, to blasphemy—need not be seriously regarded nowadays. Their vulgar conception of matter has been exposed by modern science, which, in the words of one of its exponents, John Tyndall, thus rebukes them:

By an intellectual necessity I cross the boundary of the experimental evidence, and discern in that matter which we, in our ignorance of its latent powers, and notwithstanding our professed reverence for its Creator, have hitherto covered with opprobrium, the promise and the potency of all terrestrial life.

So much by way of briefly reviewing the history of the idea. In doing so, perhaps we have sufficiently defined it. Hylozoism, which many of the thoughtful minds of to-day hold as a matter of faith, asserts that life is universal; that though the life of what we call “dead” matter does not obviously resemble the life of the plant, yet that the difference between it and the life of the plant may perhaps be hardly greater than the difference between the life of a mould and the life of a man. Of course no one denies nowadays that plants are alive, though time was when men thought differently, and, judging by their arguments, one may guess that metaphysicians, in their heart of hearts, think so still.

But before we look at the recent positive evidence in favor of hylozoism, or the logic which suggests its truth, let us consider the causes which have led modern science back in this direction. And, first of all, let us inquire whether there is any entity which is characteristic of living as distinguished from dead matter. In other words, is there such a thing as “vital force”? If there be, hylozoism is disproved at the outset. But whether or not we can trace the history of “vitalism” or the causes which led

to its overthrow, every reader knows perfectly well that the doctrine of vital force has long been exploded. That mysterious entity called *Energy*, the actual nature of which is essentially transcendental and unknowable, has its field of action in living as in "dead" matter. If the supply of it be withheld from living matter, the peculiar characteristics of such matter soon cease to be manifested. Without food we die, food being simply a store of potential energy. The living organism can supply or create no iota of energy for itself. It can but transform—and as such it is a magician indeed. "There is no creative energy whatever in the animal or vegetable organism, but all the power which we obtain from the muscles of man and animals, as much as that we develop by the combustion of wood or coal, has been produced at the sun's expense." The same is true of nervous action resulting in consciousness. If you shut one eye and gaze at something with the other, and then press your finger upon the side of the eyeball so as to compress it without interfering with the path of vision, a blur comes over everything within three seconds. Your visual consciousness has ceased simply because the pressure of your finger, exercised for only that short space of time, has prevented your retina from receiving that continuous supply of energy-containing blood on which its activity is dependent. It follows that the forces of organic matter are not different in kind from those of inorganic matter. "It is the compounding, in the organic world, of forces belonging equally to the inorganic, that constitutes the mystery and the miracle of vitality." The energies of "dead" and living matter are the same in kind. There is no such thing as vital force.

So far, then, hylozoism has no insuperable objection in its path. But when we look at certain forms of living matter we find a phenomenon which constitutes the chief item of the objection to hylozoism, *but which hylozoism alone has made any attempt to explain*. That phenomenon is *consciousness*. The objector may admit that "vital force" is a myth, and may be quite content with our explanation of the growth of the plant by the transformation of the energy

in sunlight: but he draws us up sharply if we dare to suggest that sunlight can be transformed into *mind*. And he is quite right. We have not the intellectual organ, nor any rudiment of it, as Tyndall said, that enables us to conceive of the causal relation between matter and mind. The two entities are totally and irreconcilably different in kind. As I write I am perfectly aware of a number of very interesting chemical and physical changes which are going on in my head. So interesting are the problems of human consciousness and unconsciousness, especially in sleep, that I hope to deal with them on another occasion. But if I could write an equation for every chemical action that is occurring under my cranium at this moment, and though I know that by compressing my carotid arteries and thereby arresting these changes I could rapidly reduce myself to unconsciousness, yet I cannot conceive—nor can any one else—*how* chemical change can result in mind.

But it is precisely this crowning difficulty—a difficulty which I believe to be in the nature of the case forever insoluble—of which hylozoism affords a philosophical conception. An explanation we cannot call it, and yet it is in part an explanation. For it is indeed a path to clearer vision to suggest that "consciousness in some rudimentary form is omnipresent."

When we talk of atoms being conscious, the objector at once thinks of a consciousness such as his own. No one who is acquainted with the marvels of the human brain—that acme of the material universe so far as we know it—would commit such an error as to suppose that unorganized atoms could rival its stupendous powers. We must approach the conception gradually, passing from the alert man of the world to the consciousness of a dull-witted yokel, a child of five, a new-born baby, a fish, an amœba, a fungus, a crystal. At some one of these items you may object. But are you prepared to deny consciousness to a fish, or an amœba or a fungus or a crystal? Realize how different must be the consciousnesses of the first item in my list and the last *that you accept*, and then, passing from it to the crystal, ask whether consciousness in some rudimentary form may not be omnipresent: whether there

is really such an essential difference between two lovers who rush into one another's arms, and two atoms, one of hydrogen and one of chlorine, which rush together to form hydrochloric acid. That, or something like it, was Goethe's way of trying to show what we mean.

But it would be doing hylozoism scant justice to present it for public consideration without attempting to face one of its great difficulties. The fundamental belief of science is expressed in the law of continuity. Hence when we find consciousness evolved in matter we suggest that consciousness, in rudimentary form, may perhaps be an inseparable property or function of matter. Similarly when science is asked as to the origin of life, it seeks to avoid any solution of the law of continuity—such a hap being unthinkable to the scientific mind—and tries to show how living could have evolved from non-living matter by the action of natural causation. This would suggest that life, like consciousness, is, in some rudimentary form, inherent in matter: and would practically prove the case of the theory of hylozoism. But to the question, "Can you make life in your laboratories?" the answer is an unequivocal negative. The famous experiments of Pasteur and Tyndall and others settled the question of spontaneous generation some decades ago. Denying though we do the existence of a special "vital force," yet we are bound to admit with Harvey that "*omne vivum ex ovo*," or with Virchow that "*omnis cellula e cellula*"—every living thing is from a preexistent living thing. This dogma is very nearly tantamount to a denial of hylozoism, is it not? Here am I urging the view that all things live, and then asserting my belief in the dogma that every living thing must have a living progenitor, and that science cannot manufacture life.

But it all depends on our definition of life. And at once we find ourselves in profound difficulties. What is life? "The sum of the forces that resist death," says one. But it is easy to see that that is begging the question, for pray what is death? Let us try another. "Life is self-movement," said Thomas Aquinas—a simple and apparently satisfactory definition. But is radium alive?

If not, where in living matter or elsewhere are we to get a better example of self-movement? The Cosmos is the best example of self-movement. The universe is the only perpetual-motion machine. On the Thomist definition, the universe is therefore alive—which is the hylozoistic contention! Plainly that definition of life will not serve to dispose of our view. Then let us take the latest and wisest thinker of all. Summed up, Herbert Spencer's definition of life is, "the adjustment of inner to outer relations." Only unfortunately that is exactly a definition of the activities of radium: and now the physicists tell us that radioactivity is probably a universal property of all matter. So that Spencer's definition lands us in hylozoism as completely as that of Aquinas. The truth is that you may try as long as you like, and may search the works of every thinker the race has produced, you will not get a definition of life that can withstand criticism. And why? Simply because every distinction that has ever been drawn between living and non-living matter has now *broken down*. Not one of them will stand. There are no absolute distinctions, and therefore there can be no definition which the hylozoist will not show to support his case. Let the objector give us a property of all living matter which is not found to belong to non-living matter, and we will forever hold our peace. Meanwhile we claim the victory. We only ask for one absolute distinction *in kind*—not in degree—and we will thereupon retire into well-deserved obscurity.

The vitalists are always thrown back upon *movement* as the essence of their definition. But modern physics has taught us that movement is everywhere. We knew this even before the discovery of radioactivity. We know that the still surface of the diamond covers an incessant motion of every one of its constituent atoms, to say nothing of the intra-atomic motion, which is the latest wonder of physics. We know, further, that there is reason—so to speak—in this motion. Adjustment and interplay of forces is universal. For the Cosmos is indeed a "mighty being," as Wordsworth well calls the ocean, and its parts are all living and mutually congruous parts

of "one stupendous whole." Is there not indeed somewhat of nobility as well as truth in this conception of universal life?

But hylozoism is not to be silenced even if the obvious forms of life, as seen in the living cells of animal and plant, are declared to be, though indefinable, the only forms of life. M. von Schrön, the director of the Pathological Institute of the University of Naples, has been working for years at this question, and though his results are not yet confirmed, there is nothing in them that is incredible to any one whose conceptions were not finally fixed in adolescence. He believes a crystal to be an organized evolving being, like an animal or a plant, with its own biological laws. In the rock, indeed, he believes that there are distinguishable "petro-cells," of which a definite nucleus can be seen by the microscope. He has taken thousands of photographs of what he believes to be crystal cells formed when a salt crystallizes out of a solution, and he even believes himself to have detected the struggle for existence amongst such cells. According to him, all minerals are colonies of beings which live or have lived. His results may well be collated with those of the Indian physicist, Chundra Bose, who has detected in tin and other metals all the phenomena of response and fatigue and electric modification which, according to the text-books of physiology, are characteristic of living muscle. I briefly adduce the work of these investigators not because it is possible yet to accept their results as finally demonstrated, nor because they are essential to my argument, but merely because they show what some scientists think about hylozoism, even assuming, as we are not entitled to do, that what we call life is essentially different from other forms of activity associated with "dead" matter.

For, after all, it is the supreme law of continuity which is the chief bulwark of hylozoism: nor do we need to wait for that manufacture of obvious life which, we cannot doubt, will be eventually achieved. All science and all philosophy teach us to regard the Cosmos as a *whole*. All mental segregations of

certain portions of it, all attempts to raise absolute barriers between different manifestations of the Eternal Power that is behind all phenomena, tend ultimately to fail. In our own day physics and chemistry have ceased to exist as separate sciences, physical chemistry having absorbed them. Physiology is simply the application of physico-chemical laws to obviously living matter. Psychology has been wrested from the waste of metaphysics and has become the most precious fruit of physiology—the basis of which has just been stated. The "law that moulds a planet rounds a tear"; and the supreme truth about the Cosmos is that it is self-consistent. "Brute matter" has been rescued from the contempt poured upon it by metaphysics. Its seeming deadness has been proved to hide the most incredible activity. The great Lucretius guessed this truth, and with a poet's power used the illustration of a flock of sheep with skipping lambs, which at a distance looks like a motionless white patch upon a green hill. So with the diamond or the grain of dust. Surely Lucretius was right when he affirms that "Nature is seen to do all things spontaneously of herself without the meddling of the gods"; and Bruno, when he declares that Matter is not "that mere empty capacity which philosophers have pictured her to be, but the universal mother who brings forth all things as the fruit of her own womb."

Thus to suggest that the Cosmos is alive, and that there was no need of supernatural interference for the production of obvious life upon our planet, is not to deny the existence of an Eternal Power in which "all things live and move and have their being." It is rather to support that Higher Pantheism which Wordsworth has put into language even nobler than Tennyson's:

... a sense sublime  
Of something far more deeply interfused,  
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,  
And the round ocean, and the living air,  
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;  
A motion and a spirit, that impels  
All thinking things, all objects of all  
thought,  
And rolls through all things.

# The Conquest of Canaan

## A NOVEL

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

### CHAPTER X

#### THE TRYST

JOE woke to the light of morning amazed and full of a strange wonder because he did not know what had amazed him. For a little while after his eyes opened, he lay quite motionless; then he lifted his head slightly and shook it with some caution. This had come to be custom. The operation assured him of the worst; the room swam round him, and, with a faint groan, he let his head fall back upon the pillow. But he could not sleep again; pain stung its way through his heart as memory began to come back to him, not of the preceding night—that was all blank,—but realization that the girl of whom he had dreamed so long was to be married. That his dreams had been quite hopeless was no balm to his hurt.

A chime of bells sounded from a church steeple across the Square, ringing out in self-conscious goodness, summoning all the respectable and prosperous persons who maintained them to come and sit beneath them or be taken to task; and they fell so dismally upon Joe's ear that he bestirred himself and rose, to the delight of his mongrel, who leaped upon him joyfully. An hour later, or thereabout, the pair emerged from the narrow stairway and stood for a moment, blinking in the fair sunshine, apparently undecided which way to go. The church bells were silent; there was no breeze; the air trembled a little with the deep pipings of the organ across the Square, and save for that the town was very quiet. The paths which crossed the Court-house yard were flecked with steady shadow, the strong young foliage of the maples not moving, having the air of observing the Sabbath with propriety. There were benches here and there along the walks, and to one of

these Joe crossed, and sat down. The mongrel, at his master's feet, rolled on his back in morning ecstasy, ceased abruptly to roll and began to scratch his ear with a hind foot intently. A tiny hand stretched to pat his head, and the dog licked it appreciatively. It belonged to a hard-washed young lady of six, in starchy white frills and new pink ribbons, who had run ahead of her mother, a belated church-goer; and the mongrel charmed her.

"Will you give me this dog?" she asked, without any tedious formalities.

Involuntarily, she departed before receiving a reply. The mother, a red-faced matron whom Joe recognized as a sister of Mrs. Loudens's, consequently his step-aunt, swooped at the child with a rush and rustle of silk, and bore her on violently to her duty. When they had gone a little way the matron's voice was heard in sharp reproof; the child, held by the wrist and hurried along on tiptoe, staring back over one shoulder at Joe, her eyes wide and her mouth the shape of the "O" she was ejaculating.

The dog looked up with wistful inquiry at his master, who cocked an eyebrow at him in return, wearing much the same expression. The mother and child disappeared within the church doors and left the Square to the two. Even the hotel showed no signs of life, for the wise men were not allowed to foregather on Sundays. The organ had ceased to stir the air and all was in quiet, yet a quiet which, for Loudens, was not peace. He looked at his watch and, without intending it, spoke the hour aloud: "A quarter past eleven." The sound of his own voice gave him a little shock; he rose without knowing why, and, as he did so, it seemed to him that he heard close to his ear another voice, a woman's, troubled and insistent, but clear and sweet, saying:



*"Remember! Across Main Street bridge at noon!"*

It was so distinct that he started and looked round. Then he laughed. "I'll be seeing circus parades next!" His laughter fled, for, louder than the ringing in his ears, unmistakably came the strains of a far-away brass band which had no existence on land or sea or in the waters under the earth.

"Here!" he said to the mongrel. "We need a walk, I think. Let's you and me move on before the camels turn the corner!"

The music followed him to the street, where he turned westward toward the river, and presently, as he walked on, fanning himself with his straw hat, it faded and was gone. But the voice he had heard returned. *"Remember! Across Main Street bridge at noon!"* it said again, close to his ear.

This time he did not start. "All right," he answered, wiping his forehead; "if you'll let me alone, I'll be there."

At a dingy saloon corner, near the river, a shabby little man greeted him heartily and petted the mongrel. "I'm mighty glad you didn't go, after all, Joe," he added, with a brightening face.

"Go where, Happy?"

Mr. Fear looked grave. "Don't you recollect meetin' me last night?"

Louden shook his head. "No. Did I?"

The other's jaw fell and his brow corrugated with self-reproach. "Well, if that don't show what a thick-head I am! I thought you was all right er I'd gone on with ye. Nobody c'd 'a' walked straighter ner talked straighter. Said you was goin' to leave Canaan fer good an' didn't want nobody to know it. Said you was goin' to take the 'leven-o'clock through train fer the West, an' told me I couldn't come to the deepo with ye. Said you'd had enough o' Canaan and of everything. I follered ye part way to the deepo, but you turned an' made a motion fer me to go back, an' I done it, because you seemed to be in kind of trouble, an' I thought ye'd ruther be by yerself. I didn't see nothin' else the matter with ye. Well, sir, it's one on me!"

"Not at all," said Joe. "I was all right."

"You was?" returned the other. "Do remember, do ye?"

"Almost," Joe smiled, faintly.

"Almost," echoed Happy, shaking his head seriously. "I tell ye, Joe, ef I was you—" he began slowly, then paused and shook his head again. He seemed on the point of delivering some advice, but evidently perceiving the snobbishness of such a proceeding, or else convinced by his own experience of the futility of it, he swerved to cheerfulness:

"I hear the boys is all workin' hard fer the primaries. Mike says you got some chances you don't know about; *he* swears you'll be the next Mayor of Canaan."

"Nonsense! Folly and nonsense, Happy! When I was a boy I used to think—" Joe broke off with a tired laugh. "Tell them not to waste their time! Are you going out to the Beach this afternoon?"

The little man lowered his eyes moodily. "I'll be *near* there," he said, scraping his patched shoe up and down the curbstone. "That feller's in town agin."

"What fellow?"

"'Nashville' they call him; Ed Cory's the name he give the hospital. Him that I soaked the night you come back to Canaan. He's after Claudine to git his evens with me. He's made a raise somewheres, an' plays the spender. An' her—well, I reckon she's tired waitin' table at the National House; tired o' me, too. I got a hint that they're goin' out to the Beach together this afternoon."

Joe passed his hand wearily over his aching forehead. "I understand," he said, "and you'd better try to. Cory's laying for you, of course. You say he's after your wife? He must have set about it pretty openly if they're going to the Beach to-day, for there is always a crowd there on Sundays. Is it hard for you to see why he's doing it? It's because he wants to make you jealous. What for? So that you'll tackle him again. And why does he want that? Because he's *ready* for you!"

The other's eyes suddenly became bloodshot, his nostrils expanding incredibly. "*Ready*, is he? He *better* be ready. I—"

"That's enough!" Joe interrupted, swiftly. "We'll have no talk like that. I'll settle this for you, myself. You send word to Claudine that I want to see her at my office to-morrow morning, and you—"

you stay away from the Beach to-day. Give me your word."

Mr. Fear's expression softened. "All right, Joe," he said. "I'll do whatever you tell me to. Any of us 'll do that; we sure know who's our friend."

"Keep out of trouble, Happy." Joe turned to go and they shook hands. "Good day, and remember—keep out of trouble!"

When he had gone, Mr. Fear's countenance again gloomed ominously, and, shaking his head, he ruminatively entered an adjacent bar through the alley door.

The Main Street bridge was an old-fashioned, wooden, covered one, dust-colored and very narrow, squarely framing the fair open country beyond; for the town had never crossed the river. Joe found the cool shadow in the bridge gracious to his hot brow, and through the slender chinks of the worn flooring he caught bright glimpses of running water. When he came out of the other end he felt enough refreshed to light a cigar.

"Well, here I am," he said. "Across Main Street bridge—and it must be getting on toward noon!" He spoke almost with the aspect of daring, and immediately stood still, listening. "'Remember,'" he ventured to repeat, again daring, "'Remember! Across Main Street bridge at noon!'" And again he listened. Then he chuckled faintly with relief, for the voice did not return. "Thank God, I've got rid of that!" he whispered. "And of the circus band too!"

A dust road turned to the right, following the river and shaded by big sycamores on the bank; the mongrel, intensely preoccupied with this road, scampered away, his nose to the ground. "Good enough," said the master. "Lead on and I'll come with you."

But he had not far to follow. The chase led him to a half-hollow log which lay on a low, grass-grown levee above the stream, where the dog's interest in the pursuit became vivid; temporarily, however, for after a few minutes of agitated investigation, he was seized with indifference to the whole world; panted briefly; slept. Joe sat upon the log, which was in the shade, and smoked.

"Remember!" He tried it once

more. "'Across Main Street bridge at noon!'" Safety still; the voice came not. But the sound of his own repetition of the words brought him an eerie tremor; for the mist of a memory came with it; nothing tangible, nothing definite, but something very far away and shadowy, yet just poignant enough to give him a queer feeling that he was really keeping an appointment here. Was it with some water-sprite that would rise from the river? Was it with a dryad of the sycamores? He knew too well that he might expect strange fancies to get hold of him this morning, and, as this one grew uncannily stronger, he moved his head briskly as if to shake it off. The result surprised him; the fancy remained, but his headache and dizziness had left him.

A breeze wandered up the river and touched the leaves and grass to life. Sparrows hopped and chirped in the branches, absurdly surprised; without doubt having concluded in the Sunday stillness that the world would drowse forever; and the mongrel lifted his head, blinked at them, hopelessly wishing they would alight near him, scratched his ear with the manner of one who has neglected such matters overlong; reversed his position; slept again. The young corn, deep green in the bottom-land, moved with a staccato flurry, and the dust ghost of a mad whirling-dervish sped up the main road to vanish at the bridge in a climax of lunacy. The stirring air brought a smell of blossoms; the distance took on faint lavender hazes which blended the outlines of the fields, lying like square coverlets upon the long slope of rising ground beyond the bottom-land, and empurpled the blue woodland shadows of the groves.

For the first time, it struck Joe that it was a beautiful day, and it came to him that a beautiful day was a thing which nothing except death, sickness, or imprisonment could take from him—not even the ban of Capaan! Unforewarned, music sounded in his ears again; but he did not shrink from it now; this was not the circus band he had heard as he left the Square, but a melody like a far-away serenade at night, as of "the horns of elf-land faintly blowing"; and he closed his eyes with the sweetness of it.

"Go ahead!" he whispered. "Do that

all you want to. If you'll keep it up like this a while, I'll follow with 'Little Brown Jug, How I Love Thee'! It seems to pay, after all!"

The welcome strains, however, were but the prelude to a harsher sound which interrupted and annihilated them: the Court-house bell clanging out twelve. "All right," said Joe. "It's noon and I'm 'across Main Street bridge.'"

He opened his eyes and looked about him whimsically. Then he shook his head again.

A lady had just emerged from the bridge and was coming toward him.

It would be hard to get at Joe's first impressions of her. We can find conveyance for only the broadest and heaviest. Ancient and modern instances multiply the familiar case of the sleeper who dreamed out a long story in accurate color and fine detail, a tale of years, in the opening and shutting of a door. So with Joseph, in the brief space of the lady's approach. And with him, as with the sleeper, it must have been—in fact it was, later—a blur of emotion.

At first sight of her, perhaps it was preeminently the shock of seeing anything so exquisite where he had expected to see nothing at all. For she was exquisite—horrid as have been the uses of the word, its best and truest belong to her; she was that and much more, from the ivory ferrule of the parasol she carried, to the light and slender footprint she left in the dust of the road. Joe knew at once that nothing like her had ever before been seen in Canaan.

He had little knowledge of the millinery arts, and he needed none to see the harmony—harmony like that of the day he had discovered a little while ago. Her dress and hat and gloves and parasol showed a pale lavender overtint like that which he had seen overspreading the western slope. (Afterward, he discovered that the gloves she wore that day were gray, and that her hat was for the most part white.) The charm of fabric and tint belonging to what she wore was no shame to her, not being of primal importance beyond herself; it was but the expression of her daintiness and the adjunct of it. She was tall, but if Joe could have spoken or thought of her as

"slender," he would have been capable of calling her lips "red," in which case he would not have been Joe, and would have been as far from the truth as her lips were from red, or as her supreme delicateness was from mere slenderness.

Under the summer hat her very dark hair swept back over her temples with something near trimness in the extent to which it was withheld from being fluffy. It may be that this approach to trimness, which was, after all, only a sort of coquetry with trimness, is the true key to the mystery of the vision of the lady who appeared to Joe. Let us say that she suppressed everything that went beyond grace; that the hint of floridity was abhorrent to her. "Trim" is as clumsy as "slender"; she had escaped from the trimness of girlhood as wholly as she had gone through its coltishness. "Exquisite." Let us go back to Joe's own blurred first thought of her and be content with that!

She was to pass him—so he thought—and as she drew nearer, his breath came faster.

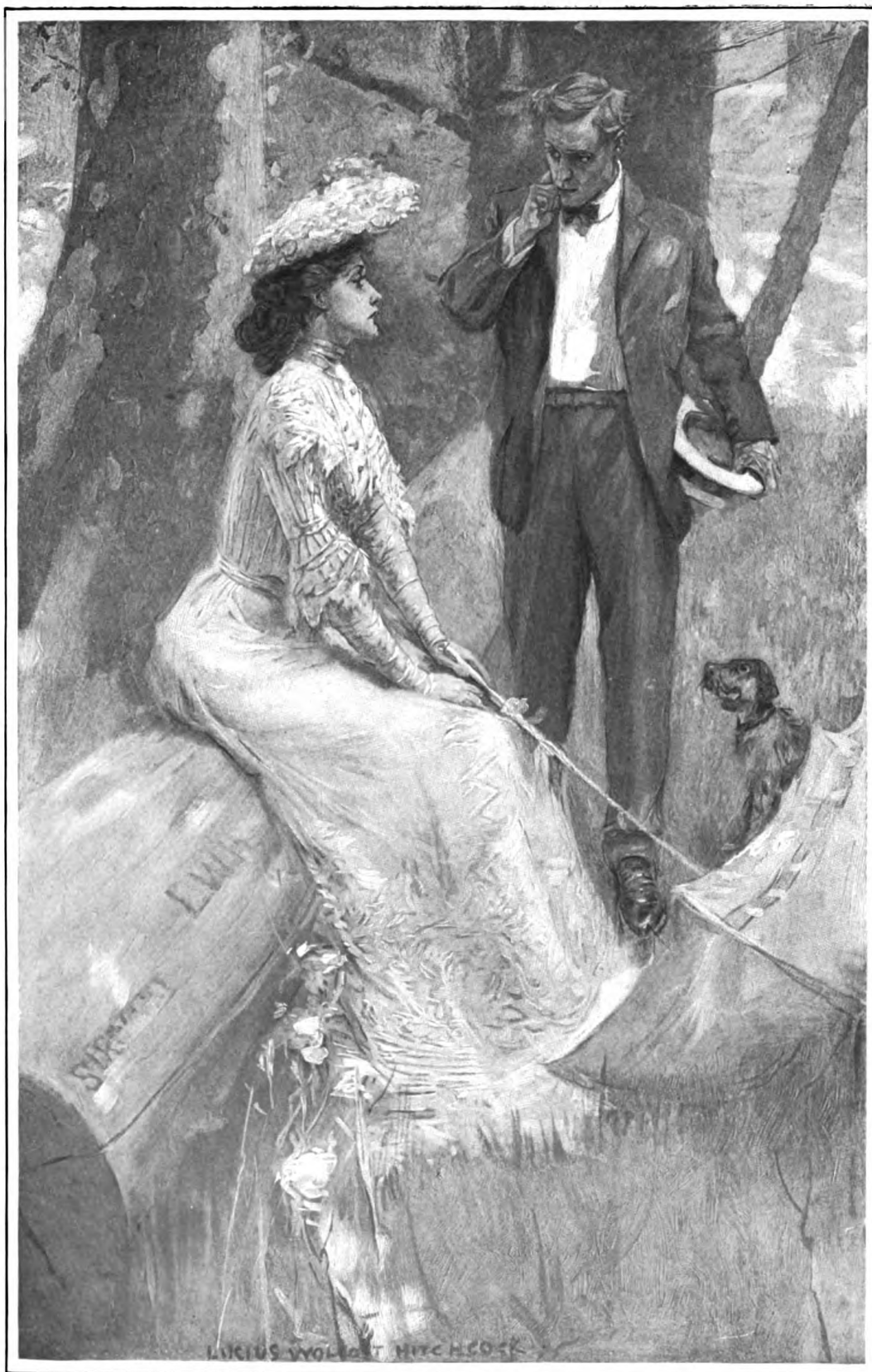
*"Remember! Across Main Street bridge at noon!"*

Was *this* the fay of whom the voice had warned him? With that, there befell him the mystery of last night. He did not remember, but it was as if he lived again, dimly, the highest hour of happiness in a life a thousand years ago; perfume and music, roses, nightingales and plucked harp-strings. Yes; something wonderful was happening to him.

She had stopped directly in front of him; stopped and stood looking at him with her clear eyes. He did not lift his own to hers; he had long experience of the averted gaze of women; but it was not only that; a great shyness beset him. He had risen and removed his hat, trying (ineffectually) not to clear his throat; his every-day sense urging upon him that she was a stranger in Canaan who had lost her way—the preposterousness of any one's losing the way in Canaan not just now appealing to his every-day sense.

"Can I—can I—" he stammered, blushing miserably, meaning to finish with "direct you," or "show you the way."

Then he looked at her again and saw what seemed to him the strangest sight



HE DID NOT KNOW THIS RADIANT VISION





of his life. The lady's eyes had filled with tears—filled and overfilled.

"I'll sit here on the log with you," she said. And her voice was the voice which he had heard saying, "*Remember! Across Main Street bridge at noon!*"

"What!" he gasped.

"You don't need to dust it!" she went on, tremulously. And even then he did not know who she was.

## CHAPTER XI

### WHEN HALF-GODS GO

THERE was a silence, for if the dazzled young man could have spoken at all, he could have found nothing to say; and, perhaps, the lady would not trust her own voice just then. His eyes had fallen again; he was too dazed, and, in truth, too panic-stricken, now, to look at her, though if he had been quite sure that she was part of a wonderful dream he might have dared. She was seated beside him, and had handed him her parasol in a little way which seemed to imply that of course he had reached for it, so that it was to be seen how used she was to have all tiny things done for her, though this was not then of his tremulous observing. He did perceive, however, that he was to furl the dainty thing; he pressed the catch, and let down the top timidly, as if fearing to break or tear it; and, as it closed, held near his face, he caught a very faint, sweet, spicy emanation from it like wild roses and cinnamon.

He did not know her; but his timidity and a strange little choke in his throat, the sudden fright which had seized upon him, were not caused by embarrassment. He had no thought that she was one he had known but could not, for the moment, recall; there was nothing of the awkwardness of that; no, he was overpowered by the miracle of this meeting. And yet, white with marvelling, he felt it to be so much more touchingly a great happiness than he had ever known that at first it was inexpressibly sad.

At last he heard her voice again, shaking a little, as she said:

"I am glad you remembered."

"Remembered what?" he faltered.

"Then you don't?" she cried. "And yet you came."

"Came here, do you mean?"

"Yes—now, at noon."

"Ah!" he half-whispered, unable to speak aloud. "Was it you who said—who said, 'Remember! Across—across—'"

"'Across Main Street bridge at noon!'" she finished for him, gently. "Yes."

He took a deep breath in the wonder of it. "Where was it you said that?" he asked, slowly. "Was it last night?"

"Don't you even know that you came to meet me?"

"I—came to—to meet—you!"

She gave a little pitying cry, very near a sob, seeing his utter bewilderment.

"It was like the strangest dream in the world," she said. "You were at the station when I came, last night. You don't remember at all?"

His eyes downcast, his face burning hotly, he could only shake his head.

"Yes," she continued. "I thought no one would be there, for I had not written to say what train I should take, but when I stepped down from the platform, you were standing there; though you didn't see me at first, not until I had called your name and ran to you. You said, 'I've come to meet you,' but you said it queerly, I thought. And then you called a carriage for me; but you seemed so strange—you couldn't tell how you knew that I was coming, and—and then I—I understood you weren't yourself. You were very quiet, but I knew, I knew! So I made you get into the carriage—and—and—"

She faltered to a stop, and with that, shame itself brought him courage; he turned and faced her. She had lifted her handkerchief to her eyes, but at his action she dropped it, and it was not so much the delicate loveliness of her face that he saw then as the tears upon her cheeks.

"Ah, poor boy!" she cried. "I knew! I knew!"

"You—you took me home?"

"You told me where you lived," she answered. "Yes, I took you home."

"I don't understand," he stammered, huskily. "I don't understand!"

Perhaps she caught a shade of blankness in his voice or in his eyes. She leaned toward him slightly, looking at him with great intentness.

"You didn't know me last night," she said. "Do you know me now?"

For answer he could only stare at her, suddenly dumfounded. He lifted an unsteady hand toward her appealingly. But the manner of the lady, as she saw the truth, underwent an April change. She drew back lightly; he was favored with the most delicious, low laugh he had ever heard, and, by some magic whisk which she accomplished, there was no sign of tears about her.

"Ah! I'm glad you're the same, Joe!" she said. "You never would or could pretend very well. I'm glad you're the same, and I'm glad I've changed, though that isn't why you have forgotten me. You've forgotten me because you never thought of me. Perhaps I should not have known you if you had changed a great deal—as I have!"

He started, leaning back from her.

"Ah!" she laughed. "That's it! That funny little twist of the head you always had, like a—like a—well, you know I must have told you a thousand times that it was like a nice friendly puppy; so why shouldn't I say so now? And your eyebrows! When you look like that, nobody could ever forget you, Joe!"

He had risen from the log, and the mongrel leaped upon him uproariously, thinking they were to go home, belike to food.

The lady laughed again. "Don't let him spoil my parasol. And I must warn you now: Never, never *tread on my skirt!* I'm very irritable about such things!"

He had taken three or four uncertain backward steps from her. She sat before him, radiant with laughter, the loveliest creature he had ever seen; but between him and this charming vision there swept, through the warm, scented June air, a veil of snow like a driven fog, and, half obscured in the heart of it, a young girl stood, knee-deep in a drift piled against an old picket gate, her black waterproof and shabby skirt flapping in the blizzard like torn sails, one of her hands outstretched toward him, her startled eyes fixed on him.

"And, oh, how like you," said the lady, "how like you and nobody else in the world, Joe, to have a yellow dog!"

"*Ariel Taber!*"

His lips formed the words without sound.

"Isn't it about time?" she said. "Are totally strange ladies in the *habit* of descending from trains to take you home?"

Once, upon a white morning long ago, the sensational progress of a certain youth up Main Street had stirred Canaan. But that day was as nothing to this. Mr. Bantry had left temporary paralysis in his wake; but in the case of the two young people who passed slowly along the street to-day it was petrification, which seemingly threatened in several instances (most notably that of Mr. Arp) to become permanent.

The lower portion of the street, lined with three and four story buildings of brick and stone, rather grim and hot façades under the midday sun, afforded little shade to the church-comers, who were working homeward in processional little groups and clumps, none walking fast, though none with the appearance of great leisure, since neither rate of progress would have been esteemed befitting the day. The growth of Canaan, steady, though never startling, had left almost all of the churches down-town, and Main Street the principal avenue of communication between them and the "residence section." So, to-day, the intermittent procession stretched along the new cement sidewalks from a little below the Square to Upper Main Street, where maples lined the thoroughfare and the mansions of the affluent stood among pleasant lawns and shrubberies. It was late; for this had been a communion Sunday, and those far in advance, who had already reached the pretty and shady part of the street, were members of the churches whose services had been shortest; though few in the long parade looked as if they had been attending anything very short, and many heads of families were crisp in their replies to the theological questions of their offspring. The men imparted largely a gloom to the itinerant concourse, most of them wearing hot, long black coats and having wilted their collars; the ladies relieving this gloom somewhat by the lighter tints of their garments; the spick-and-span little girls relieving it greatly by their white dresses and their faces, the latter bright with the hope of Sunday ice-cream; while the boys, experiencing some solace in that they were finally out where

a person could at least scratch himself if he had to, yet oppressed by the decorous necessities of the day, marched along, furtively planning, behind imperturbably secretive countenances, various means for the later dispersal of an odious monotony.

Usually the conversation of this long string of the homeward-bound was not too frivolous or worldly; nay, it properly inclined to discussion of the sermon; that is, praise of the sermon, with here and there a mild "I-didn't-like-his-saying" or so; and its lighter aspects were apt to concern the next "Social," or various pleasant schemes for the raising of funds to help the heathen, the quite worthy poor, or the church.

This was the serious and seemly parade, the propriety of whose behavior was to-day almost disintegrated when the lady of the bridge walked up the street in the soft shadow of a lacy, lavender parasol carried by Joseph Loudon. The congregation of the church across the Square, that to which Joe's step-aunt had been late, was just debouching, almost in mass, upon Main Street, when these two went by. It is not quite the truth to say that all except the children came to a dead halt, but it is not very far from it. The air was thick with subdued exclamations and whisperings.

Here is no mystery. Joe was probably the only person of respectable derivation in Canaan who had not known for weeks that Ariel Tabor was on her way home. And the news that she had arrived the night before had been widely disseminated on the way to church, entering church, *in church* (even so!), and coming out of church. An account of her house in the Avenue Henri Martin, and of her portrait in the Salon—a mysterious business to many, and not lacking in grandeur for that!—had occupied two columns in the *Tocsin*, on a day, some months before, when Joe had found himself inimically head-lined on the first page, and had dropped the paper without reading farther. Ariel's name had been in the mouth of Canaan for a long time; unfortunately for Joe, however, not in the mouth of that Canaan which held converse with him.

Joe had not known her. The women did know her, infallibly, at first glance;

even those who had quite forgotten her. And the women told their men. Hence the un-Sundaylike demeanor of the procession, for few towns hold it more unseemly to stand and stare at passers-by, especially on the Sabbath.—*But Ariel Tabor returned—and walking with—with Joe Loudon! . . .*

A low but increasing murmur could be heard behind the two as they proceeded. It ran up the street ahead of them; people turned to look back and paused, so that they had to walk round one or two groups. They had, also, to walk round Norbert Flitcroft, which was very like walking round a group. He was one of the few (he was waddling home alone) who did not identify Miss Tabor, and her effect upon him was extraordinary. His mouth opened and he gazed stodgily, his widening eyes like sun-dogs coming out of a fog. He did not recognize her escort; did not see him at all until they had passed, after which Mr. Flitcroft experienced a few moments of trance; came out of it stricken through and through; felt nervously of his tie; resolutely fell in behind the heeling mongrel and followed, at a distance of some forty paces, determined to learn what household this wonderful visitor honored, and thrilling with the intention to please that same household with his own presence as soon and as often as possible.

Ariel flushed a little when she perceived the extent of their conspicuousness; but it was not the blush that Joe remembered had reddened the tanned skin of old; for her brownness had gone long ago, though it had not left her merely pink and white. This was a delicate rosiness rising from her cheeks to her temples as the earliest dawn rises. If there had been many words left in Joe, he would have called it a divine blush; it fascinated him, and if anything could have deepened the glamour about her, it would have been this blush. He did not understand it, but when he saw it he stumbled.

Those who gaped and stared were for him only blurs in the background; truly, he saw "men as trees walking"; and when it became necessary to step out to the curb in passing some clump of people, it was to him as if Ariel and he, enchanted alone, were working their way through underbrush in the woods.

He kept trying to realize that this lady of wonder was Ariel Tabor, but he could not; he could not connect the shabby Ariel, whom he had treated as one boy treats another, with this young woman of the world. He had always been embarrassed, himself, and ashamed of her, when anything she did made him remember that, after all, she was a girl; as, on the day he ran away, when she kissed a lock of his hair escaping from the bandage. With that recollection, even his ears grew red: it did not seem probable that it would ever happen again! The next instant he heard himself calling her "Miss Tabor."

At this she seemed amused. "You ought to have called me that, years ago," she said, "for all you knew me!"

"I did know her—you, I mean!" he answered. "I used to know nearly everything you were going to say before you said it. It seems strange now—"

"Yes," she interrupted. "It does seem strange now!"

"Somehow," he went on, "I doubt if now I'd know."

"Somehow," she echoed, with fine gravity, "I doubt it, too."

Although he had so dim a perception of the staring and whispering which greeted and followed them, Ariel, of course, was thoroughly aware of it, though the only sign she gave was the slight blush, which very soon disappeared. That people turned to look at her may have been not altogether a novelty: a girl who had learned to appear unconscious of the Continental stare, the following gaze of the boulevards, the frank glasses of the Costanza in Rome, was not ill equipped to face Main Street, Canaan, even as it was to-day.

Under the sycamores, before they started, they had not talked a great deal; there had been long silences: almost all her questions concerning the period of his runaway absence; she appeared to know and to understand everything which had happened since his return to the town. He had not, in his turn, reached the point where he would begin to question her; he was too breathless in his consciousness of the marvellous present hour. She had told him of the death of Roger Tabor, the year before. "Poor man," she said, gently, "he lived to see 'how the other

fellows did it' at last, and everybody liked him. He was very happy over there."

After a little while she had said that it was growing close upon lunch-time; she must be going back.

"Then—then—good-by," he replied, ruefully.

"Why?"

"I'm afraid you don't understand. It wouldn't do for you to be seen with me. Perhaps, though, you do understand. Wasn't that why you asked me to meet you out here beyond the bridge?"

In answer she looked at him full and straight for three seconds, then threw back her head and closed her eyes tight with laughter. Without a word she took the parasol from him, opened it herself, placed the smooth white coral handle of it in his hand, and lightly took his arm. There was no farther demur on the part of the young man. He did not know where she was going; he did not ask.

Soon after Norbert turned to follow the heavenly visitor, they came to the shady part of the street, where the town in summer was like a grove. Detachments from the procession had already, here and there, turned in at the various gates. Nobody, however, appeared to have gone indoors, except for fans, armed with which immediately to return to rockers upon the shaded verandas. As Miss Tabor and Joe went by, the rocking-chairs stopped; the fans poised, motionless; and perspiring old gentlemen, wiping their necks, paused in arrested attitudes.

Once Ariel smiled politely, not at Mr. Loudon, and inclined her head twice, with the result that the latter, after thinking for a time of how gracefully she did it and how pretty the top of her hat was, became gradually conscious of a meaning in her action; that she had bowed to some one across the street. He lifted his hat, about four minutes late, and discovered Mamie Pike and Eugene, upon the opposite pavement, walking home from church together. Joe changed color.

There, just over the way, was she who had been, in his first youth, the fairy child, the little princess playing in the palace yard, and always afterward his lady of dreams, his fair unreachable moon! And Joe, seeing her to-day, changed color; that was all! He had

passed Mamie in the street only a week before, and she had seemed all that she had always seemed; to-day an incomprehensible and subtle change had befallen her—a change so mystifying to him that for a moment he almost doubted that she was Mamie Pike. It came to him with a breath-taking shock that her face lacked a certain vivacity of meaning; that its sweetness was perhaps too placid; that there would have been a deeper goodness in it had there been any hint of daring. Astonishing questions assailed him, startled him: could it be true that, after all, there might be some day too much of her? Was her amber hair a little too—*fluffy*? Was something the matter with her dress? Everything she wore had always seemed so beautiful. Where had the exquisiteness of it gone? For there was surely no exquisiteness about it now! It was incredible that any one could so greatly alter in the few days elapsed since he had seen her.

Strange matters indeed! Mamie had never looked prettier.

At the sound of Ariel's voice he emerged from the profundities of his psychic enigma with a leap.

"She is lovelier than ever, isn't she?"

"Yes, indeed," he answered, blankly.

"Would you still risk—" she began, smiling, but, apparently thinking better of it, changed her question: "What is the name of your dog, Mr. Louden? You haven't told me."

"Oh, he's just a yellow dog," he evaded, unskilfully.

"*Young man!*" she said, sharply.

"Well," he admitted, reluctantly, "I call him Speck for short."

"And what for long? I want to know his real name."

"It's mighty inappropriate, because we're fond of each other," said Joe, "but when I picked him up he was so yellow, and so thin, and so creeping, and so scared that I christened him 'Respectability.'"

She broke into light laughter, stopped short in the midst of it, and became grave. "Ah, you've grown bitter," she said, gently.

"No, no," he protested. "I told you I liked him."

She did not answer.

They were now opposite the Pike Man-

sion, and to his surprise she turned, indicating the way by a touch upon his sleeve, and crossed the street toward the gate, which Mamie and Eugene had entered. Mamie, after exchanging a word with Eugene upon the steps, was already hurrying into the house.

Ariel paused at the gate, as if waiting for Joe to open it.

He cocked his head, his higher eyebrow rose, and the distorted smile appeared. "I don't believe we'd better stop here," he said. "The last time I tried it I was expunged from the face of the universe."

"Don't you know?" she cried. "I'm staying here. Judge Pike has charge of all my property; he's my trustee, or something." Then seeing him chopfallen and aghast, she went on: "Of course you don't know! You don't know anything about me. You haven't even asked!"

"You're going to live *here*?" he gasped.

"Will you come to see me?" she laughed. "Will you come this afternoon?"

He grew white. "You know I can't," he said.

"You came here once. You risked a good deal then, just to see Mamie dance by a window. Don't you dare a little for an old friend?"

"All right," he gulped. "I'll try."

Mr. Bantry had reached the gate and was holding it open, his eyes fixed upon Ariel, within them a rising glow. An impression came to Joe afterward that his stepbrother had looked very handsome.

"Possibly you remember me, Miss Tabor?" said Eugene, in a deep and impressive voice, lifting his hat. "We were neighbors, I believe, in the old days."

She gave him her hand in a fashion somewhat mannerly, favoring him with a bright, negligent smile. "Oh, quite," she answered, turning again to Joe as she entered the gate. "Then I shall expect you?"

"I'll try," said Joe. "I'll try."

He stumbled away; Respectability and he, together, interfering alarmingly with the comfort of Mr. Fliteroft, who had stopped in the middle of the pavement to stare glassily at Ariel. Eugene accompanied the latter into the house, and Joe, looking back, understood: Mamie had sent his stepbrother back to bring Ariel in—and to keep him from following.



"This afternoon!" The thought took his breath away and he became paler.

The Pike brougham rolled by him, and Sam Warden, from the box, favored his old friend upon the pavement with a liberal display of the whites of his eyes. The Judge, evidently, had been detained after services—without doubt a meeting of the church officials. Mrs. Pike, blinking and frightened, sat at her husband's side, agreeing feebly with the bull-bass which rumbled out of the open window of the brougham: "I want orthodox preaching in *my* church, and, by God! madam, I'll have it! That fellow has got to go!"

Joe took off his hat and wiped his brow.

## CHAPTER XII

TO REMAIN ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE IS NOT  
ALWAYS A VICTORY

MAMIE, waiting just inside the door as Ariel and Eugene entered, gave the visitor a pale greeting, and, a moment later, hearing the wheels of the brougham crunch the gravel of the carriage drive, hurried away, down the broad hall, and disappeared. Ariel dropped her parasol upon a marble-topped table near the door, and, removing her gloves, drifted into a room at the left, where a grand piano found shelter beneath crimson plush. After a moment of contemplation, she pushed back the coverlet, and, seating herself upon the plush-covered piano-stool (to match), let her fingers run up and down the keyboard once and fall listlessly in her lap, as she gazed with deep interest at three life-sized colored photographs (in carved gilt frames) upon the wall she was facing: Judge Pike, Mamie, and Mrs. Pike with her rubies.

"Please don't stop playing, Miss Tabor," said a voice in rich chest-tones, over her shoulder. She had not observed that Eugene had followed her into the room.

"Very well, if you like," she answered, looking up to smile absently at him. And she began to play a rakish little air which, composed by some rattlebrain at a café table, had lately skipped out of the *Moulin Rouge* to disport itself over Paris. She played it slowly, in the minor, with elfish pathos; while he leaned upon the piano, his eyes fixed upon her

fingers, which bore few rings, none, he observed with an unreasonable pleasure, upon the third finger of the left hand.

"It's one of those simpler Grieg things, isn't it?" he said, sighing gently. "I care for Grieg."

"Would you mind its being Chaminade?" she returned, dropping her eyes to cloak the sin.

"Ah no; I recognize it now," replied Eugene. "He appeals to me even more than Grieg."

At this she glanced quickly up at him, but more quickly down again, and hastened the time emphatically, swinging the little air into the major.

"Do you play the 'Pilgrim's Chorus'?" She shook her head.

"Vous name pas Wagner?" inquired Eugene, leaning toward her.

"Oh yes," she answered, bending her head far over, so that her face was concealed from him, except the chin, which, he saw with a thrill of inexplicable emotion, was trembling slightly. There were some small white flowers upon her hat, and these shook too.

She stopped playing abruptly, rose from the stool and crossed the room to a large mahogany chair, upholstered in red velvet and of hybrid construction, possessing both rockers and legs. She had moved in a way which prevented him from seeing her face, but he was certain of her agitation, and strangely glad, while curious, tremulous half-thoughts, edged with prophecy, bubbled to the surface of his consciousness.

When she turned to him, he was surprised to see that she looked almost too happy, almost as if she had been struggling with joy, instead of pain; her cheeks were flushed and her eyes sparkled.

"This chair," she said, sinking into it, "makes me feel at home."

Naturally he could not understand.

"Because," she explained, "I once thought I was going to live in it. It has been reupholstered, but I should know it if I met it anywhere in the world!"

"How very odd!" exclaimed Eugene, staring.

"I settled here in pioneer days," she went on, tapping the arms lightly with her finger-tips. "It was the last dance I went to in Canaan."

"I fear the town was very provincial

at that time," he returned, having completely forgotten the occasion she mentioned, therefore wishing to shift the subject. "I fear you may still find it so. There is not much here that one is in sympathy with, intellectually—few people really of the world."

"Few people, I suppose you mean," she said, softly, with a look that went deep enough into his eyes, "few people who really understand one?"

Eugene had seated himself on the sill of an open window close by. "There has been," he answered, with the ghost of a sigh, "no one."

She turned her head slightly away from him, apparently occupied with a loose thread in her sleeve. There were no loose threads; it was an old habit of hers which she retained. "I suppose," she murmured, in a voice as low as his had been, "that a man of your sort might find Canaan rather lonely and sad."

"It *has* been!" Whereupon she made him a laughing little bow.

"You are sure you complain of Canaan?"

"Yes!" he exclaimed. "You don't know what it is to live here—"

"I think I do. I lived here seventeen years."

"Oh yes," he began to object, "as a child, but—"

"Have you any recollection," she interrupted, "of the day before your brother ran away? Of coming home for vacation—I think it was your first year in college—and intervening between your brother and me in a snow-fight?"

For a moment he was genuinely perplexed; then his face cleared. "Certainly," he said: "I found him bullying you and gave him a good punishing for it."

"Is that all you remember?"

"Yes," he replied, honestly. "Wasn't that all?"

"Quite!" she smiled, her eyes half closed. "Except that I went home immediately afterward."

"Naturally," said Eugene. "My step-brother wasn't very much *chevalier sans peur et sans reproche!* Ah, I should like to polish up my French a little. Would you mind my asking you to read a bit with me, some little thing of Daudet's if you care for him, in the original? An hour, now and then, perhaps—"

Mamie appeared in the doorway and Eugene rose swiftly. "I have been trying to persuade Miss Tabor," he explained, with something too much of laughter, "to play again. You heard that little thing of Chaminade's—"

Mamie did not appear to hear him; she entered breathlessly, and there was no color in her cheeks. "Ariel," she exclaimed, "I don't want you to think I'm a tale-bearer—"

"Oh my dear!" Ariel said, with a gesture of deprecation.

"No," Miss Pike went on, all in one breath, "but I'm afraid you will think it, because papa knows and he wants to see you."

"What is it that he knows?"

"That you were walking with Joseph Loudon!" (This was as if she had said, "that you poisoned your mother.") "I *didn't* tell him, but when we saw you with him I was troubled and asked Eugene what I'd better do, because Eugene always knows what is best." (Mr. Bantry's expression, despite this tribute, was not happy.) "And he advised me to tell mamma about it and leave it in her hands. But she always tells papa everything—"

"Certainly; that is understood," said Ariel, slowly, turning to smile at Eugene.

"And she told him this right away," Mamie finished.

"Why shouldn't she, if it is of the slightest interest to him?"

The daughter of the house exhibited signs of consternation. "He wants to see you," she repeated, falteringly. "He's in the library."

Having thus discharged her errand, she hastened to the front door, which had been left open, and out to the steps, evidently with the intention of removing herself as soon and as far as possible from the vicinity of the library.

Eugene, visibly perturbed, followed her to the doorway of the room, and paused.

"Do you know the way?" he inquired, with a note of solemnity.

"Where?" Ariel had not risen.

"To the library."

"Of course," she said, beaming upon him. "I was about to ask you if you wouldn't speak to the Judge for me. This is such a comfortable old friend, this chair."

"Speak to him for you?" repeated the nonplussed Eugene.

She nodded cheerfully. "If I may trouble you. Tell him, certainly, I shall be glad to see him."

He threw a piteous glance after Mamie, who was now, as he saw through the open door, out upon the lawn and beyond easy hailing distance. When he turned again to look at Ariel he discovered that she had shifted the position of her chair slightly, and was gazing out of the window with every appearance of cheerful meditation. She assumed so unmistakably that he had of course gone on her mission that, dismayed and his soul quaking, he could find neither an alternative nor words to explain to this dazzling lady that not he nor any other could bear such a message to Martin Pike.

Eugene went. There was nothing else to do; and he wished with every step that the distance to the portals of the library might have been greater.

In whatever guise he delivered the summons, it was perfectly efficacious. A door slammed, a heavy and rapid tread was heard in the hall, and Ariel, without otherwise moving, turned her head and offered a brilliant smile of greeting.

"It was good of you," she said, as the doorway filled with red, imperial wrath, "to wish to have a little chat with me. I'm anxious, of course, to go over my affairs with you, and last night, after my journey, I was too tired. But now we might begin; not in detail, of course, just yet. That will do for later, when I've learned more about business."

The great one had stopped on the threshold.

"Madam," he began, choking, "when I say my library, I mean my—"

"Oh yes," she interrupted, with amiable weariness. "I know. You mean you keep all the papers and books of the estate in there, but I think we'd better put them off for a few days—"

"I'm not talking about the estate!" he exclaimed, violently. "What I want to talk to you about is being seen with Joseph Louden!"

"Yes," she nodded, brightly. "That's along the line we must take up first."

"Yes, it is!" He hurled his bull-bass

at her. "You knew everything about him and his standing in this community! I know you did, because Mrs. Pike told me you asked all about him from Mamie after you came last night, and, see here, don't you—"

"Oh, but I knew before that," she laughed. "I had a correspondent in Canaan, one who has always taken a great interest in Mr. Louden. I asked Miss Pike only to get her own point of view."

"I want to tell you, madam," he shouted, coming toward her, "that no member of my household—"

"That's another point we must take up to-day. I'm glad you remind me of it," she said, thoughtfully, yet with so magically compelling an intonation that he stopped his shouting in the middle of a word; stopped with an apoplectic splutter. "There is a lovely old English lady whom I had come to live with me in Paris after grandfather died; and she is to come over to me here, as soon as she finishes a little farewell visit to some relatives in Surrey. We must arrange to put the old house in order at once."

"You can cable her to stay where she is!" he cried. "You'll not leave here!"

"Ah, I know your hospitality," she bowed, graciously. "But of course I must not tax it too far. And about Mr. Louden? As I said, I want to speak to you about him."

"Yes," he intervened, harshly. "So do I, and I'm going to do it quick! You'll find—"

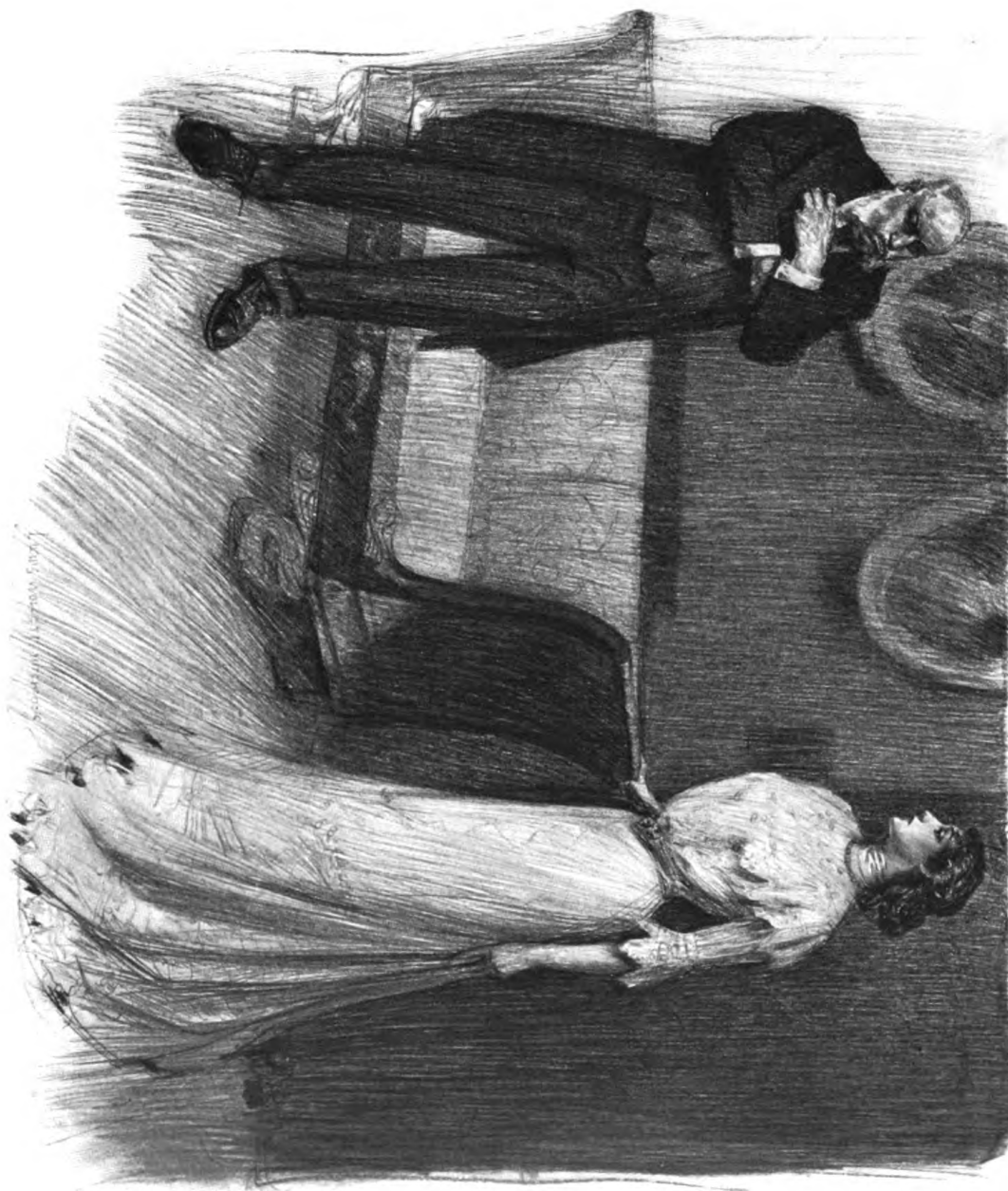
Again she mysteriously baffled him. "He's a dear old friend of mine, you know, and I have made up my mind that we both need his help, you and I."

"What!"

"Yes," she continued, calmly, "in a business way, I mean. I know you have great interests in a hundred directions, all more important than mine; it isn't fair that you should bear the whole burden of my affairs, and I think it will be best to retain Mr. Louden as my man of business. He could take all the cares of the estate off your shoulders."

Martin Pike spoke no word, but he looked at her as no one had ever looked at her before. She watched him with sudden keenness, leaning forward in her chair, her gaze alert but quiet, fixed on

ARIEL'S FIRST VICTORY







the dilating pupils of his eyes. He seemed to become dizzy, and the choleric scarlet which had overspread his broad face and big neck faded splotchily.

Still keeping her eyes upon him, she went on: "I haven't asked him yet, and so I don't know whether or not he'll consent, but I think it possible that he may come to see me this afternoon, and if he does we can propose it to him together and go over things a little."

Judge Pike recovered his voice. "He'll get a warm welcome," he promised, huskily, "if he sets foot on my premises!"

"You mean you prefer I shouldn't receive him here?" She nodded pleasantly. "Then certainly I shall not. Such things are much better for offices; you are quite right."

"You'll not see him at all!" he exclaimed, vehemently.

"Ah, Judge Pike," she lifted her hand with gentle deprecation, "don't you understand that we can't quite arrange that? You see, Mr. Louden is even an older friend of mine than you are, and so I must trust his advice about such things more than yours. Of course, if he too should think it better for me not to see him—"

The Judge advanced toward her. "I'm

tired of this," he began, in a loud voice. "I'm—"

She moved as if to rise at once, but he had come very close, leaning above her, one arm outstretched and at the end of it a heavy forefinger which he was shaking at her, so that it was difficult to get out of her chair without pushing him away—a feat apparently impossible. Ariel Tabor, in rising, placed her hand upon his outstretched arm, quite as if he had offered it to assist her; he fell back a step in complete astonishment; she rose quickly, and released his arm.

"Thank you," she said, beamingly. "It's quite all my fault that you're tired. I've been thoughtless to keep you so long, and you have been standing, too!" She swept lightly and quickly to the door, where she paused, gathering her skirts. "I shall not detain you another instant! And if Mr. Louden comes, this afternoon, I'll remember. I'll not let him come in, but meet him at the gate instead. It will be perhaps pleasanter to talk over my proposition as we walk!"

There was a very faint, spicy odor like roses and cinnamon left in the room where Martin Pike stood alone, staring whitely at the open doorway.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## Fulfilment

BY LOUISE BETTS EDWARDS

"HO! gray old Man, I am come at last!  
They plighted me to you long years ago.  
Come, open your door with the damps sealed fast,  
Come, show me your face, with the death-mark wan.  
Haste, feeble fingers that fail at the latch,  
In burden of years I am your match:  
Not mine the fault for the long delay—  
In thorns and tangles they hid the way."

"Hail, gray old Woman! I know you not;  
But draw your chair—though the hearth is cold.  
'You were invited?'—Ah, I've forgot;  
The brain wears dull as the blood grows old.  
There was but one whom my thought recalls,  
Whom I prayed to visit within these walls,  
When her face had bloom and my hearth had fire—  
'I am she,' she said—"your Heart's Desire."

# The Question of Animal Reason

BY WILLIAM J. LONG

TWO trails are open to the man who would settle for himself the vexed question of animal reasoning. The first leads to the books and authorities; the second, to the woods and fields. Following the first, one finds strife and misunderstanding, for this question of brute reasoning is almost as old as philosophy; following the second, one finds peace at least, and the mystery that shrouds all life, and something of the reverent wonder and humility of those who, like Agassiz, look at Nature as one looks at a mother, with love as well as knowledge and without prejudice. To be quite fair, in an article of this kind, one must follow both trails. But first it is necessary to clear away the underbrush.

If we could define reason sharply and draw a line about it, then our problem would be a simple one, for we could tell by exact measurement whether or not an animal had entered our circle.

Unfortunately for our definition, no such line can be drawn. I open my eyes in the morning and a robin is singing. At first there are the sensations of light and color and melody and the simple gladness of being alive—the heart's response to the robin's song. That first moment is like a little child's whole life. Then vaguely, dreamily at first, the thoughts come and go; out of the shadow into the light of full consciousness, vanishing, appearing, vanishing again into pure sense-impression. And spite of our learned talk in the psychologies, it would be a very wise man—and he has not yet appeared—who would draw the line and say: "This is thought, and that is no thought. This belongs to man alone, and that to the man and the robin."

For thought, if we are to describe it picturesquely at all, is like a river, beginning in unseen springs and vanishing into an unfathomed ocean; and between its source and end it overflows all its banks. Our deepest wis-

dom is not logical; genius and intuition have no psychology; and the first thought of a little child, who lives with the animals mostly in a world of sense-impression, is strangely like the last word of the sages. If the subconscious self be indeed a subtle and mysterious manifestation of mind on its highest levels, then are we not removed far away but brought nearer to the animal mind, which seems at times to have knowledge outside the realm of senses, which receives warnings and premonitions of danger, and which communicates with its fellows by silent, telepathic impulses.

Most of our difficulty in the past has been due to the fact that, like the theologians, we have drawn lines of distinction where none have any right to exist. We have gone on the general supposition that reason guides man and instinct guides the animal, and that between the two a sharp line is drawn. Probably no such line exists between instinct and reason; and what separates man from the animals is not a line, but a million years of development. As Quinet observes, "Between man and the brutes there intervenes all history."

That we should have fallen into this error is small wonder. It was the scientists who first misled us. It was the great Cuvier's mistake to announce the opposition between instinct and reason, and to declare in proof that "the mental powers of any animal stand in inverse ratio to his instincts." One needs only to consider the wolf and the beaver, strong in instinct, wonderfully intelligent, to see the short-sightedness of the proof. A score of times its falsity has been demonstrated; but nevertheless we still go on defining instinct in contrast to reason, as if they excluded each other, instead of being wrapped up together in the same cranium. Spencer seems to take the opposite end of the same error, for he tells us

(*Psychology*, II., 433 ff.), with his usual self-complacency, that we have fallen from grace in becoming rational. Reason is a "negative entity," a failure of first animal principles, which tend to grow less and less sure till brute instinct lapses into human reason. Naturally he fails to explain why brute instinct is still strong as ever; and why reason, instead of falling continually into the gulf, according to his first principle of synthetic philosophy, is still busily climbing stairs to the Infinite.

Definitions, then, are the first brier-grown underbrush to be cleared away. One of our great college presidents, if I remember rightly, in his book on psychology, which was our text-book for many years, defined man as the rational animal; but his wife timidly suggested that the definition might be improved by saying that man is an animal capable of being rational. The dictionaries still define reason as "the faculty in man which distinguishes him from the animals"; and to those who argue, like Quatrefages, that "the difference between man and brute is not in the reason but in the moral and spiritual faculties," it must be answered: first, that brutes undoubtedly possess some rudimentary moral sense, and second, that the moral and spiritual faculties of man are only his reason on the high places, facing the ultimate and the absolute, crying out with Job, "Oh that I knew where I might find Him; that I might come even to His seat, . . . where the upright might reason with Him," or listening in the silence for the faint echo of Isaiah's answer: "Come now, saith the Lord, and let us reason together."

Of course, if we hold to the definition that reason is the faculty which separates us from the animal, no argument for brute reasoning is possible. So far as vision goes—which is all that concerns science for the present—that definition separates man also from children who die in infancy.

If, on the other hand, we are bound by Locke's four degrees of reason, in his *Human Understanding*, or by Kant's definition, in the *Critique of Pure Reason*, of "the faculty by which is determined the conditions of knowledge *a priori*," or get mixed up in the modern

psychological definitions, then again is argument impossible for brute reasoning. Even a Harvard sophomore doubts his own ability to think after a sufficient course in Professor James's *Principles* supplemented by Wundt's *Physiologische Psychologie*. Any such faculty is a very late and rare development of mind, which must leave not only animals but children and the great majority of uncivilized races entirely out of the argument.

Last autumn I watched a young bull moose for several hours feeding in Grassy Pond, near Katahdin. A motion in the woods across the pond caught my eye, and presently the bull also noticed it. An animal appeared, vaguely at first, then more and more clearly, till I made out another moose; but whether male or female it was impossible even with the help of my field-glasses to say; and still the bull stood motionless watching. Soon a little moose, a calf undoubtedly, appeared beside the second, and instantly the big bull started around the pond to join them.

Now in the bull's head, as in my own, a certain process was going on as we watched. The first motion was not that of the wind, but suggested life as the cause of it; and in both our heads there were some general ideas, however dim, of motion and wind and life and causation. Still we watched, for if the cause was a moose, instead of a deer or caribou, the bull had some personal interest; if it was a cow, he wanted to join her; if it was a young bull like himself, he wanted to fight; and if it was a savage old bull, he wanted to keep prudently to his own side of the pond, which was quite near enough for safety. Here surely were more general ideas or conceptions (which have been denied to animals by some of our psychologists)—the conception of animal in general as distinct from plant, the conception of species, and the conceptions of sex and individual. Then the calf appeared, and though the distance was too great to see whether or not the larger animal had antlers, we both formed a judgment from the fact that calves do not run with bulls but follow only the mothers. My judgment was predicated in the sentence, "This is a cow moose." The bull's judgment was expressed by running around to join his mate.

Here was a judgment, an act of reason in its simplest form. No sense or instinct could have served to tell the sex of the animal at that distance, but from the circumstance of the calf the bull drew his own conclusion. So with every other intelligent creature of the wilderness. The animal finds himself frequently in circumstances where the mechanism of reflex action and his habitual or instinctive ways are entirely inadequate, and then any candid observer must see a new faculty come into play; and this faculty, judging by the resultant action—which is the only possible way we have of judging what goes on in the animal's head—is of the same kind, though it may differ enormously in degree, as that which we find in ourselves. Any process of reflection, whether by symbols (language) or by successive mental pictures, out of which comes a new consciousness or conception of things that is true or logical in view of the circumstances, is an act of reason—no matter what head houses the process. It is not necessary, as Mill and Mivart maintain, that the conclusion should be asserted as true in order to form a true judgment. The fox that sees a wounded companion in a trap and passes silently by on the other side asserts a judgment as positively as the priest who did the same thing with probably a few pious observations; and the coon that comes to a cry of distress, and that dies to save a companion from the dogs, may act on impulse indeed, as we often do ourselves, but the impulse itself asserts a previous judgment which only the Samaritan can understand. There is no warrant either in Nature or reason for making distinctions where none exist, and saying: this in animals is instinct, and this same thing in man is reason. "God is the intellect of brutes," says one great writer, revamping a proverb as old as the Aryan race; and says another: "Instinct knows not that it knows; intelligence knows that it is ignorant." That may or may not be true. It leads, however, to another important consideration, and with it we must return to our moose.

Had I been psychologically inclined at the time, I might have analyzed that mental process in myself by which I reached a judgment, recognizing and

naming the successive stages of attention, association of ideas, disjunction, reassociation, and reconstituted consciousness, and then declared: this is a judgment,—which would, of course, have been a very different kind of judgment from the first, which merely declared: this is a cow moose. The difference between the two constituted the whole basis of the contention between Sir William Hamilton, who defined a judgment to cover the first mental process I have mentioned, and John Stuart Mill, who insisted on the second. Mill would say: "Did the moose *affirm* his judgment [I think he did, most emphatically],—that is, did he say, *this is a moose*, with the conception of *is* as symbolic of the existence of a thing? And did he understand the thingness of the thing, and recognize his judgment as true, with an abstract conception of truth?"

Here is a chance for endless dispute and hair-splitting, which need not concern us greatly. Whether or not the bull was capable of the second kind of judgment is open to argument. In a word, judging by his actions, the animal undoubtedly reasons; but does he reason that he reasons?—that is the question. Some of our psychologists declare that he does not. Perhaps they are right; but I am not sure. Neither are they, for they do not know; and their occasional intolerance is, as Kant pointed out, a sure indication that they still have doubts of their own convictions.

As I write, a dog over the way attracts my attention. My neighbor has top-dressed the lawn there, creating a horrible stench, a rank offence that smells to heaven. But the dog, whose nose is a thousand times more sensitive than mine, finds the most malodorous spot and lies down and rolls in it in an ecstasy of delight. My poor nose is undoubtedly at fault in preferring toilet-water and scented soap, like the ear of a man who finds Wagner noisy and rejoices in a tune that he can whistle. "When the morning stars sang together and the sons of God shouted for joy," represents merely a more sensitive ear-drum than ours. When alone in the big woods I can always hear low melodies—subtle, entrancing, tantalizing things that seem at first to be all in my own head, and that

are seldom traceable to their true source in almost imperceptible vibrations of dry shells of wood, resonant as violins, and in the shrilling of a hundred æolian harps thrummed delicately by the wind's fingers. Nine persons out of ten to whom I indicate the phenomenon declare it is nonsense; the tenth hears it and is silent. It may be that with a finer organization, like the dog's nose or the exquisite nerve-membranes of certain insects, our world would be full of music and entrancing odors, instead of smells and noises; and that with a finer soul much of our progress, of which we now boast as lifting us above the animal, would seem like an aimless bustle about material and useless things, or like a struggle of savages crazy with lust of power, which they know not how to use, and with self-interest, which they know not how to subjugate.

So also, while I am puzzling out my psychological consciousness with doubt and hesitation, the whole process may be clear and luminous as daylight to the moose without analysis. I have seen so much of animals in the wilderness, and have been puzzled so many times to account for their actions, that I am shy about making hasty generalizations. It is generally claimed by psychologists that the animal never attains to self-consciousness and personality. That may indeed be true; but, on the other hand, the animal does attain an individuality which makes him different from all others of the same species, and I do not quite know where to draw the line showing where individuality ends and personality begins. I have watched a hound dreaming, yelping in his sleep as he chased a fox over the shadowy hills of dreamland. And I have been puzzled to know what he thought of himself when he woke up in the quiet kitchen and acted as if ashamed for making such a row in his dreams. At any event, the reasonable difference between the moose and me seemed to be the difference between one who puts his foot on the bottom of the stairs without the impulse to climb, and the one who, aided by some inner power, starts at the same place and mounts laboriously to the top—a suggestive if not a convincing conclusion.

For a step or two, at least, the animal

seems to follow me. Lubbock's experiments with ants and Hubert's with bees have shown conclusively that even insects adapt means to an end in a way utterly beyond the scope of mere instinct. With animals and birds the field is much wider and the evidence more overwhelming. One need only to read the enormous number of unusual animal incidents recorded by Wallace, Darwin, Romanes, Haeckel, and the French scientists, especially Broca and Milne-Edwards, to have his mind opened anew and without prejudice to the question of animal reason, and to see the absurdity of the Cartesian theory of automatic mechanism. Savages, as well as monkeys, go behind a looking-glass to find the cause of the phenomenon. A dog tangled up in his chain pulls and tugs impotently; a coon or a monkey in the same circumstance will often go back to investigate and clear the tangle and untie the knots. The chimpanzee builds a platform on which to sleep; all the other tribes of monkeys, with one exception, have not enough instinct or reason to do the thing. Otters break their young from the strong weasel instinct to hunt, and take them fishing instead. Ospreys do the same thing for their nestlings. Birds change the style of their architecture to meet new conditions. The orioles have several times been known to fasten twigs together to make a better foundation for their nests. I have five authentic instances of a woodcock setting a broken leg in a clay cast. Old birds choose and build better than young, showing some capacity for improvement; and all birds and animals can be taught a multitude of things that their ancestors never knew. If we could place one of these educated animals beside a child that by some fatality had been left utterly uneducated, without language or social restrictions, and with only his instincts to guide him, we would have an object-lesson that would make all further argument unnecessary. As Darwin says, after recording a large number of reasonable animal actions, "Any one who is not convinced by such facts as these, and by what he may observe with his own dogs, that animals reason, would not be convinced by anything I could add."



So far we have hardly entered either of the trails that opened before us, but have simply been hacking at the underbrush that catches our feet and blinds our view. We have gone far enough, however, to understand a little better the contention of the scientists; and, of these, two may be taken as typical of all the rest. Darwin's *Descent of Man* is an effort to establish the fact that all of man's faculties without exception are evolved by gradual process from the faculties of the animals; and of reason he says: "Of all the faculties of the human mind . . . reason stands at the summit. Only a few persons now dispute the fact that animals possess some power of reasoning. Animals may constantly be seen to pause, deliberate, and resolve. It is a significant fact that the more the habits of any particular animal are studied by a naturalist, the more he attributes to reason and the less to unlearned instincts." This is the substance of all his teaching on the subject; and we need not quote his many instances, nor go into the question of the origin of the reasoning faculty in animals, which, he says, "is as hopeless an inquiry as how life itself originated"; nor consider his reverent pause at the thought of God, with which this and every honest inquiry must end.

St. George Mivart, in a careful and honest analysis of Darwin's work, first separates the faculties of the mind into the "indeliberate" qualities, such as instinct, reflex action, sense-perception, emotion (with emotional language), automatic memory, etc., which belong to both man and animals, and the "deliberate" qualities, such as self-consciousness, reason, will, rational speech, intelligent memory, etc., which belong to man alone. These two sets of faculties are absolutely distinct and separate, and Mivart maintains that all which Darwin ascribes to reason in animals may be explained by the indeliberate or unreasoning faculties. It need hardly be pointed out here that the weakness of the argument lies in the fact that between these two sets of faculties lies, not a line, but a border-land, in which inevitably the different faculties must meet and mingle.

A host of other able scientists have

entered the same field. Huxley's well-known view that mental faculties in men and animals are dependent on physical organization, and that since the organizations are similar, so also are the faculties, was first declared by Cabanis in 1844 (*Rapport du Physique et du Moral de l'Homme*), in which he tried to show the unity of physical life and mind,—which is the basis also of Spencer's contention. It is astonishing how this view has excluded all larger considerations from strict biologists. Bain (*Mind and Body*) regards all thought as dependent solely on physical conditions. Maudsley (*Philosophy of Mind*) holds that the whole intellectual life of man depends on the physical workings of the brain; the difference between men and animals therefore must be determined anatomically. Bastian (*Brain as an Organ of Mind*) holds substantially the same opinion. Haeckel (*History of Creation*, translation, and *Entstehung d. Menschengeschlechtes*) regards the brain and associated ganglia as the organ of the psychical life, and shows that everything in man, as in the lower animals, is to be explained by purely physiological evolution. "The mental powers of the human race have developed step by step from the mind of the lower vertebrates." Broca, in a brilliant essay on the intellectual life of animals and men, before the Anthropological Society of Paris, holds that man has no claim whatever to any specific or distinctive intellectual life. Quatrefages (*L'Espèce Humaine*) more mildly claims a difference in degree, not in kind, between the intellectual faculties of man and brute, and thinks the difference lies in moral and spiritual considerations; but Milne-Edwards (*Comparative Anatomy*, not translated) sweeps even this away by showing that animals possess a rudimentary moral sense.

A score of other writers might be mentioned; but these are enough to show that, from the biological standpoint, the possession of reasoning faculties by the brutes would seem to be an inevitable conclusion from their organization. In my ignorance, which is somewhat tempered by faith as well as knowledge, I do not go to the extreme of this school of biologists. Huxley claimed that "if

a man were transported in a barrel of rum to the sun, he would inevitably be classed with the monkeys"; a conclusion which, as De Pressensé points out, might indeed follow if naturalists in the sun were at the same superficial point of development as our own,—our ornithologists, for instance, who regard identification of species as the essential thing, or our biologists who take Carl Vogt's position that anatomical considerations alone carry weight, and that the mind is a small matter. While there is undoubtedly an intimate relation between mind and body, there is certainly no identity, either in animals or men. Neither instinct nor intelligence can ever be reduced to sensation, for there is something in them which is ultimately independent of matter, and which, therefore, anatomy can never reach. How a change in the cortical layers of the brain becomes thought or consciousness is a mystery as profound as the mystery of life and death. As far as we can see and understand, instinct and reason are not of matter, any more than electricity is of the wires over which it runs. Both are primordial things, born of the intelligent Something which is above matter, and which loves to reflect itself in even the dull places of earth. More than this, instinct is not the animal, and reason is not the man. With man's reason are his will and emotions—love, fear, courage, generosity,—none of these separate and distinct entities, but all combined together to make the man. With the animal's instinct are other things that we must consider—something which looks like will, and emotions of love, fear, courage, and self-denial, which are undeniably like those in our own hearts, however much they differ in degree. Since we share so much in common of the physical and emotional life, it is hardly more than to be expected that the animal himself, apart from his instinct, should share something of our rational faculties.

In the past this conclusion would undoubtedly have been deemed "pervasive to faith and morals"; but at the present time, with our better knowledge of animals and men, the tendency is the other way. For myself I have long been puzzled to know why men generally have

been so unwilling to admit the possibility of brute reasoning,—unless, indeed, it were doubt of their own; or a matter of a bad conscience, which sought some excuse, however small, for hunting and killing the animals so industriously from the face of our common earth. Those who are still disturbed may be comforted by Sydney Smith's reflection: "I confess," he said (I quote from memory), "I feel so at ease about the superiority of mankind; I have such marked contempt for the understanding of every baboon I have ever met; I feel so sure that the monkeys will never rival us in poetry and music,—that I see no reason why justice should not be done to whatever fragments of soul and tatters of understanding they may really possess."

Against this contention of the biologists, which makes animal reasoning almost a necessity in view of their organization, a score of thinkers, each an authority in his own field, assert a contrary opinion. They are right, too; but this does not prove that the others are altogether wrong, and it is needless for us to go farther into the controversy. Joly, in his *L'Homme et l'Animal*, has the best summary from the scientific standpoint; and from a purely literary side it is interesting to note that Balzac's whole idea of the *Comédie Humaine* originated in a comparison of animals and men, following a long controversy on the subject we are considering between Cuvier on the one hand and Saint-Hilaire on the other. Truth often has contrary aspects, as a sail on the sea appears white or black according to our different positions. It is certain that the biologist, who grubs in the cellar of life, will find himself in opposition to the theologian, often more scientific in spirit, who rummages the attic with its memories of the past, fragrant as lavender, and its package of old love-letters, and its wide outlook over the sunny landscape. What is strange is, that they so seldom realize that they are both investigating opposite ends of the same eternal mystery.

On the second trail, which leads direct to nature, one leaves all this conflict behind him. And he will do well for the moment to leave also all the impedimenta gathered from books of



animal lore on the one hand and from superficial classification of skin and bones on the other. De Pressensé, disturbed by the two extremes of mechanical biologists and enthusiastic nature students, declares: "We are tempted to apply to-day to the animal what Pascal said in reference to man: If men humble thee, I lift thee up; if they uplift thee, I humble." He is particularly troubled by the records of animal intelligence, thinking the modern observers must romance about animals much as Rousseau did about savages. And then comes Büchner, who gathers together the results of recent experiments with bees, ants, birds, and animals, and in a scientific spirit makes out a case for the animal much more astounding and revolutionary than the most daring of modern nature-writers has ventured to suggest. Mivart, who is certain that animals do not reason, wishes that a book were written on the stupidity of brutes, to balance the records of intelligence by other observers; and a recent classifier of our natural history longs to write a volume on "the meanness of animals to one another" as he has seen them in captivity, in order to offset the records of other men of a different mind.

Even so. A man sees what he goes forth for to see; and what he sees is invariably a reflection of himself in Nature's looking-glass. The butcher sees mutton, and the prophet the ways of God, in the same flock of sheep; and both are right. Savages, whose reasoning powers are not highly developed, invariably consider the animals as reasoning like themselves, and they are undoubtedly nearer to the truth than the biologist or psychologist. The point is this, that it is better to leave the books at home, and consult your dog first and the authorities afterward; and better still to leave your dog at home and watch the wild birds and animals with open eyes and with open heart. Philip's profound suggestion to "come and see" is the best argument in the world of nature as in the realm of grace. For, spite of a thousand bird-books, we know almost nothing of the sparrow that goes deeper than his skin; and few even of the authorities have ever watched and studied any single wild animal till they under-

stood him, but have been content with theories or experimentation or general classifications. It took me twenty years of watching and questioning before I found out why a beaver and an otter quarrel when they meet each other, and when I found out the reason it was not anatomical, nor is it recorded in the natural histories. A house-sparrow that I watched for an idle moment, one day while a train waited on a siding, did a thing in the eyes of half a carful of witnesses that surpassed anything I have ever seen recorded in the bird-books. So with other birds and animals. One needs only to study them honestly and sympathetically to reach his own conclusion. If happily you are a boy, a pet coon or a crow will settle the question; if a sportsman, the first good fox run over the snow will clear up any lingering doubts; and if you belong to the race of nature-lovers, the love itself will light the way better than Wundt's psychology.

One thing, by way of suggestion, should be mentioned here. In forming a judgment of animal reasoning it is well to remember that we have but one psychology. The general idea seems to be that we should seek a special psychology, distinct from our own, in order to understand the animals. Nothing could be more erroneous or misleading. So far as we can see, the laws of mind are as constant as the laws of physics and chemistry, which apply equally well to the oil-wells and to the light from Arcturus and the Pleiades. We know a little, a very little, of our own psychology, and that is the only measure we possess to lay upon the life of any creature. All thought except my own is strange to me; I am never sure of it, but can only infer and then estimate it from the actions of the animal under observation. Whether the animal be a man or a bear, I am under the same necessity to watch his actions, and then infer his mental process from what goes on in my own head under similar circumstances. To one who judges animals in this rational way there is no doubt of their reasoning. The only problem lies in the quality and amount of that reason, and in the origin and cause of that whole process of history which stretches like a wide sea between us and the animal kingdom.

# Article Seven

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL

REBECCA MARY measured them. Against the wood-shed wall, with chalk,—it was not altogether an easy thing to do. The result startled her. With rather unsteady little fingers she measured from chalk-mark to floor again, to make sure it was as bad as that. It was even a little worse.

"Oh," sighed Rebecca Mary, "to think they belong to me—to think they're hitched on!" She gazed down at them with scorn and was ashamed of them. She tried to conceal their length with her brief skirts; but when she straightened up, there they were again, as long as ever. She sat down suddenly on the shed floor and drew them up underneath her. That was temporarily a relief.

"If I sit here world without end amen, nobody 'll see 'em," grimly smiled Rebecca Mary.

It was her legs Rebecca Mary measured against the wood-shed wall. It was her legs she was ashamed of. No wonder the minister's wife had said to the minister—going home from meeting, with Rebecca Mary behind them unawares,—no wonder she had said, "Robert, *have* you noticed Rebecca Mary's legs?"

Rebecca Mary had not heard the reply of the minister, for of course she had gone away then. If she had stayed she would have heard him say, with exaggerated prudery, "Felicia! my dear! were you alluding to Rebecca Mary's limbs?" for the minister wickedly remembered inadvertent occasions when he himself had called legs legs.

"Legs," the minister's wife repeated, calmly—"Rebecca Mary's are too long for limbs. Robert, that child will grow up one of these days!"

"They all do," sighed the minister. "It's human nature, dear. You'll be telling me next that there's something the matter with Rhoda's—legs."

The minister's wife gazed thoughtfully ahead at a little trio fast approaching

the vanishing-point. Her eyes grew a little wistful.

"There is now, perhaps, but I haven't noticed,—I won't look!" she murmured. "And, anyway, Robert, Rhoda will give us a little time to get used to it in. But Rebecca Mary isn't the Rhoda kind,—I don't believe Rebecca Mary will give us even three days of grace!"

"I always supposed Rebecca Mary was born that way,—grown up," the minister remarked, tucking a gloved hand comfortably close under his arm. "I wouldn't let it worry me, dear."

"Oh, I don't,—not worry, really," she said, smiling,—"only her legs startled me a little to-day. If she were mine, I should let her dresses down."

"If she were Rhod—"

"She isn't, she's Rebecca Mary. Probably if I were Miss Olivia I would let Rhoda's down!" And she knew she would.

Rebecca Mary on the wood-shed floor sat and thought "deep-down" thoughts. Her eyes were fixed dreamily on a big knot-hole before her, and the thoughts seemed to come out of it and stand before her, demanding imperiously to be thought. One after another,—a relentless procession.

"Think me," the first one had commanded: "I'm the Thought of Growing Up. I saw you measuring your legs, and I concluded it was time for me to introduce myself. I had to come some time, didn't I?"

"Oh yes," breathed Rebecca Mary, sadly. "I don't suppose I could expect you to stay in there always; but—but I'm not very glad to see you. You needn't have come so *sudden*," she added, with gentle resentment.

The Thought of Growing Up crept into her mind and nestled down there. As thoughts go, it was not an unkind one.

"You'll get used to me sometime and like me," it said, comfortingly. But Re-

becca Mary knew better. She drove it out.

Why must legs keep on growing, and unwelcome Thoughts come out of knot-holes? Why could not little girls keep on sewing stents and learning arithmetic and carrying beautiful doll-beings to bed? Why had the Lord created little girls like this—this growing kind?

"If I had made the world," began Rebecca Mary,—but stopped in a hurry. The irreverence of presuming to make a better world than the Lord shamed her.

"I suppose He knew best, but if He'd ever been a little girl—" This was worse than the other. Rebecca Mary hastily dismissed the world and its Maker from her musings for fear of further irreverences.

One Thought came out of the knot-hole illustrated. It was leading a tall woman-girl by the hand,—no, it was pushing it as though the woman-girl were loath to come.

"Come along," urged the new Thought, laughingly. "Here she is,—this is Rebecca Mary. Rebecca Mary, this is *you*! You needn't be afraid of each other, you two. Take a good long look and get acquainted."

The woman-girl was tall and straight. She had Rebecca Mary's hair, Rebecca Mary's eyes, mouth, little pointed chin. But not Rebecca Mary's legs,—unless the long skirts covered them. She was rather comely and pleasant to look at. But Rebecca Mary tried not to look.

"She's got a lover,—some day she'll be getting married," the new Thought said, more abruptly, startlingly, than grammatically. And then with a little muffled cry Rebecca Mary put out her hands and pushed the woman-girl away,—back into the knot-hole whence she had come. The Thought, too, for she had no room in her mind for thoughts like that.

"My aunt Olivia wouldn't allow me to think of you," she explained in dismissing them. "And," with dignity she added, "neither would Rebecca Mary."

It was to be as the minister's wife had prophesied,—there were to be not even the three days of grace allowed by law when Rebecca Mary grew up. Sitting there with her legs, her poor little unappreciated legs, the innocent cause of the whole trouble, curled out of sight, Re-

becca Mary planned that there should be but one day of grace. She would allow one day more to be a little girl in, and then she would grow up. But that one day—Rebecca Mary got up hastily and went to find Aunt Olivia.

"Aunt Olivia," she began, without preamble—Rebecca Mary never preambled,—“Aunt Olivia, may I have a holiday to-morrow?”

Aunt Olivia was rocking in her easy chair on the porch. It had taken her sixty-two years to learn to sit in an easy chair and rock. Even now, and she had been home from the hospital many months, she felt a little as though the friendly birds that perched on the porch railing were twittering tauntingly, “Plummer! Plummer! Plummer!—rocking in an easy chair!”

"May I, Aunt Olivia?" It was an unusual occurrence for Rebecca Mary to ask again so soon. But this was an unusual occurrence. Aunt Olivia's thin face turned affectionately toward the child.

"School doesn't begin again to-morrow, does it?" she said in surprise. Weren't all Rebecca Mary's days now holidays?

"Oh no,—no'm. But I mean may I skip my stents? And—and may I soak the kettles and pans? Just to-morrow."

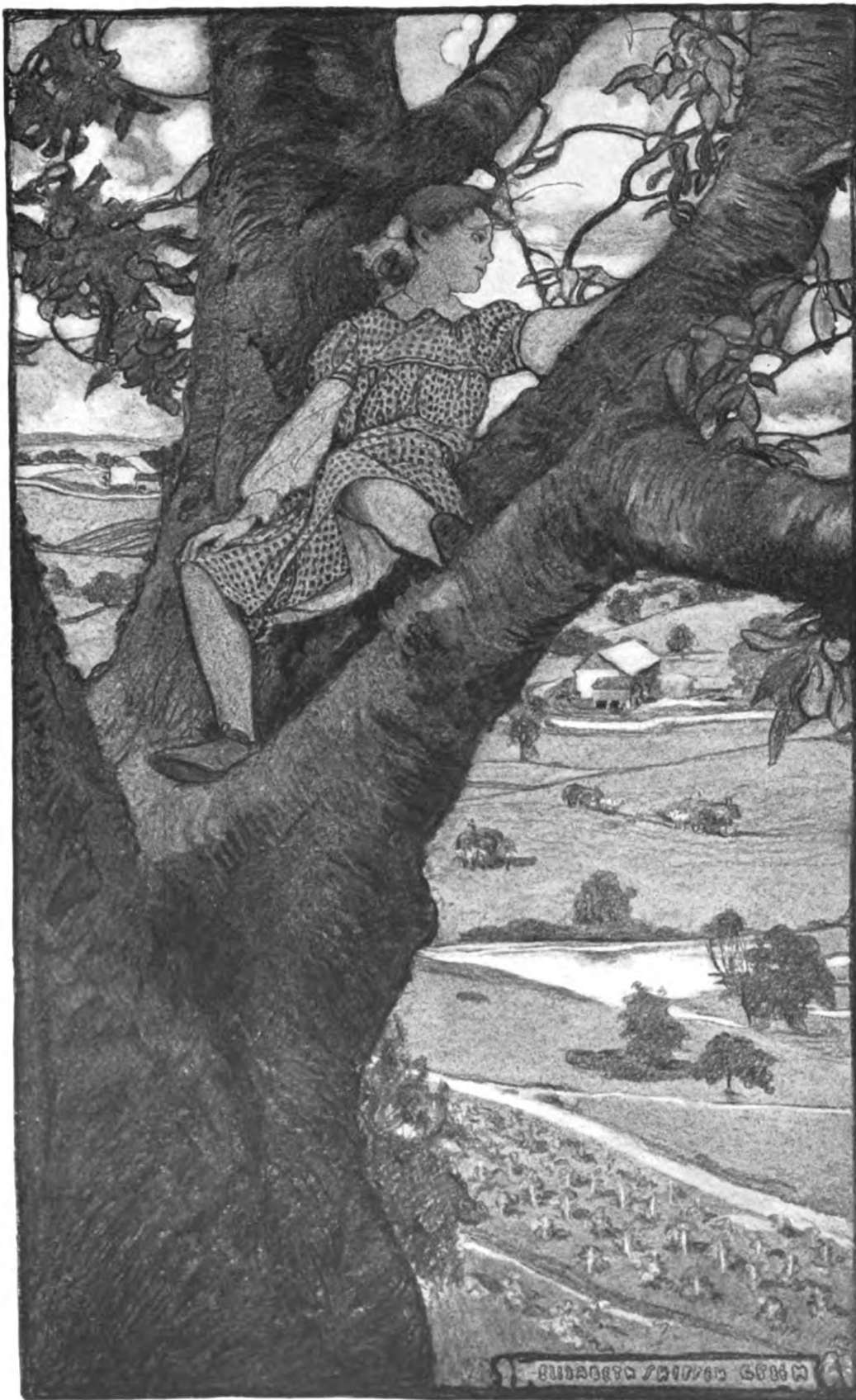
"Just to-morrow," repeated bewildered Aunt Olivia,—“soak—your—stents—”

"Because it's going to be a pretty busy day. It's going to be a—a Celebration," Rebecca Mary said, softly. There was a strangely exalted look on her face. Oddly enough, she was not afraid that Aunt Olivia would say no.

Aunt Olivia said yes. She did not ask any questions about the Celebration, on account of the exalted look. She could wait. But the bewildered look stayed for a while on her thin face. Rebecca Mary was a queer child, a queer child,—but she was a dear child. Dearness atoned for queerness in Aunt Olivia's creed.

The Celebration began early the next morning, before Aunt Olivia was up. She lay in bed and heard it begin. Rebecca Mary out in the dewy garden was singing at the top of her voice. Aunt Olivia had never heard her sing like that before—not at the top. Her sweet, shrill voice sounded rather unacquainted with





NOTHING LOOKED QUITE THE SAME UP THERE

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such free heights as that, and the woman in the bed wondered with a staid little smile if it did not make Rebecca Mary feel as she felt when she sat in the easy chair rocking.

Rebecca Mary sang hymns mostly, but interspersed in her programme were bits of Mother Goose set to original tunes—she had learned the Mother Goose of the minister's Littlest Little Boy—and original bits set to familiar tunes. It was a wild little orgy of song.

"My grief!" Aunt Olivia ejaculated under her breath; but she did not mean her grief. Other people might think Rebecca Mary was crazy,—not Aunt Olivia. But yet she wondered a little and found it hard to wait.

Rebecca Mary washed the breakfast cups and plates, but put the pans and kettles to soak, and hurried away to her play. There was so much playing to be done before the sun set on her opportunity. She had made a little programme on a slip of paper, with approximate times allotted to each item. As:

Tree climbing .....	1 hr.
(Do not tare anything)	
Mud Pies .....	1 hr. and ½
(Do not get anything muddy)	
Tea party .....	2 hrs.
(Do not break anything)	
Skipping .....	½ hr.

Rebecca Mary had written 1 hr. at first opposite Skipping, but it had rather appalled her to think of skipping for so long a period of time, and, with a sense of being already out of breath, she had hurriedly erased the 1 and substituted ½. Underneath she had written, "(Do not tip over anything)". All the items had cautionary parentheses underneath them, for Rebecca Mary did not wish the Celebration to injure "anything." Not this last day, when all the days of all the years before it, that had gone to make up her little-girlhood, nothing had been torn or muddled or tipped over.

Rebecca Mary had never climbed trees, had never made mud pies, never had tea-parties, nor skipped. It was with rather a hesitating step that she went forward to meet them all. She was even a little awed. But she went. No item on her programme was omitted.

From her rocker on the porch Aunt

Olivia watched proceedings with quiet patience. It was a good vantage-point,—she could see nearly all of the Celebration. The tree Rebecca Mary climbed was on the edge of the old orchard next to Aunt Olivia, and there was a providential little rift through the shrubbery and vines that intervened. This part of the programme she could see almost too clearly, for it must be confessed that this part startled Aunt Olivia out of her calm. It—it was so unexpected. She stopped rocking and leaned forward in her chair to peer more sharply. What was the child—"She's climbing a tree!" breathed Aunt Olivia in undisguised astonishment. Even as she breathed it there came to her faintly the snapping of twigs and flutter of leaves. Then all was quite still, but she could discern with her pair of trusty Plummer eyes two long legs gently dangling.

If Aunt Olivia had known, Rebecca Mary, too, was startled. It—it was so strange an experience. She was not in the least afraid,—it was a moral start rather than a physical one. When she had reached the limb set down in her programme she sat on it in a little daze of bewildered delight. She liked it!

"Why,—why, it's nice!" Rebecca Mary breathed. Her turn had come for undisguised astonishment. The leaves all about her nodded to her and stroked her cheeks and hair and hands. They whispered things into her ears. They were such friendly little leaves!

Nothing looked quite the same up there. It was a little as if she were in a new world, and she felt odd thrills of pride, as probably people who had discovered countries and rivers and north poles felt. Through a rift in the leaves she could see with her good Plummer eyes a swaying spot of brown and white that was Aunt Olivia rocking. Suddenly Rebecca Mary experienced a pang of remorse that she had wasted so many opportunities like this,—that this was her only one. She wished she had put 2 hrs. instead of 1 hr. over against Tree climbing, but it was too late now. She had borrowed Aunt Olivia's open-faced gold watch to serve as timekeeper, and promptly at the expiration of the 1 hr. she slid down through the crackling twigs and friendly leaves to the old world

below. She did not allow herself to look back, but she could not help the sigh. It was going to be harder to grow up than she had thought it would be.

The mud pies she made with conscientious care, as Rhoda, the minister's little girl, had said she used to make them. She made rows and rows of them and set them in the sun to bake. There were raisin stones in them all and crimped edges around them. It did not take nearly all the 1 hr. and  $\frac{1}{2}$ , so she made another and still another batch. When the time was up she did not sigh, but she had had rather a good time. How many mud pies she *hadn't* made in all those years that were to end to-day!

Olivicia and the little white cat went to the tea-party. Rebecca Mary thought of inviting Aunt Olivia,—she got as far as the porch steps, but no farther. She caught a glimpse of her own legs and shrank back sensitively. They seemed to have grown since she measured them against the wood-shed wall. Rebecca Mary felt the contrast between her legs and the tea-party. Aunt Olivia never knew how near she had come to being invited to take part in the Celebration, at Article III. on the programme.

Rhoda had had tea-parties unnumbered, like the sands of the sea. She had described them fluently, so Rebecca Mary was not as one in the dark. She knew how to cut the bread and the cake into tiny dice, and the cookies into tiny rounds. She knew how to make the cambric tea and to arrange the jelly and flowers. But Rhoda had forgotten to tell her how to make a rose pie,—how to select two large rose-leaves for upper and under crust, and to fill in the pie between them with pink and white rose-petals and sugar in alternate layers. Press until "done." Why had Rhoda forgotten? It seemed a pity that there was no rose pie at Rebecca Mary's tea-party,—and no time left to make one.

"Will you take sugar in your tea, Olivicia?" Rebecca Mary asked, shyly. She sat on the ground with her legs drawn under her out of sight, but there were little warm spots in her cheeks. She had not expected to be—ashamed. If there had been a knot-hole anywhere, she thought to herself, the Thought of Growing Up would have come out of it

and confronted her and reminded her of her legs.

"Will you help yourself to the bread? Won't you have another cookie?" She left nothing out, and gradually the strangeness wore away. It got gradually to be a good time. "How many tea-parties," thought Rebecca Mary, "there might have been!"

Rebecca Mary was skipping, when the minister's wife came to call on Aunt Olivia. It was the minister's wife who discovered it. Aunt Olivia caught the indrawing of her breath and saw her face. Then Aunt Olivia discovered it, and a delicate color overspread her thin cheeks and rose to her temples. Now what was the child—

"Rhoda is a great skipper," the minister's wife said, hurriedly. But it was the wrong thing,—she knew it was the wrong thing.

"Rebecca Mary is having a—celebration," hurried Aunt Olivia; but she wished she had not, for it seemed like trying to excuse Rebecca Mary. She, too, had said the wrong thing.

"How pleasant it is out here!" tried again the minister's wife.

"Yes, it's cool," Aunt Olivia agreed, gratefully. After that the things they said were right things. The fantastic little figure down there in the orchard, skipping wildly, determinedly, was in none of them. Both felt it to be safer. But the minister's wife's gaze dwelt on the skipping figure and followed it through its amazing mazes, in spite of the minister's wife.

"I couldn't have helped it, Robert," she said. "Not if you'd been there preaching 'Thou shalt not' to me! You would have looked too, while you were preaching. You can't imagine, sitting there at that desk, what the temptation was—Robert, you don't suppose Rebecca Mary has gone crazy?"

"Felicia! You frighten me!"

"No, I don't suppose either. But it was certainly very strange. It was almost *alarming*, Robert. And she didn't know how at all,—I wanted to go down and show her!"

"It seems to me"—the minister spoke impressively—"that it is not Rebecca Mary who has gone crazy—"

"Why, the idea! Haven't I made it



IT WAS A REBECCA MARY KISS





plain?" laughed she. "I'll speak in A B C's, then. Rebecca Mary was *skip-ping*, Robert,—*skipping*,—*skipping*."

"Then it's Rebecca Mary," the minister murmured.

"That's what I'm afraid,—didn't I say so? Or else it's her second childhood—"

"First, you mean. If *that's* it, don't let's say a word, dear,—don't breathe, Felicia, for fear we'll stop it."

"Dear child!" the minister's wife said, tenderly. "I wish I'd gone down there and showed her how. And I'd have told her—Robert, I'd have told her how to climb a tree! Don't tell the parish."

The day was to end at sunset. From sunrise to sunset, Rebecca Mary had decreed. The last article on her crumpled little programme was, "Saying Good-by to Olivia (Don't cry)." It was going to be the most difficult thing of all the articles. Olivia had existed so short a time comparatively,—it might not have been as difficult if there had always been an Olivia. "Or it might have been harder," Rebecca Mary said. She went toward that article with reluctant feet. But it had to come.

The bureau drawer was all ready. Rebecca Mary had lined it with something white and soft and sweetened it with dried rose-petals spiced in the century-old Plummer way. It bore rather gruesome resemblance to Olivia's coffin, but it was not gruesome to Rebecca Mary. She laid the doll in it with the tender little swinging motion mothers use in laying down their tiny sleepers.

"There, there,—the-re!" crooned Rebecca Mary, softly, brooding over the beautiful being. "You'll rest there sweetly after your mother is grown up. And you'll try not to miss her, won't you? You'll understand, Olivia?—oh, Olivia!" But she did not cry. Her eyes were very bright. For several minutes she stood there, stooped over painfully, gazing down into the cof—the bureau drawer, wherein lay peaceful Olivia. She was saying good-by in her heart,—she never said it aloud.

"Dear," very softly indeed, "you are sure you understand? Everybody has to grow up, dear. It—it hurts, but you have to. I mean *I've* got to,—I wouldn't so soon if it wasn't for my legs. But they keep right on growing,—they're aw-

ful, dear!—I can't stop 'em. Olivia, lie right there and be thankful you're a doll! But I wish you could open your eyes and look at me just once more."

Rebecca Mary shut the drawer gently. It was over,—no, she would say one thing more to the beautiful being in there. She bent to the keyhole.

"Olivia!" she called in a tender whisper, "I shall be right here nights. We sha'n't be far away from each other."

But it would not be like lying in each other's arms—oh, not at all like that. Rebecca Mary caught her breath; it was perilously like a sob. Then she girded up her loins and went away to meet her fate—the common fate of all.

Article VI. was the last. In a way, it was a rest to Rebecca Mary, for it entailed merely a visit to the wood-shed. She could sit quietly on the floor opposite the knot-hole and wait for the Thoughts. If the Thought of Growing Up came out to-night, she would say: "Oh, well, you may stay,—you needn't go back. I'm not any glad to see you, but I'm ready. I suppose I shall get used to you."

What Thoughts came out of the knot-hole to Rebecca Mary she never told to any one. It was nearly dark when she went away, planting her feet firmly, holding her head straight,—Rebecca Mary Plummer. She went to find Aunt Olivia and tell her. On the way, she stopped to get Aunt Olivia's shawl, for it was getting chilly out on the porch. Significantly the first thing Rebecca Mary did after she began to grow up was to get the shawl and lay it over Aunt Olivia's spare shoulders. The second thing was to bend to the scant gray hair and lightly rub it with her cheek. It was a Rebecca Mary kiss.

Out in front of the rocking-chair, still straight and firm, she told Aunt Olivia.

"It's over,—I think I put everything in," she said. "I thought you ought to know, so I came to tell you. I'm ready to grow up."

After all, if Rebecca Mary had known, her "programme" had not ended with Article VI. Here was another. Take the pencil in your steady little fingers, Rebecca Mary, and write:

Article VII.—Growing up. (Do not break Aunt Olivia's heart.)



"LE FRANÇAIS" AT WANDEL ISLAND, MIDWINTER 1903-04

# My Antarctic Explorations\*

BY DR. JEAN B. CHARCOT

Chief of the French South-Polar Expedition

## PART I

WE left Havre August 25, 1903, in the steamer *Le Français*, and debarked from Buenos Ayres the 23d of December following, after an enthusiastic reception from the Argentine people. A stop of several days at Ushuaia, a little town in Argentina, the capital of Terra del Fuego, permitted us to take ashore a portable house and a folding-canoe sent by paque-boat, a ton of "galetas"—excellent little biscuits made for us by one of the bakers of the country,—and finally to take aboard all the coal we needed, about one hundred tons. On the 26th of January, 1904, we weighed anchor, and later touched at Orange Bay, where the French mission of the *Romanche* stopped in 1882-1883. It was interesting, after this interval of

twenty years, to take again some of the same measurements of magnetic conditions. Finally on the evening of the 27th, after depositing in bottles certain letters—the last before leaving civilization—we set sail. For long months we were to see no more of inhabited lands, of trees, or of foliage.

Our little ship carried twenty young men, all in rugged health, and firmly decided to learn some of the secrets of the antarctic, to work for the advancement of scientific knowledge, and to follow the steps of their illustrious predecessor, Dumont d'Urville. The officers of the expedition were Dr. Charcot, chief and commander; Matha, lieutenant and second in command; Rey, the ship's ensign; Pléneau, engineer; Turquet and Gourdon, naturalists. The crew consisted of a sailing-master, a chief mechanic, six sailors, three firemen, an Alpine guide, a cook, and a chef—worthy men, whose

\* By special arrangement with Dr. Charcot, the first account of his Antarctic discoveries is given to England and America in HARPER'S MAGAZINE.—EDITOR.

professional qualities and devotion we were to learn to appreciate thoroughly before the end of the expedition.

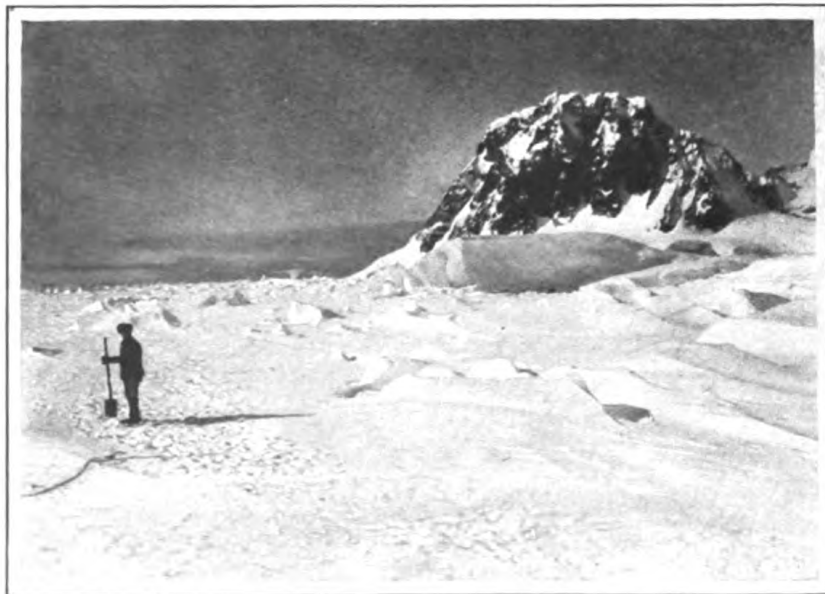
On the morning of Monday, the 1st of February, land was sighted. We were in the antarctic, and before us rose the snowy mountains of Smith Island. Presently we met the first iceberg—a white phantom which glided by, silent and impassible. The atmosphere was gray and dull. It is a country of death entombed under the snow; and the sea, in color a silvery bluish green, seemed to conceal sombre mysteries. We felt that we were indeed in a new world alone.

The following day the sun transformed these icy regions into a magical fairyland. Mountainous islands rose before us, which at first we took for new land, since the western coast of the Palmer Archipelago had not yet been charted on the map. The splendid panorama was enlivened by the flight of big-winged birds, by chattering penguins, and by the sight of great, lumbering whales swimming among the icebergs.

After several days of fog and snow, which forced us to sail along the coast, we reached the southwest extremity of the Palmer Archipelago and penetrated the Bay of Biscoe. In passing we accomplished one aim of our trip in charting the western contour of the Palmer Archipelago, up to this time

unknown. Now the question was to find suitable winter quarters. Our ship's boilers were badly in need of repair. Several tubes had burst—the beginning of a series of accidents which made even the mention of “boilers” a nightmare of the expedition. The first thing to do was to find a safe anchorage in which to make repairs.

On the 7th of February, in beautiful weather, we landed in the Bay of Flanders—a deep cut situated south of the Strait of Gerlache. Here we were confronted by steep rocks of granite which fell sheer into the water and by cliffs of ice rising vertically from twenty to thirty metres in height—parts of the immense glaciers which descend from all sides into the bay. The bay was encumbered with masses of ice of all sizes, driven in from the open sea, and the bottom of the bay was covered with an ice-ledge. After a vain search for a protected harbor farther south, we were finally compelled to install ourselves here, and we began by fastening the anchors as well as we could to the side of the ledge. We stayed here until the 19th of February. We were in constant anxiety, menaced by the icebergs which were floating around us, by the overhanging glaciers, and by the breaking up of the anchor ledge and the consequent slipping of our anchors. The crew worked hard night and day without



GETTING READY TO FISH THROUGH THE ICE



complaint. Considerable snow fell during this period, but there were a few clear days when we were enabled to explore the bay, collect some natural-history specimens, get some practice in "skiing," and even to have our first experience with snow ophthalmia.

Finally on the 19th of February we were ready to start again on our journey. We went up the Strait of Gerlache, where we passed a night under very unfavorable conditions, and doubling the point north of Wiencke Island, we anchored in a little harbor of the Neumayer Channel, to which we gave the provisional name of Port Penguins, because there we saw the first penguin rookery. In this rookery there were more than eight hundred birds, some with broods of little ones already half grown. It was a pleasure to walk about in this Lilliputian city, among these little beings, whose movements were so human that later we came to attribute to them human sentiments. Here was a group of half-grown penguins at play under the surveillance of two or three of the older birds; there, a long line of fisher-penguins returning with wabbling

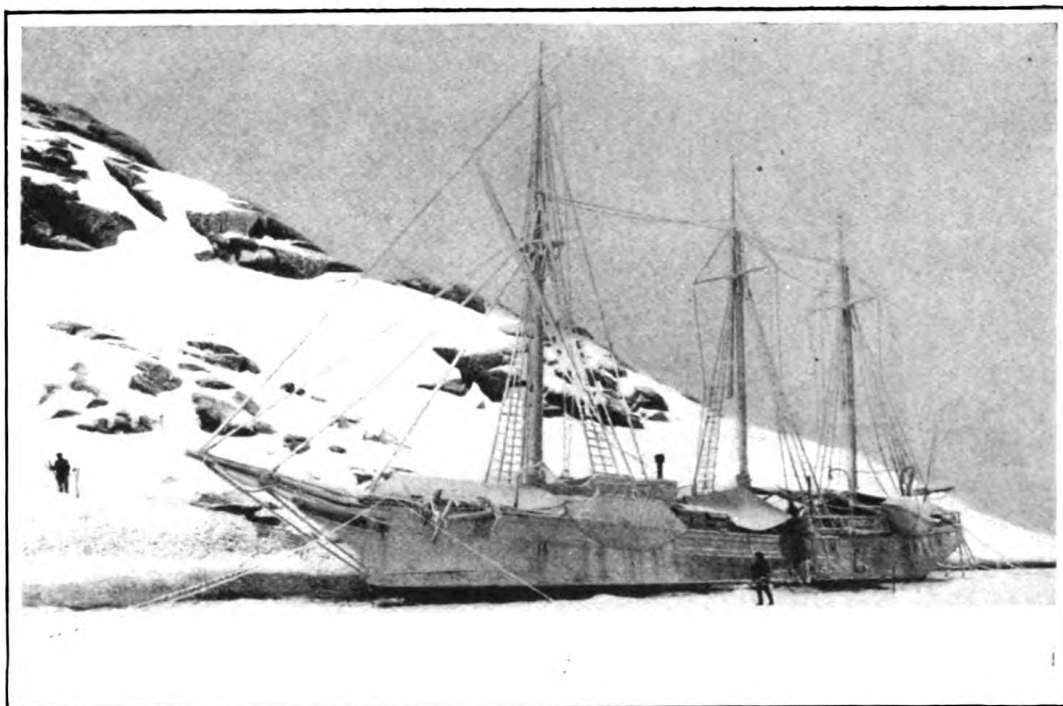
gait from the sea, their white breasts shining in the sunlight. A mother penguin opened her big beak, and the neck of her half-famished little one disappeared entirely from view in search of food in its mother's crop. A male, tormented by one of the young birds, scolds and tries to send him back to the nest. But the little one pays no attention, and stumbles along in pursuit, while the male bird flutters and scrambles away in an attempt to escape. On the point of a rock they look like women in long peignoirs; they touch a crest of the wave with their feet, hesitate, trim their feathers a last time, and finally plunge head first into the water with their wings extended.

There a group of the birds approaches on the water. Suddenly there is a cry and all disappear. One sees their bodies glide through the clear water like torpedoes; then they leap quickly into the air and land on their feet on the bank, neat and sleek. Farther on, walking slowly over the snow in Indian file, their black mantles thrown over their backs, the little old women penguins go to church. From time to time a long



WANDEL ISLAND, WITH WIENCKE ISLAND IN THE DISTANCE





"LE FRANCAIS" COVERED WITH HOARFROST, AT WANDEL ISLAND, WINTER OF 1904

braying fills the air, and one looks involuntarily for the burro—but in vain. It is a male penguin, standing over his nest, his neck stretched up toward the heavens, his beak open, his wings stretched out, giving the cry of possession as he returns home.

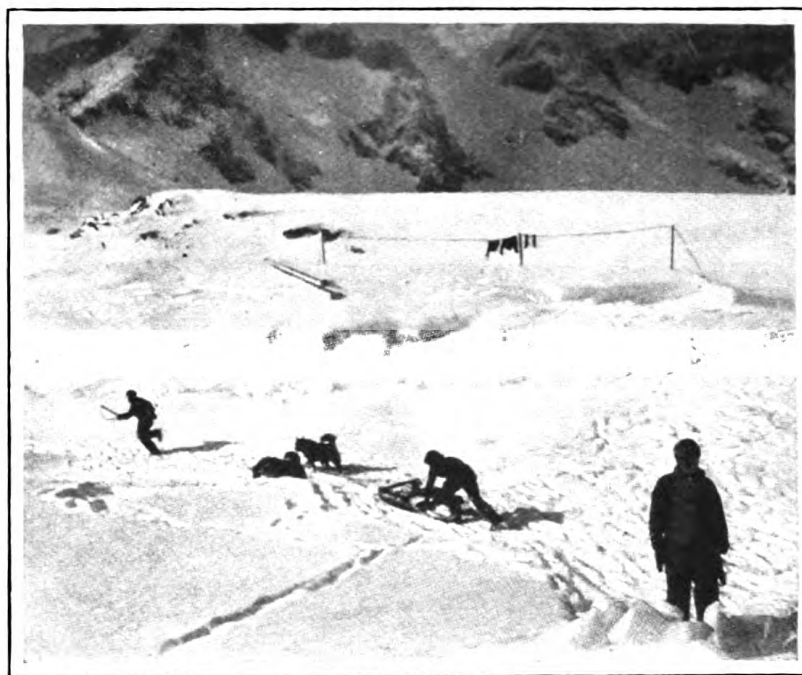
But presently animal instinct takes the place of curiosity. Several birds are put to death. Poor penguins! Later we were

to sacrifice them by hundreds. The meat, of fine red fibre, lacking in that fish taste which some have falsely said it possesses, was a real feast, as well as a healthy diversion from our usual fare of preserves.

Before leaving Port Penguins we established a cairn, built of a mast six metres high surmounted by a cross-piece, upon a low island in full view of



DR. CHARCOT TALKING TO THE PENGUINS ON WANDEL ISLAND



HARVESTING ICE ON WANDEL ISLAND, TO BE MELTED INTO WATER

the channel. A parchment sealed in a bottle indicated our probable route. It was as a result of this precaution that, following our instructions, a boat sent to our assistance was subsequently directed in its search. Ten months later, after moving from winter quarters, we returned to this cairn to modify the document. In January, 1905, the Argentine corvette *Uruguay*, which came to get news of us, was, unfortunately, unable, on account of the ice, to visit any but the eastern coast of Wiencke Island, and in consequence found no traces of the cairn. This, interpreted too hastily by the press as proof of a catastrophe, resulted in the unfortunate despatch which was sent out and which caused so many forebodings among our families and friends.

On the 21st of February we left the cape to the south and started over the Lemaire Channel along the Terre de Danco. This very narrow channel, obstructed with ice, could not be navigated; so, doubling Wandel Island, we sought to advance farther toward the south, but, again stopped by the ice, we returned to Wandel Island for the shelter of a little harbor which we had noticed in passing. Several excursions were made to find safe winter quarters farther south. In the course of

one difficult and perilous trip we reconnoitred the Biscoe Islands, and even arrived within some miles of Graham Land in about sixty-seven degrees latitude, but the ice became impenetrable, and there was not a bit of land which offered us suitable quarters. With great difficulty *Le Français* returned to Wandel Island, where on the evening of the 3d of March we cast anchor.

The work of installing ourselves in winter quarters began at once. The boat was docked along a rocky cliff covered with ice, in a little harbor which looked as if it were cut to order. Hawsers and chains were attached to blocks of granite from the ship's prow and stern. The prow was aground, and the taffrail of the stern was protected by a girdle of casks. The Port, which opens toward the northeast, is exposed to the heavy winds of this region, which bring in the storms and great quantities of ice from the open sea. We also built a dam across the harbor by means of a raft and anchor-chain, which, held up about a metre from the surface, was subjected from time to time to considerable pressure. This dam had the double advantage of offering resistance to the big blocks of ice coming from the sea and of keeping in the har-

bor smaller fragments of ice, which then served as a kind of buffer. But even so, we had to endure at times shocks from blocks of ice weighing several tons, which, as they were brought in by the storms, struck our ship like battering-rams.

Our scientific apparatus we installed near the shore. Among these were the mareograph and the devices to protect our meteorological instruments. We explored the islands and reconnoitred our domain. Separated from the Terre de Danco by the Lemaire Channel, the island is formed by two lines of hills parallel to the channel, united by an isthmus. The heights of the east form a chain nearly north and south for a length of eight kilometres. At the north a peak, which we called provisionally Mount Rouille on account of its color, due to the iron oxide it contains, is about six hundred metres high. Toward the south there is a deep cut, so that at this point the Lemaire Channel is only separated from the bay north of the island by a low snowy declivity. Finally a steep chain of hills running to the height of

800 metres stretches out toward the south. On their sides glaciers descend in cascades. The heights of the west form a simple little chain of hills sixty metres high, stretching a short distance toward the south, and crowned with a cap of snow. The isthmus is formed by a series of steps descending from the high chain toward the hill and leaving at its foot a low snowy valley. A series of granite rocks emerges here and there from the snow, but except on these summits and on the sheer sides of the rocks snow is everywhere.

After reconnoitring the country the station was quickly completed. It was necessary to take advantage of the sunlight, for inclement days were numerous. As early as the 14th of March lamps had to be lit at seven o'clock. We built a road with hard blocks of snow to make our access to land more easy. The portable house was put up in the valley, against the hill. At one side a shed was built; then a large ditch dug in the ice and covered with canvas served as our food-dock. The provisions were stored



PREPARING FOUNDATIONS FOR THE WOODEN CABIN, WANDEL ISLAND, 1904



DR. CHARCOT PREPARING A MEAL IN A CAMP BETWEEN TWO ROCKS ON HORGARD ISLAND

there in snow houses, for the ship was liable at any time to be crushed by the ice. On this account it was prudent to unload as many of the provisions as possible. Two snow houses built after the Eskimo fashion served as slaughter-houses. Here seals, penguins, and cormorants were prepared. The choice bits of meat went to the storehouse. The rest was divided among the five dogs of our pack, leaving the grease, bones, and refuse of all sorts for fuel to be used to melt ice for drinking-water. A whale-boat and a "youyou" were placed near each one of the bays of the island for future excursions. In the launch, which we placed on a distant rock, was stored the melinite, which was too dangerous to have aboard. The life-boat was stored with oil. The dogs were isolated on an island, for they were already guilty of several massacres of penguins, and on the island a rookery of penguins and of cormorants was a most important feature.

At the same time another party was busy setting up the scientific apparatus. An observatory was built of stones and covered with snow. A cabin for magnetic observa-

tions, from which all fire was rigorously excluded, and which was built all of wood and copper, was the centre of the meteorologic park. Around it were the shelters for the registering instruments—the thermometers, the hygrometers, and the barometers. On heavy columns—great sandstone tubes cemented on a rock and covered with a marble plaque—were placed theodolites and compasses. Two casks, one above the other, formed the pedestal for the actinometer. A niveometer collected the snow. Surveying instruments were placed on the glaciers; an enormous block of granite, in which a hole was made with great difficulty, served as the support of the pendulum; the mareograph was sunk to the bottom of a little harbor; and immediately work of observation began. Each one had his own department: Charcot, bacteriology; Matha, the tides, the pendulum, astronomy, and maps; Rey, meteorology, magnetism, atmospheric electricity; Pléneau, photography, hunting, and thermometric observations; Turquet, zoology and botany; Gourdon, geology, mineralogy, and glaciology.

On board we installed ourselves as comfortably as possible. Stoves were put up,

a cover was stretched over the deck to diminish the heat of the sun and to permit the progress of work in shelter; the forge was set up, with the carpenter shop and the repair-shop. The stern of the ship alone was uncovered, since we preferred to keep as much light as possible even at the expense of excessive heat. The sailors' quarters were enlarged to give them more space and air. A special set of winter rules was worked out with a view of protecting health and for the general security. This included suggestions with regard to the two maladies to be feared in these regions—scurvy and anæmia. The danger of taking too much alcohol was pointed out, and it was suggested that every day a lozenge of citric acid was to be taken by every one. Exercise by twos out-of-doors was recommended, together with personal cleanliness, care of quarters and of the "fire-hole," and the proper assistance to be rendered in case of accident from fire.

The weather favored these preparations. While March was not inclement, April was beautiful. At the beginning of this month the weather was so mild that the first thaw caused disastrous inundations in our docks. On Easter day the weather was superb; and all this time we were surrounded by a marvellous panorama. Indeed, Wandel Island offers one of the most magnificent views that can be imagined. On one side are the mountains with their finely cut crests silhouetted against the blue of the sky, their rocky sides of sepia tints, all coated with snow, their chaotic glaciers glistening with a million iridescent fires; on the other side, distant views of the sea dotted with snow-covered islands and with icebergs. And according to the time of day the picture changes: now in the ideal transparence of the atmosphere appears a delightful Japanese landscape; again, the sun setting behind the fantastic silhouettes of the icebergs recalls the warm tints of the sky of Egypt behind the monuments on the banks of the Nile. The painter who on a fine day should transfer to his canvas a faithful reproduction of this landscape would certainly be charged with drawing upon a too vivid imagination.

Thus Nature herself added to our hope and seemed moved by the desire to turn

our thoughts from the long months of night, of fog, and of the storms which we endured. Feeling ourselves well armed for the strife, we gave our imaginations full play. Gayety, activity, good health, and good humor reigned everywhere. It was in this spirit that we saw winter come on without apprehension. The sun was beginning to sink lower and lower. On the 1st of May real winter began. And we were ready.

The winter with its long nights passed like a dream. There was no cessation in our gayety and good humor, and the time passed quickly. At the same time, in the month of July, one of the officers suffered from an attack of the terrible polar anæmia, the bane of the winter season. Energetic treatment put him rapidly on his feet again, and though we were all a little yellow and anæmic, we still had all our faculties, and we were certain that the sun would quickly bring us back our strength. In fact, life aboard was very pleasant during this period. The crew, which suffered most from the enforced inactivity, not possessing the same capability for intellectual diversion as the ship's officers, invented a thousand little plans to keep themselves occupied. The number of objects made on board with the few resources at our command was remarkable. A school was in session from eight until ten o'clock every other night, and on the alternate evenings Charcot directed a course in English. This school was one of the best institutions of the winter,—not on account of what was taught, although two of the sailors prepared for their captains' commissions during this time, but particularly on account of the diversion it gave the crew and the association it permitted between the crew and the officers. The recollection of the good-will and the sympathy of our sailors will be one of our most cherished souvenirs of the expedition.

Sundays, with the assistance of a gramophone, we had musical matinées, and we also arranged for readings and conferences. Fête-days we made as numerous as possible, each anniversary being celebrated with a banquet. On the 25th of May we celebrated the fête of our benefactor, the Argentine Repub-



lic, and following this, on the 14th of July, our national holiday. We had races, shooting trials, and contests of all sorts. These hygienic precautions, indeed, served to complete the salutary effects of a food-supply of the first order, not only in its quality and in the variety of preserves at our disposal, but in the care given to the preparation of our meals by a cook who had rare skill in varying our menus with the fresh meat of seals and penguins.

Meanwhile the sun had risen high on the horizon. The days lengthened rapidly, and we began to think of our spring excursions. South of our winter quarters on Graham Land opened a vast indentation which, noticed by the *Belgica*, was either a deep bay or a strait, and in the latter contingency, according to the Belgian map, the opening of Bismarck Strait, noted by Dallmann. Our aim was to solve this question. The coast of Graham Land is perpetually protected by a bank of ice which has always kept navigators from approaching. The position of our winter quarters on the north edge of this area of ice would permit us, taking advantage of the cold period when this ice forms a compact field, to attempt an excursion on foot with sledges along the coast, and to reconnoitre the point in dispute. If it proved to be a strait, we planned to enter it, and in this way to reach Weddell Sea. If it proved to be a bay, we intended to follow our route as far as possible toward the south and explore the coast of Graham Land.

With this object in view, all our equipment was made ready. The silk tent and the sleeping-bags of reindeer-skin were put in condition. The outfits for ourselves and for the dogs were made ready; the sledges were strengthened; our food was divided into rations, carefully weighed. We tried Nansen's *cuisine*, and adopted it with some modifications. Every day we practised on "skis"—wooden

skates about two metres and a half long. Excursions were made toward the south to study the ice-field. We explored the island with our whale-boat, and we began to accustom ourselves to camping on the snow. Finally depots of provisions were installed on Horgaard Island. We even went so far as to establish there, between two rocks covered with canvas, a sort of repair-shop, to which we gave the high-sounding name of "Villa," and several times we made rather long stops there, awaiting the propitious moment to go farther south. Our patience was put to severe tests. Sometimes for weeks at a time the continued cold covered the sea with solid ice, which, enclosing the huge ice-floes, made the ice-field impracticable. Then would come the hope that action was at last possible; when suddenly one of these cursed wind-storms would assail us from the northeast, destroying in a few hours the thickest ice surface.

Thus the month of August passed—one long storm which lasted more than thirty days. September and October passed with alternating wind and snow storms. As the days went by quickly, we began to despair. Gourdon, accompanied by a guide, made an ascent of the summit of Wandel Island to examine the continent from that point. The hope was that we could advance into the interior of the country, but the mountain barriers appeared impassable. Finally toward the middle of November fine weather returned and the thaw began. It was no longer necessary to consider an excursion with sledges, so we resolved to embark instead. The boat had to be solid, and it would be heavy in consequence—the problem was to make it as light as possible. We took the whale-boat, which weighed 900 kilograms. Charcot was in command of the expedition; Pléneau and Gourdon accompanied him with two sailors, Ralier du Baty and Besnard.



# Place aux Dames

BY MARY RAYMOND SHIPMAN ANDREWS

I WANT to begin by saying a few words about Woman. As I am now fourteen years old and carefully educated, I am calculated to pay a tribute to that gentle sect, and I have confidence in it in many ways. My father pointed out to me long ago—in March, I think, it was—that it seemed as if you were hard up for something to be proud of if you were proud of being a man, because that's very general. He said it was a sure sign of a weak spot if a man felt himself strong on those grounds, and a sure sign of a small streak if he got feeling so big he had to make slurring speeches about women. He said it was adapted to make the ladies' blood boil also, and that's not a nice thing to do to any one. So you see from that I'm trained to be fair. Also, I know that by nature a woman shoots straighter than a man, for a crack shot said so; and I heard some polo-players and horse-men saying how women could ride better nineteen times out of twenty, and ride animals men couldn't, because their hands are lighter. They certainly have their good points. So you see I'm broad-minded. About my sister Margaret, now. Well, she's a sport, and I never expect to ride a horse the way she does, for she's got the sure, swinging seat that's a gift to one in a thousand, and her hands are a wonder—she plays the thing's mouth like playing the piano, and any old wild beast comes into line under her. So there. I'm going to give the devil her due. But all the same, it does come more natural to men and boys to do hunting, and they can kill things more easily and more ruthlessly also, and it's seldom you hear of ladies getting big game when they haven't the help of one masculine person. So I feel it's only just to myself to tell the true account of how, in spite of her many virtues, it was owing to me that Margaret got her first caribou.

My brother Walter is a guy. Almost

all the pleasure he has in life he gets from the practice of guying this or that one, and if nobody else thinks it funny, he always does, so it is a great amusement and research for him. Of course one of the least inconvenient persons a man can guy is his wife, so Margaret enjoys the full riches of it. She doesn't mind, for she just snaps her fingers or says "silly" or some other light explosive; or else she guys him back again about the weaknesses of his career, which are many, such as French. She usually quiets him a good deal that way.

The day I have in consideration was up in our camp in Canada, where I was spending a month with Margaret and Walter. Walter was getting the best of it that day, for it was about shooting that he was extenuating, and Margaret certainly had missed a caribou most fully. Nobody but Godin the guide and her own soul knew the rights of it, but the story had begun with that caribou a hundred and fifty yards away and almost hidden by bushes and on the keen jump, and every time we asked her about it she took off a few yards and cleared out a few underbrushes from the force of conscience, till Walter said he was afraid we'd step on him pretty soon. But she kept him jumping—she wouldn't abate a jot or a tittle on that.

Godin and Margaret had started out the morning of September 1, when the hunting season begins, at the snappy hour of six o'clock, and by nine they had walked five miles,—which, I assure you, is walking, for I've done it. You kerswash through boggy marshes where the grass is two feet high and the mud is one foot low, and every time you lift a leg the bog sucks it back, and you're soaking to your knees from the grass, and weigh tons extra. It's pretty, though, for when the sun gets up there are lots of spider-webs with dewdrops on them shining, and it looks like lace and

diamonds over everything. Then it's so clean and so still that you feel as if the world was just made, and you and your guide were the only people in it, as you go chunking through the mud. When you get into the woods there is a Christopher Columbus emotion of discovery, and at every twist of the portage wonderful adventures seem more probable to happen. It looks and feels so exactly the way you like things that it seems as if millions of fairies had gotten it ready and then cleared out to let you enjoy it. I like the way it's spotted with moving lights and shadows, and all tangled up deeper and deeper as you look, so you can't tell where anything begins or ends, and any black log a little way off might be a caribou, and jump up and go crashing away into the mix-up. It makes me hungry to remember the woods.

Well, it was that sort of thing Margaret was walking through. Neither she nor Godin had peeped a word for an hour, when they came out from a portage on a little lake that was solid marsh half-way down one side of it. Big bushes were scattered thick, and there were runways crisscrossing all over the place, and some good fresh signs. Godin stooped and put his hand into one, and grinned back at her as he stood up and showed her how big it was; and Margaret says she sneaked like a mouse down that marsh, and her skirt was so sopping it didn't make a sound in the grass, and there wasn't a breath, only the little gurgle as the water ran back when they lifted their feet out of their tracks. All the same, suddenly she heard a great soft rustle, and Godin's hand was on her shoulder that very second, pushing her down. They'd started a caribou.

Down she went on her knees in the wetness, and of course her rifle was at her shoulder as she dropped; for Margaret is game, and her first impulsion would be to shoot whatever was happening. Down the gun-barrel she saw on the landscape a black lump that appeared silently between bushes and then disappeared and then came out again. Well, she banged away, but, I regret to say, too unspecifically, for the black lump, which was a young caribou, took one more fly across an open spot and went off crackling and whacking into the for-

est as healthy as ever. And Margaret looked up at Godin from her knees and said,

"Is he gone?"

And Godin said, "Oui, madame—pas mal parti."

And then she felt that deathly sickness of life which is the most immediate punishment of missing a shot. I don't know any sorrow such as that is. I may say I am a good shot, but yet I've felt it, and I can sympathize. This I will say for Margaret, that Godin made a mistake in having her kneel, for the caribou had seen them already, and certainly it's harder to shoot straight when your knees are sinking through cold mud. However, you learn those pointers through experience, and while Margaret may ride better than I can, she hasn't had my experience in shooting. Anyway, she missed the beast, and Walter guyed her and tangled her up so she didn't know, herself, two days later, how far away it was or how much she had seen of it. I am firmly convicted that she thought it a long way off, and also that it wasn't, but it's a frailty of the human mind to make out things you can't do as difficult as will be believed, and I can easily forgive it in Margaret.

But, my suffering aunt! wasn't she keen to get a caribou after that! She kept Godin hunting till, being naturally sliver-shaped, he was worn to a toothpick, and yet she couldn't get another shot. And the more she didn't, the more her liege lord guyed her, and the more she knew that the only cure for his troubling was some venison of her providing. And so it happened that the morning of September 11 we were starting off with two guides and two boats, the three of us, up the Rivière Sauvage. Walter decided he wouldn't hunt that day, but would just go along for the trip.

It was good and early when we started—about five—and the canoes slid off the dock into wet mist, and odds and ends of it were curling all over the lake, and the breeze caught it and tossed it around. Everything was grayness, and the tree-tops stuck through, black and solid, for the sun wasn't up yet. Margaret got into the bow of her canoe with a paddle, and as ours slipped past she turned her

head and laughed at me, for she was saying some verses we both like, about—

"He is off to the hills of the morning,  
By the dim, untrodden ways;  
In the cool, wet, windy marshes,  
He has startled the deer agraze."

And I knew she was thinking about the cool, wet marsh where she had startled one agraze, with a large lot of sickening jokes on her tied to his tail.

We paddled and we portaged, and we paddled and we portaged some more, up that rapidsy little river, and about sixty-three we came out on its head waters, Lac Sauvage. By this time there was large flat sunshine over the lake, but in the woods it was wet and darkish yet, and only the tips of the spruces had caught any brightness. It was bully hunting—just the hour when a caribou might be stealing down to drink at any old pool in a corner. So we shipped the paddles and ourselves without a sound, and Margaret's boat slipped ahead like a fish through the lake, now and then shining out in a splash of sun, and now and then hidden in a curl of mist that the sun had forgotten to melt.

Straight opposite from where we came in, across two miles of water, another little river flowed into Lac Sauvage. It hadn't any name—just the Lac Sauvage inlet. We headed for that. I was to hunt there *en canot*, paddling quietly up and down, for it had good marshes along it where beasts were apt to feed. Margaret was to go on a mile or more, and then leave the boat and walk through the woods to a little pond called Lac Cœur, because it was the shape of a heart. All the borders of it were cut up and stamped brown like roads, with caribou trails—it was a splendid place to hunt. I gave Margaret the best place, but of course I was glad to, she being a lady—and then, as Walter said, it really was Margaret's hunt, anyway.

After lingering around for a while, we started up the little river, I in the bow with my rifle, Vézina paddling, and Walter "worshipping nature," he said, in the middle of the boat. The water was deep enough to run easily even with three, but it was snaggy, because hardly anybody ever came here, and the wood was never cleared away.

Well, I sat in the bow, as silent as death, watching keenly with a wary hunter's eye this side and that, and listening with an ear well trained to the silences of the forest. Vézina paddled, and we slid mysteriously along the shores.

When all of a sudden the boat went smack on a rock with a bang, and instantly, before my brain cleared from the shock, just ten feet in front of me, from a little island covered with tall grass, there was a wild jump and a rush and a swish—and then a flash of large blackness with great forks to it bounded up and down, up and down through the dazzling waving of the grass. You can't imagine how bewildering it was to see it, or how stunned I was with the two things coming together. Then the boat ricocheted with another crash on a snag, and Vézina whispered in a blood-curdling hiss—as if there was anything to whisper about—

"*Un car-r-ribou! C'est un car-r-ribou, M'sieur Bob!*"

As if I thought it was a muskrat!

It was all very dizzying, and a great strain, but I did the best I could, and I did it calmly. I stood up in the boat so as to see better, and cocked my rifle and fired. But I had bad luck. The standing up would have been all right, only Walter wriggled—or something—and that whirled my gun around violently, so the shot didn't seem to touch the caribou, but, instead, the recoil kicked me in the shoulder, and—I perhaps winced, and—anyway, the boat turned over.

Of course we all went into the water—but what's a wetting now and then? It seemed to me, and it seems so still, that Walter made an undue rumpus over it. He didn't at first, for he was very busy. He went clean down to the bottom, five feet or so, and probably he worshipped some nature down there, for he was down quite a while. But inside of five minutes we were all crawling out on a rock high and dry—that is, the rock was dry. And the first thing Walter said I had to laugh. He looked so funny and he spoke so earnestly I would have had to laugh if I had been entirely drowned, instead of being engaged merely in spitting out a gallon of water. One eye-glass was broken, and he was dripping dismally all over, and his hair was glued shinily to his skull,

and he glared at me with the dignity of an emperor on a throne. He evidently forgot I could speak English, for he demanded indignantly,

"Pourquoi ne pouvez-vous pas reposer dans les canots?"

I pointed out to him between spits that you can't repose much in even one canoe while it turns turtle, but he treated me coldly, and was immediately absorbed in wiping off his hair with a handkerchief wetter than water.

Vézina couldn't swim, and we'd yanked him out by one leg across some rocks, which had defaced him some, and he was mourning over himself like a dove, all in a hunch on a stone, and Walter was polite to him with a stately politeness.

"Vézina, je suis fâché que vous êtes smashé," he remarked—not to joke, but just because he always talks Franco-American. When I laughed again he turned on me savagely.

"I think you've been funny enough for one morning, Bob, without—without—grinning like a—like a—ape," and his eyes flashed fire as he said it; but it wasn't reasonable, for when you've been funny you always grin. Then he inquired vindictively, "Why don't you do something?"

And I just said, "What shall I do?" and that made him madder.

But I didn't really see much field of activity except to sit and click our teeth—Vézina's sounded like a sewing-machine, and we were all shivering. And everything I said and everything I didn't say, Walter was madder. I couldn't seem to please him. So I retired myself behind a tree, because I had to laugh when I looked at him squeezing his "*linge*," and at Vézina hunching and crooning. They're awful babies, those French-Canadian guides—they think they're killed if they get batted a little. I believe myself that an accident does people good now and then—wakes them up. Being tipped over didn't hurt me at all, only toughened me. Anyway, I stood behind the tree and choked back my feelings and watched Walter wring out his sacred person in sort of echelons, slantwise all over him. It didn't make much difference in the effect—there seemed to be tanks of water bubbling to the surface, the more he squeezed; but it calmed him.

All of a sudden he remembered that the gun and our coats and the lunch and Vézina's axe were still under a few feet of water, and he gave a wild-eyed start and shouted out, "Fish up the traps," as if it was a well-known military order.

Goodness knows I was only anxious to satisfy him, so I sprang from my ambush quite hurriedly, and very unluckily lit on Vézina, who howled. I apologized, but I'm sorry to say Walter couldn't control his unruly member yet, and he made a few more unnecessary remarks about useless long legs and awkward young colts and such rather ungentlemanly speeches. But in a minute we were hard at it fishing, and the atmosphere got a little gayer as we hauled up this and that relic, only I suffered excruciating pain because I didn't dare laugh when Walter tried not to get wet. Vézina's speechless grief when the lunch came up—great Scott! but it was a sad-looking lunch!—was also another thing which I had to choke back my smiles over. But I did it, and with tact I managed to work myself into their friendly graces, and soon we were all chuckling with each other in the kindest way. Nobody stays cross long in the woods, or if they do they don't belong there.

Then Vézina thought of a thing and remarked it openly, which I must say dampened my spirits. Of course I wanted Margaret to get a caribou, and of course I'm always ready to give up to ladies, as I have been educated to believe that "*place aux dames*" is the foundation of morality. But when Vézina said that my caribou, which I had just barely not killed, had gone off towards Lac Cœur, and that very likely madame, which is Margaret, would get a shot at him, I will say it struck a cold pang to my heart. It seemed so cruel that out of all the beasts of the forest Margaret should have to choose that one, my own peculiar caribou. It made the sorrow of losing him sharper, somehow. It appeared to me disagreeable, as well, for Vézina to add this speech:

"If madame gets a shot, we will have venison in camp this time," was what he said. "Madame is determined—'*tanné*'—to kill. Also she is composed—steady. She shoots well. *Elle ne manque pas cette fois,—madame.*"



Now you know there was no use in his wandering on that way. I'd been composed enough myself when I shot, but how can anybody be steady when his fat brother gives a big wriggle and tips the boat over? French guides are disgustingly garrulous. It made me nervous, that idea of Vézina's, for I could see he was right on one point, and that the caribou most likely would come out on Lac Cœur, that being the nearest water. I didn't wish Margaret any bad luck—of course everybody knows that,—but it didn't seem quite the right thing that her first caribou should have such big horns. One ought to begin at the bottom to be symmetrical. I'd hate to have Margaret get conceited and cocky and think she was it, so I didn't know but it would be better for her own good, if she got a chance at it, that she should miss that especial caribou. Knowing the nature of women, I feared she might get stuck on herself and spoiled for practical use.

Well, then, I kept listening, with my ears full cocked, for a shot from towards Lac Cœur, and, sure enough, we hadn't quite finished fishing up the delicatessen before it came—rip—bang—thunder-und-der—it rang out and died majestically away. It's a most startling thing to hear a shot about half a mile through the woods—it sounds so calm and fatal. Nothing I know of is as striking, except when a muskrat jumps, and that's more sudden. Well, Walter and Vézina and I all stopped in our tracks and stared at each other, and it seemed as important as what President was elected. Nobody spoke a word, but we just listened intently to the slow echo dying in the hills. Of course we were mostly trying to see if there was to be another shot, but there wasn't, and so we couldn't tell a blessed thing about what had happened. She might have missed him clear and not got another chance. Or she might have wounded him, and he have gotten away where they'd have to follow him up before firing again. Or, as Walter suggested and Vézina, being nasty to-day, thought likely, she might have dropped him dead at the first pop.

Anyway, we couldn't tell, so we just had to wait there, shaking and shivering—for the matches had all got wet, of course—till something happened. And it

did seem as if it would never happen. I thought we ought to go to Lac Cœur to see if we couldn't help—it seemed unmanly to leave a woman almost alone to fight a great caribou, and three men are a good thing in many cases. But Walter and Vézina both jumped on that idea, and said we'd arrive just in time to scare the beast if he was wounded, or get in the way awfully, and Margaret could look after herself. So I was overruled—the worst part of being young is the bossing. We waved our arms and walked up and down two rocks and a log, and kept our ears peeled for another shot. But not a shot came—not a sound of any sort to relieve our dulness for about two hours and a half—and then far back in the woods we heard a crack, and then some more cracks, harder and freer, and I knew in my sinking soul, from the careless way of stamping along—I knew that they had got a caribou. People are selfish when they've had good luck, and don't reflect how they may be injuring other people's hunting by their noise. Of course my gun was wet, and I couldn't have shot if I'd seen one, but it was just as inconsiderate of Margaret.

In a minute we saw them winding through the trees and over the rocks and logs, Margaret in front with her gun on her shoulder, grinning all over, and with just the cocky sort of a look that I was afraid she would have. And behind her came Godin, or a walking thing of some sort—you couldn't have told whether it was a man just by looking, for he was bent over double under a great floppiness that was dark gray and furry and enormously horny. Gee! what horns! It was the biggest head killed that year in the club. With all my generosity I couldn't help gnashing my teeth to think how mean it was, and what a mere accident also, that she should get it instead of me. There are some things very hard to be generous about, and caribous are one, and that head was so inappropriate to Margaret, a simple beginner, and a girl.

But she came prancing along, and we stood and waited silently, only Vézina brought out a deep satisfied "Ah-h!" in the sort of way that makes you feel like chunking a man in the lungs, and Walter gave a silly crow and waved his

old cap, which he'd just fished out of the deeps. Margaret stopped suddenly as she got to the open and stared at us standing in a row, with water oozing from every pore, and chattering our teeth.

"What in the world!" she said. "I never saw three such scarecrows."

I leave it to anybody if that showed a kind heart, when she was nice and dry herself and bringing her sheaves with her. But I am still very fond of Margaret, and she has good points, and so I forgive and forget. Then, while Godin brought out dry matches, and he and Vézina jumped around and built a roaring fire, there was a lot of talk about the shooting. The guides were as pleased as Punch, and Walter seemed as delighted as if he'd got the beast himself, which is just like Walter's laziness; and as for Margaret—

Well, Margaret certainly is a nice girl, but I do think she might have remembered that it was my caribou, and that I was the one that scared him for her. If I hadn't fallen into the river, I'd have killed him, sure as fate, on the second shot, and then where would have been her chance? In the sight of heaven I gave her that caribou, and I don't grudge her an inch of him, as any one may see, if only she'd given me credit. But it made me sick to see how she took all the honor to herself.

"I got him on the first shot, Wallie," she boasted. "I hit him in the back of the neck, and he fell plump—dead that second,—and it didn't hurt him at all. I'm awfully glad he didn't suffer, Wallie."

Wasn't that just like a girl, to want to do murder pleasantly? They can't seem to be whole-souled about things—yet you know I admire and revere their virtues—I do, by ginger! Then Godin went on to tell how well she'd hunted the beast, and how cool she was, and what a hard shot it was at a hundred and fifty yards through some trees, and all in a fawning sort of a way that would try any straightforward person's patience. But Walter swallowed it down and begged for more, and Margaret behaved, I thought, just a little undignified for an elderly married woman—she's all of twenty-four,—for she jumped around and squealed, and asked Walter if he could see her through the glory of it, and if

she was "no a bonny fighter" like Alan Breck in *Kidnapped*, and a whole lot of such stuff. As for me, I was perfectly polite, but I didn't slop over, and I was really very desirous to stand by the fire and get warm. So Walter had to begin his guyness at me, being cut off from Margaret for the present.

"Our precious Bobby's a little sore," he began it,—and I don't think that was a pleasant way. "But what's the trouble? It can't be—but no, I wouldn't insult our Bobby by the thought," and he stopped, and looked watery around the eyes the way he does when he's being especially foolish. He knows I hate to be called "our Bobby." Well, of course Margaret waited for him to come out with it, and I watched him from behind the fire, and I knew he was going to be silly, but I couldn't think of anything to say to stop him. In a second he was at it again. "I wouldn't hint that a gentleman was jealous of a lady's success—far from it. Curious, though, that the same morning should bring such different fortunes to you and Margaret. What were you shooting for, Bob? Were you perhaps trying a carom shot on that caribou? Now that would be interesting. With all the others you have killed—but I forget. Let me see, Bob; have you ever killed a caribou?"

Now Walter knows as well as I do that I haven't, but he knows, too, that there's always been some trouble. He went on again:

"But perhaps I wrong you. Perhaps it may have been from unselfishness that you tipped the boat over and scared the caribou to Lac Cœur. That was handsome of you, Bob—but too radical. Next time remember you can attract a wild beast's attention just by yelling. Or waving your arms, even—that's better for the subsequent hunting."

Now I don't think all that's very funny. It seems to me plain tiresome, but Walter was tickled with it, and he might have gone on for an hour if right there I hadn't begun to have a feeling that I couldn't stand any more. I felt the way I did when I was a kid and wanted to cry—but imagine a fellow of fourteen crying! So I came from behind the fire suddenly, and I said, as nicely as I know how, he being older—"Walter," I said,

respectfully, "you talk like a teapot. I suppose you could be funny like this a month, and I'd have to take it, but I must say I don't think it's very nice of you. I mind losing a shot, like anybody else, and I think you've rubbed it in enough. I had to be cheerful when you were cross, because you would have taken my head off. Boys aren't allowed to have any tempers, or they get punished. And if they do have them they get made fun of and can't answer back. And I'm cold and hungry. And, anyway, Margaret does owe that caribou to me, for if I hadn't fallen in the water I'd have shot him next time, and I did scare him over to her to shoot, and nobody gives me any credit."

Well, sir, Margaret is a brick. She just blinked at Walter and at me, and she ordered as quick as she could:

"Walter, explain this," and he told her about the shooting and the spilling and all that, which he hadn't before. "Oh!" said Margaret, and she walked straight over to me, and I was deathly afraid she was going to kiss me, or something unpleasant. But Margaret's got sense. She just took hold of my shoulder and shook me a little and said, "You cub!" and then she laughed, but not disagreeably. "Walter's perfectly horrid," she said, and that of course pleased me. "He makes both our lives wretched, Bob, but we'll unite against him and see if we don't get even. And about the caribou—I didn't understand. Of course he's owing as much to you as to me, and you have a much better right, because you've had so much more experience in hunting than I. I'm just a greenhorn, you know—it was just beginner's luck, my getting him."

How can anybody help liking a girl who talks sensibly like that? And I was relieved also to see it hadn't made her cocky. She went on:

"I won't give him to you, because I know you wouldn't take him, but—I'll tell you what—I'll consider you've given him to me for my birthday? I'll have him mounted as fine as a fiddle, and hung up on the wall, if we have to build an addition to the house to hold him, and over the horns I'll have, 'Many Happy Returns, from Bob to Margaret.'"

Well, of course that made us all

laugh, and then Walter held out his hand and said:

"Cub, I beg your pardon. I ran the thing into the ground, and I'm sorry, for you're a good cub."

And then my animosities were entirely withdrawn, and I felt very cheerful, and could kick my legs and join with the guides in admiring the "panaches"—the horns, you know. After all, it's a wonderfully comfortable feeling to have "meat in camp," no matter who has gotten it. Walter says the all-over glowing sensation that comes after a kill is a direct inheritance from old barbarous days, when people went hungry unless they did kill something. I suppose so. Walter knows a lot, and when he's not being a guy he's a satisfactory brother.

It was nice going down the Rivière Sauvage again, for we made all the noise we wanted, which is always a pleasure, and everybody was joyful. Margaret's boat was still ahead, and out of the middle of it stuck up those enormous horns, and once in a while she would turn around from the bow, where she was on her knees paddling, and pat the horns and call out,

"Thank you, Bob—I like your present, Bob."

Which of course made me feel beneficial. And then Godin would knock the ashes from his pipe on the side of the boat and lay it carefully in the bottom, and clear his throat and begin singing. Godin's voice just suits the woods when you're floating down a little hidden river in a canoe, and I love to hear him sing,

"Quand le canot vole,  
Bon est en canot."

That's not the story, but yet it all is a part of Margaret's and my hunt and of the day that is now crystallized to the wall in the hall of Margaret's house, where that big caribou head is hanging, on a shield of black oak. Over the top is carved,

"Many Happy Returns, from Bob to Margaret."

And I want to say again that I have the highest respect for Woman, and I think that, for a girl, Margaret hunts very nicely.



ON THE WAY TO FULTON MARKET

# The Fulton Street Market

BY CHARLES HENRY WHITE

With etchings on copper by the author

IT is not necessary to be told where the Fulton Street Fish Market is; it tells you. It has atmosphere—no man will deny me this—an atmosphere that permeates everything, and steals softly along South Street with the east wind, to penetrate the superannuated horse-car that jogs along with you from the Battery to—well, anywhere that it decides to stop. It is an atmosphere rife with significance and suggestion; it reeks of the life beyond the “Banks,” where dories heaped with fish, glistening in the sun, move restlessly in the great expanse of blue; or again it may evoke the eventful trip round Cape Cod in a chopping sea, and a facetious mate tapping you on the back persuasively with the suggestion, “Take your time, man; it ’ll be hours yet before we reach Salem.” Even the unimaginative, once under its spell, become thoughtful.

The confused impressions of wharves and merchantmen, stevedores and saloons, free-lunch signs and their patrons—this fleeting panorama of South Street glides past your car-window, framed neatly for the fraction of a second, as you rattle

along. Suddenly without warning your car stops with a thud that makes the windows rattle, and jolts you out of your reverie into the grim realization of the fact that the car, wedged in between two trucks, has stopped again apparently for good.

“How long d’y’e suppose I intind to support the weight of that truck?” screams a voice, presumably the driver’s.

“Then support yerself!” comes the answer from above.

“That’s fwat oi’m doin’,” shouts the driver, almost suffocating.

“The — you say y’ are! . . . I didn’t think y’ could,” retorts the truckman.

“And oi can take care of meself, too. . . . See?” howls the indignant driver, completely unstrung, dancing around, feinting an invisible opponent into an opening and then beating him unmercifully.

“Gowan or I’ll call yer keeper!” howls the man on the wagon, and then,—a formidable “git up,” and we are under way again; the truckman, purple in the face over his last sally and perilously near to falling backward from his cart into the



street, fades into the distance; while the driver, his ponderous frame balanced on the step, clinging to the car by one arm and waving hysterically with the other, gives vent to an explosion of stage-laughter to cover his retreat with dignity, concluding with a snappy appreciation on the truckman's hypothetical family-tree that no reconstructing on my part can make readable.

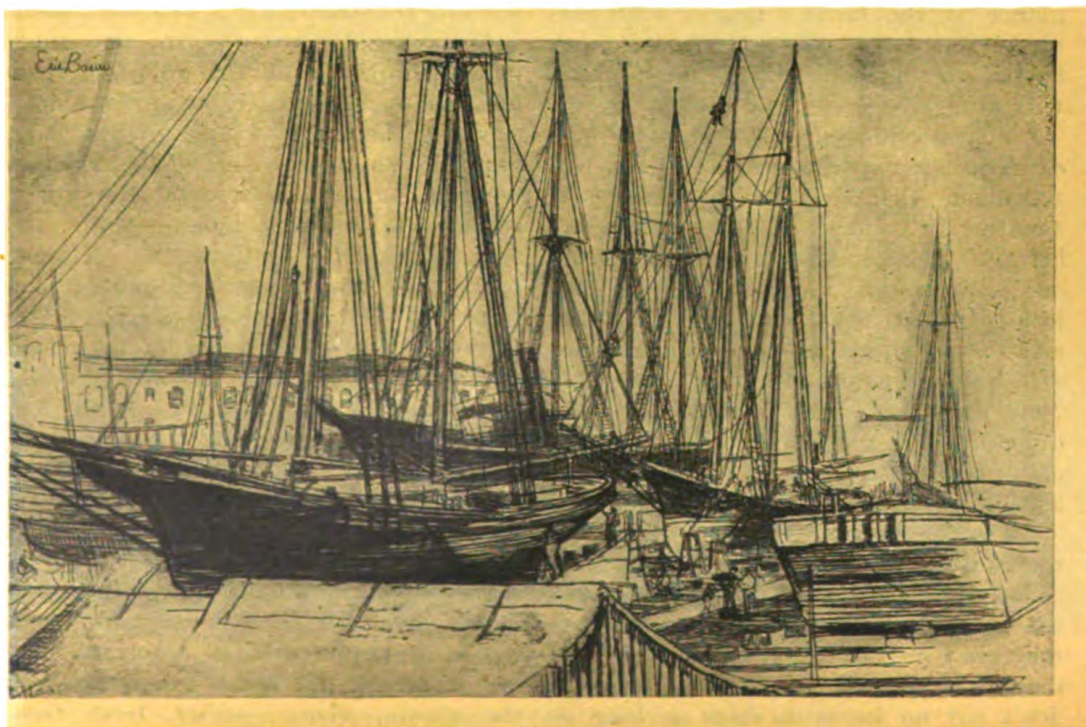
The excitement over, you become absorbed in your fellow passengers. The Italian peasants fresh from the Island, with tickets attached to them indicating their destination, clutching their wretched bundles; the elderly weather-beaten stoic of the water-front, scowling disdainfully; the tired, hoarse gentleman with the pinpoint pupil and the marble eye, "wanted" at police headquarters and wisely on the move; the "street man" with his little tray containing tubes of sodium to light your pipe with; and add to this nondescript humanity a few free-lunch victims—and you have your fellow passengers in this derelict of a horse-car that bumps its spasmodic way from the Battery to the market.

"Yes, sir," begins the sodium-man,

cheerfully, oblivious to the fact that nobody has spoken, "each bottle contains twenty-five lights . . . and the more wind the merrier. All you have to do is to put a piece in your pipe and spit on it. No more standin' 'round waitin' fer the wind to stop . . . on the street *and* in the parlor where the ladies can't stand fer the smell o' sulphur *it* takes the place o' matches."

You might easily lose sight of your mission—a visit to the market—and drift along in this interesting company to the East River Bridge, but something more material than mere intuition—a fresh gust blowing from the east, pregnant with meaning—tells you that you have reached your destination.

The roar of an interminable procession of wagons and trucks rolling along the broad open quays, the throng of men in greasy, fishy coats and great top-boots rushing about opening barrels, the arcade and its pyramids of oyster-baskets, flanking the street, the endless shuffle of the crowd passing to and fro beneath the flapping awnings, the secluded "quick-lunch" room with predigested "sinkers" at excursion rates, and the innumerable booths with their chaotic assortment of



FISHING-SMACKS UNDERGOING REPAIRS IN DRY DOCK



tools, pipes, tobacco, woollen caps and socks, shirts and scarfs, half hidden by the group of idlers, and the lofty proportions of the Brooklyn Bridge beyond towering above it all in the misty drowsiness of a midsummer sky, give to the market a peculiar distinction—a *cachet* of its own.

"But the smell and all those slippery crawling things!" objects your artist friend of the French peasant school, whom you have dragged hither by force. It is true the place smells; and in spots crabs run rampant like magnified spiders, first in boxes, then gambolling gleefully along the pavement, only to be dropped back into one of the many barrels that line the street. But even these crawling, evasive things should not be condemned too hastily—a chat with Billy Edwards, fish-dealer, philosopher and naturalist of the market, will show you that they exhibit at times characteristics that seem to be almost human.

There are the hypocritical, philosophic crabs—demure-looking things that sit by the hour gazing wistfully into the blue sky, patiently awaiting an opportunity to attach themselves to anything pliable. A crab like this is a mountain of pent-up energy, according to Billy, and a glance at the latter's fingers will convince the most sceptical person that he has substantial reasons for speaking with authority.

"You see, it's this way," he says, indicating a large specimen: "After he's ben settin' out there in the sun bakin' and sweatin' for a couple o' hours, he's full o' hell, just like a human . . . and that nervous with holdin' himself in, tryin' ter look pleasant, that when he do freeze on to you, you git the combined pressure of a whole gineration o' crabs. See? . . . Now with them that's in the bar'l it's different." A glance in the barrel discloses a confused mass of writhing crabs bent on destroying one another.

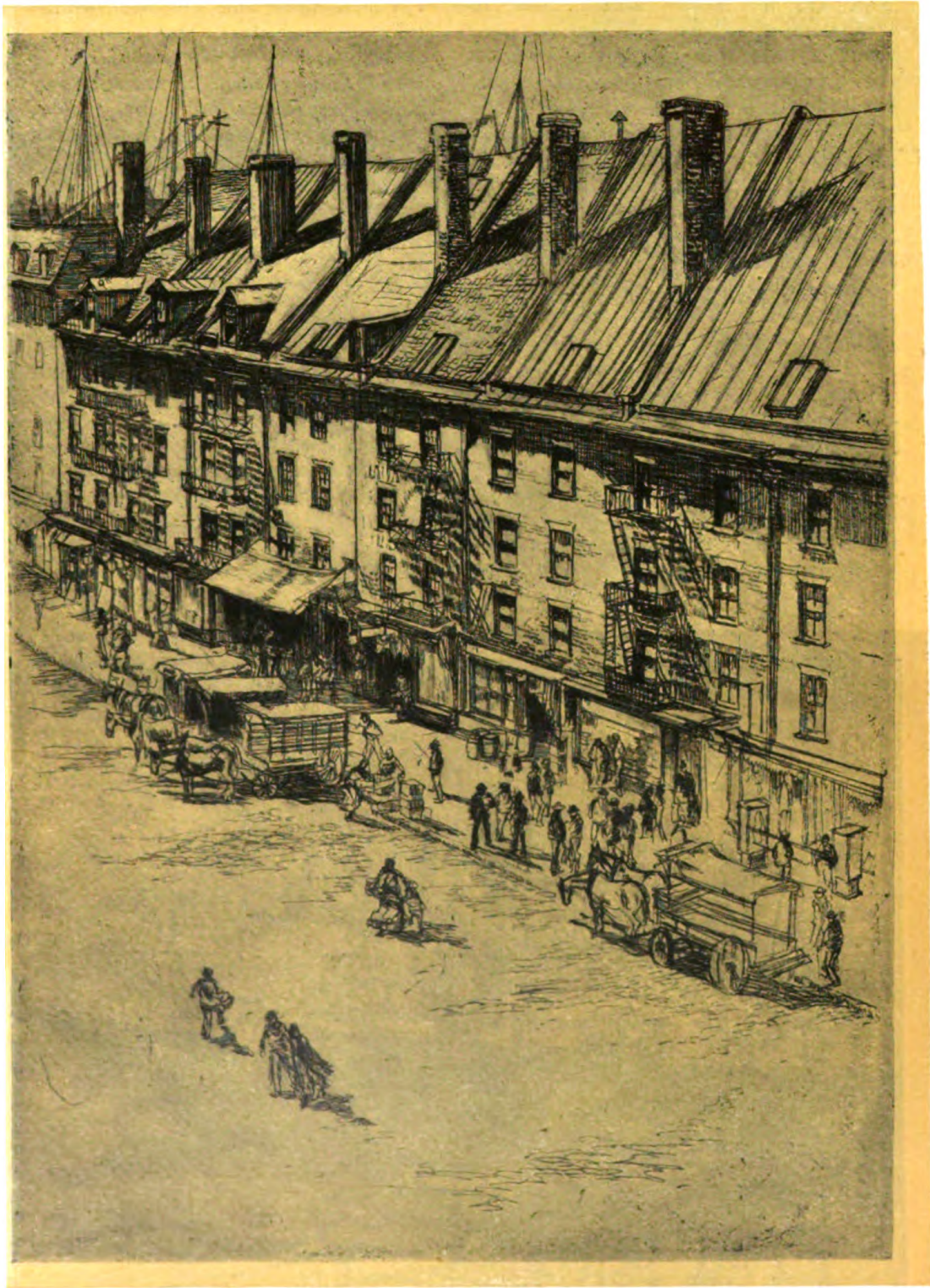
"They're overdoin' it and exhaustin' themselves with overwork, and when it comes to a good show-down they ain't got the grip, like them quiet ones, because they ain't in trainin'; it's the excitement they're after, and missin' legs or arms don't cut no ice with them as long as they git what they're after; but when it comes to handlin' them quiet ones that

sets scratchin' themselves in the sun without sayin' a word, an ammytoor had better use boxin'-gloves, or he'll feel as if some one had laid hold o' him with a red-hot monkey-wrench . . . see?"

You cross the street to the iron loggia opposite, where the wholesale business of the market is transacted amid a furious activity, in which boxes are wrenched open, strewing their contents about apparently at random; where men shout hoarsely for ice, and monstrous-looking fish are weighed and quickly seized by these toilers of Fulton Market, who splash merrily, in their great top-boots, through the puddles underfoot, as they go about their business of distributing it to the trade.

Like most of New York's picturesque spots, the market's real significance does not reveal itself at first glance; and one might pass for weeks at a time before discovering that in the shadow of the market, completely screened from the street, nestles one of the most delightfully picturesque bits of New York. So effectively is this concealed that it is not until you follow the adjacent pier, through a throng of men who rattle past, pushing hand-trucks top-heavy with their load of oysters, that you come upon the market's *pièce de résistance*.

Moored side by side, in the angle or basin formed by the adjoining pier and the market, their bowsprits almost scraping the latter's walls, are the long, graceful fishing-schooners of the Gloucester and Hatteras fleet, with a crowd of seamen busily engaged in unloading the cargo of herring or mackerel. Hoarse orders are shouted; ice is demanded in a long-drawn howl of despair; pulleys rattle; baskets creaking under their load of fish rise from the depths of the hold to be seized by two sturdy seamen and swung over the port-rail, there to be caught by the men balancing themselves on the slippery floats below and dragged across to the market. The movement here is irresistible. Tugs arrive, preceded by extraordinary profanity; men bustle about, a line is cast in somewhere, and presently a schooner slips her moorings and glides gracefully into the stream, where another, fresh from the "Banks," waits eagerly to occupy her berth.



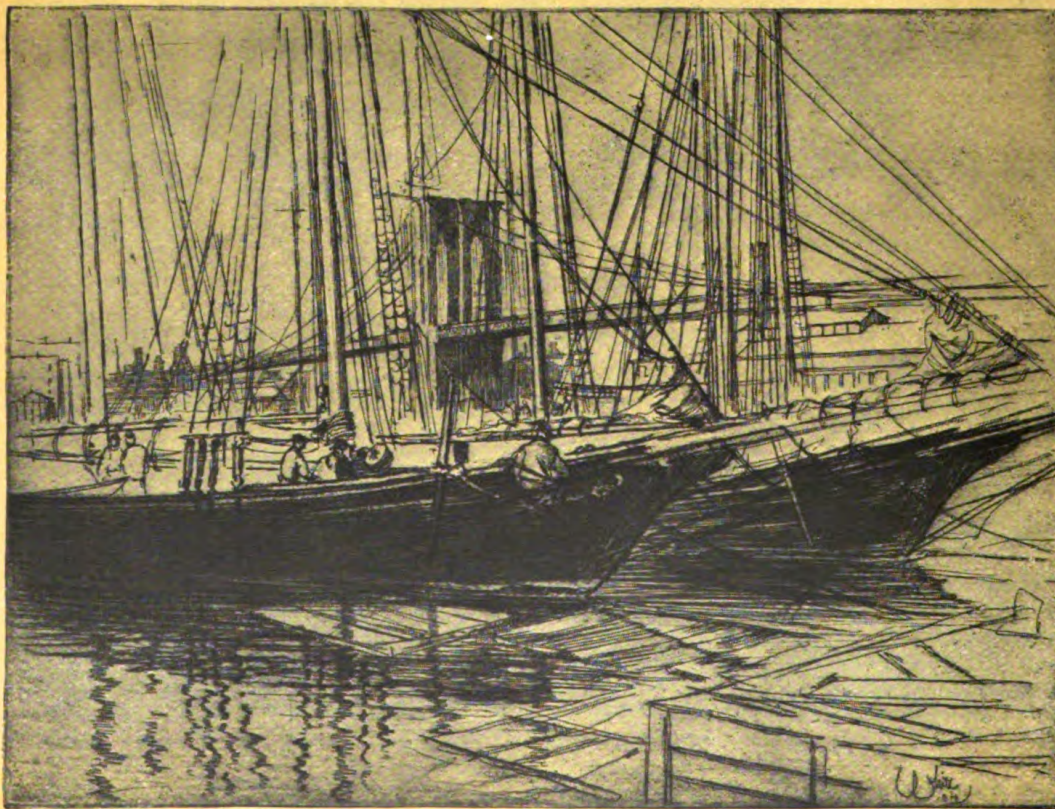
OLD-FASHIONED FULTON STREET FACING THE MARKET



Sketching at the market is fraught with almost insurmountable difficulties. You are no sooner seated than the stragglers who have collected to watch the fleet unloading now devote their energies to watching the progress of your work; but this is to be expected. What would Fulton Market be without its little group of connoisseurs? They are as much a part of Fulton Market as the baskets of the mussel fleet. The collarless wise man whispering hoarsely to his friend, "I seen that guy before in Cherry Hill"; the longshoreman out of a job; the nervous shipping-clerk gazing furtively over his shoulder for the boss; the red-haired freckled gentleman with the pear-shaped head, and his bilious-looking friend who sells the rubber spiders on the corner,—yes, even the care-worn commuter, who just missed the ferry, stands with the rest to help you block the traffic, until the local "cop," attracted by the crowd, appears noiselessly upon the scene, expands his chest, spits disdain-

fully, then surveys your audience with a cold clammy eye and the deliberate air of a man inspecting a hybrid vegetable; and remaining thus, long enough to let the full majesty of the law create damp unwholesome atmosphere, turns to you in the hush that has fallen upon a scene once merry, and remarks dryly, through the corner of his mouth, "Say, Jack, it's no wonder the trusts is gettin' rich."

Who said that one should not be subtle with the masses? A quiet little epigram like this will make a crowd wilt and vanish as if the earth had swallowed them. It is as if a cold raw wind from the north had suddenly hit each straggler in the back and remained there to circulate among his underwear. Some cough nervously, others edge away sideways into the shadow. The mild commuter, who stood silently watching the progress of your work, now turns to you with an apologetic "as I was saying"—to cover his embarrassment,—then blushes, trips on his own shoe-lace,



SCHOONERS OF THE FISHING-FLEET LIE SIDE BY SIDE





AN INTERMINABLE PROCESSION OF WAGONS AND TRUCKS ROLLS ALONG

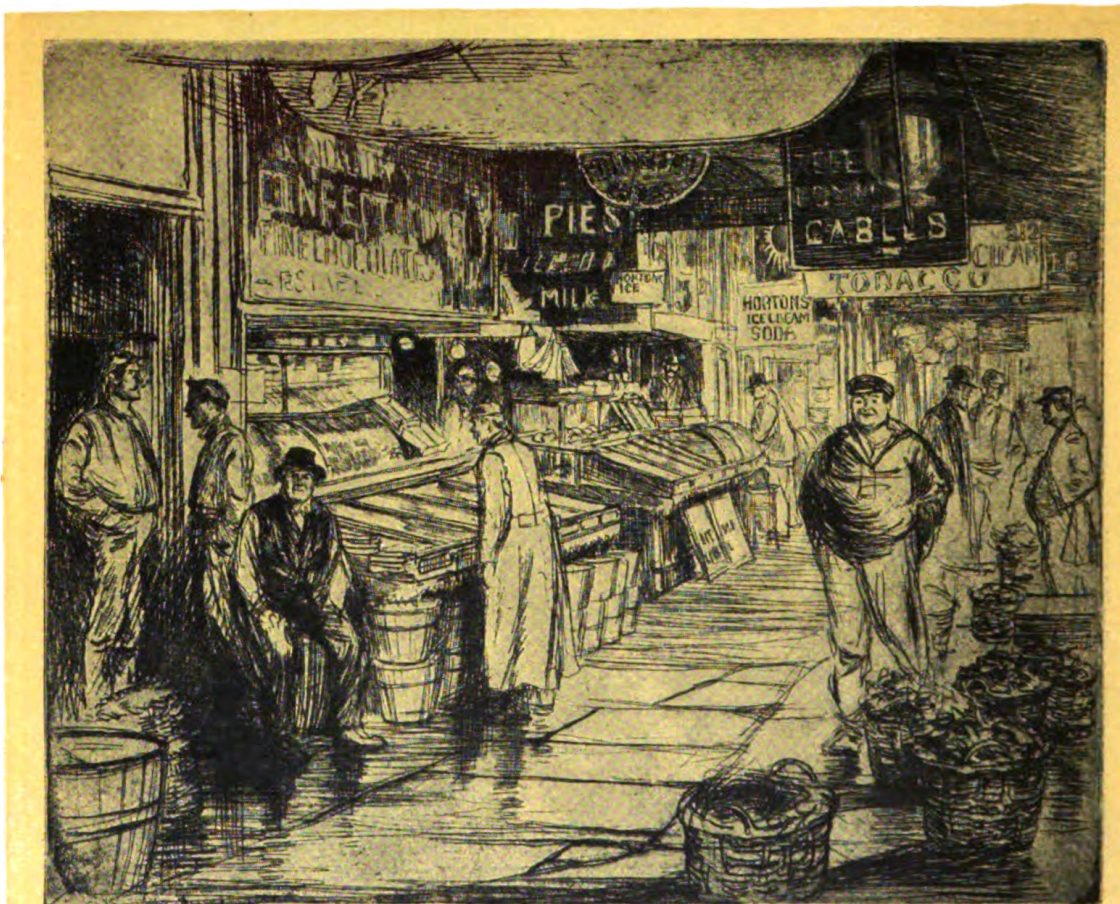
and beats a hasty retreat; while the red-haired freckled man, and his bilious friend of the rubber spiders, chilled to the quick, hasten for further stimulants across the street.

It is not the crowd that makes work so difficult at the market. You become accustomed to them. Neither is it the *blasé* fellow who spits on you from the window above: his apologetic face tells you that it is merely another case of "didn't know the gun was loaded." It is the man in the tug whom you begin to loathe. A person of unerring judgment and of great patience is this vulture of the river, to whom time is no object, for he works on a salary. Secure in his little cabin, in the lee of the adjoining pier, he lies in ambush, noting the progress of your work until its completion is only a matter of an hour or so, and then shouts through numerous speaking-tubes and pounces on your foreground to steal away with it

down the river. There is something depressing in the evident satisfaction with which this pirate of the docks fulfils his mission of shunting foregrounds and shifting middle distances; and it is only the constant repetition of the thing that teaches one to bear it silently. But when this displacing mania is carried to the extent of putting the whole market on wheels and moving it a block farther down to the spot formerly occupied by those delightful oyster-shacks that you intended to sketch this year, which in turn have been moved to Staten Island, it is little wonder that the man who spends his life chasing buildings that move silently along the water-front, or steal around the corner unobserved, learns to thank Heaven when on the morrow he sees the Brooklyn Bridge still in its place.

Fulton Market, in spite of the renovating craze, has still retained much of its





THE FULTON ARCADE

former character. Approached from the river on a late autumn afternoon, this faded-green frame structure might be taken for a bit of Gloucester or Grand Manan. At four o'clock a hush falls on the market; its ponderous doors close with a grating of rusty hinges; bolts slip into place, the loggia is deserted; a rural calm replaces the feverish activity of half an hour ago, and Fulton Market retires for the night.

This is its ebb-tide, when the long, graceful schooners of the fishing-fleet, rising and falling in the wake of the distant river craft, gradually fade into a deep velvety black in the enveloping evening, and a fine golden light sifts through the forest of masts and shrouds; beyond, in the drowsy opalescent haze of the river, the ghostlike proportions of the Brooklyn Bridge sweep majestically into the gray nothingness across the river.

But if Fulton Market retires early, it makes its atonement by rising with the dawn. Long before the port and star-board lights of the river craft are extinguished for the day the market begins to show signs of activity. Thin spirals of blue smoke rise from the galleys of the fishing-fleet, hatchways are opened, a head appears, then another; presently a figure becomes visible on the deck and stretches itself; a pale yellow streak of light in the east sharply outlines a confused mass of spars and tangled shrouds; doors are opened in the market, lights appear in the windows; seamen hurry along the dock, baskets swing in and out with their load of fish, orders are shouted and answered by a distant yell; beneath the electric lights in the iron loggia busy silhouettes of figures bustle about; and after all this comes a long-drawn shout for ice that reverberates



along the docks—the machinery is in motion again!

A healthy, wholesome life like this in the open air, beneath a limitless expanse of sky and flying clouds, the eventful journey homeward, at dusk, along great stretches of quay, rich in ever-changing scene and incident, must be its own reward.

And ruminating thus, you approach Jimmy Fry, first mate of the deep-sea merchantman, near by.

"It must be great sport," you begin, "to be always on the move like you. First Australia and then—"

"Sport?" he shouts indignantly, cutting you short and throwing his "quid" at a stray dog below. "Say! I'd like to get some o' you guys, wot writes about the 'merry sailor' and that sort o' rot, up on the foreroyal-yard furlin' a skys'yl, in a hurricane—at night—with the ship first on her beam-ends, and next minute takin' a pitch for'ard as if yer travellin' ter meet your God forty feet a second. Say! that's the time you wish you had ten arms, and claws on yer feet, to hang onto the foot-ropes with!"

The longshoreman leads a healthy existence, free from dangers like this. Remind him of it when you catch him whistling contentedly, and see him stop apologetically to curse the day he followed his vocation. Jimmy Fry is not the only pessimist; the water-front is thronged with them. But with the captain it is different, you argue; he is omnipotent, and has escaped the pessimistic trend;—lord and master of all he surveys, he at least has good reason to be satisfied with his calling. It is all very well for the mate to seize a belaying-pin and curse and threaten everybody in sight—everybody, of course, except the captain. There is the rub! He alone can curse to a full house; and perhaps it is the knowledge of the one irrevocably empty chair in the auditorium that accounts for much of the mate's peevishness. So you find the captain, busily engaged in sorting over a confused bundle of ship's papers.

"This must be a great life, with the open sea before you and nobody to answer to for your actions!" you begin enthusiastically. His remarks on the seafaring life are not fit for publication. I have yet to meet the man actively em-

ployed at a vocation closely relating to the sea who has a good word to say for it. Once, to be sure, I thought I had found him. It was on the Fulton Street pier, last year, on the spot formerly occupied by the present market. He was a small, venerable old salt, not without considerable dignity in his bearing. His sandy-gray hair and sun-baked skin, his large, bony, calloused hands, and the curious balancing movement with which he swung down the dock to inspect my sketch, unconsciously brought back youthful reminiscences of the story-book mariner; the retired "dernier régime" skipper such as one might have met in the early "seventies," when the Black Ball transatlantic clippers were moored to the old Beekman Street pier, below. He stood for some time absorbed in my work before I began cautiously: "That isn't a bad sort of life—eh?"

It was some time before he answered me; for the sight of the great merchantman drifting gracefully down the stream seemed to evoke a flood of pleasant memories, as he stood gazing after her until she disappeared beyond the bend in the river. Then he spoke enthusiastically of the life, its variety and excitement. There was just a note of regret in his remarks, but in spite of my efforts to draw him out, he was always impersonal.

When I outlined our conversation to Tom Bird, pessimist and involuntary seaman of the bark *Nancy*, he squinted hard at me, then spat upon the ground and replied, "Gewan," in withering accents. But I was not to be put off so easily, and it was with a feeling of conscious superiority that I pointed out my old mariner, who now stood busily engaged with a toothpick at the end of the pier.

"So that's *him*—eh? And that's wot *he* said—eh?" And then Tom Bird's great frame shook from head to foot with uncontrollable merriment.

"Say, Jack," he continued, dryly, gradually regaining his composure, "it's a shame to take an ammytoor like you and fill him full o' hot air. It ain't right nor it 'tain't kind. That's old Blinky Doyle yous been talkin' to—and it's a hot seaman he'd make! Years ago, before he went nutty, he used to run a canal-boat on the Erie Canal!"

# Where Travellers Meet

BY OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR

THE air of the crowded pension dining-room, deliberately overheated in the interests of an ample American patronage, was thickly sweet from the perfume of many bunches of narcissus and heavy with the odors of hot foods. The result was a queer, dizzying blur, through which I could but dimly distinguish old ladies in gray satin and lace caps, taking hot water with their dinner; young women with daring coiffures and vivid bodices, who had a great deal to say of recent excursions into Egypt and the farther East; intelligent, voluble, middle-aged women who through five courses benevolently shared their knowledge of Florentine architecture. . . . It thus became the affair of my right-hand neighbor, who had beamed unaffectedly as I took my seat at table for the first time, to recall me to an exacter consciousness. Miss Nesbit was a *pensionnaire* of long standing; and to pour into a virgin receptacle the highly aromatic essence of the Pension Casini's social life was a function to which her taste and training exquisitely adapted her. I had only, therefore, to incline mutely a receptive ear while the pivot of her sprightly monologue swung steadily about the long table at which we sat. With this intelligence still undigested, I was then made aware of a second dining-room, beyond ours, the occupants of whose half-dozen small tables ranked as the pension's aristocracy. Some, it is true, had bought their way into this rarer air by the payment of two francs extra a day; but there were an exalted few—such as the Baroness von Hohenstein and her daughter—by whom the distinction of the inner dining-room had not thus vulgarly to be purchased.

"Then that, I suppose, is the Baroness," I remarked, when my neighbor finally paused for encouragement—"the lady with the white hair and the old-fashioned prettiness?"

"And the slim, dark creature—I assure you she is years older than she looks—is her daughter: the 'Baronessina,' as our servants call her. This is their fifth winter in Florence—the padrona rents them some rooms up-stairs for very little—and each year the poor mother has done everything that she could to marry off Augusta. They could never live at home and keep up their position—I believe in Germany it is really something to be a von Hohenstein,—for they have scarcely a farthing. And you can see for yourself that Augusta is not so great a beauty that she can dispense with a *dot*.—Oh, it is very pitiful for madame."

Fräulein von Hohenstein's, then, was the only too common misfortune of confirmed ineligibility—a fact which alone would scarcely distinguish her from thousands of more or less hopeful young ladies living cheaply in pensions under the anxious chaperonage of impoverished elderly mammas. Yet, looking more closely, an individuality, kept well in check, seemed to lurk beneath the smooth, ivory subtleties of the girl's face. Her expression, manner, staidly beribboned white wool dress, conformed almost too perfectly with the traditional *jeune-fille* character; it was quite as though the mystifying creature, with her opaque Japanese eyes and almost professionally ingenuous smile, had chosen to appear before our little world in costume.

Dinner over, we straggled into the salon—a long, irregular room, with stuffy, pseudo-Oriental furnishings. In and out its doors briskly passed a few women, conspicuous in crisply waved hair, low-cut gowns and evening cloaks, who, having engagements for the evening, had no desire to escape the sweet, ephemeral prestige this gave them. Those less fortunate were already settling heavily into the comfortable outlines of occasional sofas, where they would remain motionless for the next

few hours, either for the sake of a quite tepid social distraction or for economy of their private stores of fuel. By the latter consideration I surmised that the Baroness and her daughter were influenced. For the unhappy Frau Baroin was meanwhile attempting to mask an expression of chronic distress by one of democratic affability, while a group of American girls cheerfully did their best to establish cordial relations with her by gushing about Wagner. But she, poor lady, did not follow them; for her own part, she preferred old-fashioned melodic opera with a lively little ballet in the third act. And outside, in the hall, the "Baronessina," whose unfrivolous taste commended no such trinkets, indulgently regarded the sale of turquoise and coral ornaments by two merchants from the Ponte Vecchio, admitted thrice weekly to the pension. The scene probably bored her, and I had no doubt that she scorned the vivacious enthusiasm of the bargainners; but she smiled at them, at everybody, with a kind of questioning innocence. The Baronessina began to be interesting.

An unpremeditated acquaintance was the next day established between us. The von Hohensteins' salon was next mine; and the Baroness, returning from her morning walk to find, of all things, what was technically known as a "large basket of wood" within her door, was panic-stricken lest two francs fifty, the price of this unfamiliar indulgence, be added to her bill. Maria, therefore, the sapient housemaid, and from that time on our reliable envoy, was sent to ask the new arrival whether her wood had not by mistake been left with the Baroness; and if so, whether she would not come in person,—first, to identify the fuel; second, to direct its removal. The excursion of identification served to reveal that the atmosphere of the Baroness's salon—a bleak, unsoftened, not too well-aired apartment—was of unmitigated rawness; its stove an empty, futile institution of rusty chill. The rest of the house was so very hot, madame explained in hesitating English, that she and her daughter found it a relief to retire to their cooler apartment. Overheated interiors were so unhealthy. Moreover, Pitti was fairly suffocated by too much heat; he insisted,

indeed, on a cool salon. This led to the introduction of Pitti—a creature of sleek contours and a cross, sleepy face, who had appropriated a generous corner of the salon as his boudoir.

With all their gallant attempts to avoid it, the von Hohenstein surroundings betrayed a poverty that in their view was a thing to be borne in silence and defiantly mantled at the approach of strangers. Though they were in Florence with avowedly social intent, their schedule of distractions was modest. Occasionally Augusta began directly after breakfast to prepare the girlish toilet in which, late in the afternoon, she would accompany her mother to a tea, from which neither returned visibly exhilarated. It was as though they were always expectant, always disappointed; and the Baroness, at least, had grown weak and languid through repetition of the experience. Sometimes they went to the opera; and once to a ball. Poor Augusta's ball-dress was a scanty affair of thin, chalk-white silk, and it hardly gave her the air of being fully clothed. But she applied all her highly concentrated simplicity to her rôle of *débutante*; and the occasion was, after all, a fruitful one. Count Mansueto, of Naples, by an elaborate provision of destiny, was not only present at the ball, but even asked an introduction to the Baroness's daughter.

A week later I met Augusta on the stairs as I was coming up from an early breakfast. She stopped squarely in front of me, and with an expression of infantile unworldliness, began,

"Oh, my dear signorina, I fear we disturb you last evening!"

"Not in the least—"

"But surely you have heard us?—I am distressed over you. The Count Mansueto, who came to call, left somewhat late.—You know, he is the distinguished nobleman of Naples; last week only he came to Florence. I met him at the ball. And, my dear signorina, for two hours last evening he make me declaration on his knees!"

"But that is very romantic. Is he young, beautiful?"

"Ah, well, he is not young; he has no hairs. But"—as though this second fact had a compensating value—"he has

two children! Oh," she added, in girlish rapture, "he is so intense, so impassioned! He loves me very much!"

"And you love him?"

Fräulein von Hohenstein gave an Italian shrug and looked sweetly into the impenetrable distance. "Oh, I cannot tell.—we await renseignements from the Embassy."

It deliciously confirmed earlier impressions of the young woman that she should have been able to refer her decision to the arrival of official certificates. Complete, however, as was her emotional control, the Count's suit was not without its pronounced effect upon her; there were even days when, in privacy, and under the stress of detailed confidence, her hesitating innocence gave way to something almost like vivacity, with distinct indications, here and there, of mature worldly knowledge. Augusta skilfully glossed, in her confidences, the fact that Mansueto's addresses owed a part, at least, of their significance to the inconspicuousness of his competitors; but she could not, with equal readiness, screen her inordinate desire to become the Contessa. After the lapse of a brief interval, the Count called daily. The Embassy's information, I inferred, must have been satisfactory, it so shortly transpired that his suit had been accepted,—with enthusiasm by Augusta, with fluttering anxiety by the Baroness, and with shrill contempt by Pitti.

The announcement was indeed made by the Baronessina herself, who one day came to my door with a handkerchief loosely wrapped about her hand.

"I fear all in the pension notice my hand at luncheon," she began, with an air of gentle alarm. "And yet I must wear the ring until the Count fetch me another."

Here she removed the handkerchief, disclosing a substantial ring set with a single diamond. That she felt an immeasurable satisfaction in wearing the symbol of betrothal, and that her genuine concern was lest the gem were not bright enough to attract general attention, there was no doubt; but she continued:

"You like it, no? I think I do not like it. It is of the first wife." The marriage, she confessed shyly, in leaving, would take place in a few weeks.

Now from the outset one circumstance, and that the predominant one in the life of the von Hohensteins, seriously menaced the lovers' happiness; or would have done so had not Augusta pitilessly taken an attitude which she wished interpreted as maidenly acquiescence.

"The Count does not love Pitti," she once casually informed me; and lest I take the situation too seriously, she added in a whisper: "But what matter? I do not love him, either!"

The Baroness was naturally not so ready to barter an old affection for a new. Pitti's rudenesses to the titled visitor she interpreted, more or less openly, as so many righteous warnings; and when, one afternoon at tea, the little dog jumped at the Count and tore his trousers, the Baroness, far from rebuking her darling, observed indulgently to her guests: "Ah, what will you? He is but a dog!"

Nor did she materially alter her position even when, no later than the next day, the Count took the extreme stand of declaring that his marriage with Augusta was conditioned upon Pitti's complete dissociation with the future *ménage*. And if, as he was reminded, this involved the exclusion of the Baroness also, he declared, Augusta quickly seconding him, that he would then be forced to accept the inevitable.

Under such circumstances as these, it seemed as if the marriage could not too quickly be brought about. The life of the von Hohensteins was even more pinched and chilly, more charged with nameless anxieties, than before the romantic advent of the Count. Torn between her honest maternal solicitude for Augusta, who was to abandon her, and her passionate infatuation for Pitti, who was to solace her declining years, the Baroness passed her days in feverish disquiet. Augusta, meanwhile, at the same time that she declared herself distracted with the labor of preparing a trousseau—of which the poor girl was, after all, never able to display a shred,—really gave herself up to a frenzy of denationalization. The Count's loud distaste for German may have been largely prompted by his ignorance; and Fräulein von Hohenstein's Italian was even yet so halting and schoolgirlish that she felt there was



Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

THE LITTLE DOG JUMPED AT THE COUNT



need of establishing a stabler medium of communication between them. Even with her mother, therefore, the girl would, during these days, speak only Italian or French; her smooth black hair she dressed in a conspicuously Italian mode; and she zealously filled long mornings with an endless series of little Italian songs, sung to her own tinkling accompaniment, and of so desperately gay a measure that it was quite as though some sardonic intent must lurk in them. In her excessive desire to qualify herself, beyond all possibility of reproach, for the coveted station and title, Augusta displayed a thoroughgoing sincerity the moral height of which she perhaps had never before attained.

In our narrow, uneasy, sensation-hungry pension world of Florence marriages were all too uncommon; you would scarcely, said Miss Nesbit, hear of two in a season. How generously, then, did the von Hohenstein engagement magnify, of a sudden, the sober local repute of the Pension Cassini! Our fellow *pensionnaires*, making their daily excursions to Cook's or other public meeting-place, were conscious, from the mere fact of their intimate vantage-point, of wearing a quite especial lustre. Augusta and her mother became, in their way, celebrities, and as such were pointed out daily in the Cascine when they took fat, unwilling Pitti for his walk. Pensions previously vaunted because of an extra hot course at luncheon or because cakes, rather than biscuit, were served with tea in the afternoon, would now have been utterly depleted could the Cassini only have stretched its capacity illimitably. Augusta, by no means unaware of all this, even fell into the way of coming in a little late to dinner with the now passive Baroness; nor was there an eye too languid or engrossed to regard them with a prompt and hungry curiosity. It is far more stimulating to be the object of possibly disagreeable, certainly envious, comment than of pity; and Augusta had endured pity for so long! She smiled, therefore, in the faces of suspected detractors with a quite untainted sweetness,—who of them wore a Count's engagement ring?

The Pension Cassini was so built as to enclose, on three sides, a modest court-

yard. To the inner side, farthest from the street, had been modernly affixed a verandalike projection, made weather-proof in winter by a glass wall, heated by a succession of very hot little stoves and furnished with easy chairs. In this mellow atmosphere, where idle old ladies nodded torpidly and younger ones intermittently embroidered, popular sentiment in regard to the von Hohensteins came into being, took becoming form, and was authoritatively dispensed. From her eminent post as tender of the brew Miss Nesbit would come thrice daily to sit beside me at meals; and through her I was gradually made aware of the resentment developing in the fiery neighborhood of the veranda stoves at what seemed the wanton postponement of the Count's wedding. Or, if not wanton, what adequate cause was there for making the entire pension ridiculous, after it had so generously interested itself, after it had indeed gone so far as to plan its wedding-presents? It is true that there was one prevalent rumor, said Miss Nesbit, cheerfully, to the effect that the Baroness, unable to forgive the now famous impugnement of Pitti's character, had constituted herself an obstacle; that arrangements were at a standstill. And it had also been hinted—Miss Nesbit looked at me sharply—that Count Mansueto had—how should they put it?—an imperfect sense of responsibility; that there was a lady—it was to be understood this was only a rumor—in Venice; and that the veranda would not be surprised if he turned recreant any day. Meanwhile several families whose itineraries, as they called them, demanded their being in Rome for Easter, had already delayed leaving for a vain four weeks, and now felt disposed to challenge the inactivity of the persons responsible for the delay. In short, it was crisply stated, the pension attitude had become extremely definite; either a spectacle must be forthcoming or tickets would be bought at once and trunks packed for Rome or the Riviera.

To one who had apprehended Augusta's own inflexibly resolute state of mind, the cause of the delay seemed indeed deeply impenetrable. In view of the entirely cheerful promptness with which she had thrown over the Baroness

and Pitti at the first hint of their being in disfavor, it was not readily to be surmised what she might consider a genuine obstruction. That it was a question of religion I was in a position to deny; for although the von Hohensteins had for generations stoutly protested against Count Mansueto's church, Augusta airily shed her inherited prejudices on the day following the Count's declaration, and within a week was on the way of becoming a Catholic.

Since the Baroness spoke no Italian, and wished to speak none, and since she had found no one except Pitti and myself with whom she could speak German, the burden of her partial estrangement from her daughter affected her at times to the point of a not unnatural hysteria. And when, one day, the poor lady fell to sobbing in my room, I felt, for the first time, that I hated the fathomless Augusta. "You will forgive me," the Baroness said, in her pretty, clear-cut German,—“it is because I am so very unhappy. I have been unable to sleep for many nights; it is so terrible to be told one is not a good mother. My daughter has no *dot*, and the Count is very greedy. Of the little money that I have I will give my daughter half, but the Count and his friends will not accept it. They say I must give her all, and that I must buy back for them the Count's palace in Naples. It is absurd, what they demand of me,—for if I give them everything that I have, Pitti and I shall starve.”

“But your daughter can surely—”

“Oh, Augusta, she stands always with the Count! You understand, she fears so to lose him. . . . Except for my dear Pitti, I assure you I am already all alone!”

Indeed, no lesser event than the miraculous expansion of the Baroness's poor little fortune now seemed capable of relieving what had become an acutely distressing situation. All day, by the window of the chilly salon, sat the Baroness and Pitti, mingling their miserable tears, and peering vaguely down the bare street for some altogether un conjectured succor; while, like some bright, cruel blade lightly poised above their heads, they beheld Augusta's pitiless resolution to impoverish them. They

were shortly, it is true, by means of stealthy pats and subdued tail-waggings, to share an unholy if short-lived joy. The Count's too stimulating presence removed itself. He had been called to Naples to attend to his estates, explained Augusta, blandly, actually imparting an air of immediate definiteness to the vague statement. Her possibly hopeless crisis must be made to seem casual, expected; so she continued to sing her tinkling Italian melodies, and to meet with an accomplished sweetness the sullen, defrauded manner of the pension residents. Her demeanor of subdued maidenly happiness, as of one who confidently awaits a bridegroom, was of such matchless perfection that one could quite imagine a packet of love-letters beneath her prim German bodice; or could fancy that the Baroness's copious tears, whose ravages she concealed zealously, before each meal, with a thick coat of powder, were attributable to the natural grief of a mother about to part with her only child. It would not perhaps have marred the girl's histrionic triumph had it been known publicly that the Count had never considered it discreet to write love-letters; or that, since his recent sudden departure, he had written no letters at all. As it was, the pension came to overlook, after a day or two, the only too bald fact of the Count's flight; it had been convinced by Augusta's masterly manner that the distinguished suitor's return was expected hourly.

Studying her mysterious serenity, the monstrous question once suggested itself, Had Augusta known from the beginning that the Count desired her purely for the sake of her quite hypothetical *dot*?—and had she, through it all, coolly counted on mustering enough to buy him, believing, perhaps, that, detached from her mother and Pitti, and possessed alone of the money that now had to suffice for two, she might at last become eligible? The suspicion may have been grossly unjust.

Mine was at that time the uncomfortable distinction of being the only confidant of the unhappy von Hohensteins, the only sharer of their unguessed afflictions. For the Count's continued silence Augusta professed to hold her mother accountable; and the poor lady,



AUGUSTA CAME IN WITH AN EFFICIENT STEP

facing the humiliating evanescence of her daughter's ambition, now accused herself of cruel parsimony. Had the Count appeared at this moment, she would have given him her last lira and taken Pitti out upon the street to beg; nor would Augusta have hesitated to accept the sacrifice. "I ruin her life," wailed the mother, in endless repetition. "She will never forgive me." Nor did a lifetime spent in the companionship of the implacable Augusta seem a tolerable prospect.

So secret, meanwhile, were the wise young woman's plans that I was completely surprised by Maria's announcement, one morning, that the von Hohensteins were leaving suddenly for Naples. After some reflection I called at their door to see if I might be of use. The Baroness and Pitti were alone, both sitting on the floor amid a tawdry miscellany which was being fussily transferred from one trunk to another, and had acquired a queer untidy cohesiveness from frequent repetitions of the process; and both seeming even more depressed than these dreary preparations would account for. It was only too plain that Pitti regarded the proposed journey with distrust, as though he were quite aware that the Count was at the other end; and although the Baroness began her story very bravely, she, too, shortly admitted that the expedition was a desperate and, to her mind, foolish measure. To her three letters and two telegrams Augusta had received no reply; and her inspired construction of this silence was that the Count was dead. But the Baroness held, and now tearfully submitted, that this was by no means the conclusion that a self-respecting young woman of unimpeachable traditions would naturally draw. Dead? Why, whatever his failings, the man had the manner of a gentleman, and no gentleman—no German, at least—would elect to die in so underhand a fashion! Gott! these Italians! What could one expect of them in life or death?

Here Augusta came in with an efficient step; and discovering me, assumed a stricken look. She was dressed in black.

"You have heard, signorina?" she demanded. "The dear Count is no longer living. We go to be near him, to see his

face once again. It is so sad. I thank you for your sympathy in our grief."

"Oh, I beg of you to believe he will—recover!"

"Ah, no. I had a vision in the night,—I saw his great, noble spirit. It is a very great grief. I have just now been to arrange for a mass in the cathedral."

When, a few hours later, the von Hohensteins and Pitti left the Pension Cassini, it was my part to stand between them and too searching inquiry; and as they did not wish to retain their rooms, I became, with some ceremony, the custodian of such of their well-worn possessions as were not portable. With no little apprehension, of which, however, the Baroness was the sole object, I bade them farewell, receiving the unhappy lady's promise to write the news of their faring.

Not for ten days, however, did the news arrive;—days during which the pension dared at last openly to flout Augusta's version of her fiancé's disappearance. The glass-walled room bubbled and seethed with suspicious conjecture; while I had it from Miss Nesbit's own lips that the Cassini's prestige was sinking daily, and that, though the season was not yet over, fully a dozen rooms were already vacant. And being myself convinced that Augusta's strategic powers, great as they were, were still not superhuman, I was quite prepared for Madame von Hohenstein's information;—which, was to the effect that the Count was neither dead nor a gentleman; that his extortionate demands were now doubled; and that only in Italy did such scoundrels prey upon innocent women. The Baroness was sure that her dear and always sympathetic friend would repeat no word of this painful intelligence; but, for her sake, would I have the great courtesy to convey to the padrona and to the ladies of their acquaintance in the pension the following message from Augusta?—That because of information now first received in regard to the Count's personal character, the young woman had broken her engagement; that in this position she had remained firm, repeatedly as the Count had sued to be restored to favor; and that, in consequence of her virtuous cruelty, Mansueto now lay seriously ill of disappointment,—of what we in English called a broken heart.

# Comrades

BY LAURENCE HOUSMAN

I ROSE up when the battle was dead,  
I, the most wounded man of us all!  
From the slain that fell, to the living that fled,  
Over the waste one name I call.

Thou whose strength was an oak that branched,  
Thou whose voice was a fire that burned,  
Thine the face that the fighting blanched,  
Thine the heart that the tumult turned!

Had I, belovèd, when swords swept measure,  
Had I but reached thee, and slain thee then:  
Then in thy death had my soul found pleasure,  
Counting thee dead as a man with men.

Then with the peace, when the fight was ended,  
Men would have asked, and I would have said,  
"Yonder he lies whom once I befriended,  
Sharing his rest in the ranks of the dead."

Ghosts of the riders, ghosts of the ridden,  
Here keep tryst for the loves that died;  
Thou alone of all loves art hidden,  
Never again to be near my side.

Here, beloved, when the fight has slackened,  
I rise up, and a sword is mine!  
Over the mounds with dead men blackened,  
Ever my soul makes haste for thine.

Though thou lurk in the caverns beneath,  
Though thou crouch by the moaning sea,  
I am a sword that leaps to its sheath,  
Never at rest till I find out thee!

Oh, poor soul, all the night unstanchèd,  
Poor heart, couched in a shameful breast,  
Thou, whose face at the fighting blanched,  
Out of the battle I bring thee—rest.



## Editor's Easy Chair.

I N a world so busy as this it is well that even Shakespearian controversies should be rapidly superseded by other interests, and that so important a contention as Mr. Bernard Shaw's that he can and does write, when he likes, as good poetic drama as Shakespeare, or better, should have ceased, in four short months, to occupy the public mind. His dissentients (for they were hardly anything so unfriendly as antagonists) mostly took his frankness, delightful and refreshing always amidst the prevalent mock-modesties, in the right spirit, and whether they were convinced or unconvinced, did not quite hold him to the letter of his contention. So far as we remember, the deadly parallel was not used against him; there was no comparison, as there might have been, of passages from the plays of the two dramatists to prove that the elder was the finer poet; and we shall certainly attempt nothing of the kind at so late a day as this, when, as we have been rejoicing, the whole matter is forgotten. If we relume in September the charred wick of the brief candle which burnt itself out in April, it is to turn its fitful ray on a point or two not in dispute between Mr. Shaw and his dissentients. We find ourselves directly little concerned in the question whether he is, at will, greater than Shakespeare or not, though we should be glad to have him or any other greater, for we can never have too many men actually or potentially outdoing Shakespeare. Hitherto it has been thought difficult, but that is no reason why it should be impossible, and at the present time the need of some such superiority is pressing among the dramatists who have almost driven Shakespeare from the stage.

Mr. Shaw's assurance that he has repeatedly surpassed Shakespeare, we provisionally accept as blithely as it is given. But what is perhaps more cheering, and perhaps less susceptible of dispute, is Mr. Shaw's indirect and impersonal affirmation of the manifold imperfections of a poet who is, in spite of them, probably first among the immortals. The wise uneasiness of Ben Jonson, who wished

that, instead of never blotting a line, Shakespeare had blotted a thousand, has unfortunately been lost in the idolatrous zeal of the succeeding generations of his worshippers. Unless you have the bold gayety of Mr. Shaw to charm their fury, you incur the penalty of sacrilege in saying, for instance, that there are certain plays of Shakespeare's which you would rather not have written, though you would be willing to have written some passages in them. With the Shakespearolaters, all he has done is consecrated by the best he has done, which is, indisputably, the best that has ever been done, whatever Mr. Shaw may do hereafter.

This is measurably the case with every classic. When a saint is canonized, his sins are not, so to say, transatured; they remain sins, and never become part of the devotion of the religious. But when a poet is immortalized, in anything like the Shakespearian fulness, his blemishes are seen beauties, or at least blinked; and then, instead of a majority of mild agnostics, who say they do not know whether his blemishes are beauties or not, we have a multitude of insensate zealots adoring in him an unqualified perfection, with here and there a furious unbeliever raging forth blasphemies, or a boisterous sceptic breaking into Homeric laughter at the expense of Homer himself, if he happens to be the classic question. This is very unseemly, but it probably does not inconvenience Homer; he continues to nod in comfort; it is the worshippers of his impeccable perfection who suffer, not from the scoffing of the others, but from their own praying. Their mental attitude, so far as it is conscious, is wholly immoral. It is not only the privilege, it is the duty of any one whose heart mis-gives him of a classic, to own his lapse of faith. Far from persecuting the doubter, the worshippers should lend him part of the praise they lavish upon their idol.

There is no harm in the classics, as there is none in the saints, so long as it is clearly understood that they became what they are largely in spite of themselves, and are, so to speak, almost as innocent of their virtues as they are

guilty of their vices. Shakespeare probably did not know it when he was writing what is Shakespeare, but he was fully aware when he was writing what is not Shakespeare. Probably he could not have said where his best came from, or honestly claimed it for his own. He would have known that it was not Ben Jonson's, because it could not have been; but he might have thought it Marlowe's, or Webster's, or Beaumont and Fletcher's. He might have ended by recognizing it as the effect of one of those subliminal processes in himself, which may well restore to a poet the faith in inspiration.

We do not say, to every poet, for Mr. Shaw in his claim of an actual and potential superiority to Shakespeare, the minor Shakespeare, seems to have had a very present sense of creating the surpassing passages when he was at it, with, as it were, one hand tied behind him. His ultimate difference from Shakespeare may be found to lie in the fact that when he was excelling Shakespeare he knew he was doing it; while Shakespeare, when he was excelling Mr. Shaw, did not know he was doing it. But this mystical detail must not keep us, especially as it implies a seriousness out of harmony with the general tone of our inquiry.

We should lose half the delightfulness of what Mr. Shaw has said of Shakespeare as a rival poet if we took it altogether seriously, but we think we may without so much loss allow ourselves to be more seriously, if still not quite seriously, interested in what he says of Shakespeare as a fellow citizen. It was certainly Shakespeare's business to amuse the houses at the Globe theatre, and Mr. Shaw does no more than affirm, at the utmost compass of his excess, that Shakespeare was strictly *business*. From all the little we know of him he was a poor player, but he was a very good actor-manager and actor-dramatist, and whether or not he kept the other eye on the temple of fame, he certainly kept one eye on the box-office when meditating his immortal scenes. The divine light of Utopia had then scarcely dawned upon the world, and it is not for us who now bask in its effulgence to blame him for a hard, low, individualistic ideal of life. From all the little we know of him, we cannot be so sure as Mr. Shaw seems,

"that like most middle-class Englishmen bred in private houses . . . he took it for granted that all inquiry into life began and ended with the question, Does it pay?" But it appears certain that he was not in the Globe theatre for his health, and it looks very much as if he ran the Elizabethan drama for what there was in it. From all the little we know of him we cannot, with any great alacrity, join Mr. Shaw in blaming him for his wish to get back to Stratford, and there having purged himself of his Bohemian past, to live cleanly like a gentleman in the shelter of a very respectable family tree. We will not deny ourselves the pathos of supposing a poetical heart-hungering, a divinely implanted homesickness, in him, working his return from his London exile. But there is nothing in the plays which, with their manifold imperfections, remain the mightiest and beautifullest work of man, to show the sort of feeling for other men which Mr. Shaw denies in him, when he affirms "his complete deficiency in that highest sphere of thought, in which poetry embraces religion, philosophy, morality and the bearing of these on communities, which is sociology."

Here, indeed, it might be urged in Shakespeare's behalf that the sociologist and the poet have seldom been one to their common advantage, and in the most signal instance of their union, say, Victor Hugo, they have not been a supreme success. Something more of assent might be given to the position that Shakespeare was a pessimist, though one might hesitate Mr. Shaw's epithet of vulgar. It would be easier, if one were of obscure origin and humble employ, and found oneself always heaped with scorn and never helped with sympathy in one's hard conditions by Shakespeare, to add cynic to pessimist. Hearts before Shakespeare's time, as well as hearts in his time, had been and were touched by the sorrow wrought to common men by their betters, and even stirred to revolt by the man-made inequalities which never moved Shakespeare to a kind or brave word.

He could say that if he had spoken the word it would spoil the pleasure of the time, and he might be very right. He could contend against Mr. Shaw that if "his characters have no religion, no

politics, no conscience, no hope, no convictions of any sort," that he was putting it extremely, but that allowing for much truth within the extremes, it was not in this or that plan of his to deal with people so qualified. To this Mr. Shaw, as another artist, could have nothing to say. He would have to allow that, quite as much as the artist chooses his theme, his theme chooses the artist, and that then the artist's duty is to do his best by it. Still, in that half of the case in which the artist and not the theme does the choosing, Mr. Shaw might insist upon his accusation, and Shakespeare could only reply that if he was lacking in that sort of humanity which men now call altruism, he was not without compassion for princes, and pity for unfortunate persons in high places. If he had nothing but contempt for tinkers and weavers and joiners, and commonly attributed low traits to low conditions, he could say that he was strictly of his period in this, and that it took quite three hundred years to fix a different point of view for the poet. No man, he might urge, could be for all times without being distinctly of his own time, and he could not have become so sufficingly a Victorian Englishman without having been so perfectly an Elizabethan Englishman. Actuality, which his plays are so full of, was, he could say, subjective as well as objective, and he could not show forth so wonderfully what Mr. Shaw calls the blackguardly and the bombastic as he saw it all around him, without also seeing it within him. He might add that this was measurably true of every literary artist.

Shakespeare would probably own, if personally brought to book by our finer morality, that he was, with all his infinity, extremely limited. He might confess that there were things he had not dreamt of in the philosophy of life. Perhaps he would allow that in his pre-occupations as actor-manager and actor-dramatist, consorting habitually with the literary Bohemians of his London, and occasionally graced with the company of courtiers and the notice of royalty, there were certain aspects of his fellow men which had escaped him. But he could say, that so far as he had been advised by the theory and practice of literature,

princes and nobles were alone worthy of tragedy, and that he had behaved rather handsomely in admitting persons of lower condition into their company in the same action, as foils to their dignity, and that this innovation was analogous to what in Mr. Shaw's time would be anarchistic. As to the unreligious, unpolitical, unconscientious, unhopeful, unconvicted, and unsociological nature of his characters, again, he could say that he had supposed they would do their office for the edification of the spectator, and ultimately the reader, all the better for being warnings rather than examples. He might add that he hoped Ruskin was entirely right in noting that there were no heroes in his plays, and that he took this censure as a testimony to their truth, there being no heroes in life, or none at least that life was not the worse for.

In his poor, seventeenth-century sort, Shakespeare could make out a case, and his case should not be invalidated by the foolish fanaticism of his worshippers, who would see no defect in him. He might well stoop from his altar and entreat that ridiculous rabble to be done with their service of praise, and to own him human and full of errors, not inconsistent with the merits of what he had had the luck to do, or the chance to do. If he could once drive his thick and thin adorers from his presence, a saner concourse might replace them, and in this it would not be surprising to find Mr. Bernard Shaw himself. After all, it is the greatest human presence, and in it is the highest exaltation, the serenest repose. In it, one can lose oneself as in no other, and to lose oneself is the greatest possible gain. No mere hedonist can work the miracle for us, and if the actor-manager, actor-dramatist of the Globe theatre can do it three hundred years after his mortal day, we shall not begrudge him his gate-money, and his getting back to the comfort of it at Stratford. He may have been of a low ideal, the mere hedonist Mr. Shaw imagines him (for the confusion of the Shakespearolators as we imagine), and in immediate effect he may have been only the master of the revels that Emerson reproaches him for being, but unconsciously and mediately he is such an interpreter of man to himself as we have not yet looked on the like of.

## Editor's Study.

A NOW venerable writer, and from the first a deservedly successful one, several years ago introduced us to a group of his friends as the only editor who had ever declined a short story of his. Within a few years after he entered the literary field he had written at least three short stories which have become "classics"; they were brilliantly clever. For a generation all other editors of periodicals as well as ourselves were his beggars. No American writer was ever besought with greater importunity. His contributions were usually first offered to us, because, as he said, he always had a response, with the accompanying check, by return mail; and on the rare occasions when these coveted offerings were not accepted it was probably not because the stories were poor, but because, in our judgment, they were, for some other equally good reason, undesirable.

We might very properly, and we certainly should, have declined a story by this author or by any other, however famous, if it failed to meet our reasonable expectations, pitched, perhaps, on even a higher key than those of our readers. These famous writers, whom we relentlessly pursue with every ingratiating allurements, have come to have certain expectations of their own, so that their attitude is as imperative as ours is postulant. Not that they lack modesty. There is a kind of writer addicted to the browbeating of publishers and editors, which is, or ought to be, as vain as it is unseemly; but the writer who has real distinction—that one who is the object of our most vigilant solicitation—is not only worthy of our zealous quest, but is never overweening or self-confident. He has the right to infer from the exigency of the demand for his high services to literature that he has within himself a treasury adequate to meet the drafts upon it. He has a market value, not fixed by his own demands so much as by the offers he receives. He has fairly won his vantage-ground and his expectations are just and are cheerfully met.

But there are two kinds of periodical

market for the successful writer: one in which he is sought for his real distinction as a maker of literature; and another which competes for him simply because his name has acquired a commercial value. The latter kind of market is in many ways demoralizing.

The author who regards the disposition of his writings as wholly a mercantile transaction—as he well may if he is prompted solely by a mercenary motive in writing at all—feels no humiliation from such an association, but the few writers whose chief aim is the excellence of their art are keenly sensible of another element involved, an inestimable quality not to be parted with at any price. This rare quality of distinction is so highly esteemed by the publishers of the best magazines that the writers possessing it are better paid than those who are more popular yet wholly mercenary. These writers are offered extravagantly higher rates to divert them from their proper course, but they are seldom diverted. Those who yield to the sordid lure are apt to take the next step in self-degradation—that of doing inferior work, especially as the lesser excellence is likely to have the greater value to a periodical which cares only for the name and not for what it represents to that more exacting constituency which has given it distinction and which, by demanding the best, holds the author to that requirement. The same process which tends to elevate a lower kind of literature tends, unfortunately, also to degrade the highest.

It is a matter, then, which concerns the writer more than any one else—this fine instinct of relationship. From long experience the editor of this Magazine knows how naturally this relationship is begun with the new author, and how sedulously it is cultivated, eliciting every honorable quality which commands mutual respect and consideration. In his memory that which made it a business relation sinks into insignificance beside the personal sentiments that have made it a life, brightened by joint triumphs and exalted by worthy ideals. Some writers from a

feeling of special loyalty maintain an inseparable allegiance to the magazine of their first choice, or which first claimed them by right of discovery, while others, equally respected, range freely in the whole field of the best periodical literature, impartially distributing their offerings as circumstance may dictate, but prompted by no motive inconsistent with self-respect; they still keep within the bonds of the larger association devoted to the highest ideals.

Within these natural limitations the legitimate rewards of authorship are very much larger than ever before. The competition of publishers who are paying for essential values and not merely for distinguished names is held within reasonable bounds, and whatever benefit thus accrues to the author is honorably his due. In the present conditions of publication, publishers of good literature, in books or in periodicals, would be compelled either to lower their standard or to retire from the business, but for the fact that some of the best writers are also among the most popular, without any accommodation to an uncultivated sensibility, because to the fine quality of their imaginative work is added not only the most effective artistic expression, but also a marvellous dramatic power. If also there is the enhancement of an exquisite and sympathetic humor, the author has the whole polite world at his feet. Such writers command the great prizes, and are not only the pride of the fastidious publishers, but, as we have said, their salvation.

When all has been said, it comes to this, as far as magazines are concerned, that the best of them must insist upon the thing rather than the name, to such an extent, indeed, that they more eagerly welcome the thing without the name. Hence the inconsistency of the claim sometimes made by an author, and made with every appearance of modesty, that his reputation, fairly won, entitles him to the unquestioned acceptance of a contribution which an editor has in general terms solicited. As a writer of marked distinction puts it: "I, years ago, ceased to submit stories 'on approval.'" Another writer, of equal distinction and greater popularity, claims that only on the ground of moral impropriety can an ordered story

be declined. Still another makes it a condition that his stories shall be paid for, at the price agreed upon, on the delivery of the copy—that is, before the editor has the privilege of even reading it. The assumption is that, in such a case, the author must be the sole judge of the acceptability of his story. The position, frankly and honestly enough taken, manifestly puts the editor at an unfair disadvantage, and would probably never be assumed but for the sanction given it by the custom of periodicals which are confessedly satisfied to secure the distinction of the author's name irrespectively of the intrinsic value of his contribution.

So reprehensible a custom cannot safely be followed by any literary magazine, and, if the author's claim in this respect is insisted upon, it is no longer possible for the editor of such a magazine to solicit contributions. It is not fitting that he should ask as a favor something wholly denuded of its grace by conditions which reduce the proposed transaction to a bargain in which he alone is required to show faith and to incur risk.

Why should not the author have as much confidence in editors known for their fair dealing with all of his guild as they are expected to have in him? In requesting his contribution they show all the confidence in his reputation and ability which could reasonably be expected on their part, and unless insincerity is to be wantonly imputed to their solicitation, they are not likely to ask what they would arbitrarily or unregretfully decline. Every presumptive advantage is on the author's side, and he sets his own price. It is certainly fair that upon him should rest the responsibility for the satisfactory character of his own performance, as something not only commensurate with his distinction and with his compensation but presumably in like degree desirable to the periodical it is intended for. Since there is nothing in the editor's attitude to occasion apprehension, the author makes it appear, by his insistence upon a one-sided bargain, that he is hedging against his possible ill performance. This is not really his conscious attitude—our great authors are not of that ilk. They do write unevenly, and some of them sometimes disappoint reasonable expectations, in which



cases they take an unfair advantage if they push their bargain. It would be an exceptional instance if an attempt were made to palm off upon the editor a notably worthless production, though against that instance he deserves an adequate defence. The conscientious writer will not offer for publication a story which does not at least meet his own high requirements; but not the less should those of the editor also be met. There may be reasonable objections to a work of fiction on other than moral grounds and not at all affecting its excellence as a literary production. The expression may be perfect in form and charm, with every characteristic feature of the author's art and power, and yet the effect, conceived and developed in some unhappy mood, may be wholly and unrelievedly depressing—something more to be deprecated than the most poignant tragedy. The editor expects not only the lights but the shadows of life in fiction,—needs the shadows, indeed, for the perfect harmony of even a holiday number, but he must eschew the dismal and forbidding. Again, with every felicity of style, a highly imaginative writer may be borne by his phantasies into a world hermetically sealed from the ordinary reader, and his elusive creation be, for the editor's use, as undesirable as it is unexpected.

The greatest peril of the one-sided agreement is incurred in dealing with an author who writes, perhaps once a year, a very good short story and, in between, others which are indifferent, when the editor's venture must be that of the gambler—which is likely to have a demoralizing effect upon him.

Any one of our best magazines has, or should have, a prestige transcending that of any one individual author; but this can be maintained only by the editor's absolute freedom of choice. Always by preference he accepts a really good story from an unknown writer rather than a poorer or even an indifferent one from the most celebrated living author. He should never place himself in a position involving the possible surrender of this freedom of choice.

The intercourse between editor and contributors is nearly always free from un-

pleasantness of any kind. A gracious dignity prevails in its most casual contacts. In no other market for the exchange of values is there such fellowship, through devotion to a common purpose transcending the commercial transaction. The market-place is circumscribed by a temple which no publisher can pretend to own, and which the writer enters by divine grace and privilege. The medium of exchange, the "coin of the realm," is a mere incident which seems abashed at its own presence. Here life is more than livelihood; and there is something in this presence which overawes even the desire for fame.

To the author, whether novitiate or fully initiated, the fellowship in these mysteries, the participation in that power which creates all forms of beauty, is the supreme glory. He cannot sell and no one can really buy his creations. Five pounds for *Paradise Lost* is not a more ridiculous pretence of apprizement than five million would be.

The graces of authorship are as impressive as its inestimable worth, and the greatest of these is modesty, which in fine literary work we call reserve, and which in the divinely invested market-place connotes the author's sensibility to that investment. Thus have appeared to us all the great authors we have known, till we are wont to recognize them by this sign. And our response is absolute deference. For, while the editor lays stress upon his freedom—not as due to himself but as essential to such service as he can render in the beautiful temple—he fully acknowledges his utter dependence upon the creative genius of his contributors, through which alone his subsidiary offices to literature can be accomplished. The significance of his work, in selection, in harmonious adjustment, in the editing of manuscripts, depends upon his sense of real values; but all that he does means very little in comparison with the priceless values themselves, for which he is entirely dependent upon the favor of authors, who furnish the whole content of the periodical of which he determines only the standard they make possible and the form and proportion of their combined strains in the orchestral harmony.

# EDITOR'S DRAWER

## Julius

BY SEWELL FORD

ONCE, and once only, was I very near to assisting at the launching of a genius. It was just my luck to miss it. But miss it I did. So to-day I cannot "point with pride." I can merely tell how near I came.

The honor was not of my seeking. Mrs. Cubbles herself began consulting me about her Julius. The compliment was unmerited, of course. It was flattery, sheer flattery. I knew it. Mrs. Cubbles knew it. But then, I was Mrs. Cubbles's best customer. She kept the post-office store in Cedarton, and I bought from her, besides ink and daily papers, sometimes as many as five magazines in a month. Still, it was generous of her to share with me the secrets of destiny as exemplified in the career of Julius.

Julius was her son. She always tried to make the admission modestly, as one who abhors boasting.

"My son, Julius," she would say. Then she would pause a little, her wide-set blue eyes lowered reverently, a deeper red flaming in her Baldwin-apple cheeks. It almost amounted to a ceremony, this pause, like bowing the head before a shrine.

They lived in some little rooms over the post-office, she and Julius. Years before there had been a Mr. Cubbles. This I learned from the gossiping whittlers in the back room of Ashton's general store. They referred to him, the whittlers did, as "Wabby Dick" Cubbles. Why "Wabby" I did not ask. Mrs. Cubbles never spoke of him. Her words were always of Julius and his career.

In the beginning, I must admit, I could not share the confidence which Mrs. Cubbles enjoyed as to the predestination of Julius for fame. To my careless eye he seemed no more chosen for greatness than any one of the dozen other Cedarton youths, whose chief occupation appeared to be the supporting of the post-office front at mail-time and lounging about the pool-room next door be-



USUALLY HE HAD HIS FEET BRACED AGAINST THE CASING

tween mails. But eventually Mrs. Cubbles corrected this unjust view.

"He is to be a lawyer," she confided across the counter as I made my Saturday settlement.

"There should be an opening for him here," I suggested. "Cedarton, you know, is the county-seat."

"Oh, Julius doesn't mean to be one of that kind," Mrs. Cubbles hastened to say. "They get only the cases of baymen who've been caught tonging on private beds or shooting ducks from boats. Julius will go to the city. He will be employed by big railroads and trusts and concerns like that. Of course, he must begin here. He starts to read law Monday morning with Squire Truegate. And I do hope that when Julius gets to the city he will keep out of politics, and not let them send him to Congress or make him Governor. Political campaigns are so wearing on a man's health, and Julius is not overstrong. There's no telling, though. Julius is so ambitious. I believe he has already half made up his mind to go to Congress."

After that, of course, I regarded Julius with more interest than I had previously bestowed upon him. It is not often one may knowingly watch the unfolding of a mighty intellect, examine a statesman in the bud. So, as I left the post-office that morning, I

took pains to single out Julius from among the row of loungers.

"How are you, Julius?" said I, in my friendliest tone.

He nodded a bit patronizingly in return, being barred from vocal acknowledgment, I suppose, by the cigarette which hung from one corner of his mouth.

There was enough of Julius for almost any purpose. He was not an ill-favored young man, either. He had good features. Save for a slight frown, his face might have been called pleasant. I had previously attributed the frown to a wavy, banglike lock which Julius wore well down on his forehead. Now I saw my error. That frown was the outward symbol of Julius's defiance to a fate which had set him down so far from the highway to fame. It indicated a soul fretted with a glorious unrest.

As the weeks passed, Mrs. Cubbles led me still deeper into her confidence. There was a bond of interest between us now. We never mentioned the weather, or the cranberry crop, or the quality of oysters they were bringing in. There was always Julius and his career. He had inherited genius, it seemed. Mrs. Cubbles's father had been a minister of the Methodist Church, South. One of her uncles had served two terms as Overseer of the Poor. They had been self-made men, too. It was natural, therefore, that if Julius was to be a lawyer he would be a great one.

Mrs. Cubbles speculated as to how she would undergo the ordeal of witnessing the initial triumph of her Julius in a crowded court-room. She hoped it would not be before the supreme bench, for the justices there, she understood, wore black silk robes and were tremendously particular about order. She knew she should weep, or laugh, or clap her hands, or do something ridiculous when her Julius won his case.

Also, she trembled a little in anticipation of the time when she should be mistress of a big house in the city and be presented to crowds of distinguished men as the mother of Julius. She read of the great debates in Congress, and wondered if they would still be squabbling over the trusts and the tariff when Julius got there.

Meanwhile, through the dingy windows of Squire Truegate's office I had occasional glimpses of Julius. Usually he had his feet braced against the casing, an open book in his lap—*Somebody on Torts*, probably—and a cigarette dangling from his lips. His eyes were by no means glued to the book, not even mucilaged there, for he always noted my passing and gave me a patronizing nod. Evenings I saw him, too, but then he was indulging in needful exercise and recreation. He found both around the pool-table next door above the post-office. I overheard one of the loungers offer to wager that Julius could "play any feller in Cedarton and spot him five balls," so I gathered that even at this pastime the inherited genius of Julius showed through.

At one time, for a period of two days, we



THEN CAME THE INTRUSION OF JOSIE MILLER

figuratively held our breath, Mrs. Cubbles and I, because of an unexpected menace to the career of Julius. Squire Truigate had heartlessly suggested that Julius should sweep out the office at least once a week. Of course Julius had resented this proposal. So had Mrs. Cubbles. She spoke her mind to the Squire; not as freely as she would have liked, for she could not hint that he was asking a coming statesman to do menial work. The impending career of Julius was a secret entrusted only to me. Had he known, the Squire would have become jealous at once. Mrs. Cubbles did inform Truigate that Julius was no office-boy. Fortunately a compromise was effected. The Squire concluded that once a month would be often enough to sweep the office, and Mrs. Cubbles said she would do it herself.

Then came the intrusion of Josie Miller. It was not until Julius began walking home from school with Josie that the intrusion became obvious and ominous. Josie was one of the teachers. In her own appointed sphere, even Mrs. Cubbles admitted, Josie was quite unobjectionable. She had rather a sweet, pretty face and modest manners. She was a good girl, too. Besides teaching school, she played the organ in the Baptist church, helped her mother with the housework, and made her own hats and dresses—cute little hats they were, too, and very stylish dresses. Yes, even though her father *was* only a house-painter, Josie was all right—in her place. But that place was not at the side of Julius. Mrs. Cubbles held her chin very firmly when she declared it.

"I suppose you've noticed how that Miller girl has taken to running after Julius?" she observed, bitterly. "Of course, Julius doesn't care the snap of his finger about



"I HEAR YOU'VE GIVEN UP THE LAW, JULIUS," I REMARKED

her. He can't. But I wish she would let him alone. It distracts his mind from his law studies. And it might"—here Mrs. Cubbles sighed gloomily—"it might turn his head. She's not altogether to blame, I suppose. She doesn't know what he's going to be. If she did she would see how foolish she was to be hovering around him in that ridiculous fashion. I must have a good talk with Josie. I believe I'll tell her the plain facts. What would you do about it?"

I shook my head and tried to look wise. The problem was beyond me.

Mrs. Cubbles, however, proved equal to the occasion. I knew that when I saw Josie come from the post-office one day with tears in her pretty brown eyes and her cheeks very pink, either from shame or indignation, I was perilously near to being sorry for Josie then.

It was wasted sympathy. If Mrs. Cubbles had reckoned on putting an end to those promenades she was mistaken. Twice a day, at noon and at night, Julius waited on the corner for Josie. Nor did he wait in vain. Utterly regardless of consequences



she came, and together they went off down the street towards the neat little cottage of the humble house-painter. By the shy glances which she cast up at Julius I knew well enough that she liked to have him come for her. What did she care about his career?

And then, just when the situation was most complex, when Mrs. Cubbles's frequent confidences were growing most interesting, Fate summoned me away from Cedar-ton. As one who regretfully lays aside an unfinished tale, I went away and left them: Mrs. Cubbles worried almost to distraction, Josie's glances becoming daily more tender, and Julius—fatuously weighing Josie's smiles against a splendid destiny—pulled this way by love, drawn that way by law.

My return on a hasty visit was some six months later. Even before I reached Cedar-ton the news came to me. I heard it on the train. Early in the previous August they had been married. But that was not the worst.

On nearing the post-office I saw Julius himself. I must have been very short-sighted indeed to have missed seeing him, for he was coatless, and the broad stripes of his shirt-sleeves blazed vividly at the distance of a block. His straw hat was pushed back to give scope to that banglike curl on his forehead. The familiar cigarette hung from his lips.

"I hear you've given up the law, Julius," I remarked.

Deftly Julius flipped off half an inch of cigarette ash.

"Ah, that was all in the old lady's eye.

Law! Huh!" Here Julius grunted contemptuously. "This suits me," and he nodded towards an open door behind him.

At first I decided it would be best not to see Mrs. Cubbles at all. I am not good at condoling. I could think of nothing to say that would comfort the wretchedness which I knew must be hers. I fancied her sitting amid the cold, gray ashes of her burned-out hopes, the tumbled ruins of her pride, the dismal wreck of her high ambitions, sighing out her soul to the buried past. No, it would do no good at all for me to see her. My presence would only revive the acuteness of her first grief.

But then, in a thoughtless moment, I rushed in with a letter to post, and before I knew it found myself face to face with her.

"Well," said Mrs. Cubbles, beaming on me, "have you seen Julius's new sign? It has his name in gold letters five inches high. Haven't you seen it yet?"

I had. Also I had learned whose money paid for it. But before I left I took another look. Yes, the letters were gold. They were fully five inches high. They conveyed this chaste announcement:

#### JULIUS CUBBLES

#### BILLIARD AND POOL PARLORS

Ah, well! Josie is happy. Mrs. Cubbles is happy. Julius is content. And I—well, if Julius *had* turned out to be a real genius I suppose I should now be boring my friends with accounts of how I helped launch him.



*"Glasses relieve the eyes, but they certainly are a strain on the nose."*



### The Nature of the Beast

BOBBY was learning by the gentle art of asking questions.

"Papa," he inquired at the breakfast-table, "what is roast beef before it's killed?"

Papa laid down his morning paper, and answered benignantly,

"It's a steer, or sometimes a cow."

"Well, what's a chop before it's killed, pop?"

"A chop is a part of a sheep or a lamb, Bobby," and he resumed his paper.

There was silence, during which Bobby thoughtfully disposed of several interesting portions of his breakfast. Then he laid down his fork, settled back suddenly in his chair, and said,

"Well, I'd like to know what hash is before it's killed!"



### The Retort Ready

"Now you made me spill 'most all of my milk; what will my mother say?"

"Aw, tell her the cow gave condensed milk."

## The Antiseptic Babe

BY EDNA KINGSLEY WALLACE

WE can sterilize his bottles, we can boil his little mug:  
We can bake his flannel bandages and disinfect the rug  
That envelops him when he partakes of medicated air,  
But there's one impossibility that leaves us in despair,—  
And a not unjustifiable alarm, you will allow—  
To wit: we fear 'twould never do to sterilize the cow!

So we feed the baby Medieus's hygienic dope,  
And we wash his face with germicidal antiseptic soap:  
And we brush his little toofums—or the place where they will be—  
With diluted glycothymoline, most sanitari-lee:  
Then despair to see a milky effervescence supervene  
On a countenance which theretofore was surgically clean.

Thus although we strive to conquer every septic circumstance,  
Yet we greatly fear a ghastly alimentary mischance:  
For albeit we bake and boil his things, and scrub and soak and souse,—  
As if in his anatomy forever cleaning house,—  
The recklessness with which he sucks his vagrant tiny thumb  
Imperils much his precious antiseptic little tum.

We are careful of his hours, we are thoughtful of his toys:  
We are mindful of his sorrows, and judicious of his joys:  
We are prayerfully considerate of needful discipline,  
Of our little "Mother's Handbook" and the precepts writ therein:  
And we strive to render sterile all designed for mouth or tum.  
But one frightful danger menaces—we cannot boil his thumb!



### The Fire-Dogs

BEHOLD the gentle fire-dogs  
 With patience bearing heavy logs.  
 So strong, reliable, and true—  
 Without them *what* would people do?  
 MAUD VIRGINIA THOMPSON.

### My Sore Thumb

I JABBED a jack-knife in my thumb.—  
 Th' blood just *sputtered* when it come!  
 The cook got faint, an' nurse she yelled,  
 An' showed me how it should be held;  
 An' gran'ma went to get a rag,  
 An' couldn't find one in th' bag;  
 An' all the rest was just struck *dumb*  
 To see my thumb!

Since I went an' jabbed my thumb  
 I go around a-lookin' glum.  
 And aunt, she pats me on the head  
 An' gives me extra gingerbread,  
 But brother's *mad*, an' says he'll go  
 An' take an axe an' chop his toe,—  
 An' *then* he guesses I'll keep mum  
 About my *thumb*!

At school they ast to see my thumb.  
 But I just showed it to my chum.  
 An' any else that wants to see,  
 Must divvy up their cake with me!  
 It's gettin' well so fast, I think  
 I'll fix it up with crimson ink.  
 An' that 'll keep up *int'rest* some  
 In my poor thumb!

BURGES JOHNSON.

### The Apology

ONE afternoon our quiet  
 was harshly broken by  
 sounds of discord outside  
 the hotel window. Look-  
 ing out, we discovered two  
 men rapidly divesting  
 themselves of coats and  
 other impediments, and  
 evidently about to consum-  
 mate an argument with  
 their fists.

"I tell ye," one of them  
 was saying, excitedly.  
 "I've stood it as long as  
 I'm agoin' to. Now ye've  
 called me a fool—"

"Yes," interrupted the  
 other, grandly, "and I re-  
 iterate it."

"Oh well, of course, if  
 ye be goin' to do *that*, as  
 ye say," said the first  
 speaker, "why, I s'pose it's  
 all right; ye can do no  
 more than that," and he  
 quietly put on his coat and  
 departed.

MARGARET JEWETT.

### Cap'n Dick's Philosophy

FAME, so far as I can  
 figger out, is bein' pop-  
 ular with a lot of strangers  
 who wouldn't like you if  
 they knew you well.

Th' busiest thing there ever was on ship-  
 board was an idle rumor.

A chap was tellin' of some Labrador coast  
 lumber-camp folks that starved to death last  
 winter.

"But did they actually starve to death?"  
 I asked of him, incredulous.

"Oh no," said he, sarcastically. "Mebbe  
 'twasn't that. Wages was continually get-  
 tin' smaller, and mebbe they was just plain  
 squeezed to death when they tried to live  
 within their incomes."



"Fowl" play

## De Hooble, Gooble, Gobble

IN de deepest shade ob a cypress dank,  
 Wheh de twilight cums et noon;  
 En de turtles bask on de mossy bank  
 Ob a deep en still lagoon.  
 En de blue snake wriggles fro de vines,  
 Wheh de cahdnal flowehs grow;  
 Den yo' betteh watch out,  
 Ef yo' chance erbout,  
 Foh en ebil face to show.

Et's de

Hooble,

Gooble, Gobble.

Et hes two eyes det shine lak coals  
 In de chimley fiah-place;  
 En eben de snakes crawl bac' in deh holes  
 When dis thing shows ets face.  
 Ets ahms am long es two grape-vines,  
 Dey stretch all fro de wood;  
 When a tad gets los'  
 Dese ahms dey cross  
 En wrap him up foh good.  
 Does de

Hooble,

Gooble, Gobble.

So min' det yo' doan slip fum school  
 Lak bad li'l' taddies do,  
 En sneak away to de minnow school  
 Befo' yo' lesson's fro.  
 Or slip away when yo' mamy wants  
 En errand et de sto';  
 Doan steal away  
 In de woods to play,  
 Or et will git yo', sho'.

Will de

Hooble,

Gooble, Gobble.

Late ob night, when de moon am dahk,  
 En yo' heah de lonesum owls,  
 En de ol' red fox begins to bahk  
 In de swamp wheh de blac' mink prowls,—  
 Den sumfin cums to de windeh pane  
 En shows its dredful hed;  
 Et raps en raps,  
 En taps en taps  
 To see ef yo's in bed.  
 Et's de

Hooble,

Gooble, Gobble.

VICTOR A. HERMANN.



"Quite a cataclysm in the Tabby Family!"  
 "I should think so! Their eight children  
 all drowned in one day!"



THE LITTLE COUNT. "You American ladies are too independent. Man is woman's natural protector."

## A Half-formed Wish

ASHY young curate was delivering his very first sermon in a certain small Maryland town. Many of his friends were in the congregation, and altogether the young man found the occasion a very trying one.

"How many of you, my b-brethren," he stammered, "have at one time or another cherished in your bosoms a half-warmed fish—"

There was an audible titter from the congregation.

S. V. D.

## Unappreciated Beauty

AN American lady who, at a dinner-party in Madrid, was seated next to a Spanish admiral, was praising the beauties of the Spanish language, "so exquisitely musical and poetic."

"Ah, madam," replied the courtly Spaniard, "your language, too, has soft and beautiful words, but they are not always appreciated. What could be more musical than your word *cellar-door*?"

## The Convict Horse

ELEANOR, a tiny tot in the first grade, was asked of what animal a zebra reminded her.

Looking critically at a picture of the animal in question, she responded, "A horse that has been to the penitentiary."

M. A. STURGIS.



## Sisters

BY ANNIE WILLIS McCULLOUGH

A SISTER'S inconvenient when you want to play a trick;  
 She always stops your fun, but then, she's splendid when you're sick;  
 She knows just how to bathe your head, and fix your pillows cool;  
 You lie and toss and long for her until she comes from school.

A sister's inconvenient when you play a game of ball;—  
 She cannot throw it very far; she cannot "catch" at all.  
 But when you want a story read, she's just the one to ask;  
 She's always ready, too, to help with any tiresome task.

A sister's inconvenient when she bosses you about,  
 And says, "Put on your rubber boots, or else you can't go out."  
 But when you don't know what to do, and everything seems tame,  
 She's ready to amuse you, and to have a pleasant game.

And so, hurrah for sisters! Though they try to make you mind,  
 They're ready, too, to help you, and they're generally kind.  
 And lately I've been thinking (and I'm almost sure it's true)  
 That *sometimes* having brothers may be inconvenient too!







"HE LAY AWHILE CONSCIOUS OF GREAT COMFORT"

# HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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## The Free Kindergarten

BY HAMILTON W. MABIE

IT is a morning in May, and you have looked up and down Fifth Avenue, arched by a sky so clear and radiant that you do not recall Naples or Assisi, you recall the blue of the day before as a standard for comparison. If there is a stirring of imagination in you, the images of fair or stately cities beyond seas do not rise to confound and discourage you; on the contrary, in spite of obvious and intrusive architectural monstrosities, you are dimly aware of something great and impressive rising around you—as if a new kind or degree of community life were beginning to express itself in form and structure. And then comes the daring hope that out of much uncertainty and confusion of aim and taste a cosmopolitan city of a new order is gradually and nobly housing itself.

If you have any real knowledge of the New York of

the first decade of the twentieth century, you know that no city has ever contained within its boundaries a greater variety of races, or merged into one population such vast numbers of diverse peoples. It is a city of cities; English and Dutch at the base, built up decade

after decade by vast accretions of newcomers from every State in the Union and from every part of the world, until it has become a group of race centres, an epitome in localities of the many-sided life of the modern world. It is an American city in spirit, institutions, habit, and occupation; but it is also a French, German, Irish, Italian, Greek, Armenian, Hebrew, and Syrian city. From a very early time men in all manner of foreign garbs have been seen in its streets, and articles of ornament and use from every section of the globe have been sold in its shops; and to-day one



HOME DUTIES OF A FREE KINDERGARTEN PUPIL

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can go into streets where Chinese faces look out at the windows and Chinese characters cover the walls of the houses; where the Russian or Polish Jew carries

charged for on the French scale; where the German language is spoken without the Ollendorffian accent and Marzipan is sold in its pristine purity.

One goes on a May day from Fifth Avenue to Little Italy or France; to Greater Germany or Russia or Poland; to the places where Armenian, Greek, and Syrian faces are met at every turn. The same clear sky, which is one of the priceless possessions of New York, is over these sections, but the streets are crowded with men and women and children of foreign birth; block after block, as far as the eye can reach, is solidly made up of tenement-houses, and these houses

are crowded with a vast population of strangers in a new world, trying to learn its language and ways. In that long vista of monotonous blocks, entrenched behind a network of fire-escapes that oppresses one with a sense of lurking disaster, the difficulties and problems not only of municipal but of national life are presented in their most acute forms.

The magnitude, both of foreign population and of the problems which it creates, is brought before the imagination in a startling way by the fact that about five hundred and seventy thousand children live in the tenement-houses of Manhattan and the Bronx—a city of children! These children are of foreign parentage; many of them have not learned to speak Eng-



THE LIFE OF THE STREETS.

lish. Eighteen languages were spoken in New York before the war of the Revolution, and that number has now risen to sixty six or seven. There is a school in the Syrian district of the city in which, it is reported, twenty-nine languages and

on the business of life in religion and trade as he carried them on in Warsaw and Cracow; where Italian is the vernacular and spaghetti the chief article of diet; where excellent dinners are cooked after the French manner and



SINGING THE WIND SONG

dialects are used! The greatest problem to be solved in New York, not only as a municipality but as the gateway to the United States, is the naturalizing of this host of children,—not by the forms of law, but in spirit, temper, habit, and speech. How is this army of children from Europe or of recently immigrated parents to be transformed into an army of American citizens?

Much is being done for men and women in these congested quarters; more, probably, by the atmosphere in which they live than by all other agencies combined; but the most searching, effective, and fruitful work is being done with the children. They are full of love of country; eager to assert their Americanism on all occasions and often in very humorous ways; but they sorely need training in the rudiments of wholesome living. Education is the only means by which they can be made safe, healthful, law-abiding, and self-supporting men and women.

If you have come from Fifth Avenue, where the wealth and solidity of the city stand out with a touch of arrogance under the clear sky, into the tenement-



TYPES OF TENEMENT CHILDREN IN THE KINDERGARTENS

house section, and are dismayed by the crowds in the streets, the faces and speech, the hordes of children pouring out of the narrow doorways and playing at the risk of life and limb on the pavements, go into one of the free kindergartens conducted by the New York Kindergarten Association or by some religious or other organized body. You find yourself at once in another world. The room is large, well lighted and ventilated; there are flowers in the windows and in boxes and pots about the room; in the season there are big branches of apple, peach, and cherry blossoms, or great masses of lilac boughs bringing the freshness and fragrance of the country with them; there is an aquarium in which gold-fishes, dear to children of all races, are swimming; there is a piano which is in constant service; the colors of the wall and ceiling are harmonious, and the level spaces are hung with reliefs of the Della Robbia children, of Madonnas, and of the most striking and beautiful pieces of sculpture; with good reproductions



LUNCHEON-TIME—THE LITTLE SERVING-MAID





TYPICAL SCENE IN ONE OF THE FREE KINDERGARTENS IN NEW YORK

in color or in black and white of well-known pictures selected because they are beautiful and because they have an educational value. Out of the windows your



"DANTE" MODELLING AN AUTOMOBILE

eye rests on apparently endless rows of crowded tenement-houses; within, there are order, beauty, music, pictures, flowers, and the atmosphere of the finest civilization! At the very threshold the children come face to face with a contrast of surroundings and conditions the meaning of which cannot escape the dullest mind.

In this bright, spacious room there are fifty or sixty of these boys and girls between the ages of three and six. They have come from the tenement-houses, where they belong to large families living in one, two, or three rooms. There is no privacy in these homes because there is no space for it; privacy is denied the very poor. There is no place of quiet, apart from the work of cooking, washing, and eating by which the family life is carried on. On hot days the mother has no place to send her children where they can play by themselves; on hot evenings there is no escape within-doors from that closeness of contact, that pressure of personality, which would be intolerable

to people accustomed to space and air, and which must be oppressive and irritating to those who have never known any other condition. The oppressiveness and irritation of being crowded together without chance of escape are features of tenement-house life which people in comfortable conditions scarcely comprehend. It is the necessity of getting out of rooms made almost intolerable on summer evenings by the heat and odor of cooking, and getting a little space in which to

breathe and a taste of liberty of action, that makes the saloon not simply a place where liquors are sold, but where the needs of human beings are understood and met.

Out of such hot, crowded places this group of children has come into this large, well-aired, and attractive room. They have already begun to feel the influence of the school, because they are clean. They have fathers who are industrious and anxious to do well by their families; they have mothers who are overworked and underfed so far as the higher interests and finer needs of women are concerned. There are behind these children the same affection and devotion to which children more fortunately placed are heirs; but it is one thing to keep children clean in ample rooms, with all the facilities of cleanliness at hand, and quite another thing to keep them clean under tenement-house conditions. When these children arrive at the kindergarten with hands and faces thoroughly scoured they have already learned the first lesson in wholesome living and taken the first step in the long process of real naturalization.

And their mothers have learned the same lesson. It is touching to see the pride these mothers take in getting the grime of poverty off those hands and faces, and the beautiful affection which shines in their eyes when they come to the kindergarten on special occasions. They are, in fact, quite as much the pupils of the kindergartens as are the children; and no small part of the work of the kindergartner is the service she

renders the mothers of her little group. She knows them all; visits them in their homes, and is their friend in any time of need or trouble; brings them together in mothers' classes and, as a companion rather than a teacher, gives them suggestions and methods of more wholesome living. The kindergarten in the tenement-house quarter is a fountain whence flow streams of influence that penetrate hundreds of homes and carry cleanliness, kindlier manners, and higher standards of living with them.

At nine o'clock in the morning the children, who without access to a kindergarten would be playing in the dark halls, on the stairways of tenement-houses, or in the crowded streets, come thronging in, and are met with a smile and a bow or a shake of the hand by two kindergartners. They have had already a lesson in cleanliness; they now have one in courtesy. They are recognized as members of society the moment they cross the threshold. A note is struck on the piano and the little group falls in line; a march with a well-defined rhythm is played and the line advances — a composite company, with Italian, Irish, Hebrew, German, and Russian faces, but there is always an American flag in the room! A circle or circles are formed, and a morning hymn is sung. The kindergarten has no creed, but it is religious to the very root, as all fundamental education must be. Its music is simple, sweet, and poetic, and is one of the very few means of educating the imagination in use in modern schools.

Then follow in successive mornings various occupations, all constructive and aiming to teach the eye and the hand as well as the mind. One child builds a house, another plans a village; and the teacher, whose attitude is that of playfellow, and whose instruction is the more effective because it seems to be incidental, points out the difference between good and bad building, between sound and unsound construction. A group with strips of brightly colored paper is learning something about color and number and the use of the hands by weaving mats of harmonious or contrasted tints. In another corner of the room the ancient instinct for making mud pies is utilized for modelling purposes, and the sense of form is developed by the making of all kinds of animals and structures in clay. On the sand-table a strange little garden or a miniature grove is in process of growth by the aid of twigs, flower stems, and bits of wood. Close at hand three or four children are folding with precision a



A.B.S.

THE CEREMONY OF FAREWELL



A VISIT FROM "TEACHER"

piece of colored paper, under direction of one of the kindergartners, and are learning the various angles, lines, and corners, and getting their earliest ideas of "horizontal," "vertical," "acute," and "obtuse."

Presently a note on the piano announces that occupations are at an end and that the time for play has come. Froebel has opened the eyes of the whole Western world to the place and uses of play in real education, and in one form or another this earliest activity of the human spirit has been utilized in every grade of training. The germs of the kindergarten plays are to be found in the real plays of children; for Froebel based the training of the kindergarten on a careful study of the psychology of the child. What the child does instinctively in his happiest hours out-of-doors he does with intelligence in the kindergarten. Absorbed in what seems to be pure play, he learns his relations to other children and to the world about him, and the forms and qualities of the objects with which he has to do in that world. All the occupations and much of the work of the world are made familiar to the child. He is sometimes a shoemaker, sometimes a farmer, sometimes a carpenter; as a miller he hears the wind turning his mill and knows how grain is grown before it comes to his hopper, and what is done with it after it is taken away; and he comes to understand that he has not only a trade but a social duty, and that the miller, the shoemaker, and the carpenter not only work for a living but for society. He learns in play how the birds live and care for their young, how animals conduct the business of life, and how flowers and grains ripen and bloom each after its kind.

At twelve o'clock there is another procession, good-byes are said, and courtesies made to the teachers, and the company runs home with smiling faces.

The kindergarten has been criticised because there are mechanical kindergartens; for, unfortunately, the training-schools sometimes share the fate of the normal schools and give certificates to incompetent and uninspired women. If schools were to be closed, however, because some instructors are not up to the requirements of their work there would

be a speedy end of formal education. There has been a good deal of criticism based on ignorance of what the kindergarten proposes to do, on confusion between the purposes and functions of the kindergarten and the primary school; and there has been considerable criticism because of lack of imagination on the part of the critics. The person of literal mind, who believes that education is a process of turning out keen, sharp, mechanically accurate men and women, fails entirely to understand the spiritual idea of bringing the human spirit into original and personal relations with God, nature, art, and the race. Nor does the critic of this practical turn of mind comprehend the educational opportunity offered by the critical years between three and six, when every child is making the discovery of the world and of himself, is passing from the shelter of the home to the free field of his age, and is receiving into his soul those first impressions which are to color and shape his thought and put their impress on his character to the very end.

A description of the free kindergarten affords no opportunity to explain with any detail the principles which underlie kindergarten methods and practice, nor to point out the groundlessness of most of this criticism; it must suffice here to picture the sections of the city in which these schools are established, the character of the population from which pupils are drawn, and the form and manner of the ministry of the kindergarten, to parents, children, and the community.

The free kindergarten, which costs fourteen hundred dollars a year as conducted by the New York Kindergarten Association, is the most searching education of foreign-born children or of the children of foreign-born parents into the spirit of American life and the fellowship of American citizenship. It begins earliest; it sows in virgin soil; it plants the most fruitful, beneficent, and far-reaching ideas of life, of service, of society, of beauty. It brings into the school-room, as teachers of a neglected class, religion, nature, art, and humanity; it leads the child to the feet of the race and tells him in a magical hour the story of his ancestry, his world, his soul, and his destiny.



# Back to Indiana

BY ELMORE ELLIOTT PEAKE

THE rising sun had not yet drunk the dew from the grass in the doorway of the lone cabin when the man mounted the forward hub of the prairie-schooner and bent a final glance into the dusky interior to make sure that nothing had been forgotten. He inventoried the contents with his eye: a mattress for his wife, baby boy, and little Nellie to sleep on; blankets and comforters—somewhat faded and ragged—for himself and Roy to make a bunk of, on the ground; a box of extra clothing, cooking utensils, lantern, rope, shotgun, family Bible—badly shattered,—and a hen-coop, containing seven pullets, lashed to the end-gate. A wooden bucket hung from the rear axletree, to which was also chained a black and white setter. The only superfluous article seemed to be a little mahogany bureau, battered and warped, but still retaining an air of distinction which set it apart from the other tawdry furnishings, and marked it as a family treasure.

Daggett stepped to the ground again, and, folding his arms, swept his dull, faded eyes over the limitless savanna, still gray with the mists of night. Here, for five weary, heart-breaking years, he had pitted his puny arm against rebellious Nature and fought the elements on their chosen ground. He had been eaten up by grasshoppers; tossed by cyclones; alternately scorched by strange, hot winds and frozen by shrieking blizzards; desiccated by droughts and flooded by cloudbursts. His horses and cattle had sickened and died; his wife had faded and grown old in a day; one of his children had been laid under the tough, matted sod which almost turned the edge of a plough; and he, never rich, had grown poorer and poorer. It was not strange, perhaps, that he had come to look upon that vast, treeless expanse, the playground of elemental passions, as a monster lying in wait for his blood.

"The curse of God upon you, I hate you!" he burst out, with the sudden fury which the elements had taught him. But a better mood instantly following, his eyes softened with a light to which they had long been strange. "Back to God's country—back to Indiana!" he exclaimed, and laughed aloud.

Roy, his nine-year-old boy, looked up at the unusual sound; but his father had plunged into the dismantled cabin again. He returned with a can of green paint in his hand, and had soon roughly lettered the canvas wagon-top with the inspired words, on one side, "Back to God's Country"; on the other, "Back to Indiana." Then hurling the can of paint out into the sunburnt grass with all his strength, he cried, gayly, "There, grasshoppers, eat that—you fiddlin' demons that air so fond of green stuff!"

A stooped, flat-breasted woman, but with the remnants of beauty still clinging to her thin, pale face, came around the corner of the house. She, too, had been taking a last look about. A black cat alternately trotted in front of her and arched its back across her skirts.

"Rufus, I feel as if we ought to take the cat," said she, hesitatingly. "I hate to leave any living thing *here*."

"Throw him in! Always room for one more!" cried her husband, jovially.

She glanced up gratefully at his unexpected good-nature, and then took a final, solicitous look about her. Just as the prospect of quick wealth had not intoxicated her, as it had her husband, when they sold out in Indiana and started West, so the reverses they had since suffered had not sullened and hardened her. Likewise, though this home-going was filling her depleted veins with new life, she could not bubble over as Rufus and the children did. Instead, she wet her pillow with softly flowing, peaceful tears, in the stillness of the night.

"Now I must go over to Willie's

grave," said she, quietly. It was plain that this duty had been reserved for the last.

She did not ask her husband to go with her, and he did not volunteer to go. But he watched her with chastened eyes as she crossed the field to the slight rise which, for want of a better name, they had always called "the hill." The little grave was already covered with a tangle of wild roses, trumpet-vine, and prairie-grass; the headboard was gray and weather-beaten, and the rudely carved name half obliterated. Nature was claiming her own. A few summers and winters would come and go, with their beating rains and merciless freezes; and then there would be nothing, not even a little mound, to mark the spot where Willie, after spinning his brief thread of life, had been laid away. Scalding tears ran down the mother's cheeks at the thought.

"I wish it was so we could take him up and lay him with the others, back home," said she, gently, on her return.

"We'll do it sometime, mother," promised Daggett, hopefully. But she knew they never would do it; they would always be too poor.

Owing to the hard times, they had been unable to sell their farm. So they had left it in the hands of a real-estate agent, twenty miles away, who would probably fleece them out of half their dues if he ever sold the place. Their scanty furniture had brought but a pittance, and had it not been for a lucky sale of cattle they might have been unable to get away for another year. As it was, they expected to reach Indiana with practically nothing but the wagon and the span of mules which drew it. But what of that! They would be among friends; they would be in God's country—in old Indiana, where they had been born and raised.

So, buoyed up by hope, that divinest of gifts from above, they were happy. At night they camped by the roadside, tethered the mules, built a fire, and cooked supper. How sweet the smoky bacon, the johnny-cake smuttled with ashes, and the black, creamless coffee tasted! No king ever sat down to more roval fare. Then, after a brief season of talk, and a pipe for Daggett, they lay down and slept in the untainted air of

God's great out-of-doors. In the morning they arose with renewed life, fed the mules, cooked breakfast, and began another day's lap on their long journey.

Often the road was hot and dusty, between flat, barren fields. But often, again, it skirted beautiful streams for miles; and after they reached the Ozarks, it wandered through pleasant valleys, forded swift brooks, and climbed cool mountain-sides, in the shade of thick timber. Farmhouses, villages, and cities were sighted, passed, and left behind, in a slow, pleasing panorama. Beyond the Ozarks they began to see birds that they had known back in Indiana; and at sight of the first cardinal, with his breast flaming in the sunlight, Daggett stared with fascinated eyes for a moment, and then burst out: "Look at the redbird, mother! He's just like the one that used to build in our syringa-bush!" Lucy could not remember that he had ever called her attention to a bird before.

The black cat deserted them the first night out, going back home, presumably. But no ill luck ensued, as Daggett half feared it would. Not so much as a nut was lost or a strap broken. Mrs. Daggett continued to improve; the children, though as brown as Malays from dust and tan, had no ache or pain; and Daggett himself forgot to take a dyspepsia tablet for a week.

Yet their bed was not quite one of roses. Thoughts of the future, even in "God's country," occasionally touched the parents with anxiety. Also, in some places, where their dark coats of tan branded them as gipsies, they were looked upon with suspicion. Occasionally a village constable, puffed up with authority, would order them not to camp within the village limits; and sometimes a farmer, attracted by their evening fire, would warn them not to trespass for wood. Again, when the unshorn and grimy Daggett entered a store to purchase groceries or a bgle of hay—occasionally the roadside pasture failed—he was now and then made to feel that his room was preferred to his trade. Yet generally they were treated with humanity; and not infrequently a farmer, seeing the children at play of an evening, would bring out milk or eggs or even a chicken to the camp.

Daggett and his wife usually sat around the fire of a night, after the children had gone to bed, and talked over their prospects. Her heart, like his, was set on getting back the old place, where four of their children had been born and two of them buried. It was only a poor little place of eighty acres, just beyond the fertile belt of Wabash bottom-land; but it was home, sweet home, and looking back to it from their exile they forgot its scanty crops and rocky soil.

"If we can't get it back, Rufus, it won't be like going home," said Lucy, one night, gazing into the fire with misty eyes. They were then in Missouri, in the eastern foot-hills of the Ozarks.

"We'll git it back, mother," said Daggett, confidently. His courage ran high these days. "Joinville Haines probably holds it yet, 'cause it ain't likely anybody would want to buy it. Leastways, they didn't seem to want to when we had it to sell. He's a good man. He ain't forgot the time I pulled him out of the crick and saved his life, when we was boys. And I reckon he ain't forgot, either, that he loved you once, Lucy," he added.

She did not answer at once, but her face grew softer. The remnant of its girlish beauty, which child-bearing, drudgery, and ill health had so sadly ravished, showed to better advantage in the soft firelight than in the glare of day.

"Maybe he *has* forgotten," she murmured. "I once feared that he was a man who might forget such things."

Daggett pushed a log farther into the fire with his boot, sending up a shower of sparks, and relit his pipe with a coal.

"Is that the reason you didn't marry him?" he asked, slyly.

She lifted her eyes to his. "I loved *you*, Rufus," said she, quietly, and smiled almost as she used to smile in the days when he had courted her.

A tenderness which had long lain dormant stirred in Daggett's bosom. In the past weeks he had realized as never before the hard life he had led her. He had not provided for her as Joinville Haines would have done. He had complained of his lot, and he had often been cross with her. To marry him she had left a home in which, humble though it was, she had never known privation. She

had slaved in his kitchen and about his house. She had borne his children, cheerfully, and with only welcome in her heart for them as they came along, in a rapid succession under which she had withered like a flower. She had bravely seen three of them lowered in the grave. She had met his fault-finding with the soft answer which turneth away wrath.

She had followed him into the West against her better judgment. For five years she had stood by his side out there, ten miles from a neighbor, twenty from a town, and forty from a railroad. She had cheered him on while he fought grasshoppers, hot winds, drought, blizzards, and his own sinking courage. Never once had she suggested going back to Indiana, though he could see that her strength was failing and her heart breaking. And when at last he had given up, bitter and defeated, she had smoothed the wrinkles from his brow, and put hope in his heart, and raised the rally-cry: "Back to God's country! Back to Indiana!"

"Joinville will let us have the old place back," he repeated. "He ain't got any use for it. He knows I'll pay as I can, and he'll give me time."

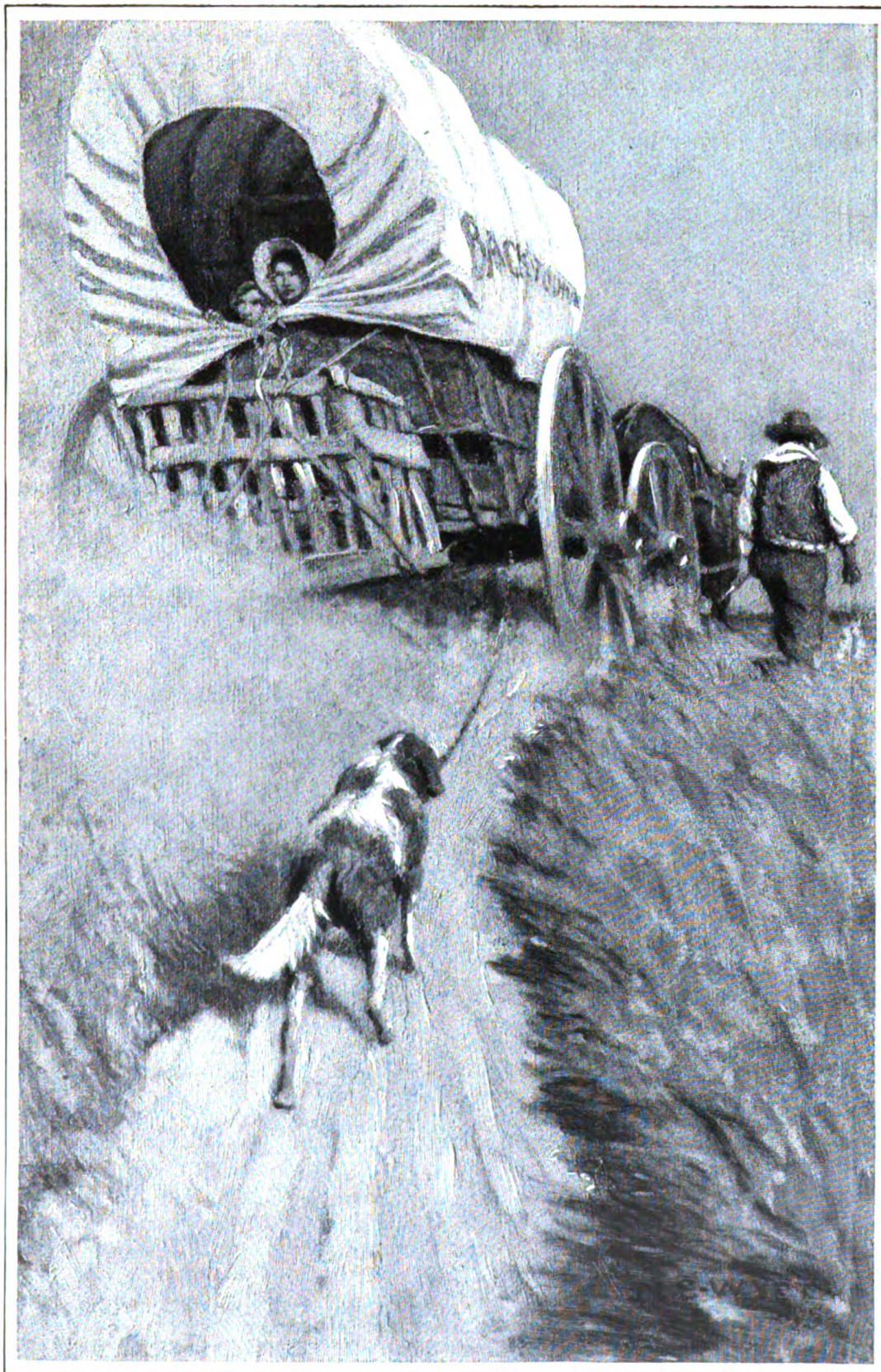
"It was such a warm little house, there in the hollow," said she, huskily, contrasting it with the boxlike shell on the prairie, where the northwest gales, toothed with arctic cold, ravened like a wolf at every crevice for days at a time. "The kitchen was so cozy, too. I used to complain that it was too small, and unhandy. But I never will again—if we get it back."

Daggett's eyes glistened like a boy's. "I wonder if the honeysuckle-vine is still on the well-house. I ain't smelt honeysuckle since we left there."

She smiled at him through sudden tears. "Rufus, I used to think, out on the prairie, when I was so tired all the time, that I'd be content to die, if only the children could be provided for, and I knew that some one would put a sprig of honeysuckle in my hands after I was dead."

When he helped her into the wagon, where she slept, he retained her hand for a moment, in a half-embarrassed way. Then he kissed her. He could not recall when he had kissed her good-night be-





OFTEN THE ROAD WAS HOT AND DUSTY

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fore. Nor could she, as she lay with wide-open, happy, starry eyes.

He arose the next morning with a heart strangely, blissfully light. Something was moulding the old topsyturvy, sordid world over for him again, giving it somewhat the likeness it had borne when he was a boy. As he and Roy rode along on the front seat, he said to the lad,

"Roy, do you remember the old place?"

"Yes," answered the boy, eagerly. "I remember the crick, with the bridge acrost it—and the little grove of spruce-trees, with the two tombstones—and the old barn with a basement—and a well with a chain and a bucket on each end."

"And the sweetest water in it, Roy, that man ever drunk!" added the father, jubilantly. "I ain't had my thirst rightly quenched since I left it. The first thing you and me 'll do when we drive in is to git a drink of that water—and then bring a gourdful to mother. Eh!" He laughed gayly, and clucked to the mules. "Git ep, boys, git ep! Every step is takin' you nearer to that sweet water, and you kin have some too." Once he would have sullenly struck the animals when they lagged.

At a town called Bonneterre, in Missouri, which they passed through about five o'clock in the afternoon, *Uncle Tom's Cabin* was advertised on the billboards for that night.

"Mother," said Daggett, with an inspiration, "I've a notion to camp on the aidge of town, and take Roy and Nellie to see Uncle Tom. It's a grand show—I seen it once—and they ain't never seen a show in all their lives. It won't cost much."

The mother made no objection. So after supper Daggett and the two children set out for the "Opera-house," leaving Mrs. Daggett, four-year-old Bobbie, and Spot, the setter, in charge of the camp. It was a memorable night for the youngsters; and when Eliza fled across the floating ice in the Ohio, with her child in her arms, Roy, forgetting that it was only a play, leaped to his feet and shouted shrilly, "Oh, paw, them hounds are goin' to git her!"

But on the way home, in the midst of

the excited babble of the children, Daggett suddenly paused under a street lamp, and looked down at the diminutive pair with a sickly color overspreading his face. His pocketbook was gone! And it contained all the money he had in the world, except the change remaining from a five-dollar bill which he had broken at the box-office!

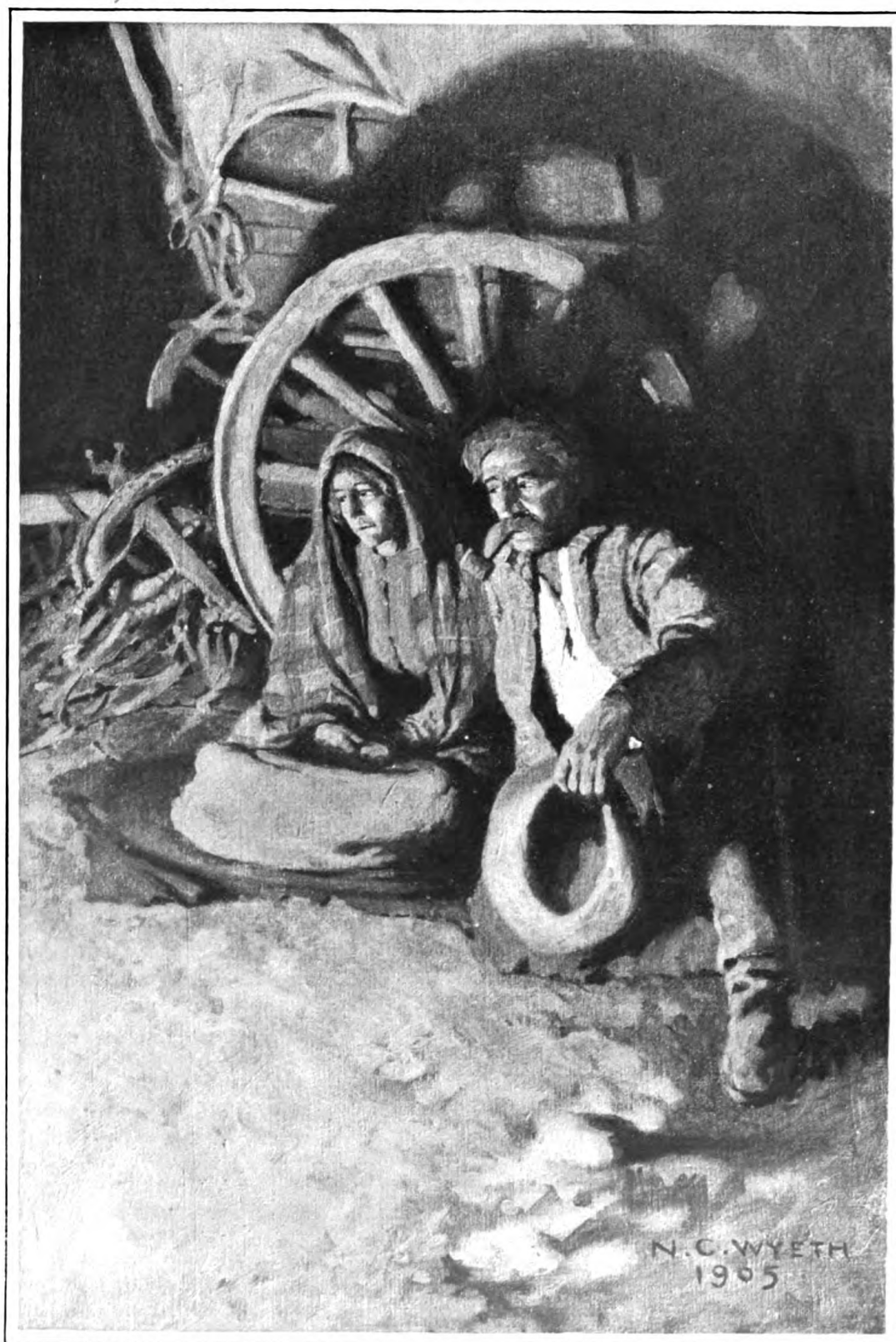
A search both along the street and in the opera-house was of no avail, and it was a heavy-hearted man who stretched himself that night beneath the prairie-schooner. There was no joking or skylarking the next morning as they hitched up the mules—no response to the birds' tuneful sunrise greetings. They were still two hundred and fifty miles from home; the last of the flour had been used for supper, and the side of bacon was almost gone.

The alternative which faced Daggett was to work, beg, or steal. His honesty was of a fibre which would not permit the last, and his rough pride balked at the second. Therefore he must work. But work was not an easy thing for a nomad like him to get; and if he did get it, it would take him some time, perhaps until cold weather, with a family and a pair of mules on his hands, to accumulate enough to last him through to Indiana. The outlook was desperate indeed.

That day their dinner consisted of stale bread—a baker had let Daggett have three loaves for a nickel—and dandelion greens boiled with the last of the bacon. Supper consisted of the same, warmed over; and little Bobbie went to bed crying for something to eat. Daggett swore, with a mighty oath, that the child should have it in the morning, cost what it might.

Two days later they crossed the Mississippi at St. Louis, on the great Eads bridge. Daggett and his wife had looked forward impatiently to the passage of this last great natural barrier between them and home, and the occasion was to have been one of thanksgiving. But the bridge toll made a cruel hole in the rapidly dwindling little store of silver in Daggett's pocket; and though the children were jubilant over the steamboats, and craned their necks to the last to see them, the parents scarcely glanced at





"IT WAS SUCH A WARM LITTLE HOUSE, THERE," SAID SHE, HUSKILY

the Father of Waters. That night Daggett announced to his wife that he had just a dollar and twenty cents left.

"Something will turn up, husband," said she, bravely, but her lips trembled.

"What *kin* turn up?" asked he, pathetically, and she could not make answer.

They took the old St. Louis and Vincennes stage-road, running due east. Daggett mournfully recalled the exuberance with which he had passed over it five years before, going west. The second day out from St. Louis, while watering their team at a public pump, in a village whose name they did not know nor care to ask, the usual curious group gathered about them.

"Want to sell that bird-dog, mister?" inquired a bystander, who had been noting Spot's points with a critical eye.

Daggett suddenly stopped pumping. He had thought of selling his mules and buying a pair of bullocks. He had thought of selling his wagon and buying a cheaper one. He had even thought of selling the box of clothing. But until this instant his dog, blooded though he was, had no more occurred to him as an asset than one of his children had. Yet why not sell him? Better sell a dog than starve a child. With grim lips he stepped over to the inquirer, so as to get out of ear-shot of the wagon.

"I'll sell him if I kin git his price," said he, almost fiercely. "But it's one that you wouldn't care to pay, I reckon, without tryin' him, and this ain't the season for birds."

"What is your price?" asked the other, as Spot approached his master and looked up inquiringly with his soft, brown eyes. "He's got a good head."

"Twenty-five dollars," answered Daggett, resolutely.

"You don't want much!" grinned the prospective buyer.

"No, not much—for a dog like that," retorted Daggett, without the shadow of a smile.

"I like his looks," admitted the man. "He shows his breedin' all right. But all the evidence I've got of his trainin' is your word."

"That's all the evidence you've got or kin git," assented Daggett, coolly. "And it don't make a picayune's worth of dif-

ference to me whether you take it or leave it."

His bluster was working, as he perceived from beneath his drooping lids, and the other hesitated.

"If you'd asked me five dollars for that dog, pardner, I'd have refused him. I'd 'a' knowed he was a spoiled pup." He took another whiff at his pipe. "I've been tryin' for three years to get a dog just like that one. He grows on me every minute, and—I'll take him at your price," he ended, abruptly.

"Come into this store," said Daggett, in a low voice. The dog followed. "My wife and children mustn't see you take him. They'd squall their eyes out. I'm sellin' him, my friend, because I've got to—because I need the money. You see! Otherwise your common council couldn't raise enough to buy him. Tie a string around his neck—he's as gentle as a lamb—call him Spot, and, after we're out of sight, lead him home and feed him. And, my friend, treat him good. He's the best bird-dog you ever shot over."

The man wrote out a check, which the grocer cashed. Daggett pocketed the money, patted the dog on the head, and turned guiltily away from the beseeching brown eyes.

The children, lying inside the canvas, out of the hot sun, did not miss their four-footed playfellow until supper-time. Then Daggett confessed, and bowed his head before the storm of grief that burst. It was only after the young ones had sobbed themselves to sleep that Mrs. Daggett said, sympathetically, "I reckon it hurt you more than it did them, Rufus."

The next day they had butter on their bread again, but it had been purchased at too heavy an outlay of the heart's coin to be enjoyable; and when little Bobbie said with a whimper, "I'd thooner have Spot than butter," he voiced the family's sentiments.

But even the sacrifice of their pet could not long keep their spirits down, now that home was drawing near and they had the wherewithal to keep on going. The towns they passed through were becoming familiar to Daggett, by name at least, and looked like Indiana towns, he fancied. As the wagon

rumbled across the muddy Little Wabash, with its pond-lilies and willow thickets, Daggett cried out, boyishly: "By jings! it's a picture on a small scale of the old 'Bash herself; and I'll bet a cooky that if I had a hook and line I could ketch a catfish down there in three minutes!"

But when he crossed the Wabash itself, two days later, his emotions were too deep for frivolous expression. In that stream was water from Beecher's Run, and Beecher's Run crossed his old farm! How well he understood the silent tears which were coursing down Lucy's cheeks! And, oh, the rustle of that bottom-land corn! It came to his ears like some forgotten lullaby of childhood; and when a wood-pewee called pensively from a sycamore, the man lifted an illuminated face toward the little embodied voice and murmured, "God's country—old Indiana—at last!"

The prairie-schooner creaked into Emerald Grove after dark on a moonlight night. In their anxiety to reach the town they had decided not to halt for supper at the usual hour, Daggett promising the children if they would wait that they should eat in a restaurant. They were now jubilant over this novel prospect. But the parents were quiet. The realization of their dream was too near at hand. Their old home lay but three miles away!

Emerald Grove! It was here that Lucy had bought her wedding-gown, and here that Daggett had bought his wedding suit. It was here that their childish eyes had first grown round with wonder at sight of a store, street-lamps, and a telephone. It was the promise of a trip to this town, on Saturday afternoon, that used to hold them faithful to their chores all week long. It was here the old doctor lived who had ushered them and their children into the world.

The town looked natural; but Daggett was surprised, and a little disappointed, at the number of new houses which had gone up. In his heart he was jealous of any change which had taken place in his absence. He wanted to come back to the Emerald Grove that he had left—a somnolent old town whose population had been at a standstill for a quarter of a century.

There were a number of new stores, too; and the restaurant to which Daggett took the family for supper had been improved and enlarged until he hardly recognized the place. It had also changed hands, so that he was denied the pleasure of shaking hands with Elihu James, the former proprietor. As he ate he watched the door for a familiar face, which he was hungrier for than the viands on his plate; but he could recall the name of none of the men who dropped in for a cigar. Emerald Grove *had* changed!

After supper they drove around to Joinville Haines's house. At least one of the hearts in the wagon fluttered as Daggett passed up the flower-bordered, brick walk to the old-fashioned dwelling. So much depended on Joinville Haines and his loyalty to an old friend! Then, in an ominously short time, Lucy heard her husband coming down the walk again. Trouble was in his footfalls.

"Joinville don't live here no more," said he, in a puzzled manner. "He's gone and built him a new house, the woman said. Don't it beat you that he would give the old family home the shake?"

His tone was almost an aggrieved one. During the weeks on the road he had so often stood, in imagination, on the steps of this house, and seen Joinville Haines open the door and start at the apparition of his old friend. Therefore, a strange woman answering his ring had stunned him. But this shock was small compared with the one he received when, following the woman's directions, he drove to a plot of ground that used to be rank with dog-fennel and jimson-weed and found a great, three-storied, granite mansion, with plate-glass windows, statuary in the yard, and a gravelled driveway and porte-cochère, all jealously guarded by an aristocratic ten-foot iron fence.

"This—this can't be Joinville's, Lucy!" he faltered.

But it was, so a white-capped maid informed him at the massive front door. Mr. Haines was not at home, she added, and would not be until the following day. Would he leave his card? Daggett shook his head and retreated in confusion. His card! He had never owned a card in his life, and the Joinville Haines he used to know never had, either.



"If we've got to camp again to-night, Rufus, let's drive out by the old place," pleaded Lucy, timidly. This great house, somehow, had frightened her. "I feel as if I'd sleep better out there. And I can't wait any longer to see it."

They were soon on the old familiar road, over which Daggett had hauled so many wagon-loads of corn and hogs and apples. They passed the long row of Lombardy poplars in front of Newton Bryson's, and crossed first Haymeadow Creek and then Possum Fork. From a distance they recognized in the moonlight the thicket of "silver maples" that had sprung from the roots of the two hoary old trees in Si Morgan's front yard. Then came Dick Helm's, Lucian Smith's, Nimrod Binney's, and all the other old neighbors. No change here, and it was not long before the scent of new-mown hay, still lying in windrows, and the notes of the whippoorwills had smoothed away the disappointments and alarms of Emerald Grove.

Finally they rumbled across the little bridge over Beecher's Run—still patched with the plank that Daggett had placed there with his own hands. From the summit of the rise just beyond, their old home would lie in full view—the house, the barn, the well-house, and, if the moonlight were bright enough, the clump of spruces under which two little white stones stood at the head of two little graves.

Daggett halted the mules at the foot of the slope.

"Let's camp here to-night, Lucy," said he, in a voice which sounded strange in his own ears. "We couldn't see much to-night, anyhow. And I'd sooner see it first by daylight. It'll look more natural."

So they camped there that night—camped, but did not sleep. All night long the woman lay in the wagon, listening to the frogs, and looking at the stars in the west—that west out of which they had fled as the children of Israel fled out of Egypt. And all night long the man under the wagon, out of the dew, lay with open eyes; and he too looked at the stars.

For some reason—the natural reaction following his high-strung anticipations, or the changes in Emerald Grove—he

was uneasy. And though the little frogs trilled and the crickets chirped just as they always used to do, something seemed to be amiss with the old nocturnal quietude of the place. All through the night there came to him, he fancied, a low, distant, regular, mysterious sound which he was at a loss to explain. When he rose to his elbow and listened, it seemed to cease; and he finally persuaded himself that it was only a ringing in his ears from indigestion. He had eaten a pretty hearty supper.

The elders were up at the gray of dawn, while the children still slept; but it was not until the sun had fairly risen that they proceeded slowly up the little rise of ground. Lucy reached out and took her husband's hand. He felt her trembling; and there flashed before him a day in their childhood when both of them, barefooted, had tramped up this selfsame little hill. She was trembling then, too, for she had seen a snake in the blackberry bushes.

They reached the top of the rise, and lifted their eyes. Both suddenly grew rigid. Then Lucy gave a little cry. Daggett stared vacantly ahead.

There was no farm! There was no cottage—no barn—no vine-clad well-house! All had been swept from the face of the earth as if by the besom of destruction. In their place were long, low, ugly brick buildings, with tin roofs; great tanks; tall towers of structural steel; a huge brick chimney, from which jetty smoke rolled forth; several rows of newly painted laborers' quarters; a railroad track and cars.

"Oil!" broke out Daggett, hoarsely, at last. "They've struck oil!"

Lucy, swaying dizzily, grasped his arm for support.

"Where's the little graveyard?" she whispered.

"I—I can't jest make out, I'm so turned around," he answered.

But he was not turned around to that extent. He had seen at the first glance that the ugly boiler-house, with the smoky cloud clustering about its tall stack like some foul fungus, squatted squarely over the little God's-acre in which the dust of their dead ones lay. It gave him a feeling of suffocation.

As they stood in stunned silence, a

carriage drawn by two spirited black horses, whose buckles glittered in the sunlight, rapidly approached. On the rear seat, behind a liveried coachman, sat Joinville Haines—a millionaire, but up and at work while most of his hired men still slept in the quarters below. In spite of his great house in Emerald Grove, and in spite of his fine equipage, he had changed little. He wore the same plain, ill-fitting clothes he had always worn, and beneath his squarely trimmed beard his shirt-front showed innocent of any cravat. He was only a little older, a little sadder, with deeper lines about his mouth.

At sight of the wayfarers, who, in their crushed mood, would have let him pass unhailed, he ordered the driver to stop.

"How do, Rufus! How do, Lucy!" said he, with his old quiet cordiality. He stepped down and held out his hand to each, after a characteristic motion which reminded Lucy of the days when he used to run a meat-market and always wiped his hand on his apron before offering it to any one. "When'd you git back?"

"Last night," answered Daggett. "We camped yander. We just come up to see the old place."

"Hadn't you heard?"

Daggett shook his head. A peculiar light, akin to pity, flamed up in the rich man's eyes, and then died away.

"You find consid'able change, then."

"Joinville, we wanted to buy the old place back!" cried Lucy, swiftly.

Again that peculiar light in his eyes.

"Well, I guess you don't want it now, after I've sp'iled it for you. You wouldn't, leastways, if you'd had as much trouble with it as I have." He jerked his head toward his liveried coachman. "My wife makes me ride behind that monkey in red top-boots," he added, in a lowered voice. "But, Rufus, if you want a farm, I've got a hundred acres two miles down the road—the old Barnum place. It's better land than this ever was, and you can have it on easy terms."

"How much down?" asked Daggett, with a harsh laugh. He seemed to be joking, in a ghastly way.

"Whatever you can pay," answered the millionaire, steadily.

Daggett drew a couple of silver dollars and some small change from his trousers pocket.

"There's my pile, Join—what's left of my bird-dog."

Haines studied the coins in the horny palm for a moment.

"You have a penny there. Pay me that down." He did not smile, but gravely accepted the copper, wrote out a receipt for it, and signed a name that was good for at least a million dollars. "You can take possession this morning—there's no one on the place. I'll drop in this afternoon, and we'll inventory the stock and machinery."

The man and the woman stood side by side, without speech, until the carriage had passed out of sight.

"He *didn't* forget," said Daggett, with glistening eyes.

Lucy's lips parted, but closed again, soundlessly.

## The Conqueror

BY L. H. HAMMOND

**D**RUNKEN with victory, their hordes surge by;  
 Prone with the dead am I; but through the smoke  
 Glimmers the face of Truth, for whose dear sake  
 I fight, or die, or wear the captive's yoke.





ON THE TREK

# The Slave-Trade of To-day

BY HENRY W. NEVINSON

## PART III

SOME two hundred miles south of St. Paul de Loanda, which I described in my last letter, you come to a deep and quiet inlet, called Lobito Bay. Hitherto it has been desert and unknown—a spit of waterless sand shutting in a basin of the sea at the foot of barren and waterless hills. But in twenty years' time Lobito Bay may have become famous as the central port of the whole west coast of Africa and the starting-place for traffic with the interior. For it is the base of the railway scheme known as the "Robert Williams Concession," which is intended to reach the ancient copper-mines of the Katanga district in the extreme south of the

Congo State, and so to unite with the "Tanganyika Concession." It would thus connect the west-coast traffic with the great lakes and the east. A branch line might also turn off at some point along the high and flat watershed between the Congo and Zambesi basins, and join the Cape Town railway near Victoria Falls. Possibly before the Johannesburg gold is exhausted, passengers from London to the Transvaal will address their luggage "*via* Lobito Bay."

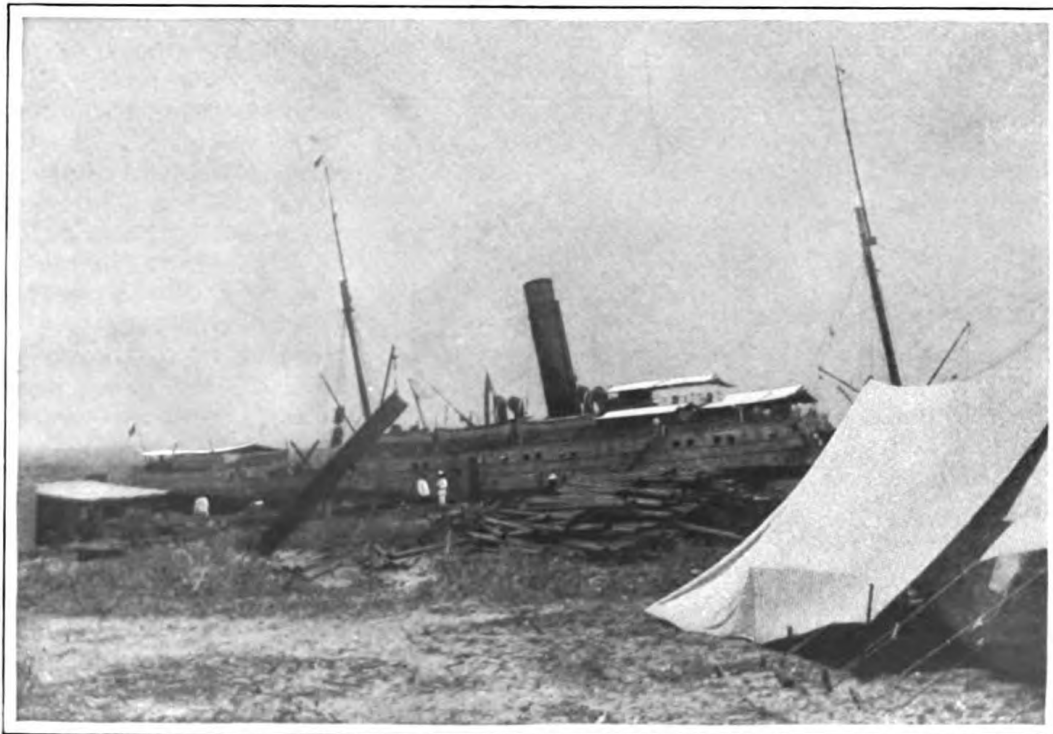
But this is only prophecy. What is certain is that on the 5th of January, 1905, a mail-steamer was for the first time warped alongside a little landing-stage of lighters in thirty-five feet of

water, and I may go down to fame as the first man to land at the future port. What I found were a few laborers' huts, a tent, a pile of sleepers, a tiny engine puffing over a mile or two of sand, and a large Portuguese custom-house with an eye to possibilities. I also found an indomitable English engineer, engaged in doing all the work with his own hands, to the entire satisfaction of the native laborers, who encouraged him with smiles.

At present the railway, which is to transform the conditions of Central Africa, runs as a little tram-line for about eight miles along the sand to Katumbella. There it has something to show in the shape of a great iron bridge, which crosses the river with a single span. The day I was there, the engineers were terrifying the crocodiles by knocking away the wooden piles used in the construction, and both natives and Portuguese were awaiting the collapse of the bridge with the pleasurable excitement of people who await a catastrophe that does not concern themselves. But, to the general disappointment, the last prop was knocked away and the bridge still stood. It was amazing. It was

contrary to the traditions of Africa and of Portugal.

Katumbella itself is an old town, with two old forts, a dozen trading-houses, and a river of singular beauty, winding down between mountains. It is important because it stands on the coast at the end of the carriers' footpath which has been for centuries the principal trade route between the west and the interior. One sees that path running in white lines far over the hills behind the town, and up and down it black figures are continually passing with loads upon their heads. They bring rubber, beeswax, and a few other products of lands far away. They take back enamelled ware, rum, salt, and the bales of cotton cloth from Portugal and Manchester which, together with rum, form the real coinage and standard of value in Central Africa—salt being used as the small change. The path ends, vulgarly enough, at an oil-lamp in the chief street of Katumbella. Yet it is touched by the tragedy of human suffering. For this is the end of that great slave route which Livingstone had to cross on his first great journey, but otherwise so carefully avoided. This



• FIRST MAIL-STEAMER AT LOBITO BAY

is the path down which the caravans of slaves from the basin of the Upper Congo have been brought for generations, and down this path within the last three or four years the slaves were openly driven to the coast, shackled, tied together, and beaten along with whips, the trader considering himself fairly fortunate if out of his drove of human beings he brought half alive to the market. There is a notorious case in which a Portuguese trader, who still follows his calling unchecked, lost 600 out of 900 on the way down. At Katumbella the slaves were rested, sorted out, dressed, and then taken on over the fifteen miles to Benguela, usually disguised as ordinary carriers. The traffic still goes on, almost unchecked. But of that ancient route from Bihé to the coast I shall write later on, for by this path I hope to come when I emerge from the interior and catch sight of the sea again between the hills.

There is something South-African about the town of Benguela itself. Perhaps it comes from the eucalyptus-trees, the broad and sandy roads ending in scrubby waste, and the presence of Boer transport-riders with their ox-wagons from southern Angola. But the place is, in fact, peculiarly Portuguese. Next to Loanda, it is the most important town

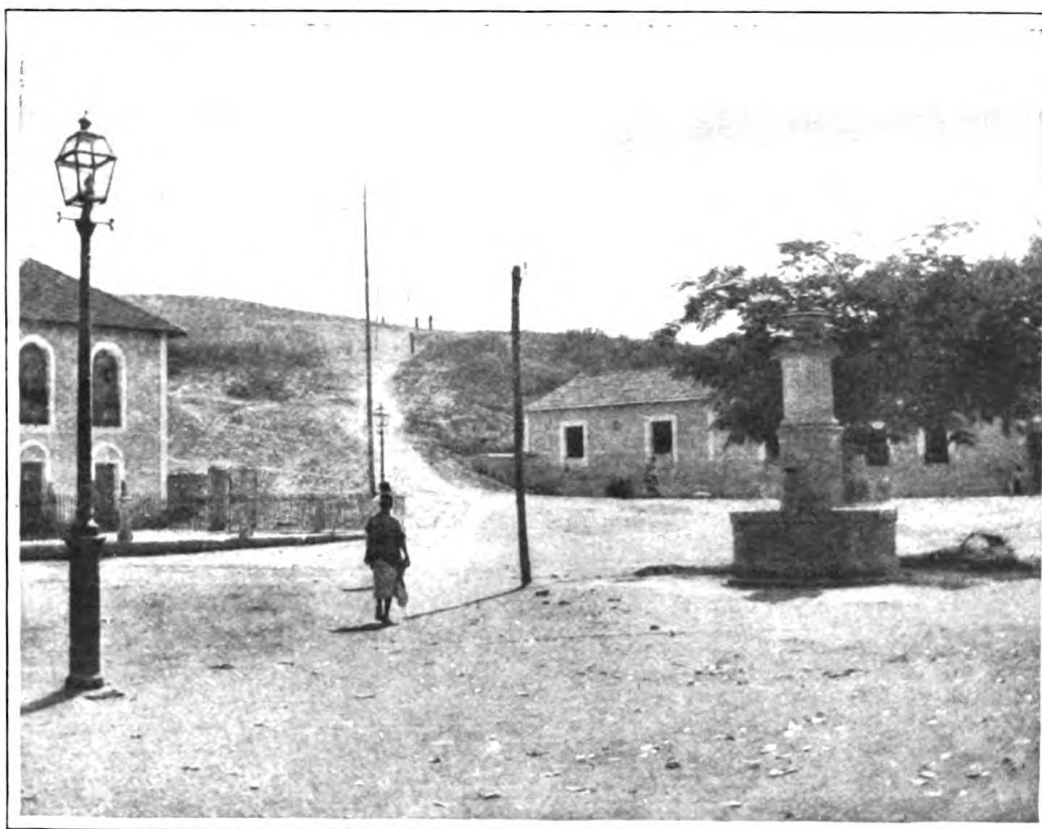
in the colony, and for years it was celebrated as the very centre of the slave-trade with Brazil. In the old days when Great Britain was the enthusiastic opponent of slavery in every form, some of her men-of-war were generally hanging about off Benguela on the watch. They succeeded in making the trade difficult and unlucrative; but we have all become tamer now and more ready to show consideration for human failings, provided they pay. Call slaves by another name, legalize their position by a few printed papers, and the traffic becomes a commercial enterprise deserving of every encouragement. A few years ago, while gangs were still being whipped down to the coast in chains, one of the most famous of living African explorers informed the captain of a British gunboat what was the true state of things upon a Portuguese steamer bound for San Thomé. The captain, full of old-fashioned indignation, proposed to seize the ship. Whereupon the British authorities, flustered at the notion of such impoliteness, reminded him that we were now living in a civilized age. These men and women, who had been driven like cattle over some eight hundred miles of road to Benguela, were not to be called slaves. They were "serviçaes," and had

signed a contract for so many years, saying they went to San Thomé of their own free will. It was the free will of sheep going to the butcher's. Every one knew that. But the decencies of law and order must be observed.

Within the last two or three years the decencies of law and order have been observed in Benguela with increasing care. There are many reasons for the change. Possibly the polite representations of the British Foreign Office may have had some effect; for England, besides being Portugal's "old ally," is one of the best customers for San Thomé cocoa, and it might upset commercial relations if the cocoa-



THE PORTUGUESE HAMMOCK



END OF GREAT SLAVE ROUTE AT KATUMBELLA

drinkers of England realized that they were enjoying their luxury, or exercising their virtue, at the price of slave labor. Something may also be due to the presence of the English engineers and mining prospectors connected with the Robert Williams Concession. But I attribute the change chiefly to the helpless little rising of the natives, known as the "Bailundu war" of 1902. Bailundu is a district on the route between Benguela and Bihé, and the rising, though attributed to many absurd causes by the Portuguese—especially to the political intrigues of the half-dozen American missionaries in the district—was undoubtedly due to the injustice, violence, and lust of certain traders and administrators. The rising itself was an absolute failure. Terrified as the Portuguese were, the natives were more terrified still. I have seen a place where over four hundred native men, women, and children were massacred in the rocks and holes, where their bones still lie, while the Portuguese lost only

three men. But the disturbance may have served to draw the attention of Portugal to the native grievances. At any rate, it was about the same time that two of the officers at an important fort were condemned to long terms of imprisonment and exile for open slave-dealing, and Captain Amorim, a Portuguese gunner, was sent out as a kind of special commissioner to make inquiries. He showed real zeal in putting down the slave-trade, and set a large number of slaves at liberty with special "letters of freedom," signed by himself—most of which have since been torn up by the owners. His stay was, unhappily, short, but he returned home honored by the hatred of the Portuguese traders and officials in the country, who did their best to poison him, as their custom is. His action and reports were, I think, the chief cause of Portugal's "uneasiness," to which I referred in my last letter.

So the horror of the thing has been driven under the surface; and what is



worse, it has been legalized. Whether it is diminished by secrecy and the forms of law, I shall be able to judge better in a few months' time. I found no open slave-market existing in Benguela, such as reports in Europe would lead one to expect. The spacious courtyards or compounds round the trading-houses are no longer crowded with gangs of slaves in shackles, and though they are still used for housing the slaves before their final export, the whole thing is done quietly, and without open brutality, which is, after all, unprofitable as well as inhuman.

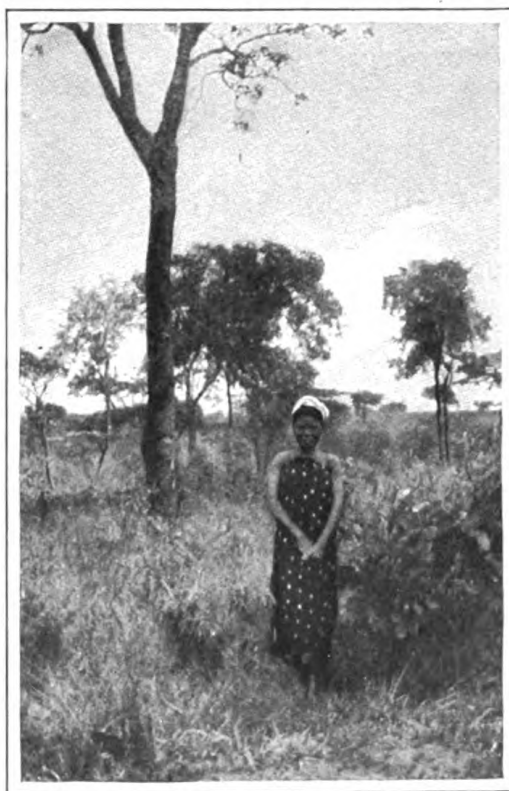
In the main street there is a government office where the official representative of the "Central Committee of Labor and Emigration for the Islands" (having its headquarters in Lisbon) sits in state, and under due forms of law receives the natives, who enter one door as slaves and go out of another as "serviçaes." Everything is correct. The native, who has usually been torn from his home far in the interior, perhaps as much as eight hundred miles away, and already sold twice, is asked by an interpreter if it is his wish to go to San Thomé, or to undertake some other form of service to a new master. Of course he answers, "Yes." It is quite unnecessary to suppose, as most people suppose, that the interpreter always asks such questions as, "Do you like to fish?" or, "Will you have a drink?" though one of the best scholars in the languages of the interior has himself heard those questions asked at an official inspection

of "serviçaes" on board ship. It would be unnecessary for the interpreter to invent such questions. If he asked, "Is it your wish to go to hell?" the "serviçal" would say "yes" just the same. In fact, throughout this part of Africa the name of San Thomé is becoming

identical with hell, and when a man has been brought hundreds of miles from his home by an unknown road and through long tracts of "hungry country"—when also he knows that if he did get back he would probably be sold again or killed,—what else can he answer but "yes"? Under similar circumstances the Archbishop of Canterbury would answer the same.

The "serviçal" says "yes," and so sanctions the contract for his labor. The deficiencies of law and order are re-

spected. The government of the colony receives its export duty—one of the queerest methods of "protecting home industries" ever invented. All is regular and legalized. A series of new rules for the serviçal's comfort and happiness during his stay in the islands was issued in 1903, though its stipulations have not been carried out. And off goes the man to his death in San Thomé or Il Principe as surely as if he had signed his own death-warrant. To be sure, there are regulations for his return. By law, three-fifths of his so-called monthly wages are to be set aside for a "Repatriation Fund," and in consideration of this he is granted a "free passage" back to the coast. A more ingenious trick for reducing the price of labor has never



SLAVE GIRL SOLD FOR £25



been invented, but, for very shame, the Repatriation Fund has ceased to exist, if it ever existed. Ask any honest man who knows the country well, ask any Scottish engineer upon the Portuguese steamers that convey the "servi-çaes" to the islands, and he will tell you they never return. The islands are their grave.

These are things that every one knows, but I will not dwell upon them yet or even count them as proved, for I have still far to go and much to see. Leaving the export trade in "contracted labor," I will now speak of what I have actually seen and known of slavery on the mainland under the white people themselves. I have heard the slaves in Angola estimated at five-sixths of the population by an Englishman who has held various influential positions in the country for nearly twenty years. The estimate is only guesswork, for the Portuguese are not strong in statistics, especially in statistics of slavery. But including the very large number of natives who by purchase or birth are the family slaves of the village chiefs and other fairly prosperous natives, we might probably reckon at least half the population as living under some form of slavery—either in family slavery to natives, or general slavery to white men, or in plantation slavery (under which head I include the export trade). I have referred to the family slavery among the natives in an earlier letter. Till lately it has been universal in Africa, and it still exists in nearly all parts. But though it is constantly pleaded as their excuse by white slave-owners, it is not so shameful a thing as the slavery organized by the whites, if only because whites do at least boast themselves to be a higher race than natives, with higher standards of life

and manners. From what I have seen of African life, both in the south and west, I am not sure that the boast is justified, but at all events it is made, and for that reason white men are precluded from sheltering themselves behind the excuse of native customs.

On the same steamer by which I reached Benguela there were five little native boys, conspicuous in striped jerseys, and running about the ship like rats. I suppose they were about ten to twelve years old, perhaps less. I do not know where they came from, but it must have been from some fairly distant part of the interior, for like all natives who see stairs for the first time, they went up and down them on their hands and knees. They were travelling with a Portuguese, and within a week of landing at Benguela he had sold them all to other white owners. Their price was 50 milreis apiece (nearly £10). Their owner did rather well, for the boys were small and thin—hardly bigger than another native slave boy who was at the same time given away by one Portuguese friend to another as a New-year's present. But all through this part of the country I have found the price of human beings ranging rather higher than I expected, and the man who told me the price of the boys had himself been offered one of them at that figure, and was simply passing on the offer to myself.

Perhaps I was led to underestimate prices a little by the statement of a friend



TWO CANNIBAL SLAVES BOUGHT BY AN ENGLISHMAN

in England that at Benguela one could buy a woman for £8 and a girl for £12. He had not been to that part of the coast himself, though for five years he had lived in the Katanga district of the Congo State, from which large numbers of the slaves are drawn. Perhaps he had forgotten to take into account the heavy cost of transport from the interior and the risk of loss by death upon the road. Or perhaps he reckoned by the exceptionally low prices prevailing after the dry season of 1903, when, owing to a prolonged drought, the famine was severe in a district near the Kunene in southeast Angola, and some Portuguese and Boer traders took advantage of the people's hunger to purchase oxen and children cheap in exchange for mealies. Similarly, in 1904, women were being sold unusually cheap in a district by the Cuanza, owing to a local famine. Livingstone, in his *First Expedition to Africa*, said he had never known cases of parents selling children into slavery, but Mr. F. S. Arnot in his edition of the book has shown that such things occur (though as a rule a child is sold by his maternal uncle), and I have myself heard of several instances in the last few weeks, both for debt and hunger. Necessity is the slave-trader's opportunity, and under such conditions the market quotations for human beings fall, in accordance with the universal laws of economics.

The value of a slave, man or woman, when landed at San Thomé, is about £30, but, as nearly as I could estimate, the average price of a grown man in Benguela is £20 (\$100). At that price the traders there would be willing to supply a large number. An Englishman whom I met there had been offered a gang of slaves, consisting of forty men and women, at the rate of £18 a head. But the slaves were up in Bihé, and the cost of transport down to the coast goes for something; and, perhaps there was "a reduction on taking a quantity." However, when he was in Bihé, he had bought two of them from the Portuguese trader at that rate. They were both men. He had also bought two boys farther in the interior, but I do not know at what price. One of them had been with the Bâatele cannibals, who form the chief part of the "Révoltés,"

or rebels, against the atrocious government of the Belgians on the Upper Congo. Perhaps the boy himself really belonged to the race which had sold him to the Bihéan traders. At all events, the racial mark was cut in his ears, and the other "boys" in the Englishman's service were never tired of chaffing him upon his past habits. Every night while I was with them they would ask him how many men he had eaten that day, and this was a joke which had lasted for months. But a point was added to the laugh because the ex-cannibal was now acting as cook to the party.

The price of women on the mainland is more variable, for, as in civilized countries, it depends almost entirely on their beauty and reputation. Even on the Benguela coast I think plenty of women could be procured for agricultural, domestic, and other work at £15 a head or even less. But for the purposes for which women are often bought the price naturally rises, and it depends upon the ordinary causes which regulate such traffic. A full-grown and fairly nice-looking woman may be bought from a trader for £18, but for a mature girl a man must pay more. At least a stranger who is not connected with the trade has to pay more. While I was in the town a girl was sold to a prospector, who wanted her as his mistress during a journey into the interior. Her owner was an elderly Portuguese official of some standing. I do not know how he had obtained her, but she was not born in his household of slaves, for he had only recently come to the country. Most likely he had bought her as a speculation, or to serve as his mistress if he felt inclined to take her. The price finally arranged between him and the prospector for the possession of the girl was 125 milreis, which was then nearly equal to £25. For the visit of the King of Portugal to England and the revival of the "old alliance" had just raised the value of the Portuguese coinage.

When the bargain was concluded, the girl was led to her new master's room and became his possession. During his journey into the interior she rode upon his wagon. I saw them often on the way, and was told the story of the purchase by the prospector himself. He

did not complain of the price, though men who were better acquainted with the uses of the woman-market considered it unnecessarily high. But it is really impossible to fix an average standard of value where such things as beauty and desire are concerned. The purchaser was satisfied, the seller was satisfied. So who was to complain? The girl was not consulted, nor did the question of her price concern her in the least.

I was glad to find that the Portuguese official who had parted with her on these satisfactory terms was no merely selfish speculator in the human market, as so many traders are, but had considered the question philosophically, and had come to the conclusion that slavery was much to a slave's advantage. The slave, he said, had opportunities of coming into contact with a higher civilization than his own. He was much better off than in his native village. His food was regular, his work was not excessive, and, if he chose, he might become a Christian. Being an article of value, it was likely that he would be well treated. "Indeed," he continued, in an outburst of philanthropic emotion, "both in our own service and at San Thomé, the slave enjoys a comfort and well-being which would have been forever beyond his reach if he had not become a slave!" In many cases, he asserted, the slave owed his very life to slavery, for some of the slaves brought from the interior were prisoners of war, and would have been executed but for the profitable market ready to receive him. As he spoke, the old gentleman's face glowed with noble enthusiasm, and I could not but envy him his connection with an institution that was at the same time so salutary to mankind and so lucrative to himself.

As to the slave's happiness on the islands, I cannot yet describe it, but according to the reports of residents, ships' officers, and the natives themselves, it is brief, however great. What sort of happiness is enjoyed on the Portuguese plantations of Angola itself I have described in my last letter. As to the comfort and joy of ordinary slavery under white men, with all its advantages of civilization and religion, the beneficence of the institution is somewhat dimmed

by a few such things as I have seen, or have heard from men whom I could trust as fully as my own eyes. At five o'clock one afternoon I saw two slaves carrying fish through an open square at Benguela, and enjoying their contact with civilization in the form of another native who was driving them along like oxen with a sjambok. The same man who was offered the forty slaves at £18 a head had in sheer pity bought a little girl from a Portuguese lady last autumn, and he found her back scored all over with the cut of the *chicotte*, just like the back of a trek-ox under training. An Englishman coming down from the interior last African winter, was roused at night by loud cries in a Portuguese trading-house at Mashiko. In the morning he found that a slave had been flogged, and tied to a tree in the cold all night. He was a man who had only lately lost his liberty, and was undergoing the process which the Portuguese call "taming," as applied to new slaves who are sullen and show no pleasure in the advantages of their position. In another case, only a few weeks ago, an American saw a woman with a full load on her head and a baby on her back passing the house where he happened to be staying. A big native, the slave of a Portuguese trader in the neighborhood, was dragging her along with a rope, and beating her with a whip as she went. The American brought the woman into the house and kept her there. Next day the Portuguese owner came in fury with forty of his slaves, breathing out slaughters, but, as is usual with the Portuguese, he shrank up when he was faced with courage. The American refused to give the woman back, and ultimately she was restored to her own distant village, where she still is.

I would willingly give the names in the last case and in all others; but one of the chief difficulties of the whole subject is that it is impossible to give names without exposing people out here to the hostility and persecution of the Portuguese authorities and traders. In most instances, also, not only the people themselves, but all the natives associated with them, would suffer, and the various kinds of work in which they are engaged would come to an end. It is the same fear

which keeps the missionaries silent. The Catholic missions are supported by the state. The other missions exist on sufferance. How can missionaries of either division risk the things they have most at heart by speaking out upon a dangerous question? They are silent, though their conscience is uneasy, unless custom puts it to sleep.

Custom puts us all to sleep. Every one in Angola is so accustomed to slavery as part of the country's arrangements that hardly anybody considers it strange. It is regarded either as a wholesome necessity or as a necessary evil. When any question arises upon the subject, all the antiquated arguments in favor of slavery are trotted out again. We are told that but for slavery the country would remain savage and undeveloped; that some form of compulsion is needed for the native's good; that in reality he enjoys more freedom and comfort as a slave than in his free village. Let us at once sweep away all the talk about the native's good. It is on a level with the cant which said the British fought the Boers and brought the Chinese to the Transvaal in order to extend to both races a higher form of religion. The only motive for slavery is money-making, and the only argument in its favor is that it pays. That is the root of the matter, and as long as we stick to that we shall, at least, be saved from humbug.

As to the excuse that there is a difference between slavery and "contracted labor," this is no more than legal cant, just as the other pleas are philanthropic

or religious cant. Except in the eyes of the law, it makes no difference whether a man is a "serviçal" or a slave; it makes no difference whether a written contract exists or not. I do not know whether the girl I mentioned had signed a contract expressing her willingness to serve as the prospector's mistress for five years, after which she was to be free unless the contract were renewed. But I do know that whether she signed the contract or not, her price and position would have been exactly the same, and that before the five years are up she will in all probability have been sold two or three times over, at diminishing prices. The "serviçal" system is only a dodge to delude the antislavery people, who were at one time strong in Great Britain, and have lately shown signs of life in Portugal. Except in the eyes of a law which is hardly ever enforced, slavery exists almost unchecked. Slaves work the plantations, slaves serve the traders, slaves do the housework of families. Ordinary free wage-earners exist in the towns and among the carriers, but, as a rule, throughout the country the system of labor is founded on slavery, and very few of the Portuguese or foreign residents in Angola would hesitate to admit it.

From Benguela I determined to strike into a district which has long had an evil reputation as the base of the slave-trade with the interior. Of the details of this struggle through a little known and almost uninhabited country I shall tell more in my next letter.



# A Soldier of No Battles

BY ROBERT SHACKLETON

NEVER was there a more forceful expression of the feelings and experiences of the unknown soldiers of the civil war than lies in a little bunch of letters, which I recently chanced to come across, written by one James Fanning.

There were thousands in the armies of the North, thousands in the armies of the South, to whom no opportunity came to win distinction, to do brave deeds, to take part in battles, or even to see any of the great leaders, and who lived or died as Fate alternatively made choice; and of that class was young Fanning.

James Fanning, simple-hearted, of slender schooling, a manly "mother's boy" — thus he is still remembered in his native town of Somers, a tiny New York village at the northern edge of Westchester County.

He went forth to the war from the Fanning home, a little house, white-fronted, elm-shaded, with flowers in front, vegetables behind; and the old folk still tell how, breasting the little slope over which the road lifts itself on the way to the station, he waved farewell to his mother, while his silent father trudged on by his side to part later at the train.

Fanning was sent, first, to a training-camp at Yonkers, and in a brief note of October 7, 1862, he tells that soldiers are fast coming in, and that a neighbor's boy is there, and he bids his mother farewell.

A little later, he is still at the training-camp. It is evident that he has expected

to be sent promptly against the enemy, and the inaction chills him a trifle, but his serious courage is unchanged.

On the 20th he writes a letter big with momentous tidings. He has been made third sergeant! "I am well as common. I have been ordered to be sargent of the guard. It is a hard office.

I was sargent of the guard last Saturday and Sunday. I was up two nights without sleep. Saturday night I put six men in the guard-house for trying to jump the guard. I have to keep my eyes skind." (Phonetically inclined, he!) "I think the regiment is going to leave here next week."

But November comes, and he is still at the camp on the Hudson, dishearteningly far from the Potomac.

"I am as well as common," he writes; and then, with a touch of awe, he sets down the, to him, almost inconceivable fact: "The solgers run away faster than they come in. They was eight run away Sunday night. The Ofcers shot at them six times. They did not hit one of them. I have not got time to write any more. I must go and drill. Goodbye."

The demoralizing influence of inaction has not seriously chilled him, and he uses a sheet of paper embellished with "The Girl I Left Behind Me," who patriotically wears a skirt of red and white and a waist of blue as she receives the affecting farewells of a red, white, and blue soldier. It would seem, however, both from these letters and from village memory, that



JAMES FANNING  
From a daguerreotype portrait



Fanning himself had no affair of the heart, and this absence of all incentive other than that of duty makes his simple little story the more sad and dramatic.

By November 27 a startling change has come. In spite of his faithful pride, in spite of the glory of the straight brass-hilted sword, homesickness has crept upon him like a thief in the night. He has pathetically gone to pieces, and his short letter is like the cry of a frightened child in the dark.

"I must write to you, father. I want you to come down here as soon as possible. We expect to go away from here today or tomorrow. We are going to Park barracks. You must come to Yonkers first and if we aint there come to Park Barracks New York as soon as possible and Mother I bid you farewell for ever. I never expect to see you again and tell the boys to take good care of themself. I bid you all goodbye."

But he is no coward. Three days later he is at Fort McHenry and quite himself again. He is "well as common." He has discovered naively that "Baltimore vilige is the meanest place I ever was in. The fort is about Two miles from Baltimore vilige. They is about two hundred guns mounted in the fort." And he adds, deeply impressed as he is by the glorious terrors of war, "They are all loaded."

Early December finds him using a great sheet of paper—his only rise into such pretentiousness of display—with a picture across the entire top and far down toward the middle, with Fort McHenry, and fluttering flags, and gallantly mounted officers, and paraded men, and parked artillery, and general bravery and impregnability of effect.

By this time he is humorously happy. "They is rats here as big as horses. We don't have much to eat here but bread and water, but we have a plenty." Some Confederate prisoners are "the greatest looking men I ever did see"; but, like other impressionists, he does not fill in the picture with details.

Deferred hope of action again makes his heart sick. He begins to fear that there will be lengthy garrison duty. "It is cold here. My hands shakes with cold. They is a good many runs away."

A box comes from home, and his spirits buoyantly revive. "I was glad to get it

I was very hungry." He has been losing friends by his severity—or, rather, not severity, but only a serious taking of his disciplinary duties as third sergeant,—but he now notes, with a worldly wisdom which life at Somers had never taught him: "I had plenty of visitors when I got the box."

"Tell Stephen Brown I am obliged for that rustur. When I eat it it put me in mind of home. I am tired tonight I tell you. My legs akes like Sam Hill. I have a good cal to do every day." He never complains, but his willingness to work has caused more than his share of duty to be put on him.

Again: "I am well as common and I hope you are enjoying the same blessing. I don't know how soon I may be called in the battle-field. If I never see you again on earth I hope I will meet you in heaven where there won't be no fighting. What do the folks say about the war in Somers?"

Inaction continues its insidious work. The sick and the wounded are sent in from the front, and he speaks of amputations and deaths. He is gloomy. "The mud is three inches deep." And he is inarticulately pained that his strict attention to duty has lost him a degree of friendly comradeship. The second lieutenant, it appears, "is the only friend I got here. He uses me well."

In a few days comes the naïveté of: "I take my pen in hand tonight to write you a few lines to let you know how the war goes on at present. The war goes on slowly here." Thus the never-ending monotony of it; but also the optimistic: "We don't know what minute we may be called in the battle field. Burnside is raising the duse with the rebbles. I have been drilling on big guns this afternoon."

But Burnside is not precisely "raising the duse," except with his own men; and the rumor drifts to Fort McHenry that he is routed and killed. That is the way the news of Fredericksburg reaches Fanning and his companions. It is also important to Fanning that he has just had his first sweet potatoes: "I cook them in my stove. I wish I had some butter to eat with them. I aint seen a bit of butter since I been here. I have forgot how butter looks. An they is one thing I must mention. I aint laying on feathers

here. I lay on the floor and take the soft side of a board for a pillow. I have got sixteen men to take care of to see that they keep their clothes and boots clean. We have to keep as neat as a pin. Many poor soldiers has gone to their long home this past week."

A little later and he has his first sickness: "I have been sick for two or three days. I am getting better slowly. I had a bad cold and sick to my stomach. I went to the hospital. I ain't drilled any today. I was glad to hear from Stephen that you was well. I have had too much to do ever since I have been here. I went on Sergeant of the guard Sunday. I was so sick that I had to get a man in my place. I've got my uniform now. I have got a gun and a belt and a cartridge box and a sword. I wish you would send me some money to get my likeness took. You may not have the chance to see me alive again and I will send the likeness to you." Even in this twentieth century "likeness" is more often heard than "likeness" in many a country district.

The year inactively drags to a close. He is profuse of thanks for a little money sent to him and he thinks heavily of home:

"My mind is on mother all the time. I can't go to sleep no night but what I think of you. Mother don't work too hard. Take good care of yourself till I come home again."

News comes that they are going to march, and, his spirits rising again, his next letters are topped by gallant pictures of men in blue going into battle to the inspiring strain of—

We are coming, Father Abraham,  
Six hundred thousand more.

He cannot help thinking of the difference between the quiet New-years in Somers and the unsatisfactory New-years in camp, where men are now dying of typhoid.

He is eating raw pork and two crackers a day, and, having always been a home boy, and not at all handy at "roughing it," he confesses that he has not had a good night's sleep since arriving at the fort. "We leave here tomorrow to go to Harpers Ferry." Then, once more optimistic: "I expect we will go right in the field to fight."

His next letters are from Camp Wool at Harpers Ferry, in January. He has been sick and has had a hard time, but is worried because of hearing that his mother has been sick.

He finds that there is nothing but drill duty, and he has no love for the wild country "where I can't see nothing but soldiers and horses and guns."

The superb beauty of the heights, rising above the splendid rivers, had no appeal for him. "I have got sick of the site of a gun," he writes impatiently. He is worried about affairs at home: "What do you burn this winter, wood or coal? I wish I could help you to get another cow."

"I went two days without eating a mouthful. When we got to Camp Wool we got a few hard crackers to eat. They was a Barf of pork here I went into it like thunder I eat it raw. I was glad to get raw pork to eat. We have got forty thousand men here. It is a great site to see them. I don't know what minute we may be called out to fight."

A week passes. "I have been sick," he writes. "The doctor said I had the fever ager. I feel some better today. I ain't drilled in several days. I think I will be all right in a few days, which I hope will be so that I can do my duty. I wish I had a good drink of water from home. The water is like mud here. What is the nuse in Somers about the war closing?" After all, Somers has always been the centre of his little world.

He does not keep long from work: "I was on guard yesterday. I was up all night without any sleep. I am very sleepy tonight." It is evident that his willingness is still imposed on. He is decidedly blue again. He writes disconsolately to his sister, with a misspelling grotesquely pitiful, that a soldier must be prepared "to meat his God."

He is becoming an invalid: "I sit down today to write you a few lines. I am getting better. I hope you are enjoying the same blessing. It has rained very hard for two days. It rains here more than half of the time. It ain't a good country here," he says, with depressed conviction; "they ain't been a clear day in two weeks. It ain't like the city of Somers. . . . I wish you would get Joel Ferguson to make me a pair of boots."

Have them made seven and long leggs and oblige." He signs in full, so that neither letter nor boots may go wrong, that he is a Sergeant of Company M, 6 N. Y. Artillery, stationed at Camp Wool, Harpers Ferry, Virginia.

February shows him as suffering severely, but as putting a brave face upon it. "I am very well," he writes; and then, all unconsciously, he draws a graphic picture of the glories of war: "The weather is very bad. The snow is about ten inches deep. It is very cold nights and warm day times. It is very sloppy and wet. The mud is about up to my knees. My feet has been wet for a week. My boots is all gone. I have got a pair of government shoes to wear. They aint worth a cent for this country. . . . I cant get any tobacco here without paying a big price for it. Everything is high here. Cheese is thirty cents a pound and butter fifty cents a pound. The butter is like fat. I dont eat anything the women bring in because they was two men poisoned in the last week. They eat a pie they bought of the women. We aint drilled any in a week because it is so muddy. I wish you could see us to-day. You would see a great site. With sixteen in a bed and a stove in the middle of it." He hopes to get a picture of his company: "You will see me in the middle of the company behind the rear rank with three stripes on my arms."

A little later gay letter-heads stop, and he all unintentionally tells how his insidious illness is weakening him—he, the strong youth, who had never before balked at physical hardship: "We may be on a march for a week. I hope we wont go but a little wase. I have got a big load to carry. I have got two blankets, and two pair of pantaloons, two coats, and three pair of drawers. What we get to eat here is mule meat. I have eat so much of it I can't get my cap on. Stephen, how is your citten and rustur." (Orthographical triumphs, these! And, after all, as he would doubtless have said, if "eat," why not "citten"?) "How is mother, Goodbye."

Evidently in preparation for a Washington's-birthday celebration he makes a rough draft of a speech: "Think of our forefathers how they struggled for freedom, think of Washington. Behold

him as he crosses the Delaware with a handful of men at the midnight hour." (It is easy to see what picture hung on the wall of the Fanning parlor.) He grows eloquent as memories of his school reader come to him: "Every true citizen will exclaim give me liberty or give me death. Arise ye men of the North and dispel—" but here his eloquence was drowned in the deep waters of composition.

"We have had a severe storm. It has been snowing for three days very hard. The snow is about ten inches deep on a level. We have had it very hard in the storm. We went three miles after wood in the storm and brought it back to camp on our backs. If we had not gone after wood we would have frozen to death, and we had to back wood" (i. e., carry it on the back) "for the cooks."

The bad weather, the exposure, and the inaction are working general havoc. He tells of neighborhood boys: "George Fuller is very sick. David Marshall's brother died this morning. They is a great many sick here in camp. If we stay here long," he concludes, solemnly, "we will all be sick."

Marching orders come, but the march is only twelve miles. "We went so fast two thirds of the regiment gave out. It was very hard travelling. The mud was up to our knees. We went through water and mud like Sam Hill. It was the worst travelling I ever did see. I had a very big load to carry and was very tired and hungry."

A letter reaches him from his brother. "When I come to my tent the boys told me they was a letter for me. When I heard that I jumped up about four feet from the ground. When I come to break it open I found one dollar, which I was very thankful to get. I cant do too much for you, you are so very kind to me when I am so far from home I hope I will get home to help you once more. You must not send me too much money." (Thus the poor chap, after receiving an occasional fifty cents or one dollar!) "Because you need it more than I do. Although I thank you for your kindness." In this letter, the next to the last letter he ever wrote, he makes his only direct admission of being homesick. "I may get home again in a few months. I hope so

because I am getting homesick. I am going to try to get a furlough."

In the same letter he says: "When I read your letter you spoke of pigs. Where did you get them? And keep that rustler until I come home. I will fight some of his bones with my teeth. You spoke about Mother you must take good care of her. I wish I could see her tonight. I bet I would get a good warm supper once more. You must take good care of yourself because if the war dont close pretty soon you may have to leave your home to go to the battlefield which I hope you will never have to shoulder your musket. I wish my gun was in the bottom of the Croton River. And what do they say about us at Somers."

The next is his last letter. It begins bravely: "I am very well tonight. . . . We started for Harpers Ferry. We was two nights on the cars without a mouthful to eat. The way we'd sleep we laid down on the bottom of the cars but we could not sleep much because the cars would stop and some of the men would be out of the cars as soon as they would stop."

Arriving at Harpers Ferry, it was snowing, "and we made out to get a little dry bread to eat."

It is a good deal to expect bravery and patriotism to be founded upon weariness, mud, and a little dry bread.

The next letter which was received in Somers caused a pitiful sensation in the little Fanning home. It is addressed, "Dear Father." It is signed, "Your affectionate son, James Fanning." But it is altogether in the handwriting of some comrade. Fanning is glad to hear that they are all well; but "this leaves me not enjoying very good health. I have got a very heavy cold. And I am kind of feverish. But I am some better than I have been all along." (A confession that his work had been kept up in spite

of illness.) "But a soldier I tell you has to put up with rough and smooth when he is sick, and I think if I can keep out of the hospital I will be all right in a little while. We have not got very good doctors in the regiment which is one great disadvantage to the men. And if a man goes to the Post hospital they scarcely ever come out of it, as the doctors try all sorts of experiments on the men."

On March 4, another letter is sent to Somers, this one also being written by a comrade or nurse. Fanning has at length been paid sixty-three dollars, and the poor fellow, dying as he is, is pathetically glad that he is that day sending forty dollars by express to his father.

"I am some better, today," he dictates, bravely, "and I hope it will not be long before I can do duty. It is quite cold weather here, snow, sunshine, rain all in one day. On the whole," he comments simply, and as if he is a most disinterested observer, "it is very unhealthy weather."

This letter seems to have been sent from the dreaded hospital. The father hurries to Harpers Ferry and finds James still alive, but very low. One sees from the father's letter to the old mother, waiting in Somers, the simple brevity of expression which the son inherited. He is eager to get a furlough for James, so that he may take him home, but is told that he may not even get an answer for ten or fifteen days. "James is quite wasted away, weak, and at times flighty. I find a great many sick here, and James is as sick as any of them. I hope I can get him home."

It would seem a little thing for the government to have allowed Fanning to go home alive. But that little was denied to him. He died in the hospital; and the father, silent and grim, took the body back with him to the waiting mother in the little Westchester town.



# The Island of Enchantment

BY JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

## II

### THE WOMAN OF ABOMINATION

WHEN young Zuan Gradenigo came once more to his senses after the fall in the dark, it was like a peaceful awakening from sweet sleep. Indeed, literally it was just that, for from the unconsciousness following upon the injury to his head he had drifted easily into slumber, so that when he waked he had, by way of souvenir of his mishap, scarcely even a headache.

That his eyes opened upon blue sky instead of upon painted or carved ceiling roused in him no astonishment. In service against the Turks and against the Genoese he had often slept in the open, waking when the morning light became strong enough to force its way through his eyelids. He lay a while, conscious of great comfort and bodily well-being, coming slowly and lazily into full possession of his faculties. The air was fresh and warm, with a scent of thyme in it, and from somewhere in the near distance sea-birds mewed plaintively, after their kind. He dropped his eyes from the pale-blue sky and saw that though he lay upon turf—a hill, it would seem, or the crest of a cliff—there was a stretch of tranquil sea before him, a narrow stretch, and beyond this a mountain range looming sheer and barren from the water's edge. The sun must be rising behind it, he said to himself, for the tips of the serrated peaks glowed golden, momentarily brighter, so that it hurt his eyes to watch them. He wondered what mountains these could be; and then, all in a flash, it came upon him where he was—that this was Arbe, and that ridge the Velebic mountains of the mainland.

His mind raced swiftly back to the preceding evening—to the scene in the fisherman's hut, to his dash through the window in an attempt to join his fight-

ing men, and—there he stopped. He had a confused recollection of falling in the dark, falling a long way, but he was not fully awake yet, and the effort to remember tired him. He turned upon his side—he had been lying on his back, with his head pillowed upon something soft and comfortable,—and, childlike, put up an open hand under his cheek. But when his hand touched that upon which his head had been resting he cried out suddenly and struggled forthright to his feet.

The woman who had saved his life half knelt, half sat behind him, and upon her knees his head had lain. At this moment she was leaning back a little, with her head and shoulders against a small tree which stood there, and her eyes were closed as if she were asleep.

Young Zuan saw that she was very white, and that her closed eyelids were blue and had blue circles under them. The lids stirred after a moment and she opened her eyes—blank and wondering at first, a child's eyes, then swiftly intelligent.

"Lord!" she said, in a whisper, looking up to him,—“lord, I must have—slept. I did not know. I am sorry—lord.” She sat forward again and made as though she would rise to her feet, but with the first effort a spasm of agony went over her white face, and she gave a little scream and fell forward, prone, and so fainted quite away.

For a moment young Zuan did not understand. Then, as comprehension came to him, he dropped upon his knees beside the woman with an exclamation of pity.

“The child has come near to killing herself that I might sleep!” he cried. Then, before she should wake to further pain, he set skilfully to work. He straightened the bent and cramped knees and, with his strong hands, rubbed and



chafed the stiffened muscles. They were cold as stone, he found, save where his head had lain; all feeling must long since have gone out of them. Then at last, just as he had the blood once more flowing redly under the skin, the woman stirred, moving her hands on the turf beside her, and presently came to her senses.

Her eyes opened—they were not black, as he had thought the night before, but curiously dark blue, almost purple,—and she looked up into young Zuan's face as he knelt above her.

"I would not—have you think me, lord—a weakling," she said, whispering. "It was a—moment's pain. My knees were a little cramped. Will you forgive me, lord?"

"Forgive you?" said he. "You have saved my life. Whether that was worth the saving or not I do not know, but you have saved it, and you have borne great suffering that I might sleep in comfort. Forgive you?"

She lay quite still on the turf, looking up at him, and the old paralyzing weakness began to creep upon Zuan's limbs, the old strange shaking came to his heart.

"I would do it, lord," said she, "many, many times over for your sake." A warm flush spread up into her throat and over her cheeks.

"I do not understand," said Zuan, stammering, and dully he thought how beautiful she was, lying there still before him, how young and slender and exquisite, this woman of abomination. "We are enemies," said he, "the bitterest of enemies. I came here to cleanse Arbe of you, to set your head on a spear before the Count's castle, for men to revile and spit upon."

"Yes, lord," said the woman of abomination, whispering, and that rosy flush died away from cheeks and neck, leaving her pale again.

"Last night," said he, "you had me in your power. Your men could have taken me alive or slain me very easily. Yet you would not let me face them. Even when I threatened to kill you you would not stand out of my way."

"You had had me in *your* power first, lord," said she. "But you were kind to me. You saved me from great shame, and covered me with your cloak."

"That was nothing," said young Zuan. "I did not know that you were the Princess Yaga. But you knew that I was leader of the force which had come to recover Arbe from you. Why did you save me, Princess? Why are you here with me now in hiding? Why are you not in the castle where you should be?"

The flush came again, and for the first time her eyes fell away from his with a sort of timidity.

"I could not—leave you, lord," she said, whispering again. "I could not see you hurt or slain or a prisoner. And then when, through accident, you lay hurt, after all, I could not leave you so."

"But why? Why?" he persisted, staring down upon her with troubled eyes. "Arbe was in the hollow of your hand! You are the head of those barbarians who hold the city. Yet you desert them to succor me. Why?"

"If you cannot see, lord," she said, hiding her face with her hands, "then I cannot tell you."

Young Zuan gave a sudden cry.

"O God of Miracles!" said he, under his breath. His heart was racing very madly and the veins at his temples throbbed until he thought that they must burst.

He put out faltering hands and took the woman's hands from her face.

"What is it," he said, "that—has come to me to rob me of strength and thought when I am near you? What is it that came to me last night when you first crept into the fisherman's hut and I saw your eyes?"

"Lord," she said, very low, "I think it is love." Her hands slipped from between his lax palms and young Zuan got to his feet blindly and moved a few paces away. He put his arms up against the trunk of a tree and laid his face upon them. Through the whirl of things which beset him he had a dull consciousness that his cherished world—all his sane ordered life, his duty, his ambitions, his pride of race, were slipping from him, receding into a misty background, leaving him face to face with something that was immeasurably, unthinkably great—something for which he had been begotten and born—something which drew him toward itself with a might that no puny strength of his could combat.



He turned, still blindly, and the woman of abomination, slim, girlish, virginal, with burning eyes, stood before him, her hands at her breast.

"Lord, I think it is—love," she said again.

"And *you*," said Zuan, "*you* what—*you are!*" But it was not really he who said that. It was a last faint protest from the man he once had been.

"Does that matter?" she pleaded, in an agony, her hands going out to him. Young Zuan took a great breath.

"God knows it should matter!" he groaned; "but I cannot make it weigh with me. Your spell is over my heart and soul, and I am sick for helpless love of you. When you touch me I tremble. When I see your eyes the world drops from me and I ride upon the stars, breathless in some strange ecstasy. I have drunk madness before you and I am mad. No! It does not matter to me that you are what you are—the woman of abomination. I love you. You and I are bound together with chains. We cannot live apart."

Then for a time an odd little awkward silence fell upon them. Once Zuan put out his arms toward the woman as if he would take her into them, but as if moved by a sudden panic at what she had roused she shrank back, crying something under her breath that sounded like, "No, no!" And presently he moved past her a few steps down the slope of turf on which they stood, and straightway found himself at the brink of the westward cliff which rose from the water's edge. He knew where they were—some three or four miles north of the city and on the opposite side of the narrow island to where the fight of the night before had taken place.

"Will you tell me," he said at last, turning—it was a certain relief to break the strain they had been under—"will you tell me how we came here? We are a long way from the fisherman's hut and the cove where my galley lay."

"A lad helped me with you, lord," she said—"a vine-grower's lad whom I befriended two days ago. When you had fallen into the little ravine I found you there at its bottom, and at first I—thought you were dead. You lay so still! Then I felt your heart beat and knew

you were only stunned. I tore a strip from my shift and bound your head with it, for your head was bleeding." Young Zuan raised a hand, and for the first time discovered that a bandage was wrapped about his brows. "Then I waited there with you. I waited for a long time, climbing the bank once or twice to see how the fight above was waging. Not many of your men were killed, I think—ten or twelve, perhaps—those who fought as rear-guard while the others were swimming and rowing in skiffs out to the ship—"

"Then they got away?" cried young Zuan, eagerly. "The galley got safe away?"

"Yes, lord," she said, "the galley sailed away, and after a time the Huns—*my* Huns—went away too toward the city. When I came out of the ravine at last there was only one man left there—the vine-grower's lad, who had crept from the wood to see the fighting. I called to him, and between us we raised you and brought you here. You fell asleep without waking from your swoon."

"They got away!" said young Zuan, staring with wide, bright eyes across the strait to where the Velebic cliffs rose gray and fierce. "They got away! They'll meet Il Lupo and the other galleys! They—" A little restless movement from the woman made him turn his head quickly, and the light faded from his eyes.

"That—doesn't matter," he said, in a different tone. "Nothing matters—now." He watched her for a long time under his brows, bitterly at first, but she was such as no man could look coldly upon, and she had saved his life and gone from triumph into hiding with him. As he looked at her, Il Lupo and the galleys dimmed from his mind.

"What," said he at last, very gently, "is to become of you and me?"

"I do not know, lord," she said. "Oh, lord, a woman, when she loves, does not think of such things or care for them. She does not look ahead. A woman, lord, when she loves, has space in her mind and soul for nothing but love. You—do not know women."

"No," said young Zuan, shaking his head, "I do not know them. That is true. They—have never come into my way."

"I am glad," she said.

"Princess," said he, after a little silence, "it is true, what men say of you?"

"Does it matter?" she asked again. "No, lord, it is not true—at least much of it is not. But you have said it did not matter—you have said so!" He turned his eyes from the pitifulness of her face.

"It matters," he said, "only in what is to become of us. If it is true, we can never go back to Venice. I must be an outcast from my city and from my people."

She crept nearer to him where they sat on the cliff's edge, nearer, on her knees, looking eagerly into his face.

"And, lord," she said, watching him, "if it is true—sufficiently true—would you suffer that for my sake? Would you give up all that to go with me?"

"How could I do otherwise?" said young Zuan, simply, and at that the woman broke into a little sobbing laugh of joy and triumph and tenderness.

"Oh, lord!" she cried, "that were love indeed! Oh, lord, I did not know that there were men so faithful and so good. And yet," she said, presently, as if in argument with herself, "yet noble lords of Venice and of Genoa and of Naples and of many Italian cities have married queens and princesses no better than the Princess Yaga."

"It is not that only," said young Zuan. "There are many evil women in high places—fawned before, bowed down to—in Italy,—but you have done one very terrible and shameful thing, Princess, which alone must make you hated in Venice forever, and must make marriage between you and me impossible there."

"I—do not understand," she said, wondering.

"You, or your brigands," he said, "carried off, from Ragusa, Natalia Volutich. I was to have married her."

The woman screamed, dragging herself backward over the turf away from him.

"You—you," she cried, in a breathless whisper, her hands at her mouth—"you are—Zuan—Gradenigo?"

"Why—yes!" said he. "I thought you knew."

She stumbled to her feet, staring and sobbing.

"Oh, what have I done? What have I done?" she cried, over and over again, and she moved still farther away, staring at him as if he were a ghost risen against her.

"What have I done?" she whispered. Then all at once she began a sobbing, hysterical laugh—a laugh that shook all her slim body, like weeping, and it seemed that she would never have done with it. She covered her face with her hands, leaning against a tree which grew near by, and the fit of endless laughter swept her like a storm. Young Zuan watched her under his brows with a sort of gloomy resentment. Women, he had been told by those of experience, were creatures of strange and incomprehensible moods, ruled, like a horse, by divers vagaries and not at all by reason. This mad fit of hysteria was, he took it, therefore to be endured as patiently as might be, but he had small store of patience.

"Oh, lord," said the woman, presently, gasping between her fits of laughter, tears in her eyes,—“lord, there is a thing which I must tell you—an amazing thing. I do not know whether you will be glad or angry of it. In any case I must tell you at once—”

"Wait!" said Zuan, and held up a hand. "I must know first about this maid, Natalia Volutich, whom you stole away. What have you done with her, Princess?" His tone was very grave and stern.

"The maid Natalia," said she, "has been well treated, lord. She has come to no harm. If this war had not arisen, she would have been sent back safely to her father before now."

"Unharmed?" said Zuan Gradenigo, watching the woman's eyes.

"Unharmed, lord," she said. "A maid, as she came. Indeed"—there seemed to be a glimmer of a smile at the woman's lips—"indeed, I think she has not been unhappy, this Natalia of Ragusa. I think she has learned to feel a certain fondness for her mistress. I think she would serve her in any way she could." The smile was a wry smile now. "Even so vile a thing as I, lord," said the woman of abomination, "can be tender and—faithful. Even so vile a thing as I is sometimes loved. An evil woman, Messer Zuan, is not all evil. There is something of good in the very lowest."

"Princess! Princess!" cried the man.

"And now," she said, "I must tell you what must be told; but, lord, before I tell it will you say to me once more what you have said—that for my sake, to be with me alone, you stand willing—nay, glad—to give up your city and your rank and your friends? Will you say to me that I, woman of infamy though men call me, am dearer to you than everything else in the world?" She came close to him, putting out her two hands upon his breast, and her great eyes burned up into his, and her face seemed for the instant to sharpen, to pale, and her lips trembled.

"Will you tell me once again?" she said, pleading.

"I could not—live without you—child," he said, and she cried out with joy at the name. He had called her "child" on the night before when he did not know who she was.

She stood away from him at arms' length.

"Now then, at last," she said, "I will tell you what you must know. Lord, I—" Her voice failed suddenly as if she had been stricken ill, and all the rosy color which had risen to her cheeks began to die slowly away. She seemed to be staring over young Zuan's shoulder toward the north. She raised her hand a little way, but it dropped again weakly by her side.

"The—ships!" she said, in a strained whisper. "The—ships!" Zuan turned to look.

Round a little wooded point of the island, scarcely more than a mile to the north of where they stood, came, before the wind, three great Venetian galleys, looming high and stately in that narrow strait.

Zuan gave a great shout. "My ships!" he cried. "My galleys!" His voice ran up into an odd falsetto note which was almost a scream. "Trapani has found Il Lupo, and they are going to attack the city by sea!" He sprang for his cloak, which lay near, as if he would wave it to attract the attention of those on the galleys, but the woman caught him by the arm, white-faced and breathless.

"No, no!" she cried, swiftly. "No! You—must not go! They must not at-

tack—now. The city could be taken in an hour. Those men—fools! fools!—of ours have destroyed the—engines of defence. They did not know how to use them. And they have—sunk the ships in the harbor. Lord, you must not let your ships attack. We must not lose the city. Oh, it would be cruel, cruel!" She clung to his arms, sobbing, panic-stricken, stumbling desperately over her words.

"Lord, they must not take Arbe!" she wailed. "All we have done—all I have done—gone for nothing—nothing! It is not to be borne. Stop them, lord! You would not be so cruel as to allow this. You do not know— Oh, stop them! Stop them!" She was quite beside herself with terror, but Zuan put her out away from him at arm's length and held her there.

"Listen!" he said, sharply. "Listen to me!" And her wild incoherence checked itself—dropped into breathless sobbing.

"I cannot stop those galleys," he said. "They have come here to retake Arbe, which you seized from us, and if what you say is true they will take it easily. Remember! nothing I can do will save the city for you. The city is lost to you already. You must let me signal to the galleys and go on board. You must let me lead this force in the attack, as I was to have done when I left Venice."

The woman cried out upon him again in a panic, but he quieted her sharply as before, speaking in quick, emphatic words as one speaks to a terrified child.

"You must let me go!" he said. "Surely you see that my honor is in this. Whether I go or stay here in hiding, the result will be the same for the city, but if I do not go I am dishonored for life. You would be hurt by that as much as I, so let me go. If I retake the city, the Council in Venice will perhaps allow me to marry you without banishment. At any rate, there is the bare chance of it. Let me go!"

She stood away from him, drooping, downcast eyes averted, and she made an odd little despairing gesture—as it were of defeat. Arbe went from her hands in that gesture. Triumph was renounced that her lover's honor might rest unstained.

"Yes," she said,—“yes, you must go, lord. I will not dishonor you. But, oh, if there is a God who hears lovers' prayers, I pray that he will not let you come to harm. If you are killed this day, I shall not live.”

The ships were drawing nearer, down the coast of the island.

"I shall be," said the woman of abomination, "in the city, lord, when you take it." She smiled again her wry smile, as if something grimly amused her.

"No!" said he. "Wait here or in the wood north of the Land Gate. I will come for you. You must not put yourself in danger."

"I shall be in the city, lord," she said again, "but not in danger. Oh, I pray God to keep you safe!"

"I must go," said he, looking over his shoulder at the three high galleys. "I must go, but, oh, my dear, never doubt me! I shall come to you if I have to crawl on hands and knees!" He took her into his arms and kissed her mouth. It was the first time. Then he caught up his mantle and stood, sharply outlined on the brink of the cliff, waving it about his head, until through the still morning air he heard cries from the men of the nearest ship and saw that he had attracted their attention.

Near where he stood a fissure rent the wall of rock—a watercourse half filled with earth and shale and grown up with low shrubs. Down this he made his way, plunging recklessly among boulders, and so reached the tiny strip of beach at the cliff's foot. The first galley was already hove to, and from it a skiff put out to take him aboard. In ten minutes more the three ships bore away again southwards, and Zuan Gradenigo was in command.

And, after all, they had very little fighting for their pains—too little to please them. For it seems that an hour before the three ships came into sight of the city the Venetians and Arbesani of the garrison, too carelessly guarded by their barbarian captors, rose, in street and market-place and improvised prison, rose at a preconcerted signal, and fell upon the Huns tooth and nail. Some of them had weapons, some sticks or stones, one—an Arbesan, called Spalattini, and his name deserves to go down

in history along with Messer Samson's—the thigh-bone of an ox which the Huns had killed and roasted whole in the Via Venezia.

When, therefore, the three galleys under Zuan Gradenigo drew into the harbor and hurriedly made fast to the landing-place, a running hand-to-hand fight was in progress from one end of the city to the other. It was not a battle, for it had no organization whatever. It was a disgraceful *mêlée*. Naturally enough the Venetian reinforcements incontinently decided the day. Something over three hundred of the Ban's barbarians—Huns, Slavs, and Croats—gave themselves up. Nearly two hundred killed themselves by leaping over the high westward sea-wall, and a hundred more were killed in fight or escaped by water. It was an inglorious ending to a matter which had promised so fine a struggle.

An hour after the landing, as soon as ever his duties gave him a moment's breathing-space, young Zuan made up the Via Venezia—that single long street which runs north and south through the city—to the castle which sits at the street's northern end, and under which is the Land Gate, the only means of entering the town except by sea.

In the loggia of the castle he came upon the Count—Jacopo Corner—a round old man with a red face, gouty, so that he went upon crutches. At this moment he was surrounded by a group of gentlemen—Arbesani for the most part, heads of the city's great families—De Dominis, Galzigna, Nemira, Zudeneghi, and such; but he turned from them to greet young Gradenigo.

"Ah, Zuan, my lad!" he cried out, "you come in the nick of time—you and your archers! You've saved the day, for those dogs were just getting the better of us. Another hour and—St. Mark!—our heads would have been on pike-staves!"

Young Zuan struggled to preserve a face of civil sympathy, but his eyes were upon the open doors beyond. Old Jacopo seemed to read his thought.

"Ay, we have the queen bee in there! She's in my private audience-chamber, bound to a chair. Queen bee, say I! Hussy! Strumpet! Daughter of abomination! Mother of sins!" He shook a



crutch at the bronze doors. "Ay, she's there!" he said. "But the wench has cheated us, for all that. She has robbed me of the pleasure of tearing her evil bones apart—alive, that is."

Gradenigo, one hand on the door, turned slowly backward a masklike face. He felt that he was shaking and swaying like a drunken man.

"What do you—mean?" he said, in a flat voice.

Old Jacopo hobbled nearer and touched the younger man's arm. "Eh, lad!" he croaked. "Come! come! You're not yourself. The sun has got to you. You've a bound-up head, I see. Better have a rest!"

"What was it you said?" asked young Gradenigo, looking down at the ground, which swung slowly back and forth under him.

"Yaga?" said old Jacopo. "Oh, she's dead. The wanton's dead. She got a serving-maid to stab her while she sat bound in her—"

"Out of my way!" said young Zuan, in a great voice of agony. And he dashed the old man aside and sprang through the half-open doors of the castle.

He knew where the private audience-room was, and ran there at speed. No soldier stood on guard at the door—all had been engaged in that hand-to-hand street fight through the city. He tore the door open and reeled into the room, then closed it behind him and stood with his back against it.

The room was oddly like that room in the Doge's Palace where he had sat with his uncle two days since in Venice. The same great carved table stood near the centre. The same high-set windows let in bars of colored light, which slanted down through the dimness and lay across floor and furniture in billets and lozenges of gules and vert and azure.

A single red beam rested upon the bared shoulder of the woman who hung, drooping from her bonds, in the Count's great chair of state; but lower, from between the woman's breasts, a darker red had coursed a downward trickling stream and, still lower, made a red pool in the woman's lap. Her head, bent, with chin on breast, was in shadow, but out of the shadow two eyes, still half open, gleamed with the shallow, dull opacity of death.

Young Zuan, shaking against his closed door, gave a dry sob.

"Child! Child!" he mourned, bitterly. Then, all at once, his eyes narrowed in an alert frown. There was something strange here.

He crossed the room with swift steps and dropped upon one knee before the chair of state, staring close through the half-darkness.

This was a woman beautiful, indubitably, but no longer young. Her bared shoulders were thick and mature, the breast under them mature, too. On her bent face lust and hatred and cupidity and all evil passions had graven marks that not even death could erase.

Ay! something strange here. Young Zuan's foot struck against a yielding body which lay under the heavy shadow of the table. It was another woman, and dead also, lying upon her face. Gradenigo turned the body over with panic in his heart. A squat, broad-jowled, peasant face—the serving-maid, it would seem, who had done her mistress that last service and straightway followed to serve elsewhere.

Zuan rose to his feet, frowning. The matter was quite beyond him. Then one stirred in the shadows at the far end of the room and, very slowly, his Princess came to him through those bars of colored light.

"Child! Child!" he cried again, and tears rolled down over his cheeks. He put out shaking arms to her, but she held him away with one hand, saying only,

"Wait, lord!"

Young Zuan swung about toward the dead woman who drooped so heavily in her bonds.

"Who is—that who sits there dead?" he asked. "Corner told me it was the Princess Yaga. Some one has lied to him. Who is it?"

She gave a quick sob.

"Lord, it is the Princess Yaga," she said.

"But," said he, dropping his voice to a whisper—he did not know why—"but you—you?"

"Natalia Volutich, lord!" she said, whispering too.

Young Zuan put up a hand to his bandaged head, and he drew the hand



SHE HUNG DROOPING IN THE GREAT CHAIR OF STATE



across his eyes. His eyes were bewildered, hurt—like a child's eyes before some great mystery.

"I do not understand," he said, just as a child would say it.

"Lord!" cried the maid, with little sobs between her words. "I—did it first—I pretended to be Yaga first, for—duty's sake—the duty I owed to her. She had been good to me, lord, kind and loving. When your lieutenant thought I was Yaga and begged you to set sail with me, leaving Arbe, I saw that it would give her time—time to strengthen the—defences. So I lied. I did not—care what became of me if only *she* was—safe. Then—then you were in—danger and—oh, lord, I had looked into your eyes! I had— There was never man like you. I—loved you from the first moment—the very first moment. I could not bear that you should die. So I—saved you. Lord, do you not understand? What I did I did for love's sake. This morning when I found who you were I tried to tell you the truth. I tried, lord, did I not? Did I not? Oh!" she cried, turning from him with wringing hands, "I have done everything ill and you will never forgive me; and yet, lord, I did it all for love's sake!"

She looked toward Zuan Gradenigo, but he stood silent and helpless in his place, his eyes staring, his lips apart. The thing had been too swift and too amazing for him. His mind, unused to

indirections, labored blindly at sea. And so, after a moment, she turned away again and crossed the room to where the dead woman hung, lax and heavy, in the carved chair. Sobbing, she dropped upon her knees before the chair and laid her forehead against the dead woman's arm, into whose soft flesh the leathern thongs had cut so cruelly.

"And I was away when they bound you!" she wept. "I was not with you when you died!"

Zuan Gradenigo awoke from his daze.

"Child!" he cried. "Child! Come away from that vile body. It pollutes you!"

But the maid turned fiercely upon him.

"She loved me!" cried the maid. "She was kind to me, gentle and pitiful—and I let her die alone! Whatever she may have been to others, to me, lord, she was like the mother who died when I was a little babe. She loved me, and I let her die miserably, alone here! Oh, lord, have you nothing but curses for a woman who is dead and cannot answer you?"

Zuan bent his head. "Child," said he, gravely, "I ask your forgiveness, and hers, and God's. She was kind to you, wherefore I shall never speak ill of her again. But, oh, my dear, come to me! She is dead and you cannot comfort her now. Come to me, child, who am alive and cannot live without you."

"Oh, lord," said she, "I would not have you try!"

## The Masker

BY HELEN DUNBAR THOMPSON

**O** MASK and dance and mask and dance again,  
To-day, to-morrow, all the morrows then,  
The many morrows. See thou alway smile.  
Men's eyes are on thee. Mask and dance the while.

But some day find a forest dark and deep,  
And in its deep take off thy mask and weep.  
Weep out the bursting sorrow of the years.  
The trees will tell it not, nor mock thy tears.

# American Diplomacy: Its Influence and Tendencies

BY JOHN BASSETT MOORE, LL.D.

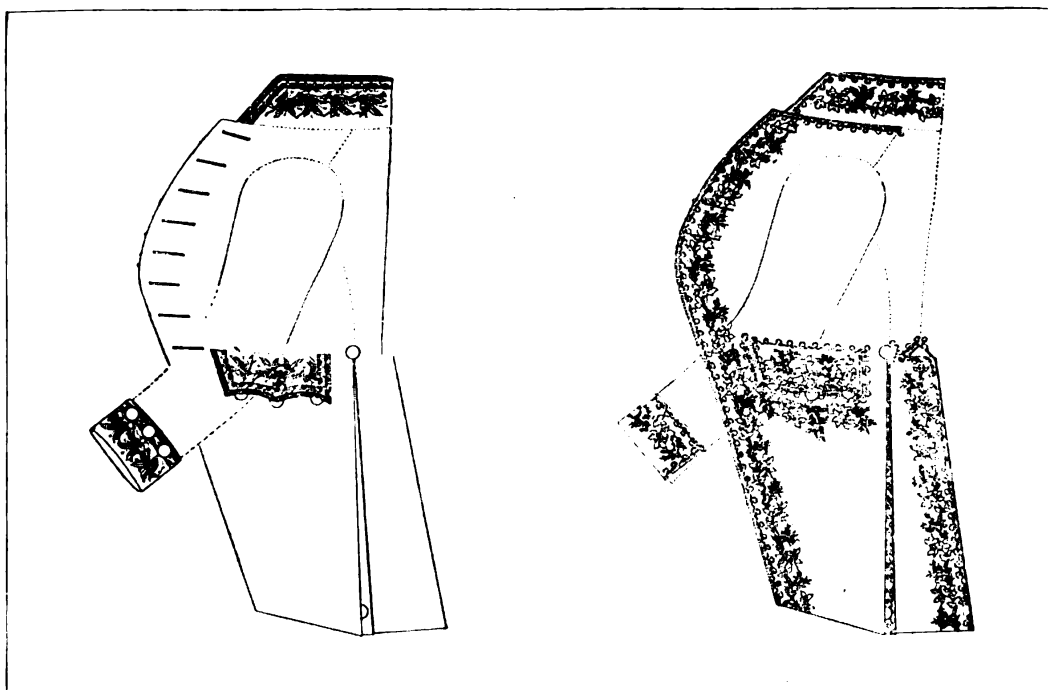
Professor of International Law and Diplomacy, Columbia University

NOTHING could have been further from the thoughts of the wise statesmen who guided the United States through the struggle for independence and laid the foundations of the government's foreign policy than the institution of a philosophical propagandism for the dissemination of political principles of a certain type in foreign lands. Although the Declaration of Independence loudly proclaimed the theory of the natural rights of man, they gave to this theory, in its application to their own concerns, a qualified interpretation, and, as practical men, forbore to push it at once to all its logical consequences. On the continent of Europe, the apostles of reform, directing their shafts against absolutism and class privileges, spoke in terms of philosophical idealism, while the patriots of America, though they did not eschew philosophy, debated concrete questions of constitutional law and commonplace questions of taxation. In Europe, the revolution meant first of all a destructive upheaval; in America, where the ground was clear, it meant a constructive development. And yet, in spite of this difference, the American Revolution operated as a powerful stimulus to revolutionary agitation in Europe. There was in the very existence of American independence, permeated as it was with democratic republicanism, a force that exerted a world-wide influence in behalf of political liberty. Of this fact European statesmen betrayed their appreciation when they deprecated the course of the King of France in subordinating what appeared to them to be a permanent general interest to the gratification of a feeling of enmity towards Great Britain. Spanish diplomatists were not alone in expressing this senti-

ment. The Emperor Joseph II. of Austria, in a letter to his minister in the Netherlands, in 1787, remarked that "France, by the assistance which she afforded to the Americans, gave birth to reflections on freedom." That the assistance thus given hastened her own revolution, there can be no doubt. Nor did the visible effect of the example of the United States end here. It has been manifest in every European struggle for more liberal forms of government during the past hundred years—in Spain, in Italy, in Germany, and in Hungary. It penetrated even to Russia, where there was found among the papers of one of the leaders who planned a revolution for 1826 a constitution for that country on the model of the Constitution of the United States. And it may also be traced in the lives of those who have striven to advance the cause of self-government on the American continents.

While the United States refrained from aggressive political propagandism, the spirit of liberty that resulted from its independence was necessarily reflected in its diplomacy. It is true that the attitude of the government on certain special questions was for a long while affected by the survival in the United States of the institution of African slavery. It was for this reason that the recognition of Haiti, Santo Domingo, and Liberia as independent states did not take place till the administration of Abraham Lincoln, although such recognition had long before been accorded by European powers. But the attitude of the United States towards those countries was exceptional, and was governed by forces which neither diverted nor sought to divert the government from the general support of the principles on which it was founded.





DESIGNS FOR DIPLOMATIC DRESS, FORMERLY PRESCRIBED BY THE UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT

The influence of the United States in behalf of political liberty was clearly exhibited in the establishment of the principle, to which we have heretofore adverted, that the true test of a government's right to exist, and to be recognized by other governments, is the fact of its existence as the exponent of the popular will. This rule, when it was announced, appeared to be little short of revolutionary, since it was in effect a corollary of the affirmation made in the Declaration of Independence, that governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed, and that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of the ends for which governments are instituted, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles and organizing its affairs in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Nor was the free spirit of American diplomacy less manifest in its opposition to the system of commercial monopoly; in its espousal of the principles of the Monroe Doctrine; or in its advocacy of the freedom of the seas, of the rule that free ships make free goods, and of the exemption of private property

at sea from capture. The weight of its influence was also constantly lent in favor of the maintenance of the independence of the countries of the Far East. In the treaty with China of June 18, 1858, made at a time when the Chinese government appeared to be peculiarly friendless, we find the remarkable stipulation that "if any other nation should act unjustly or oppressively" towards that country, the United States would "exert its good offices, on being informed of the case, to bring about an amicable arrangement of the question, thus showing their friendly feelings."

But, besides exerting an influence in favor of liberty and independence, American diplomacy was also employed in the advancement of the principle of legality. American statesmen sought to regulate the relations of nations by law, not only as a measure for the protection of the weak against the aggressions of the strong, but also as the only means of assuring the peace of the world. The conception of legality in international relations lay at the foundation of the system of neutrality, which was established during the administration of Washington. It also formed the basis of the practice of arbitration, which was so

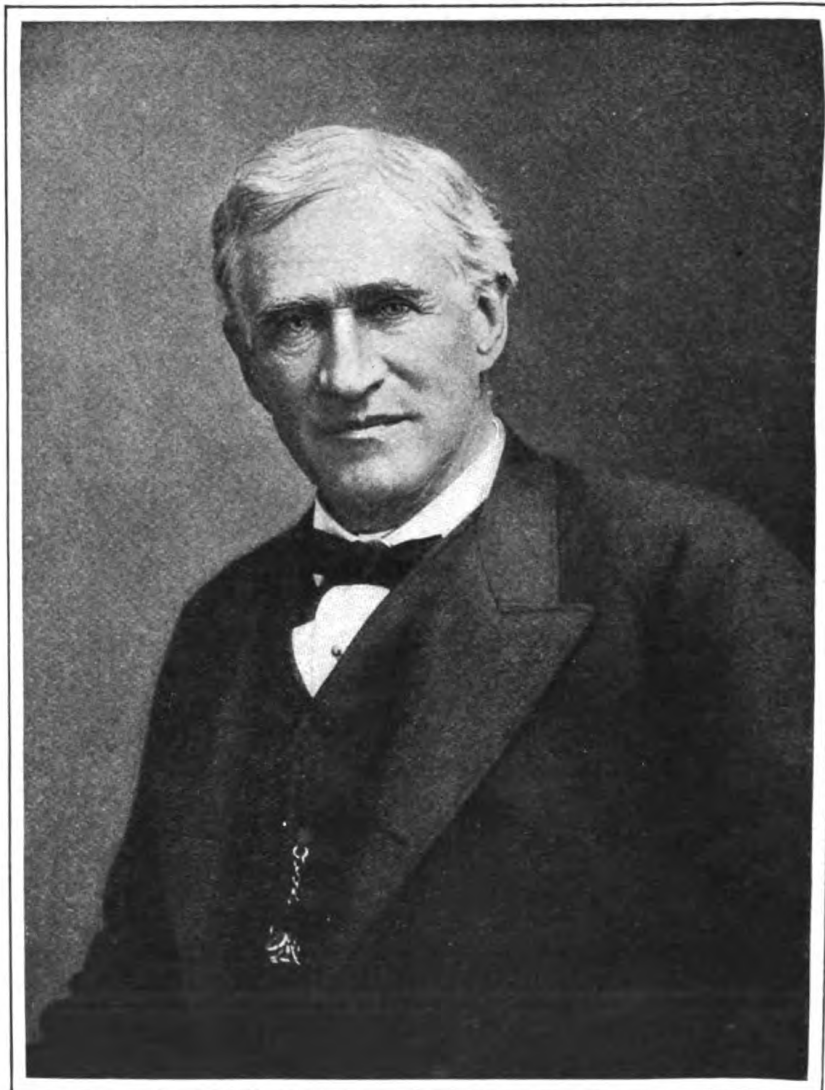
auspiciously begun at the same time. Half a century later it received an accession of strength in the development of the process of extradition. It is true that in the development of this process in modern times the credit of the initiative belongs to France; but, beginning with the Webster-Ashburton treaty of the 9th of August, 1842, the United States, at an important stage in the history of the system, actively contributed to its growth by the conclusion of numerous conventions. The twenty-seventh article of the Jay treaty provided for the surrender of fugitives charged with murder or forgery; but it proved to be for the most part ineffective, and expired by limitation in 1808. The Webster-Ashburton treaty provided for the extradition of fugitives for any of seven offences, and proved to be efficacious. Similar treaties with other countries were soon afterwards made, ten being concluded while William L. Marcy was Secretary of State, during the administration of Pierce. Since that time the number of treaties has been greatly increased, and their scope has been much enlarged. We cannot afford, however, to rest on our laurels. In recent times other nations, and especially Great Britain since 1870, observing the propensity of criminals to utilize improved facilities of travel, have by legislation as well as by negotiation vastly increased the reach and efficiency of the system. It will therefore be necessary, if we would fulfil the promise of our past and retain a place in the front rank, steadily to multiply our treaties and enlarge their scope. No innovation in the practice of nations has ever more completely discredited the woful predictions of its adversaries than that of surrendering fugitives from justice. The Webster-Ashburton treaty was loudly denounced as a mere trap for the recovery of political offenders. Other treaties encountered similar opposition. In no instance have these direful forebodings been justified by the event.

American diplomacy has also been characterized by practicality. It has sought to attain definite objects by practical methods. Even in its idealism, as in the advocacy of the exemption of private property at sea from capture, it has shown a practical side. The same

disposition has been exhibited in the American consular service. Consuls have been described by publicists as agents of commerce; but for a long while their functions were passive rather than active, and to some extent were ornamental. The government of the United States conceived the idea of employing its consuls not only for the protection of commerce, but also for its extension. In 1880, while Mr. Evarts was Secretary of State, there was begun the monthly publication of consular reports, which has been continued with useful results up to the present time.

American diplomacy has also exerted a potent influence upon the adoption of simple and direct methods in the conduct of negotiations. Observant of the proprieties and courtesies of intercourse, but having, as John Adams once declared, "no notion of cheating anybody," American diplomatists have relied rather upon the strength of their cause, frankly and clearly argued, than upon a subtle diplomacy, for the attainment of their ends. American diplomacy has in the main continued to be a simple, direct, and open diplomacy, the example of which has had much to do with shaping the development of modern methods.

The effect of democratic tendencies on American diplomacy is seen in the course of the government of the United States with regard to diplomatic uniform. As early as 1817 American ministers had a prescribed dress which was fixed by the mission at Ghent. This dress consisted of a blue coat, lined with white silk; a straight cape, embroidered with gold, and single-breasted; buttons plain, or, if they could be had, with the artillerist's eagle stamped upon them; cuffs embroidered in the same manner as the cape; white cashmere breeches; gold knee-buckles; white silk stockings, and gold or gilt shoe-buckles; a three-cornered chapeau bras, not so large as that used by the French nor so small as that used by the English; a black cockade with an eagle attached, and a sword. On gala-days and other occasions of extraordinary ceremony the American ministers were allowed to wear more embroidery, as well as a white ostrich feather, not standing erect, but sewed around the brim, in their hats. A description of



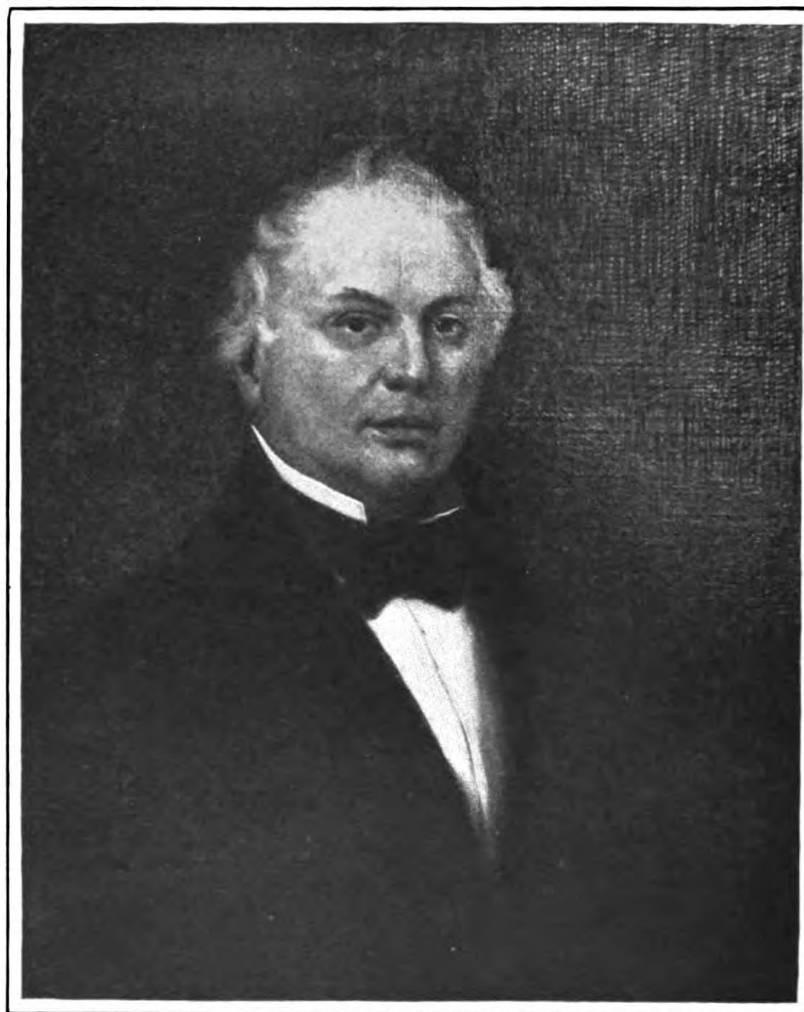
Photograph by Elliott and Frye

THOMAS F. BAYARD

Ambassador to England, 1893; the first American to hold that diplomatic rank

the costume, together with a plate, was given to the minister as a part of his instructions. At the beginning of the administration of President Jackson the prescribed uniform was changed so that it consisted of a black coat, with a gold star on each side of the collar near its termination; underclothes of black, blue, or white, at the option of the wearer; a three-cornered chapeau bras; a black cockade and eagle; and a steel-mounted sword with a white scabbard. This dress, which was supposed to correspond with the simplicity of American institutions, was recommended, but not prescribed. These instructions were, however, done

away with by a circular issued by William L. Marcy, as Secretary of State, on June 1, 1853, by which American ministers were desired, as far as practicable without impairing their usefulness, to appear at court "in the simple dress of an American citizen." If this could not be done without detriment to the public interest, the nearest approach to it, compatible with the due performance of duties, was earnestly recommended. "The simplicity of our usages and the tone of feeling among our people is," said Marcy, "much more in accordance with the example of our first and most distinguished representative at a royal court



JOHN Y. MASON, UNITED STATES MINISTER TO FRANCE, 1854-59  
From the original painting in the War Department, Washington

than the practice which has since prevailed. It is to be regretted that there was ever any departure in this respect from the example of Dr. Franklin." Wharton, in his *International Law Digest*, states that the dress worn by Franklin "was Quaker full dress, being court dress in the time of Charles II."; it was at any rate comparatively simple. The experiences of the American ministers in carrying out Marcy's instructions were varied. The greatest difficulty was encountered by Buchanan, at London, where his proposal to appear at court without some mark indicative of his rank was the subject of peremptory objection. He finally compromised upon appearing in the dress which he wore at the recep-

tions of the President of the United States, with the addition of a very plain black-handled and black-hilted dress sword. With this addition, he declared that he never felt prouder as a citizen of his country than when he stood amidst a brilliant circle of foreign ministers and other court dignitaries "in the simple dress of an American citizen." At Paris, Henry S. Sanford, who was then acting as chargé d'affaires *ad interim* of the United States, was permitted to appear at the Tuileries in citizen's dress. When, however, the new minister, John Y. Mason, arrived, he decided, after consultation with the French officials, to adopt a uniform, and had a costume devised which was described by Sanford

as "a coat embroidered with gilt tinsel, a sword and cocked hat, the invention of a Dutch tailor in Paris, borrowed chiefly from the livery of a subordinate attaché of legation of one of the petty powers of the Continent." Sanford, conceiving the conduct of John Y. Mason, then minister, to involve an oblique censure of his own course, resigned his position as secretary.

At The Hague, August Belmont was permitted to appear in citizen's dress, although it was stated that his appearance in uniform "would have been better liked." At Lisbon, John L. O'Sullivan appeared at court in "an ordinary evening suit," consisting of a blue coat and black trousers, with "a simple American button" indicating his representative capacity. At Berlin it was declared that the King "would not consider an appearance before him without costume respectful"; and the American minister thereupon provided himself with a court dress which he described as "very plain and simple." At Stockholm, the King expressed his willingness to receive the representative of the United States in an audience for business in any dress his government might prescribe, but added, "In the society of my family and on occasions of court no one can be received but in court dress, in conformity with established custom." The minister therefore appeared at court in the costume which he had previously worn. By a joint resolution, approved March 27, 1867, Congress prohibited persons in the diplomatic service of the United States "from wearing any uniform or official costume not previously authorized by Congress." By Section 34 of the act of July 28, 1866, however, officers who have served in the civil war as volunteers in the armies of the United States are authorized to bear their official title, and upon occasions of ceremony to wear the uniform of the highest grade they have held, by brevet or other commissions, in the volunteer service. In spite of these statutes, diplomatic officers of the United States, while not adopting what might be called a uniform, have often worn some article of apparel suggestive of their official station and rank.

The subject of diplomatic dress has been introduced, not because it was in

itself of great moment, but because it illustrates the development of that democratic spirit, often described in contemporary writings as "American feeling," which was perhaps most ebullient in the middle of the last century. Since that time there has grown up a visible tendency towards conformity to customs elsewhere established, and the progress of this tendency has been accelerated by the natural drift of a great and self-conscious people towards participation in what are called world-affairs.

The first joint international treaty, with reference to a question not distinctively American, to which the government of the United States became a party, was the convention concluded on October 22, 1864, jointly with Great Britain, France, and the Netherlands, in relation to the payment by Japan of the Shimonoseki indemnity. Three years later a joint convention was concluded between the same powers and Japan for the establishment of tariff duties in the latter country. By reason of a common interest, the United States was thus led in the Far East to depart from its usual policy of making only separate or independent agreements with other nations. No similar departure had then been made in China, but the policy of concerted action with other powers had already been entered upon in that country as well as in Japan—a policy which has eventuated in the allied march to Peking in 1900 and in the conclusion of the convention of September 7, 1901, between the allies and China. The United States has, however, as a member of the great family of nations, become a party to other joint international agreements, such as the Geneva convention for the amelioration of the condition of the wounded in the field; the convention for the protection of submarine cables outside territorial waters; the international union for the protection of industrial property; the international postal union; and the treaties concluded at The Hague with reference to the laws and customs of war on land, the adaptation to maritime warfare of the principles of the Geneva convention, and the pacific adjustment of international disputes.

Intimacy of association, though it does



not destroy the spirit of emulation, tends to produce uniformity in manners and customs. Of the operation of this rule, a striking example may be seen in the act of Congress by which provision was made for the appointment of ambassadors. Prior to the passage of this act it had been assumed to be undesirable to introduce into the American diplomatic service a grade of officials deriving extraordinary ceremonial privileges from the fact that they were supposed in a peculiar sense to represent the "person" of the "sovereign." William L. Marcy, when Secretary of State, naturally declined to recommend the creation of such a class. Secretary - of - State Frelinghuysen, viewing the matter in a practical light, thought it would be unjust to American ministers to increase their rank without raising their salaries, and that Congress could not with propriety be asked to make them "an allowance commensurate with the necessary mode of life of an ambassador." Mr. Bayard, who was afterwards to become the first American ambassador, declared, when Secretary of State, that "the benefits attending a higher grade of ceremonial treatment" had not "been deemed to outweigh the inconveniences which, in our simple social democracy, might attend upon the reception in this country of an extraordinarily foreign privileged class." Nevertheless, in 1893, the higher grade was introduced. For this measure it will scarcely be claimed that there was any necessity. In the days before American ambassadors existed a visitor to London sought to learn who was the most important "ambassador" at the Court of St. James's. A European member of the diplomatic corps, to whom the inquiry was addressed, promptly responded, "The American minister." From time to time, however, American representatives abroad, wishing to enjoy the ceremonial privileges of the ambassadorial rank, recommended its creation; and eventually their recommendation was adopted. But it was done without any increase of compensation, so that to-

day none but a man of fortune can afford to be an American ambassador.

Among the extraordinary privileges commonly said to belong to the ambassador, by reason of his representing the "person" of the "sovereign," is that of personal audience on matters of business with the head of the state. In Europe, with the substitution of constitutional governments for absolute monarchies, this privilege has become merely nominal, but in Washington it has been revived in something like its pristine rigor, direct intercourse with the President, without regard to the Secretary of State, being constantly demanded and practised. In the days when the highest rank was that of an envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary the privilege of transacting diplomatic business directly with the President was rarely accorded to a foreign minister, not only because the time of the President was supposed to be already sufficiently occupied, but also because the White House is not an office of record, the custodian of the diplomatic archives being the Secretary of State, who is the legal organ and adviser of the President in foreign affairs, and who, by reason of his preoccupation with the business of his own department, is supposed to possess that mastery of its details which is so essential to the care of public as well as of private interests. The President is certainly entitled to all the freedom of discretion which the rulers of other countries enjoy with regard to direct participation in diplomatic business.

But without regard to methods, which from time to time may change, there is no doubt of the increasing importance of the United States as a factor in that concert which embraces all civilized powers, Eastern as well as Western. In the future, however, as in the past, the potency of American influence will depend not so much upon numbers, wealth, resources, as upon the pursuit of those elevated policies that have identified American diplomacy with the cause of justice and freedom.

# The Return of Rebecca Mary

BY ANNIE HAMILTON DONNELL

AUNT OLIVIA sighed. It was the third time since she had begun to let Rebecca Mary down. The third sigh was the longest one. Oh, this letting down of children who would grow up!

"I won't do it!" Aunt Olivia rebelled, fiercely, but she took up her scissors again at Duty's nudge.

"You don't want people laughing at her, do you?" Duty said, sensibly. "Well, then, rip out that hem and face up that skirt and stop sighing. What can't be cured must be endured—"

"I'm ripping it out," Aunt Olivia interrupted, crisply. But Duty was not to be silenced.

"You ought to have done it before," dictatorially. "You've known all along that Rebecca Mary was growing up."

Aunt Olivia, like the proverbial worm, turned.

"I didn't know till Rebecca Mary told me," she retorted; then the rebellion died out of her thin face and tenderness came and took its place. Aunt Olivia was thinking of the time when Rebecca Mary told her. She gazed past Duty, past the skirt across her knees, out through the porch vines, and saw Rebecca Mary coming to tell her. She saw the shawl the child was bringing, felt it laid on her shoulders and something else laid on her hair,—soft and smooth like a little lean brown cheek. The memory was so pleasant that Aunt Olivia closed her eyes to make it stay. When she opened them some one was coming along the path, but it was not Rebecca Mary.

"Good afternoon!" some one said. Aunt Olivia stiffened into a Plummer again with hurried embarrassment. She did not recognize the voice nor the pleasant young face that followed it through the vines.

"It's Rebecca Mary's aunt, isn't it?" The stranger smiled. "I should know it by the family resemblance."

"We're both Plummers," Aunt Olivia

answered, gravely. "Won't you come up on the porch and take a seat?"

"No, I'll sit down here on the steps,—I'd rather. I think I'll sit on the lowest step, for I've come on a very humble errand! I'm Rebecca Mary's teacher."

"Oh!" It was all Aunt Olivia could manage, for a sudden horror had come upon her. She had a distinct remembrance of being at the Tony Trumbulls when the school-teacher came to call.

"It's—it's rather hard to say it." The young person on the lowest step laughed nervously. "I'd a good deal rather not. But I think so much of Rebecca Mary—"

The horror grew in Aunt Olivia's soul. It was something terribly like that the Tony Trumbulls' teacher had said. And like this:

"It hurts,—there! But I made up my mind it was my duty to come up here and say it, and so I've come. I'm sorry to have to say—"

"Don't!" ejaculated Aunt Olivia, trembling on her Plummer pedestal. For she was laboring with the impulse to refuse to listen to this intruder, to drive her away,—to say: "I won't believe a word you say! You may as well go home."

"Hoity-toity!" breathed Duty in her ear. It saved her.

"Well?" she said, gently. "Go on."

"I'm sorry to say I can't teach Rebecca Mary any more, Miss Plummer. That's what I came to tell you—"

This was awful,—awful! But hot rebellion rose in Aunt Olivia's heart. There was some mistake,—it was some other Rebecca Mary this person meant. She would never believe it was *hers*—the Plummer one!

"Because I've taught her all I know. There! do you wonder I chose the lowest step to sit on? But it's the truth, honest,"—the little teacher laughed girlishly, but there were shame-spots on her cheeks,—  
"Rebecca Mary is the smartest scholar I've got, and I've taught her all I know."

In her voice there was confession to having taught Rebecca Mary a little more than that. The shame-spots flickered in a halo of humble honesty.

"She's been from percentage through the arithmetic four times,—Rebecca Mary's splendid in arithmetic. And she knows the geography and grammar by heart."

The look on Aunt Olivia's face! The transition from horror to pride was overwhelming, transfiguring.

"Rebecca Mary's smart," added the honest one on the doorstep. "I think she ought to have a chance. There! that's all I came for, so I'll be going. Only, I don't suppose—you don't think you'll have to tell Rebecca Mary, do you? About—about me, I mean?"

"No, I don't," Aunt Olivia assured her, warmly. Her thin, lined hand met and held for a moment the small plump one,—long enough to say, "You're a good girl,—I like you," in its own way. The little teacher went away in some sort comforted for having taught Rebecca Mary all she knew. She even hummed a relieved little tune on her way home, because of the pleasant tingle in the hand that Rebecca Mary's aunt had squeezed. After all, no matter how much you dreaded doing it, it was better to tell the truth.

Aunt Olivia hummed no relieved little tune. The pride in her heart battled with the Dread there and went down. Aunt Olivia did not call the Dread by any other name. It was Duty who dared.

Confronting Aunt Olivia: "I suppose you know what it means? I suppose you know it means you've got to give Rebecca Mary a chance? When are you going to send her away to school?"

"Oh,—don't!" pleaded Aunt Olivia. "You don't give me any time. There's no need of hurry—"

"I'm still a Plummer, if you're not," broke in Duty, with ironic sharpness. "The Plummers were never afraid to look their duty in the face."

"I'm—I'm looking at you," groaned Aunt Olivia, climbing painfully back on to her pedestal. "Go ahead and say it. I'm ready,—only I guess you've forgot how long I've had Rebecca Mary. When you've brought a child up—"

"I brought her up myself," calmly.

"I ought to know. She wouldn't have been Rebecca Mary, would she, if I hadn't been right on hand? Who was it taught her to sew patchwork before she was four years old? And make sheets—and beds—and bread? Who was it kept her from being a little tomboy like the minister's girl? Who taught her to walk instead of run, and eat with her fork, and be a lady? Who was it—"

"Oh, you—you!" sighed Aunt Olivia, trembling for her balance. "You did 'em all. I never could've, alone."

"Then"—Duty was justly complacent—"then perhaps you'll be willing to leave Rebecca Mary's going away to school to me. She must go at once, as soon as you can get her read—"

Aunt Olivia tumbled off. She did not wait to pick herself up before she turned upon this Duty that delighted in torturing her.

"You better get her ready yourself! You better let her down and make her some new nightgowns and count her pocket-handkerchiefs! You think you can do anything—no, I'm talking now! I guess it's about my turn. I guess I've waited long enough. Maybe you brought Rebecca Mary up, but I'm not going to leave it to you whether she'd ought to go away to school. She's my Rebecca Mary, isn't she? Well? It's me that loves her, isn't it?—not you. If I can't love her and stay a Plummer, then I'll—love her. I'm going to leave it to the minister."

The minister was a little embarrassed. The wistful look in Aunt Olivia's eyes said "Say no" so plainly. And he knew he must say yes,—the minister's Duty was imperative too.

"If she can't get any more good out of the school here—" he began.

"She can't," said Aunt Olivia's Duty for her. "The teacher says she can't. Rebecca Mary's smart." Then Duty, too, was proud of Rebecca Mary!

"I know she is," said the minister, heartily. "My Rhoda—you ought to hear my Rhoda set her up! She thinks Rebecca Mary knows more than the teacher does."

"Rhoda's smart, too," breathed Duty in Aunt Olivia's ear.

"So you see, dear Miss Olivia, the child would make good use of any advantage—"

"You mean I ought to send her away?"

Well, I'm ready to,—I said I'd leave it to you. Where shall I send her? If there was only—I don't suppose there's some place near to? Children go home Friday nights sometimes, don't they?"

"There is no school near enough for that, I'm afraid," the minister said, gently. He could not bear the look in Miss Olivia's eyes.

"It hurt," he told his wife afterwards. "I wish she hadn't asked me, Felicia."

"I know, dear, but it's the penalty of being a minister. Ministers' hearts ought to be coated with—with asbestos or something, so the looks in people's eyes wouldn't burn through. I'm glad she didn't ask *me*!"

"It will nearly kill them both," ran on the minister's thoughts, aloud. "You know how it was when Miss Olivia was at the hospital."

"Robert!"—the minister's wife's tone was reproachful,—"you're talking in the future tense! You said 'will.' Then you advised her to send Rebecca Mary away!"

"Guilty," pleaded the minister. "What else could I do?"

"You could have offered to teach her yourself,"—with prompt inspiration. "Oh, Robert, why didn't you?"

"Felicia!—my dear!" for the minister was modest.

"You know plenty for two Rebecca Marys," she triumphed. "Didn't you appropriate all the honors at college, you selfish boy!"

"It's too late now, dear." But the minister's eyes thanked her, and the big clasp of his arms. A minister may be mortal.

"Maybe it is and maybe it isn't," spoke the minister's wife, in riddles. "We'll wait and see."

"But, Felicia,—but, dear, they're both of them Plummers."

"Maybe they are and maybe they aren't!" laughed she.

That night Aunt Olivia told Rebecca Mary—after she went to bed, quite calmly:

"Rebecca Mary, how would you like to go away to school? For I'm going to send you, my dear."

"Away—to school—my dear!" echoed Rebecca Mary, sitting upright in bed. Her slight figure stretched up rigid and preternaturally tall in the dim light.

"Yes; the minister advises it,—I left it to him. He thinks you ought to have advantages." Aunt Olivia slipped down suddenly beside the little rigid figure and touched it rather timidly. She felt a little in awe of the Rebecca Mary who knew more than her teacher did.

"They all seem to think you're—smart, my dear," Aunt Olivia said, and she would scarcely have believed it could be so hard to say it. For the life of her she could not keep the pride from pricking through her tone. The wild temptation to sell her Plummer birthright for a kiss assailed her. But she groped in the dimness for Duty's cool touch and found it. In the Plummer code of laws it was writ, "Thou shalt not kiss."

"I'm going right to work to make you some new nightgowns," Aunt Olivia added, hastily. "I think I shall make them plain,"—for it was in the nature of a reinforcement to her courage to leave off the ruffles.

Rebecca Mary's eyes shone like stars in the dark little room. The child thought she was glad to be going away to school.

"Shall I study algebra and Latin?" she demanded.

"I suppose so,—that 'll be what you go for."

"And French—not *French*?"

"Likely."

Rebecca Mary fell back on the pillows to grasp it. But she was presently up again. "And that thing that tells about the air and—and gassy things? And the one that tells about your bones?"

Aunt Olivia did not recognize chemistry, but she knew bones. She sighed gently.

"Oh yes; I suppose you'll find out just how you're put together, and likely it 'll scare you so you won't ever dare to breathe deep again. Maybe learning like that is important,—I suppose the minister knows."

"The minister knows everything," Rebecca Mary said, solemnly. "If you let me go away to school, I'll try to learn to know as much as he does, Aunt Olivia. You don't—you don't think he'd mind, do you?"

In the dark Aunt Olivia smiled. The small person there on the pillows was, after all, a child. Rebecca Mary had not grown up, after all!

"He won't mind," promised Aunt Olivia for the minister. She went away presently and cut out Rebecca Mary's new nightgowns. She sat and stitched them, far into the night, and stitched her sad little bodings in, one by one. Already desolation gripped Aunt Olivia's heart.

Rebecca Mary's dreams that night were marvellous ones. She dreamed she saw herself in a glass after she had learned all the things there were to learn, and she looked like the minister! When she spoke, her voice sounded deep and sweet like the minister's voice. Somewhere a voice like the minister's wife's seemed to be calling "Robert! Robert!"

"Yes?" answered Rebecca Mary, and woke up.

There were many preparations to make. The days sped by busily, and to Rebecca Mary full of joyous expectancy. Aunt Olivia made no moan. She worked steadily over the plain little outfit and thrust her dreads away with resolute courage, to wait until Rebecca Mary was gone. Time enough then.

"You're doing right,—that ought to comfort you," encouraged Duty, kindly.

"Clear out!" was what Aunt Olivia cried out sharply in answer. "You've done enough—this is all your work! Don't stand there hugging yourself. *You're* not going to miss Rebecca Mary—"

"I shall miss her," Duty murmured. "I was awake all night, too, dreading it. You didn't know, but I was there."

The last day, when it came, seemed a little—a good deal—like that other day when Aunt Olivia went away, only it was the other way about this time. Rebecca Mary was going away on this day. The things packed snugly in the big valise were her things;—it was she, Rebecca Mary, who would unpack them in a wondrous, strange place. It was Rebecca Mary the minister's wife and Rhoda came to bid good-by.

Aunt Olivia went to the station in the stage with the child. She did not speak much on the way, but sat firmly straight and smiled. Duty had told her the last thing to smile. But Duty had not trusted her; unseen and uninvited, Duty had slipped into the jolting old vehicle between Aunt Olivia and the child.

"She isn't the Plummer she was once," sighed Duty.

But at the little station, in those few final moments, two Plummers, an old one and a young one, waited quietly together. Neither of them broke down or made ado. Duty retired in palpable chagrin.

"Good-by, my dear," Aunt Olivia said, steadily, though her lips were white.

"Good-by, Aunt Olivia," Rebecca Mary Plummer said, steadily. "I'm very *much* obliged to you for sending me."

"You're—welcome. Don't forget to wear your rubbers. I put in some liniment in case you need it,—don't get any in your eyes."

Outside on the platform Aunt Olivia sought and found Rebecca Mary's window and stood beside it till the train started. Through the dusty pane their faces looked oddly unfamiliar to each other, and the two pairs of eyes that gazed out and in had a startled wistfulness in them that no Plummer eyes should have. If Duty had staid—

The train shook itself, gave a jerk or two, plunged down the shining rails. Aunt Olivia watched it out of sight, then turned patiently to meet her loneliness. The Dreads came flocking back to her as if she had beckoned to them. For now was the time.

The letters Rebecca Mary wrote were formally correct and brief. There was no homesickness in them. It was pleasant at the school, that book about bones was going to be very interesting, Aunt Olivia was not to worry about the rubbers, and Rebecca Mary would never forget to air her clothes when they came from the wash. Yes, she had aired the nightgown that Aunt Olivia ironed the last thing. No, she hadn't needed any liniment yet, but she wouldn't get any in her eyes.

Aunt Olivia's letters were to the point and calm, as though Duty stood peering over her shoulder as she wrote. She was glad Rebecca Mary liked the bones, but she was a little surprised. She was glad about the rubbers and the wash; she was glad there had been no need yet for the liniment. It was a good thing to rub on a sore throat. The minister's wife had been over with her work,—she said Rhoda missed Rebecca Mary. Yes, the little white cat was well,—no, she hadn't caught any mice. The calla-lily had two buds,—the Northern Spy tree was not going to bear very well.





REBECCA MARY WAS GOING AWAY ON THIS DAY



"AUNT OLIVIA! AUNT OLIVIA!" SHE CRIED, JOYOUSLY

"Robert, I've been to see Miss Olivia," the minister's wife said at tea.

"Yes?" The minister waited. He knew it was coming.

"She was knitting stockings for Rebecca Mary. Robert, she sat there and smiled till I had to come home to cry!"

"My dear!—do you want me to cry, too?"

"I'm a-going to," sniffed Rhoda. "I feel it coming."

"She is so lonely, Robert! It would break your heart to see her smile. How do I know she is? Oh no,—no, she didn't say so! But I saw her eyes,—and she let the little white cat get up in her lap!"

"Proof enough," the minister said, gently.

In the end Aunt Olivia went to see the minister and was closeted with him for a little. The minister's wife could hear them talking—mostly the minister,—but she could not hear what they said.

"It's come," she nodded, sagely. "I was sure it would. That's what the little white cat purred when she rubbed against my skirts: 'She can't stand it much longer. She doesn't sleep nights nor eat days,—she's giving out.' Poor Miss Olivia!—but I can't understand Rebecca Mary."

"It's the Plummer in her," the little white cat would have purred. "You wait!"

Aunt Olivia turned back at the minister's study door. "Then you will?" she said, eagerly. "You're perfectly willing to? I don't want to feel—"

"You needn't feel," the minister smiled. "I'm more than willing. I'm delighted. But in the matter of—er—remuneration, I cannot let you—"

"You needn't let me," smiled Miss Olivia; "I'll do it without." She was gently radiant. Her pitifully thin face, so transfigured, touched the big heart of the minister. He went to his window and watched the slight figure hurry away. He would scarcely have been surprised to see it turn down the road that led toward the railway station.

"Oh, Robert!" It was the minister's wife at his elbow. "You dear boy, I know you've promised! You needn't tell me a thing,—didn't I suggest it in the first place? Dear Miss Olivia,—I'm so

glad, Robert! So are you glad, you minister!" But they were neither of them thinking of little stubbed-out shoes that would be easier to buy.

Aunt Olivia turned down the station road the next morning, in the swaying old stage. Her eager gaze never left the plodding horses, as if by looking at them she could make them go faster.

"They're pretty slow, aren't they?" she said.

"Slow?—*them*? Well, I guess you weren't never a stage horse!" chuckled the old man at the reins.

"No," admitted Aunt Olivia, "I never was, but I know I'd go faster to-day."

At the Junction, half-way to Rebecca Mary, she descended alertly from the train and crossed the platform. She must wait here, they told her, an hour and twenty minutes. On the other side of the station a train was just slowing up, and she stood a moment to scan idly the thin stream of people that trickled from the cars. There were old women,—did any of them, she wondered, feel as happy as she did? There were tall children, too. There was one—Aunt Olivia started a little and fumbled in her soft hair, under the roses in her bonnet-brim, for her glasses. There was one tall child—she was coming this way—she was coming fast—she was running! Her arms were out—

"Aunt Olivia! Aunt Olivia!" the Tall Child was crying out, joyously. "Oh, Aunt Olivia!"

"Rebecca Mary!—my dear, my dear!"

They were in each other's arms. The roses on Aunt Olivia's bonnet-brim slipped to one side,—the two of them, not Plummers any more, but a common, glad old woman and a common, glad tall child, were kissing each other as though they would never stop. The stream of people reached them and flowed by on either side. Trains came and went and still they stood like that.

"Hoity-toity!" muttered Aunt Olivia's Duty and slipped past with the stream. A Plummer to the end, what use to stay any longer there?

"I was coming home," cried Rebecca Mary. "I couldn't bear it another minute!"

"I was coming after you,—my dear, my dear, I couldn't bear it another minute!"

# Hours with a Crow

A "BRIER-TOWN" SKETCH

BY HAROLD S. DEMING

ON a hillside by the Quinebaug River, where once a prim little church shone white through the trunks of the maples that brushed their leaves against its tinted windows, a few blackened headstones, all atilt, still show through the obscuring briers like queer mushrooms thrust up from the mould. Only the cellar of the church is left, and its walls lean inward; for the great roots of old, old maples—that once stood guard by the vestry door—have coiled themselves round the blocks of the stone foundations, slowly widening every chink, loosening each stone from its bed, yet holding it in a mighty grip that will not let it fall. The tops of the maples have long been dead—the soft wood pierced with woodpeckers' holes and riddled with the carved galleries of the wood-ants,—but the big boughs lower down still bear a luxuriant covering of leaves, and in the glare of noonday still cast their dappled shadows on the network of greenbrier beneath. Everywhere greenbrier runs riot: over the bulging cellar walls, over the bared fantastic roots of the maples, over the lichen-grown gravestones,—over every stump and boulder on the hillside. It is a very jungle of greenbrier.

"Brier-town" I called it as a lad, when I used to visit it in winter, hard on the snow trail of some "cottontail" rabbit; and as "Brier-town" I think of it still, for it was very populous.

In their twisty runways through the briers a score or more of rabbits lived safe from hawks. But they were shy fellows, and hard to discover. A family of chipmunks were more friendly. They bunked in a cranny in the cellar wall, and kept a well-filled storehouse, too, in the hollow of the biggest maple. I used to sit, with my back against the bole

of their tree, and absent-mindedly empty my pockets of acorns; then stay dreamily quiet while one of those sly little thieves peeped round at me from the other side of the tree. Little by little he would creep nearer, his claws scratching faintly on the bark behind me like the almost inaudible nibbling of a mouse in a bureau drawer at night; nearer, nearer,—whisk away again in fright, to circle the trunk from the other side; then snatch a nut and scamper off, perhaps to his storeroom above me, perhaps to the top of a tilting gravestone, there to chisel through the shell of the acorn and enjoy the bitter meat.

One of the gravestones the chipmunks never mounted. It was the oldest one of all, and leaned nearest earth; and on its under face a colony of white-faced hornets every year built their cone-shaped nest. Hour after hour they passed me, one at a time, on their way to the weather-worn shanty, across a neighboring field, where they collected the wood-pulp which their nimble mouths turned into the gray paper used in all their art. The droning crescendo of a hornet's flight close by my ear often startled me into dodging an expected sting—that never came—even though I knew my quick motion would frighten away the bird I might be watching.

In just such a way, I remember, I scared off a wary old crow who had not seemed to notice me where I lay in the maple's shade, or who perhaps took me—dressed as I was in overalls and half hidden under a farmer's wide-brimmed hat—for a tumble-down, empty-faced scarecrow, not deserving his attention. He was intent on pecking off a piece of one of the stones in the ruined cellar, and so near me that I could see the rows of feathers on his big neck play back and forth on each other when he

drew back his head to strike. The swoop of a home-coming hornet made me stir, and the crow sprang away with rattling wing-beats, leaving a black feather or two behind, where in his haste he had grazed the briers. He had been trying, I found, to chip out of the stone a large, coarse, red garnet, which to his avaricious eye seemed worthy a place in his hidden treasure-heap far off in the hickory woods. He took it some days later, I think, when there was none but a chipmunk to spy on him.

The sun seldom rises so early that it catches a crow sleeping. And the old crow that had come to "Brier-town" to carry off the big red garnet from the cellar wall to his treasure-heap was perhaps to be found napping less often than most of his kind. He lived the seasons round near the deep woods where he had been born and fledged, never joining the vociferous throngs that in October gathered for the southward migration, seldom flying far with the roving bands of marauders that visited now this village, now that—settling down on the farmers' fields like swarms of great black insects, to pluck up the sprouting corn and rye, or in September to glean in the path of the reaper. Shy of men, and suspicious even of other crows, he lived a solitary life, hunting, foraging, roosting alone.

His lonely ways early made me wish to know him well; but he was hard to catch napping, hard to see except at a distance. Many a morning I watched him leave the hickory woods at dawn and climb with slow wing-beats against the wind, or turn and fly before it,—swooping down to the tree-tops swift as a hawk, now flashing in the sunlight high in air, now showing inky black against the green slope of Fox Hill, where the wind swept in long bluish ripples over the fields of half-grown wheat. Again at evening I used to see him circle above the hickory woods before going to his solitary roost for the night.

It was many months before I could more than guess where he went during the day. I remember well the first time I saw him near at hand. A half-mile or so from "Brier-town" a small brook runs

noisily through a grove of maples, then slips silently through a meadow, where alders, sumac, and huckleberry bushes follow its winding course to the Quinebaug River. There in the cool shade of the maples I lay one July morning, drowsily listening to the voluble chatter of the brook, and watching the antics of a goldfinch, who plucked billfuls of down from the nodding blossoms of a huge bull-thistle.

Silently a shadow passed across the patchwork of light and shade beneath the maples. It was the shadow of a crow,—of the crow whose secret ways I most wished to discover. The big black bird came to rest on the bare limb of a maple, paused to shake his long wing-feathers into perfect position across his back, and then turned his head slowly from side to side to see that no danger lurked near, while I, in the long grass where I lay, kept still as a hunted animal. Satisfied with his brief survey, he walked out along the maple branch to a spot where the rotting bark had fallen away, and leisurely polished his beak on the exposed wood. Then he lazily spread his wings and flew heavily to the ground. I lost sight of him in the rank weeds and grasses by the brook, though I knew where he was by the waving of the green stalks as he walked through the tangle. Presently he appeared on the edge of the brook, with his keen eye on the water itself, I thought, and his head jerking solemnly backward and forward with every step he took. Suddenly he stopped, rattled his wings excitedly—as you have seen a hen do when she has found a worm in the barn-yard,—and craned his neck to look at some object in the bed of the brook. Another instant and he was in the shallow water, where he had landed with a splash that sent the spray two feet in air above him, flashing rainbow tints for one brief second in the sun. The stream, but two or three inches deep, swirled round his legs noisily, while he braced his feet and tugged with his beak at the coveted object which had caught his eye. Up it came at last, unexpectedly; for he quite upset himself in the brook by the violence of his efforts, and flopped to the bank with a surprised, not to say disconsolate, caw. In his beak, however, he gripped his prize, and soon



forgot all else. In the scrap of gleaming tin which he had found—for his prize was no more than a short strip of tin, broken perhaps from an old tobacco-box—he took an eager delight wonderful to see.

Near the foot of a birch-tree a rod away a big gray stone lay with its bulging sides in the full glare of the sunlight. There the crow took his bit of tin, and dropping it on the stone, fluffed up his feathers, and stood blinking in evident satisfaction to see the sparkle and glint of the metal. Again and again he shifted it about on the stone, or turned it over by a dexterous stroke of his beak, as if he continually sought for a brighter spot in which to display it. After a few minutes he picked it up and sprang into the air. Through the interstices of the full-leaved maple boughs I could see him circle upwards, perhaps a hundred feet, and then balance himself on his broad wings, his wise-looking head hung low, the bit of tin flashing in his beak. Suddenly he let it fall, but with surprising agility swooped after it. Striking the stone, the tin rebounded, spinning in the sunlight, and dropped into a luxuriant mass of orange-flowered jewelweed. The crow, in swift pursuit, brushed the stone so closely that he, too, seemed to rebound from it toward the jewelweed, into which he plunged hastily. While he was hidden in this maze of flowers and leafy stalks I crept nearer for a better view of him when he should appear. Before long he came pushing out of the tangle, with scraps of leaves and petals clinging to his dishevelled plumage, and with one long festoon of the groundnut-vine circling his neck and trailing behind him. But he had his strip of tin once more. Half flying, half walking to the stone under the birch-tree, he put down his recovered prize and went through with a deliberate toilet, snipping off with one grip of his beak the encumbering vine round his neck, then plucking torn petals and leaves from his feathers, and smoothing his plumage till his dusky back shone again with iridescent purples. A rabbit, scuttling through the hazel-bushes near by, startled him into flight at last; and off he went, holding tight that bit of tin, whose gleam I followed with my eye through a mile of the clear summer air.

In the bed of the brook where the crow

had found his prize were many other scraps of tin and iron, relics of some camping party; and I guessed that "Crusoe"—as I came to call him from his solitary habits—had more than once visited the grove on an errand similar to this recent one. He had not seen the bright thing in the brook wholly by chance, but had come to look for a new trinket for his treasure-heap. I had heard of a tame crow who collected in a hidden nook the silver spoons, rings, and bright-colored toys which he had pilfered from his mistress and her children. "Crusoe" evidently had a like treasure-heap; but where should I find it?

Day after day I came to the maple grove by the brook, hoping that if the crow revisited the spot I might trace his homeward flight more closely, and win a clue to the whereabouts of his hoard. In the leaves clustered round the boulder under the birch-tree I found a dozen or more black feathers; and some of them had lain there long, for their edges were covered with a filmy green mould. Surely the crow had come to the boulder often. But I did not see him there again for many days.

Two weeks slipped past, and often during a long afternoon not a stranger would visit the grove. The clover in the field near by was cut, and lay in odorous heaps awaiting the arrival of the hay-wagon; and the bees were gone. The fledgling king-birds sprouted wing feathers and flew away—all but one that a blacksnake captured when it flopped out of the nest a day too soon. Hour after hour each day I sat quiet under my maple. A spider, one August afternoon, let himself down from a branch, like a sailor coming down hand over hand from aloft, and deliberately spun a web on strands extended between my upturned feet. And I stayed motionless long enough for him to snare a ladybug in the net. Still, while the red in the west, like the glow from a dying camp-fire, sent its last wavering gleams over the August fields I kept motionless. All at once, though I heard nothing, saw nothing, I felt uneasy,—I was no longer unseen. With a sudden impulse I turned my head and looked round me. Then I heard a laconic caw above me, and a big crow flew swiftly from his silent perch in my

maple-tree. As his dusky form melted into the blackness of the woods I stood up stiffly and smiled after him, acknowledging my defeat.

The lone crow had baffled me; and I was discouraged. Surely I had cause to be; for the maple glade by the brook was the one spot, besides his roost in the hickory woods, where I could hope to spy on him. His roosting-tree he always left at dawn, and the maple glade he would visit no more, I knew, for many days. Yet a week had not passed since his discovery of me beneath the maple before good luck put me once more on his trail.

Several miles from "Brier-town" was a small lake, fed by two deep, slow-flowing streams, and with an outlet into one of the many tributaries of the Quinebaug. In the alders almost countless pairs of red-winged blackbirds built their nests of woven grasses. Bitterns hid in the reeds beside the muddy pools deep in the marsh; and innumerable smaller birds twittered and whistled and sang in the willows by the lake's edge. Right through the very heart of the swamp flowed the smaller of the lake's inlets. The plumelike foliage of great drooping willows on either bank almost hid the stream where it glided into the lake; festoons of grape-vines bridged the space from tree to tree; rank clumps of bulrushes and pickerel-weed clogged the way; and farther out, the green rafts of close-packed pond-lily leaves tugged at their anchoring stems as the current of the brook sifted through to deeper waters.

Four days after abandoning my post in the maple grove I went to that cove in the early morning. The sun was well in view, and its rays sought out the farthest cranny in the depths of the pool. I tramped off through the marsh to the spot where I had hidden my canoe. When I pushed it from its screen of bushes into the lake, three crows rose hurriedly from the opposite shore; and one of them had a ragged spot in the primaries of his right wing. It was "Crusoe." This was the first time I had seen him in company. Presently the three appeared high against a puffy white cloud. They headed straight for "Brier-town." Would they come again? —that was the question.

The next morning, before the sun had burned away the mist that hid the lake, I went through the pine woods to the stony cove where the crows had been the day before. There they were, all three, when I got there. Two walked up and down at the water's brink, looking for dobsons and grubs among the pebbles. "Crusoe" stood apart, eying a mussel that lay tight closed on the gravel beside him. The shell-fish had clapped together when the crow had found it in the mud; and now it lay there, a feast to tempt any crow—but impregnable. "Crusoe" stood on one leg beside it and croaked gutturally to himself. Then, picking up the mussel with his beak, he dropped it gently in a shallow puddle among the stones, and, with head cocked on one side, waited results. The mussel, once more at home in the water, opened just a crack. "Crusoe" waited, quite still, while the other crows turned to watch. The mussel opened a bit more, and "Crusoe" drew back his head, ready to strike. The other crows lifted their wings and craned their necks with excitement. The mussel opened half-way; in a flash "Crusoe" had wrenched it from its shell. The two crows who had watched him now ran forward squawking and squatted down in front of him. With fluttering wings and wide-open mouths they begged hard for the delicious morsel held fast in "Crusoe's" beak. But with a toss of his head he swallowed it himself. The two young crows snapped their beaks together in disappointment.

"Crusoe" was a father, and these were his fledglings; there could be no mistaking that after the way the two had begged for the mussel. And in further proof of this I saw the old crow several times give grubs, which he had picked out of the gravel, to one or the other of the smaller crows. They hurried after him wherever he went, and did but little hunting for themselves. They followed him as closely as chicks do a hen; and when he flew away towards "Brier-town," they were close behind.

Somewhere near "Brier-town" there must be a nest; and at last, after two weeks of hunting, I found it, thirty feet and more up in a lone pine, in the middle of the hickory woods. I should never

have discovered it had it not been for a pair of red squirrels, who had decided to move in just as soon as "Crusoe" and his mate moved out. They did not take possession undisturbed. For young crows have a peculiar fondness for the nest from which they first took wing, returning often in the summer to sit on the nest rim for hours, as if they half expected to be fed again by the old birds who have long since deserted them. These red squirrels, therefore, had scarcely begun their nest of leaves and twigs (built plumb on the top of the crow's) before "Crusoe's" youngsters returned and threw the litter to the ground. Probably this was repeated several times; for underneath the pine-tree lay, scattered over the needles, enough sticks and rubbish to build three squirrels' nests. Attracted by the clatter of falling twigs, I came upon the two crows in the very act of tossing the squirrels' building material overboard. Round about them, leaping from branch to branch, scurried the furious squirrels. Their tails jerked back and forth, their fur bristled, and they kept up a ceaseless chitter of helpless rage. If ever squirrels swore, those did: they squeaked, they chattered, they almost hissed like cats. But all to no purpose. They had to seek another building-place.

When the crows were gone, I climbed the pine-tree, and found, not one, but the relics of three nests. Like many crows, "Crusoe" evidently used the same nesting-tree year after year. Here was luck. The next year I should know where to find this wary old bird.

The snow was melting fast. Far and wide the slopes in view of "Brier-town" lay piebald in the April sunlight; everywhere the diminishing patches of white disclosed the shrivelled grass and weeds of the year that was past, and everywhere the moist earth steamed in the heat of the noon. By the river bank the alders showed mistily gray in the distance. Above them the swamp-maples spread their red-flowered branches, and here and there gleamed white masses of shad-blossoms. In the hickory woods, far away, the faint reds and bronzes and yellows of the twig-tips told of sap hurrying to a million million leaves furled

green in buds distended to bursting. Higher than all the other trees, the lone pine waved its huge branches against the sky. And coasting down the warm south wind a solitary crow—seeming the size of a robin in the distance—flew to the pine, circled it, and disappeared in its branches. A little later another crow appeared, tossing in the wind, above the pine. Then the first crow sprang into view, and together they wheeled round the tree, to disappear, as the first crow had done, in the shadows of its spreading boughs.

"Crusoe" and his mate would nest yet another season in the old tree. They had chosen their retreat well. For from their lofty eyrie they could at a single glance survey for miles the rolling hills and valleys which flank the long ridge covered by the hickory woods. And they had but to spread their wings on the breeze which was always blowing past their tree to glide with effortless speed to their distant feeding-grounds on the east or on the west. The mother crow, sitting in her big nest, nearly forty feet above the rocks where the great roots of the pine found anchorage, needed to fear no ordinary foes. To approach her unobserved was almost impossible. Until the hickory-trees had shaken out their crinkly new leaves, forming a dense screen beneath which I could steal up the hillside, rod by rod, all my attempts to come upon her unseen were unsuccessful. I could not discover the crows at the building of the nest. Day by day I noted the progress of the nest toward completion; but the crows stopped work whenever I came within seeing distance, and fled silently away through the woods, not to return until I should be homeward bound again. And fearing that I might drive them to desert the nest, I soon left off my visits to the hickory knoll, and watched them from afar.

But one morning late in May, when the nest was done, I climbed the lone pine for one close look at "Crusoe's" work. The crows had slipped away, as always, at my first approach; but when I was cautiously pulling myself up the last ten feet of exposed trunk below the nest, the big black birds came hurtling back to beat me off. While I crept slowly higher I could hear the swish of their

wings as they shot close by me and the angry snap of their beaks in the intervals between their raucous caws of rage. From the height of fifty feet above me the mother crow would curve swiftly downward, as if she would drive her beak into my face, then throw back her head and check herself on half-closed wings scarce ten feet away. And once she struck the trunk above me, and clung, with tail spread wide, an instant to the bark, turning her head sidewise to glare at me. Soon I reached the shelter of the radiating branches which upheld the nest, and peered over the edge of the clumsy structure at the four pale-blue eggs on their cushion of moss within it. The nest was bulky, built loosely of big dry sticks which the crows had carried in their claws from the pine woods by the lake. Through it were woven carelessly long ribbons of bark stripped from woody grape-vines, and one loop of grape-vine, stem and all, swung like a trapeze from the bottom of the nest.

When the blue eggs in the crows' nest hatched in the middle of June, I no longer stayed away from the hickory knoll. For although "Crusoe," with a malignant glance over his shoulder at me as he flew, would glide off down the hill just as often as he discovered me, the mother crow would not desert the featherless youngsters. She seldom was absent from the nest for long while I was near; and often when apparently she was gone away, she was keeping close watch on me. Usually I took my post a rod or two from the base of the pine, and lay stretched out on a shadow-flecked rock, the more easily to look upwards at the doings of the crow. If I left my post for a half-minute, the crow would discover me. Each day I would test her alertness by making as if to clamber up the trunk of the pine. She might have been gone one minute or ten, but I could never get more than started up the rocks at the foot of her tree before she would appear, as if out of nowhere, and with glittering eyes swoop repeatedly past my head.

Although her absences from the nest were short, she seemed to have no difficulty in finding food for her young. Caterpillars, dobsons, beetles, and mis-

cellaneous bugs disappeared over the nest rim by thousands. Sometimes, too, she brought scraps of bread and other stolen provisions. Once I saw her carry a small trout to the nest. Perhaps she had frightened a king-fisher into dropping it. And for one whole week she fed her youngsters on little else than the tender kernels of maize, sweet from their first sprouting. The nearest corn-field was two miles away; yet she frequently returned with a fresh bunch of uprooted sprouts after an absence of scarcely two minutes. This surprised me beyond all measure; for it meant a speed in flight of one hundred and twenty miles an hour, without taking account of the time needed for pulling the corn. A happy accident explained the puzzle. I came upon "Crusoe" pulling corn sprouts in a field near "Brier-town." He methodically dropped them in a little heap on the earth, all the roots together; and when he had collected enough he clutched them in his claws and bore them away in the direction of the lone pine. Strangely enough, however, he did not go all the way to the hickory knoll, but stopped on the bare limb of an old dead chestnut, which had been seared by a lightning stroke. There another crow came to him, and almost immediately afterwards he returned to the corn-field for another bunch of sprouts. Meanwhile, as I soon guessed, his mate was carrying the first supply of corn sprouts up through the hickory woods, to stuff them down the expectant mouths in her nest. "Crusoe" would not go to the nest while there was chance of a visit from me; but he would do his duty, nevertheless, as the father of a family. His mate could guard the nest, leaving it only for short trips to the dead chestnut-tree, where he would bring her the fruits of his industrious foraging.

Day by day the four youngsters in the nest grew lustier. Their voices soon were loud enough to reach my ears. One fellow especially, when he was not bolting food, croaked and croaked incessantly. His voice had a queer crack in it, as if he had a heavy cold in the chest. At last the nest became too crowded for the full-feathered fledglings, and one or another of them would be forced to sit on the nest rim, where the

impact of the wind would keep him flapping his wings uneasily in fear of toppling over. It would not be long before all would take wing.

On the morning of the 25th of June I was at my post on the hickory knoll before dawn, eager to see the young crows' first flight from the lone pine. The lopsided moon, looming big in the thick mist of early morning, was edging with uncertain radiance the ragged film of cloud which scudded northward before the freshening breeze. The dense mists in the valley hid every tree and house. Dusky hills and slopes rose above it like islands and peninsulas in a vast inland sheet of water; as far as the eye could reach stretched one level sea of mist, white and luminous in the light of the dim moon. Up the hillside, layers of mist came drifting past the lone pine, twisting upwards through its boughs like stray wisps of smoke. The boughs of the pine showed inky black against the sky. Only the tips of the needles on its outermost twigs glinted in the colorless moonbeams. Not a sound was in the woods but the soft drip from mist-wet foliage. Then in the east came the glow of dawn, and the whole expanse of mist began to sparkle and scintillate like a field of snow; and as the light grew stronger, the mist steamed and whirled upward, while the distorted moon in the west grew waxen pale as it neared the brightening hills.

Before the sun appeared, "Crusoe" was gone. And his mate was soon awake and urging the young crows to leave the nest. The crow with the queer voice croaked and croaked without a moment's rest. All seemed to feel that the hour was important. Presently one crow walked unsteadily over the edge of the nest out along the branch. Another stepped after him; then a third; but the fourth would not follow. The mother crow perched beside them, spread her wings, and dived towards the tree-tops below, curving upwards again to show them how easy it was. Still they sat huddled together in a row, squawking to each other. They were like a lot of little boys on the edge of a cold stream. "You go first," each seemed to say, and the others kept replying, "No, you." Meanwhile the fourth fledgling, the fel-

low with the crack in his voice, was crawling backwards over the edge of the nest, flapping his wings desperately, and clinging tight with claws and beak to the wall of the nest. In her excitement the mother crow grew doubly vociferous. Round and round she flew, cawing nervously, and now and again perching on the nest, where with many gestures of wing and tail she signified her eagerness that the fledglings risk a tumble by jumping from the bough. The fellow on the nest did risk it, but snatched at the swinging loop of grape-vine and swung there upside down. The three on the bough huddled closer together, and stopped their noise, watching him. Just as he contrived to gain his balance the old crow swept past him, and he let go his perch and flew. Instead of flying forward, he was borne backward by the wind, and half fell to the top of a hickory which grew beside my rock. It was hours before the others ventured to leave the branch, and all the while this fellow sat in the hickory-tree, straining his cracked voice in an endless series of squawks.

He seemed to know that, for a crow, his voice was remarkable; and he never tired of using it. He had, I thought, a strange desire to sing. A few days later I became convinced that he thought himself a song-bird.

"Crusoe" had the four youngsters—now steady-winged flyers—on the edge of a corn-field, where he had been teaching them, perhaps, the way to tell a scarecrow from a man. When I discovered them, he was perched unconcernedly on the head of a scarecrow, plucking hay from what should have been its face. On the fence by the field sat the young crows, as almost always, in a row; and I could imagine that their clatter was in admiring comment on the wisdom of their father. A robin lighted on a fence-post near them, and sang a cheery snatch of a song, for no particular reason. With that one of the young crows flew to another fence-post, where he listened attentively to the robin. When the robin flew away, this crow sat up, gave one preliminary squawk, and then, in ludicrous imitation of the robin, gurgled and croaked and squawked with all his might. The others, including "Crusoe," gathered



round him. They were much excited. The would-be singer was unmusical as only a crow can be; yet I had little doubt but that his noise gave him and his hearers pleasure. When he had done, they all set up a cawing, which only ceased when "Crusoe," after a minute or two, discovered me, and led them away over the hill.

After the nest in the lone pine was empty, I saw but little of "Crusoe." The more I stalked him, the warier he grew. Yet I knew that he still added now and then to his hoard of bright bits of tin and what-not. He could have desired the big garnet in "Brier-town" for no other reason. Hunt as hard as I might, there seemed to be no clue by which to locate his hoard, although I ransacked every swamp that I had ever seen him visit. But in vain. And my searches through the hickory woods were unavailing. For weeks I kept up the hunt; and at last I became convinced that the secret was hidden in a pine near the lake where first I had seen "Crusoe" care for his youngsters. "Crusoe" usually flew high—probably to keep out of gun-shot,—coming to earth at the end of a trip by circling slowly downward after many cautious excursions to this side and that. When he flew to the pine woods, however, I marked how he skimmed low over the neighboring fields—so low that he had to rise when he had a fence to cross. And he went to the pine woods often, oftener as the season advanced. He left the woods always in the same sneaking manner, as if he dreaded observation. His hoard must be in the pine woods.

Sheer luck led me to unearth its exact hiding-place. I was following—from a safe distance—the apparently aimless wanderings of a skunk through those very pine woods. I brushed through the boughs of a cluster of black birches which grew in a small open space among the pines. A big pine, fully eight feet

in girth, had been broken off by the wind perhaps twenty feet from the ground, and its heavy top had by its fall crushed several smaller trees to earth. The top of the stump was jagged-edged, and looked as if it were hollow. There is a likely place for "Crusoe's" hoard, I said to myself, yet had not the least expectation of finding it. I scrambled to the top of the birch-tree and looked in. The top of the stump was hollow, but choked with leaves. I poked among them with a stick. Then I smiled in triumph. Under the leaves lay a heap of bright things. There were scraps of tin, two mussel-shells, and the glass stopper of a bottle. The garnet I did not find. This was "Crusoe's" hoard.

Surely he had chosen a beautiful spot for his lonely enjoyment of those treasures. In the centre of the dark woods the sun shone each day, through the rift which the falling pine had made, full on this old stump. Every trinket in its top would gleam and sparkle to delight the queer old crow's heart. Carefully I hid the treasures under the leaves and slid to the ground. Another day I should spy on the miser while he gloated over his treasures. But this I never did. In a day or two the treasures had been removed. And old "Crusoe," the big crow with the ragged right wing, never showed himself to me again. He had always been an outlyer, a lone bird, and perhaps this was because of his love for bright trinkets which he feared others might covet and steal. When he found that his treasure had been disturbed he doubtless attributed it to me, since I had so pestered him for a year. I had known him for several summers, and winters, too, and he never had left his accustomed range before. But his hoard, the centre of his life, was threatened, and he took wing for new woods and fields where I should nevermore disturb his peace of mind.



# Jane's Gray Eyes

BY SEWELL FORD

WHEN *The Insurgent* took its place among the "best six sellers," Decatur Brown formed several good resolutions. He would not have himself photographed in a literary pose, holding a book on his knee, or propping his forehead up with one hand and gazing dreamily into space; he would not accept the praise of newspaper reviewers as laurel dropped from Olympus; and he would not tell "how he wrote it."

Firmly he held to this commendable programme, despite frequent urgings to depart from it. Yet observe what pitfalls beset the path of the popular fictionist. There came a breezy, shrewd-eyed young woman of beguiling tongue who announced herself as a "lady journalist."

"Now for goodness' sake don't shy," she pleaded. "I'm not going to ask about your literary methods, or do a kodak write-up of the way you brush your hair, or any of that rot. I merely want you to say something about Sunday Weeks. That's legitimate, isn't it? Sunday's a public character now, you know. Every one talks about her. So why shouldn't you, who know her best?"

It was the voice of the siren. Decatur Brown should have recognized it as such. But the breezy young person was so plausible, she bubbled with such enthusiasm for his heroine, that in the end he yielded. He talked of Sunday Weeks. And such talk!

Obviously the "lady journalist" had come all primed with the rather shopworn theory that the Sunday Weeks who figured as the heroine of *The Insurgent* must be a real personage, a young woman in whom Decatur Brown took more than a literary interest. Possibly the cards were ready to be sent out.

Had she put these queries point-blank, he would have denied them definitely and emphatically, and there would have been an end. But she was far too clever for

that. She plied him with sly hints and deft insinuation. Then, when he began to scent her purpose, she took another tack. "Did he really admire women of the Sunday Weeks type? Did he honestly think that the unconventional, wilful, whimsical Sunday, while perfectly charming in the unmarried state, could be tamed to matrimony? Was he willing to have his ideal of womanhood judged by this disturbingly fascinating creature of the 'sober gray eyes and piquant chin'?"

Naturally he felt called upon to endorse his heroine, to defend her. Loyalty to his art demanded that much. Then, too, there recurred to him thoughts of Jane Temple. He could truthfully say that Sunday was a wholly imaginative character, that she had no "original." And yet subconsciously he knew that all the time he was creating her there had been before him a vision of Jane. Not a very distinct vision, to be sure. It had been some years since he had seen her. But that bit about the sober gray eyes and the piquant chin Jane was responsible for. He could never forget those eyes of Jane's. He was not so certain about the chin. It might have been piquant; and then again, it might not. At any rate, it had been adorable, for it was Jane's.

So, while some of his enthusiasm in the defence of Sunday Weeks was due to artistic fervor, more of it was prompted by thoughts of Jane Temple. He did not pretend, he declared, to speak for other men; but as for himself, he liked Sunday—he liked her very much.

The shrewd eyes of the "lady journalist" glistened. She knew her cue when she heard it. Throwing her first theory to the four winds, she eagerly gripped this new and tangible fact.

"Then she really is your ideal?"

He had not thought much about it, but he presumed that in a sense she was.

"But suppose now, Mr. Brown, just suppose you should some day run across a young woman exactly like the Sunday Weeks you have described: would you marry her?"

Decatur Brown laughed—a light, irresponsible, bachelor laugh. "I should probably ask her if I might first."

"But you *would* ask her?"

"Oh, assuredly."

"And would you like to find such a girl?"

Decatur gazed sentimentally over the smart little polo-hat of the "lady journalist" and out of the window at a patch of late afternoon sky—a sky as gray as Jane's eyes had been that last night when they had parted, she to travel abroad with her aunt, he to become a cub reporter on a city daily.

"Yes, I would like very much to find her," he replied.

Do you think, after this, that the interviewer waited for more? Not she. Leaving him mixed up with his day-dream, she took herself off before he could retract, or modify, or in any way spoil the story.

Still, considering what she might have printed, she was really quite decent about it. Leaving out the startling head-lines, hers was a nice, readable, chatty article. It contained no bald announcement that the author of *The Insurgent* was hunting, with matrimonial intent, for a gray-eyed prototype of Sunday Weeks. Yet that was the impression conveyed. Where was there a girl with sober gray eyes and a piquant chin who could answer to certain other specifications, duly set forth in one of the most popular novels of the day? Whoever she might be, wherever she was, she might know what to expect should she be discovered.

Having survived the first shock to his reticence, Decatur Brown was inclined to dismiss the matter with a laugh. He had been cleverly exploited, but he could not see that any great harm had been done. He supposed that he must become used to such things. Anyway, he was altogether too busy to give much thought to the incident, for he was in the middle of another novel that must be ready for the public before *The Insurgent* was forgotten.

He was yet to learn the real meaning

of publicity. First there appeared an old friend, one who should have understood him too well to put faith in such an absurdity.

"Say, Deck, you've simply got to dine with us Thursday night. My wife insists. She wants you to meet a cousin of hers—Denver girl, mighty bright, and"—this impressively—"she has gray eyes, you know."

Decatur grinned appreciatively, but he begged off. He was really very sorry to miss a gray-eyed girl, of course, but there was his work.

One by one his other friends had their little shy at him. Mayhew sent by messenger a huge placard reading, "Wanted, A Wife." Trevors called him up by telephone to advise him to see *Jupiter Belles* at once.

"Get a seat in A," he chuckled, "and take a good look at the third from the left, first row. She has gray eyes."

By the time he received Tiddler's atrocious sketch, representing the author of *The Insurgent* as a Diogenes looking for gray-eyed girls, he had ceased to smile over the thing. The joke was becoming a trifle stale.

Then the letters began to come in, postmarked from all over the country. They were all from young persons who had read *The Insurgent*, and evidently the interview; for, no matter what else was said, each missive contained the information that the writer of it possessed gray eyes. All save one. That was accompanied by a photograph on which an arrow had been drawn pointing towards the eyes. Under the arrow was naively inscribed, "Gray."

Decatur was not flattered. His dignity suffered. He felt cheapened, humiliated. The fact that the waning boom of his novel had received new impetus did not console him. His mildly serious expression gave place to a worried, injured look.

And then Mrs. Wheeler Upton swooped down on him with a demand for his appearance at one of her Saturday nights. For Decatur there was no choice. He was her debtor for so many helpful favors in the past that he could not refuse so simple a request. Yet he groaned in spirit as he viewed the prospect. Once it would have been different. Was it not in her pleasant drawing-rooms that he



had been boosted from obscurity to shine among the other literary stars? Mrs. Upton knew them all. She made it her business to do so, bless the kindly heart of her, and to see that they knew each other. No wonder her library table groaned under the weight of autographed volumes.

But to face that crowd at Mrs. Wheeler Upton's meant to run a rapid-fire gauntlet of jokes about gray-eyed girls. However, go he must, and go he did.

He was not a little relieved to find so few there, and that most of them were young women. A girl often hesitates at voicing a witticism, because she is afraid, after all, that it may not be really funny. A man never doubts the excellence of his own humor. So, when a quarter of an hour had passed without hint of that threadbare topic, he gradually threw off his restraint and began to enjoy himself. He was talking Meredith to a tall girl in soft-blue China silk, when suddenly he became aware that they had been left entirely to themselves. Every one else seemed to have drifted into an adjoining room. Through the arched doorway he could see them circling about Mrs. Upton, who was evidently holding their attention.

"Why, what's up, I wonder? Why do they leave us out, I'd like to know?" and he glanced inquiringly at the girl in soft blue. She flushed consciously and dropped her lashes. When she looked at him again, and rather appealingly, he saw that she had gray eyes.

It was Decatur's turn to flush. Could Mrs. Upton have done this deliberately? He was loath to think so. The situation was awkward, and awkwardly he got himself out of it.

"I say, let's see what they're up to in there," he suggested, and marched her into the other room, wondering if he showed his embarrassment as much as she did. As he sidled away from her he determined to pick out a girl whose eyes were not gray, and to stick to her for the remainder of the evening. Accordingly he began his inspection. A moment later and the whole truth blazed enlighteningly upon him. They were all gray-eyed girls, every last one of them.

If he had been waiting for a climax, he was entirely satisfied. Of course it

was rather silly of him to take it all so seriously, but, sitting safely in his rooms long after his panicky retreat from Mrs. Upton's collection, he could not make light of the situation. It *was* serious. He was losing sleep, appetite, and self-respect over it.

Not that he was vain enough to imagine that every gray-eyed girl in the country, or any one of them, wished to marry him. No; he was fairly modest, as men go. He suspected that the chief emotions he inspired were curiosity and mischievousness. It was the thought of what those uncounted thousands of gray-eyed girls must conceive as his attitude towards them that hurt. Why, it was almost as though he had put a matrimonial advertisement in the newspapers. When he pictured himself looked upon as assuming to be a connoisseur of a certain type of femininity he felt as keenly disgraced as if he had set himself up for an Apollo.

In next morning's mail he noted an increased number of letters from unknown gray-eyed correspondents. That settled it. Hurriedly packing a capacious kit-bag, with the uncompleted manuscript on top, he took the first train for Ocean Park. Where else could he find a more habitable solitude than Ocean Park in early June? Once previously he had gone there before the season opened, and he knew. Later on the popular big seashore resort would seethe with vacationists. They would crowd the hotels, overflow the board walk, cover the sands, and polka-dot the ocean. But in June the sands would be deserted, the board walk untrod, the hotels empty.

And so it was. The landlord of The Empress welcomed him effusively, not as Decatur Brown, author of *The Insurgent* and seeker of an ideal girl with gray eyes, but as plain, every-day Mr. Brown, whom Providence had sent as a June guest. Decatur was thankful for it. The barren verandas were grateful in his sight. When he had been installed in a corner suite, spread out his writing things on a flat-topped table that faced the sea, filled his ink-well, and lighted his pipe, he seemed to have escaped from a threatening presence.

He could breathe freely here, thank goodness, and work. He was just set-

ting down to it when through the open transom behind him came the sound of rustling skirts and a voice which demanded:

"But how do you suppose he found that we were here? You're certain that it was Decatur Brown, are you?"

"Oh yes, quite certain. He has changed very little. Besides, there was the name on the register."

Decatur thrilled at the music of that answering voice. There was a little quaver in it, a faint but fascinating breaking on the low notes, such as he had never heard in any voice save Jane Temple's.

"Then Mabel must not come down to dinner to-night. She must—" The rest was lost around the corner of a corridor.

What Mabel must do remained a mystery. Must she go without her dinner altogether? He hoped not, for evidently his arrival had something to do with it. Why? Decatur gave it up. Who was Mabel, anyway? The owner of the other voice he could guess at. That must be Mrs. Philo Allen, Jane's aunt Judith, the one who had carried her off to Europe and forbidden them to write to each other. But Mabel? Oh yes! He had almost forgotten that elaborately gowned miss who at sixteen had assumed such young-ladyfied airs. Mabel was Jane's young cousin, of course, the one to whom he used to take expensive bonbons, his intent being to propitiate Aunt Judith.

So they were guests at The Empress, too—Jane and her aunt and the pampered Mabel? Chiefly, however, there was Jane. The others did not matter much. Ah, here was a gray-eyed girl that he did not dread to meet. And she had not forgotten him!

An hour later he was waiting for her in the lower hallway. Luckily she came down alone, so they had the hall seat to themselves for those first few minutes. She was the same charming Jane that he had known of old. There was an added dignity in the way she carried her shapely little head, a deeper sweetness in the curve of her thin lips. Perhaps her manner was a little subdued, too; but, after all those years with Mrs. Philo Allen, why not?

"How nice of you," she was saying, "to hunt us up and surprise us in this

fashion. Auntie has been expecting you at home for weeks, you know, but when Mabel's rose-cold developed she decided that we must go to the seashore, even though we did die of lonesomeness. And here we find you—or you find us. The sea air will make Mabel presentable in a day or so, we hope."

"I'm sure I hope so, too," he assented, without enthusiasm. Really, he did not see the necessity of dragging in Mabel. Nor did he understand why Mrs. Allen had expected him, or why Jane should assume that he had hunted them up. Now that she had assumed it, though, he could hardly explain that it was an accident. He asked how long they had remained abroad.

"Oh, ages! There was an age in France, while Mabel was perfecting her accent; then there was another age in Italy, where Mabel took voice-culture and the old masters; and yet another age in Germany, while Mabel struggled with the theory of music. Our year in Devon was not quite an age; we went there for the good of Mabel's complexion."

"Indeed! Has she kept those peaches-and-cream cheeks?"

"Ah, you must wait and see," and Jane nodded mysteriously.

"But I—" protested Decatur.

"Oh, it will be only for a day or so. Rose-colds are so hard on the eyes, you know. In the mean time perhaps you will tell us how you happened to develop into a famous author. We are immensely proud of you, of course. Aunt Judith goes hardly anywhere without a copy of *The Insurgent* in her hand. If the persons she meets have not read it, she scolds them good. And you must hear Mabel render that chapter in which Sunday runs away from the man she loves with the man she doesn't."

There they were, back to Mabel again.

"But what about yourself, Jane?" suggested Decatur.

"About me! Why, I only— Oh, here is Aunt Judith."

Yes, there was no mistaking her, nor overlooking her. She was just as colossally commanding as ever, just as imperious. At sight of her, Decatur understood Jane's position clearly. She was still the dependent niece, the obscure satellite of a star of the first magnitude.



Very distinctly had Mrs. Philo Allen once explained to him this dependence of Jane's, incidentally touching on his own unlikely prospects. That had been just before she had swept Jane off to Europe with her.

All this Aunt Judith now seemed to have forgotten. In her own imperial way she greeted him graciously, inspecting him with critical but favorable eyes.

"Really, you do look quite distinguished," was her verdict, as she took his arm in her progress towards her dinner. "I am sure Mabel will say so, too."

Whereupon they reverted once more to Mabel. The maid was bathing Mabel's eyes with witch-hazel and trying to persuade her to eat a little hot soup. Such details about Mabel seemed to be regarded as of first importance. By some mysterious reasoning, too, Mrs. Allen appeared to connect them with Decatur Brown and his presence at Ocean Park.

"To-morrow night, if all goes well, you shall see her," she whispered, exultantly, in his ear, as they left the dining-hall.

Decatur was puzzled. What if he *could* see Mabel the next night? Or what if he could not? He should survive, even if the event were indefinitely postponed. What he desired just then was that Jane should accompany him on an early-evening tramp down the board walk.

"Wouldn't it be better to wait until to-morrow evening?" asked Jane. "Perhaps Mabel can go then."

"The deuce take Mabel!" He half smothered the exclamation, and Jane appeared not to hear, yielding at last to his insistence that they start at once. But it was not the kind of a talk he had hoped to have with Jane Temple. The intimate and personal ground of conversation towards which he sought to draw her she avoided as carefully as if it had been stuck with the "No Trespassing" notices. When they returned to the hotel, Decatur felt scarcely better acquainted with her than before he had found her again.

Next evening, according to schedule, Mabel appeared. She was an exquisite young woman, there was no doubt about that. She carried herself with an almost royal air which impressed even the head waiter. Her perfect figure, perfectly en-

cased, was graceful in every long curve. Her Devon-repaired complexion was of dazzling purity, all snowy white and seashell pink. One could hardly imagine how even so aristocratic a malady as a rose-cold could have dared to redden slightly the tip of that classic nose.

Turning to Decatur with languid interest she murmured:

"Ah, you see I have not forgotten you, although I often do forget faces. You may sit here, if you please, and talk to me."

It was quite like being received by a sovereign, Decatur imagined. He did his best to talk, and talk entertainingly, for no other reason than that it was expected of him. At last he said something which struck the right chord. The perfect Mabel smiled approvingly at him, and he noticed for the first time that her eyes were gray. Suspiciously he glanced across the table at Jane. Was that a mocking smile on her thinly curved lips, or was it meant for kindly encouragement?

Little by little during the succeeding two days he pieced out the situation. It was not a plot exactly, unless you could dignify Mrs. Philo Allen's confident plans by such a name. But, starting with what basis Heaven only knew, she had reached the conclusion that when the author of *The Insurgent* had described Sunday Weeks he could have had in mind but one person, the one gray-eyed girl worthy of such distinction, the girl to whom he had shown such devotion but a few years before—her daughter Mabel. Then she had begun expecting him to appear. And when he had seemingly followed them to the seaside—well, what would any one naturally think? Flutteringly she had doubtless put the question to Jane, who had probably replied as she was expected to reply.

The peerless Mabel, of course, was the only one not in the secret. Anyway, she would have taken no interest in it. Her amazing egoism would have prevented that. Nothing interested Mabel acutely unless it pertained to some attribute of her own loveliness.

As for Jane Temple's view of this business, that remained an enigma. Had she grown so accustomed to her aunt Judith's estimate of Mabel that she could accept it? That was hardly possible, for

Jane had a keen sense of humor. Then why should she help to throw Mabel at his head, or him at Mabel's?

Meanwhile he walked at Mabel's side, carrying her wraps, while her mother and Jane trailed judiciously in the rear. He drove out with Mabel, Mabel's mother sitting opposite and smiling at him with an air of complacent proprietorship. He stood by the piano and turned the music while Mabel executed sonatas and other things for which he had not the least appreciation. He listened to solos from *Lucia*, which Mabel sang at Jane's suggestion. Also, Jane brought forth Mabel's sketch-books and then ostentatiously left them alone with each other.

There was much meekness in Decatur. When handled just right he was wonderfully complaisant. But after a whole week of Mabel he decided that the limit had been reached. Seizing an occasion when Mabel was in the hands of the hairdresser and manicurist, he led her mother to a secluded veranda corner and boldly plunged into an explanation.

"I have no doubt you thought it a little strange, Mrs. Allen," he began, "my appearing to follow you down here, but really—"

"There, there, Decatur, it isn't at all necessary. It was all perfectly natural and entirely proper. In fact, I quite understood."

"But I'm afraid that you—"

"Oh, but I do comprehend. We old folks are not blind. When it was a matter of those foreign gentlemen, German barons, Italian counts, Austrian princes, and so on, I was extremely particular, perhaps overparticular. Their titles are so often shoddy. But I know all about you. You come from almost as good New England stock as we do. You are talented, almost famous. Besides, your attachment is of no sudden growth. It has stood the test of years. Yes, my dear Decatur, I heartily approve of you. However"—here she rested a plump forefinger simpering on the first of her two chins—"your fate rests with Mabel, you know."

Once or twice he had gaspingly tried to stop her, but smilingly she had waved him aside. When she ended he was speechless. Could he tell her, after all that, what a precious bore her exquisite

Mabel was to him? It had been difficult enough when the situation was only a tacit one, but now that it had been definitely expressed—well, it was proving to be a good deal like those net snares which hunters of circus animals use, the more he struggled to free himself the more he became entangled.

Abruptly, silently, he took his leave of Mrs. Allen. He feared that if he said more she might construe it as a request that she should immediately lay his proposal before Mabel. With a despairing, haunted look he sought the board walk.

Carpenters were hammering and sawing, painters were busy in the booths, a few old ladies sat about in the sun, here and there a happy youngster dug in the sand with a tin shovel. Decatur envied them all. They were sane, rational persons, who were not likely to be interviewed and trapped into saying fool things. Their acts were not liable to be misconstrued.

Seeing a pier jutting out, he heedlessly followed it to the very end. And there, on one of the seats built for summer guests, he found Jane.

"Where is Mabel?" she asked, anxiously.

"She is having her hair done and her nails polished, I believe," said Decatur, gloomily, dropping down beside Jane. "She is being prepared, as nearly as I can gather, to receive a proposal of marriage."

"Ah! Then you—" She turned to him inquiringly.

"It appears so now," he admitted. "I have been talking to her mother."

"Oh, I see." She said it quietly, gently, in a tone of submission.

"But you don't see," he protested. "No one sees; that is, no one sees things as they really are. Do you think, Jane, that you could listen to me for a few moments without jumping at conclusions, without assuming that you know exactly what I am going to say before I have said it?"

She said that she would try.

"Then I would like to make a confession to you."

"Wouldn't it be better to—to make it first to Mabel?"

"No, it would not," he declared, dog-

gedly. "It concerns that interview in which I was quoted as saying things about gray-eyed girls."

"Yes, I read it. We all read it."

"I guessed that much. Well, I said those things, just as I was quoted as saying them, but I did not mean all that I was credited with meaning. I want you to believe, Jane, that when I admitted my preference for gray eyes and—and all that, I was thinking of one gray-eyed girl in particular. Can you believe that?"

"Oh, I did from the very first; that is, I did as soon as Aunt Judith—"

"Never mind about Aunt Judith," interrupted Decatur, firmly. "We will get to her in time. We are talking now about that interview. You must admit, Jane, that there are many gray-eyed girls in the country; I don't know just how many, thank Heaven, but there are a lot of them. And most of them seem not only to have read that interview, but to have made a personal application of my remarks. Have you any idea what that means to me?"

"Then you think that they are all in—"

"No, no! I don't imagine there's a single one that cares a bone button for me. But each and every one of them thinks that I am in love with her, or willing to be. If she doesn't think so, her friends do. They expect me to propose on sight, simply because of what I have said about gray eyes. You doubt that? Let me tell you what occurred just before I left town: A person whom I had counted as a friend got together a whole houseful of gray-eyed girls, and then sent for me to come and make my choice. That is what drove me from the city. That is why I came to Ocean Park in June."

"But the one particular gray-eyed girl that you mentioned? How was it that you happened to—"

"It was sheer good fortune, Jane, that I found you here."

Decatur had slipped a tentative arm along the seat-back. He was leaning towards Jane, regarding her with melancholy tenderness.

"That you found me?" she said, wonderingly. "Oh, you mean that it was fortunate you found *us* here?"

"No, I don't. I mean you—y-o-u, second person singular. Haven't you guessed

by this time who was the particular gray-eyed girl I had in mind?"

"Of course I have; it was Mabel, wasn't it?"

"Mabel! Oh, hang Mabel! Jane, it was you."

"Me! Why, Decatur-Brown!" Either surprise or indignation rang in her tone. He concluded that it must be the latter.

"Oh, well," he said, dejectedly, "I had no right to suppose that you'd like it. It's the truth, though, and after so much misunderstanding I am glad you know it. I want you to know that it was you who inspired Sunday Weeks, if any one did. I have never mentioned this before, have not admitted it, even to myself, until now. But I realize that it is true. We have been a long time apart, but the memory of you has never faded for a day, for an hour. So, when I tried to describe the most charming girl of whom I could think, I was describing you. As I wrote, there was constantly before me the vision of your dear gray eyes, and—"

"Decatur! Look at me. Look me straight in the eyes and tell me if they are gray."

He looked. As a matter of fact, he had been looking into her eyes for several moments. Now there was something so compelling about her tone that he bent all his faculties to the task. This time he looked not with that blindness peculiar to those who love, but, for the moment, discerningly, seeingly. And they were not gray eyes at all. They were a clear, brilliant hazel.

"Why—why!" he gasped out, chokingly. "I—I have always thought of them as gray eyes."

"If that isn't just like a man!" she exclaimed, shrugging away from him. Her quarter profile revealed those thinly curved lips pursed into a most delicious pout. "You acknowledge, don't you, that they're *not* gray?" she flung at him over her shoulder—an adorable shoulder, Decatur thought.

"Oh, I admit it," he groaned.

"Then—then why don't you go away?"

It was just that trembling little quaver on the low notes which spurred him on to cast the die.

"Jane," he whispered, "I don't want to go away, and I don't want you to send me. It isn't gray eyes that I care for,

or ever have cared for. It's been just you, your own dear, charming self."

"No, it hasn't been. I haven't even a piquant chin."

"That doesn't matter. What is a piquant chin, anyway?"

"You ought to know; you wrote it."

"So I did, but I didn't know what it meant. I just knew that it ought to mean something charming, which you are."

"I'm not. And I am not accomplished. I don't sing, I don't play, I don't draw."

"Thanks be for that! I don't, either. But I think you are the dearest girl in the world."

At that she turned to him and smiled a little in the way that only Jane could smile.

"You told me that once before, a long time ago, you know."

"And you have not forgotten?"

"No. I—you see—I didn't want to forget."

Had it been August, or even July, doubtless a great number of vacationists would have been somewhat shocked at

what Decatur did then. But it was early June, you remember, and on the far end of the Ocean Park fishing-pier were only these two, with just the dancing blue ocean in front, and a white gull overhead.

"But," she said at length, after many other and more important things had been said between them, "what will Aunt Judith say?"

"I suppose she'll think me a lucky dog—and slightly color-blind," chuckled Decatur, joyously. "But come," he went on, helping her to rise and retaining both her hands, swaying them back and forth clasped in his, as children do in the game of London Bridge,—“come,” he repeated, impulsively, “while my courage is high let us go and break the news to your aunt Judith.”

There was, however, no need. Looming ponderously in the middle distance of the pier's vista, a lorgnette held to her eyes, and a frozen look of horror on her ample features, was Aunt Judith herself.

## My Angel

BY JOHN B. TABB

**O** LITTLE Child, that once was I,  
And still in part must be,  
When other children pass me by,  
Again thy face I see.

Where art thou? can the Innocence  
That here no more remains,  
Forget, tho' early banished hence,  
What Memory retains?

Alas! and couldst thou look upon  
The features that were thine,  
To see of tender graces none  
Abiding now in mine,

Thy heart, compassionate, would plead,  
And, haply, not in vain,  
As Angel Guardian, home to lead  
The wanderer again.

# Shakespeare's "King Henry VI"

CRITICAL COMMENT BY ERNEST RHYS

PICTURES BY EDWIN A. ABBEY, R.A.

## PART I

AT the time when the London stage was history's looking-glass, the old tragic Contention of the two famous Houses, Lancaster and York, and the preceding tragedy in which Talbot confronted Joan of Arc, could offer an afternoon's entertainment of which the playgoer never seemed to tire. Now these Henry VI. plays are rarely or never acted and little read; and this may be, in some degree, owing to their mixed authorship and the doubt of Shakespeare's real part in them. But the confusion of authors only adds piquancy to their interest once we turn from the stage to the common-room of the theatre. Then we see that, whether little or much is allotted to one playwright or another, the sheer interest of craftsmanship in them is extraordinary. In all three parts we are able to watch the hand of Marlowe spiriting Shakespeare's as it can be seen nowhere else to the like effect, and it was the subtle commerce of the two that wrought what one of their older associates might teach us to call the "second metamorphosis" of the Elizabethan stage.

That is not all. Behind Marlowe we see the figures of the two golden prodigals, Greene and Peele, and detect in their voices a natural accord with his. Some of the Shakespearian adepts hear still other notes,—Lodge's particularly; and indeed the various accents, clear or confused, which appear to be lurking in the theatre are bewildering. Behind the one formal voice we presently distinguish three or four more, and then we are tempted to refine our ears a half-tone further and imagine still others, until we arrive at something wholly confused; a hubbub innumerable as that heard by the King and Queen when the Commons pressed to the door after the good Duke

Humphrey's death—the "noise of a crowd," as the stage directions say. It is as though all London had made a play, gathering up first its old wives' gossip of a Maid of Orleans and a Talbot and the whole contention between the two Houses of York and Lancaster, and then handing in this gossip's budget at the theatre door.

Every proverb, every fable of a great event at home or in France, that could help to bring two mighty monarchies into a cockpit and give the history of the reign its "great accompt," was hidden in that news-packet. Under the hands of the playwrights it kindled as a telegram from the seat of war quickens to-day in the hands of the Fleet Street conjurors.

The kind of expectation in the playgoer, on which the dramatist counted in this kindling of history, was very different to that set going by strict tragedy. In plays of the Henry VI. type, the direct dramatic interest in the tragic assay of character and human nature is eked out by a continual call upon popularly remembered and stated event. A gap in the plot, a lapse in the consistency of motive or of character, is easily mended by the writer of a history play if he will only draw a covering scene out of the immense fund of tradition open to him. This must have been a great temptation to the minor dramatist, who had to shuffle together a set of scenes in a hurry to meet some sudden demand from the playhouse. It was certainly a temptation to which the minor men who wrote the earlier drafts of the Henry VI. plays yielded to the utmost. And though the feeling of a reader of a play in a chimney-corner to-day is very unlike that of a typical early Elizabethan playgoer, yet





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PART I.—ACT I.: SCENE I. WESTMINSTER ABBEY

*The funeral of Henry V. Enter a messenger*

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he can yet contrive to realize something of that added sensation of history still vivid in men's minds and not merely written in books which gave a sort of sanction to many things otherwise without apparent art or excuse. Indeed, one finds, as one tries to analyze the various effect of these particular history-plays, that in reading and rereading them one is more often drawing upon one's sense of history than on one's sense of tragedy and the dramatic exigencies.

We are all nowadays more or less complex in our discrimination and in our working sense of what we can let pass and what we cannot pass, or what we can only half approve; and in this elaborate stage-epic which is called Shakespeare's and which is really Everyman's, we have full provision truly for all our critical moods, conceits, and hesitations. And between epic and dramatic, and actual history and the acted drama, we may turn leaf after leaf of this trilogy, and still remain confused, and inclined to say with the eloquent archbishop in Henry the Fifth,—

. . . . I this infer:  
That many things having full reference  
To one consent, may work contrariously;  
As many arrows, loosed several ways,  
Fly to one mark.

The triple pageant of history, painted in the Henry the Sixth plays, opens greatly to a sound of funeral music; and this commemoration of the mighty dead has its perfect scene at Westminster Abbey, in whose stone the heart of that old royalty may be said to be wrapped. The body of King Henry V. is brought there in state; but the dead-march is broken by the call to action and the news of French losses. The scene shifts: we are in France, before Orleans, and we have alarms and a retreat to prepare for Joan of Arc. Again we are in London at the Tower gates, and it is blue coats against tawny coats and Duke Humphrey against Winchester, and the Mayor of London to cry peace. And now the scene is Orleans again, and enter Talbot "dreadful to the French"; and there is a murderous cannon-shot to show what risks he survived and prove him all but immune, a scene to delight the 'prentices. Anon we have more fighting, and the forces

of the infernal and La Pucelle start up against the Heaven-kept Captain. But Joan is acclaimed at the end by Charles the Dauphin, in a line which rings prophetic and which only recently had its fulfilment:

But Joan la Pucelle shall be France's saint.

One must dip deep into the old Chronicles of Raphael Hollinshed for the first draft of Talbot's and Joan of Arc's stage cartoons. We come in Hollinshed upon the very scene where Joan of Arc is first led to the Dolphin (as he calls him), in his gallerie, where Charles hides behind "other gay lords." But La Pucelle picks him out with a salutation which, says the Chronicler, mars all.\*

A few pages further, we find the English king indignant because the French king had "by allurement of a diuelish witch" taken upon him the name, title, and dignity of King of France. Again we read how at the Siege of Paris (after St. Denis) the English "threw down Jone their great goddess into the bottom of the towne ditch, where she lay behind the backe of an asse," sore hurt in the leg, till the time that she was drawn "all durtie out of the mire" by Guisehard of Thielbrone. Hollinshed does not consider the infamy of her being sold to the enemy for "five thousand pounds (French crowns) in money, and 150 crowns rent."

But anything was good enough for the brave Maid of Orleans, according to Hollinshed. He tells us in one page, of her campestrall conversation with wicked spirits, and how, being "all damnable faithlesse, she was a pernicious instrument to hostilitie and bloudshed in diuelish witchcraft and sorcerie." In short, Joan of Arc richly deserved to burn, by his reckoning. After her martyrdom, her ashes were carried without the town walls and shaken into the wind. Another page or two, and he reduces the witchcraft which he has been solemnly denouncing to the ridiculous by telling

\* The scene is painted in much the same way in Martial d'Auvergne's ballad:

Le roy par jeu si alla dire:  
"A! ma mye, ce ne suis pas!"  
A quoy elle respondit: "Sire,  
C'estes vous, si je ne faulx pas."





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PART I.—ACT II: SCENE III.

TALBOT. "How say you, Madam? Are you now persuaded that Talbot is but shadow of himself?"

how the English captured one called "the Sheepheard, a simple man and a sillie soule," but yet of such repute, that the French believed if he merely touched the wall of any town they were besieging, it would straightway fall down.

Returning from the Chronicles to the play-books, we shall find we have travelled far into the heart of the first part and reached its second act and the fourth scene—the famous scene in the Temple Gardens—before the voice that we look for sounds in it, ample, easily accordant, instinctively dramatic. The scene of Mortimer in the Tower, which follows, is good Elizabethan commonplace, with one or two finer creative touches. The third act opens with another typical London tableau of history—at the Parliament Houses—and we have some faction-fighting before we get back to France and to Rouen. These vociferous fighting scenes where Talbot and Joan of Arc encounter were the really popular sensations in the first part of *Henry VI.* So we gather from Nash's *Piers Penniless*, published in 1592, where he speaks of the dramatic other-life of "brave Talbot,—the terror of the French." In the fourth act and in its second scene we have Talbot broadly painted at last by the master hand: where he sets the trumpet sounding before Bordeaux. But the French General's retort, "Thou ominous and fearful owl of death," is not so convincing, not at any rate in its opening. The heroic resonance of the later lines accords much better with Talbot's stage valiancy.

The Plains of Gascony succeed; and we see a Sir William Lucy on the stage before we return to Bordeaux with the same heroic note and with the two Talbots father and son sounding it, but not to Shakespeare's setting. Then come their equally doubtful closing scenes, and the act ends with La Pucelle's meanly conceived triumph. Next act, and she too meets her doom shamefully and horribly, and the one consolation is here that Shakespeare wrote not a single word or line of it. The play ends with the tiresome eloquence of Suffolk in his rôle of queen's showman. "France is lost in this play," we are reminded by Dr. Johnson; but the stage is swept and made handsomely ready for the coming of

Margaret of Anjou. And although, or because, this first play was written long after its two successors, the interest in the lady Margaret and her coming is as clearly provoked and left in suspense, as was ever a coming love-sensation by an old-fashioned serial romance. There is a distinct promise, too, not only of beauty, birth, "peerless feature," but of what is ominous enough in contrast with the young king's acknowledgment of his own insusceptibility to love and weak will—of "her valiant courage and undaunted spirit!" One's dramatic curiosity, at this point, wholly outruns what one remembers of this strangely assorted pair of royal lovers in the page of English history. For Henry's nervous eagerness is not for love's delight and the young lover's rapture, but only—sad confession!—for care's relief:

I feel such sharp dissention in my breast,  
Such fierce alarums both of hope and fear,  
As I am sick with working of my thoughts.  
Take therefore shipping; post, my lord, to  
France;

Agree to any covenants; and procure  
That lady Margaret do vouchsafe to come  
To cross the seas to England, and be crown'd  
King Henry's faithful and anointed queen: . . .  
Be gone, I say; for till you so return  
I rest perplex'd with a thousand cares.

But it is not the title-character and his almost modern nervous temperament that one remembers best in this first part, fine and surely Shakespearian as are some of the indicative strokes that tell his characteristic ailment and conscious want of red blood. It is the full-blooded Talbot; and Talbot in his most martial last effect is (if you get back to the business of finding the authors concerned in the play) without a doubt Shakespeare's in that which makes him really vital. Again the scene of the Two Roses in the Temple Gardens is Shakespeare's by common consent. But elsewhere Marlowe's voice, and a voice now like Greene's, now like Peele's, speak in perplexing alternation. And there are often lines so thin and common that they are not worthy of Greene—unless he were drunk, and very drunk indeed. Even the obvious and easy imagery prompted by the Two Roses is so flat on occasion that a Lord Lytton of Elizabeth's days might





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PART I.—ACT III.: SCENE II. LA PUCELLE

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PART II.—ACT I.: SCENE IV.  
SPIRIT. "*Adsum*"

have written it. And Talbot too,—the best of him is great:

Lean famine, quartering steel, and climbing fire!

The poorest is very poor, or it tends to the rant of the buckram warrior, which Marlowe supplied in perfection to take the ears of the groundlings, redeeming it as he wrote or laughing perhaps at its crudity. There is no very redeeming note here:

Foul fiend of France, and hag of all despite,  
Encompass'd with thy lustful paramours!  
Becomes it thee to taunt his valiant age,  
And twit with cowardice a man half-dead?  
Damsel, I'll have a bout with you again,  
Or else let Talbot perish with this shame!

Who composed this delicate piece of bravado? Who burlesqued it afterwards? We seem to hear something very like Pistol's voice:

O braggard vile, and damned furious wight!  
The grave doth gape, and doting death is near;  
Therefore exhale.

Talbot then may serve as test-character. Whoever made the first draught,

Shakespeare completed the portrait, as once a divine artist painted out and painted in and made a finished or living picture out of a student's poor study of a Dante's head.

We can use Joan of Arc, La Pucelle, as another test. She is not all of a piece, it is true; for at her first appearance she is sympathetically drawn, and the lines suggest a portrait by a gentler hand than Marlowe's; but it is not Shakespeare's. Afterwards she grows into a formidable hag; and the workmanship is vile. One imagines to see an old English chap-book, with an ugly woodcut of the French witch and the familiars that attend her.

Only in Act III., Scene 3 in this first part, does one seem to hear Shakespeare speak—in the appeal that wins Burgundy back to France. But after the death of Talbot and his son, there can be no more stage-sympathy for her who was his monstrous rival and who survived him. Popular feeling at that day would not have borne a sympathetically treated heroine. And so, all her maiden-warrior's shining colors gone, she is a hag and anybody's wanton, and the devil himself peeps over her shoulder.

[TO BE COMPLETED IN NOVEMBER NUMBER.]

## The Return

BY CHARLOTTE WILSON

AND so at last I trod the ways  
I once had found so fair,  
To find the rose of memory  
Had drooped and faded there.

Noon, on the strange-familiar ways;—  
Dust, and the common things:  
Until, at last, the day spread out  
For flight its lovely wings,

And let their golden shadows fall  
Across the fields I knew,  
And then the sudden splendor came  
As it was wont to do.

Like the old smile across a face  
Whose early charm is spent,  
That light of unforgetten days  
Trembled,—and came,—and went!



# Old Woman Magoun

BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

THE hamlet of Barry's Ford is situated in a sort of high valley among the mountains. Below it the hills lie in moveless curves like a petrified ocean; above it they rise in green-crested waves which never break. It is *Barry's Ford* because at one time the Barry family was the most important in the place; and *Ford* because just at the beginning of the hamlet the little turbulent Barry River is fordable. There is, however, now a rude bridge across the river.

Old Woman Magoun was largely instrumental in bringing the bridge to pass. She haunted the miserable little grocery, wherein whiskey and hands of tobacco were the most salient features of the stock in trade, and she talked much. She would elbow herself into the midst of a knot of idlers and talk.

"That bridge ought to be built this very summer," said Old Woman Magoun. She spread her strong arms like wings and sent the loafers, half laughing, half angry, flying in every direction. "If I were a *man*," said she, "I'd go out this very minute and lay the fust log. Ef I were a passel of lazy men layin' round, I'd start up for once in my life. I would." The men cowered visibly—all except Nelson Barry; he swore under his breath and strode over to the counter.

Old Woman Magoun looked after him majestically. "You can cuss all you want to, Nelson Barry," said she; "I ain't afraid of you. I don't expect you to lay any log of the bridge, but I'm goin' to have it built this very summer." She did. The weakness of the masculine element in Barry's Ford laid it low before such strenuous feminine assertion.

Old Woman Magoun and some other women planned a treat—two sucking pigs, and pies, and sweet cake—for a reward after the bridge should be finished. They even viewed leniently the increased consumption of ardent spirits.

"It seems queer to me," Old Woman Magoun said to Sally Jinks, "that men can't do nothin' without havin' to drink and chew to keep their sperits up. Lord! I've worked all my life and never done nuther."

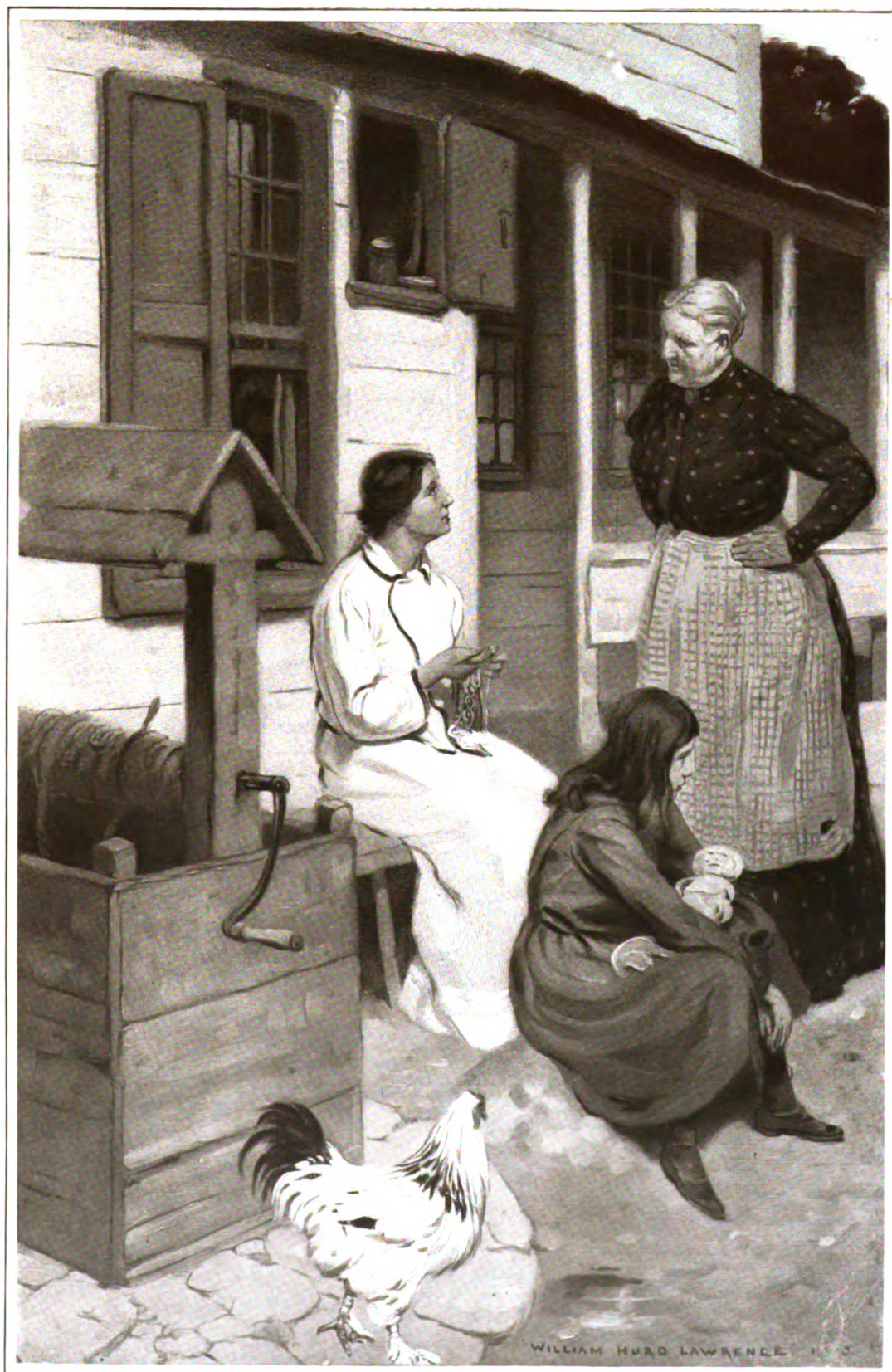
"Men is different," said Sally Jinks.

"Yes, they be," assented Old Woman Magoun, with open contempt.

The two women sat on a bench in front of Old Woman Magoun's house, and little Lily Barry, her granddaughter, sat holding her doll on a small mossy stone near by. From where they sat they could see the men at work on the new bridge. It was the last day of the work.

Lily clasped her doll—a poor old rag thing—close to her childish bosom, like a little mother, and her face, round which curled her long yellow hair, was fixed upon the men at work. Little Lily had never been allowed to run with the other children of Barry's Ford. Her grandmother had taught her everything she knew—which was not much, but tending at least to a certain measure of spiritual growth,—and she, as it were, poured the goodness of her own soul into this little receptive vase of another. Lily was firmly grounded in her knowledge that it was wrong to lie or steal or disobey her grandmother. She had also learned that one should be very industrious. It was seldom that Lily sat idly holding her doll-baby, but this was a holiday because of the bridge. She looked only a child, although she was nearly fourteen; her mother had been married at sixteen. That is, Old Woman Magoun said that her daughter, Lily's mother, had married at sixteen; there had been rumors, but no one had dared openly gainsay the old woman. She said that her daughter had married Nelson Barry, and he had deserted her. She had lived in her mother's house, and Lily had been born there, and she had died when the baby was only a week old. Lily's father, Nelson





Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

"MEN IS DIFFERENT," SAID SALLY JINKS





Barry, was the fairly dangerous degenerate of a good old family. Nelson's father before him had been bad; Nelson projected him into a suffering future. He was now the last of the family, with the exception of a sister of feeble intellect, with whom he lived in the old Barry house. He was a middle-aged man, still handsome. The shiftless population of Barry's Ford looked up to him as to an evil deity. They wondered how Old Woman Magoun dared brave him as she did. But Old Woman Magoun had within her a mighty sense of reliance upon herself as being on the right track in the midst of a maze of evil, which gave her courage. Nelson Barry had manifested no interest whatever in his daughter. Lily seldom saw her father. She did not often go to the store which was his favorite haunt. Her grandmother took care that she should not do so.

However, that afternoon she departed from her usual custom and sent Lily to the store.

She came in from the kitchen, whither she had been to baste the roasting pig. "There's no use talkin'," said she, "I've got to have some more salt. I've jest used the very last I had to dredge over that pig. I've got to go to the store."

Sally Jinks looked at Lily. "Why don't you send her?" she asked.

Old Woman Magoun gazed irresolutely at the girl. She was herself very tired. It did not seem to her that she could drag herself up the dusty hill to the store. She glanced with covert resentment at Sally Jinks. She thought that she might offer to go. But Sally Jinks said again, "Why don't you let her go?" and looked with a languid eye at Lily holding her doll on the stone.

Lily was watching the men at work on the bridge, with her childish delight in a spectacle of any kind, when her grandmother addressed her.

"Guess I'll let you go down to the store an' git some salt, Lily," said she.

The girl turned uncomprehending eyes upon her grandmother at the sound of her voice. She had been filled with one of the innocent reveries of childhood. Lily had in her the making of an artist or a poet. Her prolonged childhood went to prove it, and also her retrospective eyes, as clear and blue as blue

light itself, which seemed to see past all that she looked upon. She had not come of the old Barry family for nothing. The best of the strain was in her, along with the splendid stanchness in humble lines which she had acquired from her grandmother.

"Put on your hat," said Old Woman Magoun; "the sun is hot, and you might git a headache." She called the girl to her and put back the shower of fair curls under the rubber band which confined the hat. She gave Lily some money, and watched her knot it into a corner of her little cotton handkerchief. "Be careful you don't lose it," said she, "and don't stop to talk to anybody, for I am in a hurry for that salt. Of course if anybody speaks to you, answer them polite, and then come right along."

Lily started, her pocket-handkerchief weighted with the small silver dangling from one hand, and her rag doll carried over her shoulder like a baby. The absurd travesty of a face peeped forth from Lily's yellow curls. Sally Jinks looked after her with a sniff.

"She ain't goin' to carry that rag doll to the store?" said she.

"She likes to," replied Old Woman Magoun, in a half-shamed yet defiantly extenuating voice.

"Some girls' at her age is thinkin' about beaux instead of rag dolls," said Sally Jinks.

The grandmother bristled. "Lily ain't big nor old for her age," said she. "I ain't in any hurry to have her git married. She ain't none too strong."

"She's got a good color," said Sally Jinks. She was crocheting white cotton lace, making her thick fingers fly. She really knew how to do scarcely anything except to crochet that coarse lace; somehow her heavy brain or her fingers had mastered that.

"I know she's got a beautiful color," replied Old Woman Magoun, with an odd mixture of pride and anxiety, "but it comes an' goes."

"I've heard that was a bad sign," remarked Sally Jinks, loosening some thread from her spool.

"Yes, it is," said the grandmother. "She's nothin' but a baby, though she's quicker than most to learn."

Lily Barry went on her way to the

store. She was clad in a scanty short frock of blue cotton; her hat was tipped back, forming an oval frame for her innocent face. She was very small, and walked like a child, with the clap-clap of little feet of babyhood. She might have been considered, from her looks, under ten.

Presently she heard footsteps behind her; she turned around a little timidly to see who was coming. When she saw a handsome, well-dressed man, she felt reassured. The man came alongside and glanced down carelessly at first, then his look deepened. He smiled, and Lily saw he was very handsome indeed, and that his smile was not only reassuring, but wonderfully sweet and compelling.

"Well, little one," said the man, "where are you bound, you and your dolly?"

"I am going to the store to buy some salt for grandma," replied Lily, in her sweet treble. She looked up in the man's face, and he fairly started at the revelation of its innocent beauty. He regulated his pace by hers, and the two went on together. The man did not speak again at once. Lily kept glancing timidly up at him, and every time that she did so the man smiled and her confidence increased. Presently when the man's hand grasped her little childish one hanging by her side, she felt a complete trust in him. Then she smiled up at him. She felt glad that this nice man had come along, for just here the road was lonely.

After a while the man spoke. "What is your name, little one?" he asked, caressingly.

"Lily Barry."

The man started. "What is your father's name?"

"Nelson Barry," replied Lily.

The man whistled. "Is your mother dead?"

"Yes, sir."

"How old are you, my dear?"

"Fourteen," replied Lily.

The man looked at her with surprise. "As old as that?"

Lily suddenly shrank from the man. She could not have told why. She pulled her little hand from his, and he let it go with no remonstrance. She clasped both her arms around her rag doll, in

order that her hand should not be free for him to grasp again.

She walked a little farther away from the man, and he looked amused.

"You still play with your doll?" he said, in a soft voice.

"Yes, sir," replied Lily. She quickened her pace and reached the store.

When Lily entered the store, Hiram Gates, the owner, was behind the counter. The only man besides in the store was Nelson Barry. He sat tipping his chair back against the wall; he was half asleep, and his handsome face was bristling with a beard of several days' growth and darkly flushed. He opened his eyes when Lily entered, the strange man following. He brought his chair down on all fours, and he looked at the man—not noticing Lily at all—with a look compounded of defiance and uneasiness.

"Hullo, Jim!" he said.

"Hullo, old man!" returned the stranger.

Lily went over to the counter and asked for the salt, in her pretty little voice. When she had paid for it and was crossing the store, Nelson Barry was on his feet.

"Well, how are you, Lily? It is Lily, isn't it?" he said.

"Yes, sir," replied Lily, faintly.

Her father bent down and for the first time in her life kissed her, and the whiskey odor of his breath came into her face.

Lily involuntarily started, and shrank away from him. Then she rubbed her mouth violently with her little cotton handkerchief, which she held gathered up with the rag doll.

"Damn it all! I believe she is afraid of me," said Nelson Barry, in a thick voice.

"Looks a little like it," said the other man, laughing.

"It's that damned old woman," said Nelson Barry. Then he smiled again at Lily. "I didn't know what a pretty little daughter I was blessed with," said he, and he softly stroked Lily's pink cheek under her hat.

Now Lily did not shrink from him. Hereditary instincts and nature itself were asserting themselves in the child's innocent, receptive breast.

Nelson Barry looked curiously at Lily.

"How old are you, anyway, child?" he asked.

"I'll be fourteen in September," replied Lily.

"But you still play with your doll?" said Barry, laughing kindly down at her.

Lily hugged her doll more tightly in spite of her father's kind voice. "Yes, sir," she replied.

Nelson glanced across at some glass jars filled with sticks of candy. "See here, little Lily; do you like candy?" said he.

"Yes, sir."

"Wait a minute."

Lily waited while her father went over to the counter. Soon he returned with a package of the candy.

"I don't see how you are going to carry so much," he said, smiling. "Suppose you throw away your doll?"

Lily gazed at her father and hugged the doll tightly, and there was all at once in the child's expression something mature. It became the reproach of a woman. Nelson's face sobered.

"Oh, it's all right, Lily," he said; "keep your doll. Here; I guess you can carry this candy under your arm."

Lily could not resist the candy. She obeyed Nelson's instructions for carrying it, and left the store laden. The two men also left, and walked in the opposite direction, talking busily.

When Lily reached home, her grandmother, who was watching for her, spied at once the package of candy.

"What's that?" she asked, sharply.

"My father gave it to me," answered Lily, in a faltering voice. Sally regarded her with something like alertness.

"Your father?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Where did you see him?"

"In the store."

"He gave you this candy?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"What did he say?"

"He asked me how old I was, and—"

"And what?"

"I don't know," replied Lily; and it really seemed to her that she did not know. She was so frightened and bewildered by it all, and, more than anything else, by her grandmother's face as she questioned her.

Old Woman Magoun's face was that

of one upon whom a long-anticipated blow had fallen. Sally Jinks gazed at her with a sort of stupid alarm.

Old Woman Magoun continued to gaze at her grandchild with that look of terrible solicitude as if she saw the girl in the clutch of a tiger. "You can't remember what else he said?" she asked, fiercely, and the child began to whimper softly.

"No, ma'am," she sobbed. "I—don't know, and—"

"And what? Answer me."

"There was another man there. A real handsome man."

"Did he speak to you?" asked Old Woman Magoun.

"Yes, ma'am; he walked along with me a piece," confessed Lily, with a sob of terror and bewilderment.

"What did he say to you?" asked Old Woman Magoun, with a sort of despair.

Lily told, in her little, faltering, frightened voice, all of the conversation which she could recall. It sounded harmless enough, but the look of the realization of a long-expected blow never left her grandmother's face.

The sun was getting low, and the bridge was nearing completion. Soon the workmen would be crowding into the cabin for their promised supper. There became visible in the distance far up the road the heavily plodding figure of another woman who had agreed to come and help. Old Woman Magoun turned again to Lily.

"You go right up-stairs to your own chamber now," said she.

"Good land! ain't you goin' to let that poor child stay up and see the fun?" said Sally Jinks.

"You jest mind your own business," said Old Woman Magoun, forcibly, and Sally Jinks shrank. "You go right up there now, Lily," said the grandmother, in a softer tone, "and grandma will bring you up a nice plate of supper."

"When be you goin' to let that girl grow up?" asked Sally Jinks, when Lily had disappeared.

"She'll grow up in the Lord's good time," replied Old Woman Magoun, and there was in her voice something both sad and threatening. Sally Jinks again shrank a little.

Soon the workmen came flocking nois-

ily into the house. Old Woman Magoun and her two helpers served the bountiful supper. Most of the men had drunk as much as, and more than, was good for them, and Old Woman Magoun had stipulated that there was to be no drinking of anything except coffee during supper.

"I'll git you as good a meal as I know how," she said, "but if I see ary one of you drinkin' a drop, I'll run you all out. If you want anything to drink, you can go up to the store afterward. That's the place for you to go to, if you've got to make hogs of yourselves. I ain't goin' to have no hogs in my house."

Old Woman Magoun was implicitly obeyed. She had a curious authority over most people when she chose to exercise it. When the supper was in full swing, she quietly stole up-stairs and carried some food to Lily. She found the girl, with the rag doll in her arms, crouching by the window in her little rocking-chair—a relic of her infancy, which she still used.

"What a noise they are makin', grand-ma!" she said, in a terrified whisper, as her grandmother placed the plate before her on a chair.

"They've 'most all of 'em been drinkin'. They air a passel of hogs," replied the old woman.

"Is the man that was with—with my father down there?" asked Lily, in a timid fashion. Then she fairly cowered before the look in her grandmother's eyes.

"No, he ain't; and what's more, he never will be down there if I can help it," said Old Woman Magoun, in a fierce whisper. "I know who he is. They can't cheat me. He's one of them Willises—that family the Barrys married into. They're worse than the Barrys, ef they *have* got money. Eat your supper, and put him out of your mind, child."

It was after Lily was asleep, when Old Woman Magoun was alone, clearing away her supper dishes, that Lily's father came. The door was closed, and he knocked, and the old woman knew at once who was there. The sound of that knock meant as much to her as the whirl of a bomb to the defender of a fortress. She opened the door, and Nelson Barry stood there.

"Good evening, Mrs. Magoun," he said.

Old Woman Magoun stood before him, filling up the doorway with her firm bulk.

"Good evening, Mrs. Magoun," said Nelson Barry again.

"I ain't got no time to waste," replied the old woman, harshly. "I've got my supper dishes to clean up after them men."

She stood there and looked at him as she might have looked at a rebellious animal which she was trying to tame. The man laughed.

"It's no use," said he. "You know me of old. No human being can turn me from my way when I am once started in it. You may as well let me come in."

Old Woman Magoun entered the house, and Barry followed her.

Barry began without any preface. "Where is the child?" asked he.

"Up-stairs. She has gone to bed."

"She goes to bed early."

"Children ought to," returned the old woman, polishing a plate.

Barry laughed. "You are keeping her a child a long while," he remarked, in a soft voice which had a sting in it.

"She *is* a child," returned the old woman, defiantly.

"Her mother was only three years older when she was born."

The old woman made a sudden motion toward the man which seemed fairly menacing. Then she turned again to her dish-washing.

"I want her," said Barry.

"You can't have her," replied the old woman, in a still, stern voice.

"I don't see how you can help yourself. You have always acknowledged that she was my child."

The old woman continued her task, but her strong back heaved. Barry regarded her with an entirely pitiless expression.

"I am going to have the girl, that is the long and short of it," he said, "and it is for her best good, too. You are a fool, or you would see it."

"Her best good?" muttered the old woman.

"Yes, her best good. What are you going to do with her, anyway? The girl is a beauty, and almost a woman grown, although you try to make out that she is a baby. You can't live forever."

"The Lord will take care of her," re-

plied the old woman, and again she turned and faced him, and her expression was that of a prophetess.

"Very well, let Him," said Barry, easily. "All the same I'm going to have her, and I tell you it is for her best good. Jim Willis saw her this afternoon, and—"

Old Woman Magoun looked at him. "Jim Willis!" she fairly shrieked.

"Well, what of it?"

"One of them Willises!" repeated the old woman, and this time her voice was thick. It seemed almost as if she were stricken with paralysis. She did not enunciate clearly.

The man shrank a little. "Now what is the need of your making such a fuss?" he said. "I will take her, and Isabel will look out for her."

"Your half-witted sister?" said Old Woman Magoun.

"Yes, my half-witted sister. She knows more than you think."

"More wickedness."

"Perhaps. Well, a knowledge of evil is a useful thing. How are you going to avoid evil if you don't know what it is like? My sister and I will take care of my daughter."

The old woman continued to look at the man, but his eyes never fell. Suddenly her gaze grew inconceivably keen. It was as if she saw through all externals.

"I know what it is," she cried. "You have been playing cards and you lost, and this is the way you will pay him."

Then the man's face reddened, and he swore under his breath.

"Oh, my God!" said the old woman; and she really spoke with her eyes aloft as if addressing something outside of them both. Then she turned again to her dish-washing.

The man cast a dogged look at her back. "Well, there is no use talking. I have made up my mind," said he, "and you know me and what that means. I am going to have the girl."

"When?" said the old woman, without turning around.

"Well, I am willing to give you a week. Put her clothes in good order before she comes."

The old woman made no reply. She continued washing dishes. She even handled them so carefully that they did not rattle.

"You understand," said Barry. "Have her ready a week from to-day."

"Yes," said Old Woman Magoun, "I understand."

Nelson Barry, going up the mountain road, reflected that Old Woman Magoun had a strong character, that she understood much better than her sex in general the futility of withstanding the inevitable.

"Well," he said to Jim Willis when he reached home, "the old woman did not make such a fuss as I expected."

"Are you going to have the girl?"

"Yes; a week from to-day. Look here, Jim; you've got to stick to your promise."

"All right," said Willis. "Go you one better."

The two were playing at cards in the old parlor, once magnificent, now squalid, of the Barry house. Isabel, the half-witted sister, entered, bringing some glasses on a tray. She had learned with her feeble intellect some tricks like a dog. One of them was the mixing of sundry drinks. She set the tray on a little stand near the two men, and watched them with her silly simper.

"Clear out now and go to bed," her brother said to her, and she obeyed.

Early the next morning Old Woman Magoun went up to Lily's little sleeping-chamber, and watched her a second as she lay asleep, with her yellow locks spread over the pillow. Then she spoke. "Lily," said she,—"Lily, wake up. I am going to Greenham to try the new bridge, and you can go with me."

Lily immediately sat up in bed and smiled at her grandmother. Her eyes were still misty, but the light of awakening was in them.

"Get right up," said the old woman. "You can wear your new dress if you want to."

Lily gurgled with pleasure like a baby. "And my new hat?" asked she.

"I don't care."

Old Woman Magoun and Lily started for Greenham before Barry Ford, which kept late hours, was fairly awake. It was three miles to Greenham. The old woman said that, since the horse was a little lame, they would walk. It was a beautiful morning, with a diamond radiance of dew over everything. Her grandmother had curled Lily's hair more



punctiliously than usual. The little face peeped like a rose out of two rows of golden spirals. Lily wore her new muslin dress with a pink sash, and her best hat of a fine white straw trimmed with a wreath of rosebuds; also the neatest black openwork stockings and pretty shoes. She even had white cotton gloves. When they set out, the old, heavily stepping woman, in her black gown and cape and bonnet, looked down at the little pink fluttering figure. Her face was full of the tenderest love and admiration, and yet there was something terrible about it. They crossed the new bridge—a primitive structure built of logs in a slovenly fashion. Old Woman Magoun pointed to a gap.

"Jest see that," said she. "That's the way men work."

"Men ain't very nice, be they?" said Lily, in her sweet little voice.

"No, they ain't, take them all together," replied her grandmother.

"That man that walked to the store with me was nicer than some, I guess," Lily said, in a wishful fashion. Her grandmother reached down and took the child's hand in its small cotton glove. "You hurt me, holding my hand so tight," Lily said presently, in a deprecatory little voice.

The old woman loosened her grasp. "Grandma didn't know how tight she was holding your hand," said she. "She wouldn't hurt you for nothin', except it was to save your life, or somethin' like that." She spoke with an undertone of tremendous meaning which the girl was too childish to grasp. They walked along the country road. Just before they reached Greenham they passed a stone wall overgrown with blackberry-vines, and, an unusual thing in that vicinity, a lusty spread of deadly nightshade full of berries.

"Those berries look good to eat, grandma," Lily said.

At that instant the old woman's face became something terrible to see. "You can't have any now," she said, and hurried Lily along.

"They look real nice," said Lily.

When they reached Greenham, Old Woman Magoun took her way straight to the most pretentious house there, the residence of the lawyer whose name was

Mason. Old Woman Magoun bade Lily wait in the yard for a few moments, and Lily ventured to seat herself on a bench beneath an oak-tree; then she watched with some wonder her grandmother enter the lawyer's office door at the right of the house. Presently the lawyer's wife came out and spoke to Lily under the tree. She had in her hand a little tray containing a plate of cake, a glass of milk, and an early apple. She spoke very kindly to Lily; she even kissed her, and offered her the tray of refreshments, which Lily accepted gratefully. She sat eating, with Mrs. Mason watching her, when Old Woman Magoun came out of the lawyer's office with a ghastly face.

"What are you eatin'?" she asked Lily, sharply. "Is that a sour apple?"

"I thought she might be hungry," said the lawyer's wife, with loving, melancholy eyes upon the girl.

Lily had almost finished the apple. "It's real sour, but I like it; it's real nice, grandma," she said.

"You ain't been drinkin' milk with a sour apple?"

"It was real nice milk, grandma."

"You ought never to have drunk milk and eat a sour apple," said her grandmother. "Your stomach was all out of order this mornin', an' sour apples and milk is always apt to hurt anybody."

"I don't know but they are," Mrs. Mason said, apologetically, as she stood on the green lawn with her lavender muslin sweeping around her. "I am real sorry, Mrs. Magoun. I ought to have thought. Let me get some soda for her."

"Soda never agrees with her," replied the old woman, in a harsh voice. "Come," she said to Lily; "it's time we were goin' home."

After Lily and her grandmother had disappeared down the road, Lawyer Mason came out of his office and joined his wife, who had seated herself on the bench beneath the tree. She was idle, and her face wore the expression of those who review joys forever past. She had lost a little girl, her only child, years ago, and her husband always knew when she was thinking about her. Lawyer Mason looked older than his wife; he had a dry, shrewd, slightly one-sided face.

"What do you think, Maria?" he said.

"That old woman came to me with the most pressing entreaty to adopt that little girl."

"She is a beautiful little girl," said Mrs. Mason, in a slightly husky voice.

"Yes, she is a pretty child," assented the lawyer, looking pityingly at his wife; "but it is out of the question, my dear. Adopting a child is a serious measure, and in this case a child who comes from Barry's Ford."

"But the grandmother seems a very good woman," said Mrs. Mason.

"I rather think she is. I never heard a word against her. But the father! No. Maria, we cannot take a child with Barry blood in her veins. The stock has run out; it is vitiated physically and morally. It won't do, my dear."

"Her grandmother had her dressed up as pretty as a little girl could be," said Mrs. Mason, and this time the tears welled into her faithful, wistful eyes.

"Well, we can't help that," said the lawyer, as he went back to his office.

Old Woman Magoun and Lily returned, going slowly along the road to Barry's Ford. When they came to the stone wall where the blackberry-vines and the deadly nightshade grew, Lily said she was tired, and asked if she could not sit down for a few minutes. The strange look on her grandmother's face had deepened. Now and then Lily glanced at her and had a feeling as if she were looking at a stranger.

"Yes, you can set down if you want to," said Old Woman Magoun, deeply and harshly.

Lily started and looked at her, as if to make sure that it was her grandmother who spoke. Then she sat down on a stone which was comparatively free of the vines.

"Ain't you goin' to set down, grandma?" Lily asked, timidly.

"No; I don't want to get into that mess," replied her grandmother. "I ain't tired. I'll stand here."

Lily sat still; her delicate little face was flushed with heat. She extended her tiny feet in her best shoes and gazed at them. "My shoes are all over dust," said she.

"It will brush off," said her grandmother, still in that strange voice.

Lily looked around. An elm-tree in

the field behind her cast a spray of branches over her head; a little cool puff of wind came on her face. She gazed at the low mountains on the horizon, in the midst of which she lived, and she sighed, for no reason that she knew. She began idly picking at the blackberry-vines; there were no berries on them; then she put her little fingers on the berries of the deadly nightshade. "These look like nice berries," she said.

Old Woman Magoun, standing stiff and straight in the road, said nothing.

"They look good to eat," said Lily.

Old Woman Magoun still said nothing, but she looked up into the ineffable blue of the sky, over which spread at intervals great white clouds shaped like wings.

Lily picked some of the deadly nightshade berries and ate them. "Why, they are real sweet," said she. "They are nice." She picked some more and ate them.

Presently her grandmother spoke. "Come," she said; "it is time we were going. I guess you have set long enough."

Lily was still eating the berries when she slipped down from the wall and followed her grandmother obediently up the road.

Before they reached home, Lily complained of being very thirsty. She stopped and made a little cup of a leaf and drank long at a mountain brook. "I am dreadful dry, but it hurts me to swallow," she said to her grandmother, when she stopped drinking and joined the old woman waiting for her in the road. Her grandmother's face seemed strangely dim to her. She took hold of Lily's hand as they went on. "My stomach burns," said Lily, presently. "I want some more water."

"There is another brook a little farther on," said Old Woman Magoun, in a dull voice.

When they reached that brook, Lily stopped and drank again, but she whimpered a little over her difficulty in swallowing. "My stomach burns, too," she said, walking on, "and my throat is so dry, grandma." Old Woman Magoun held Lily's hand more tightly. "You hurt me holding my hand so tight, grandma," said Lily, looking up at her grandmother, whose face she seemed to see

through a mist, and the old woman loosened her grasp.

When at last they reached home, Lily was very ill. Old Woman Magoun put her on her own bed in the little bedroom out of the kitchen. Lily lay there and moaned, and Sally Jinks came in.

"Why, what ails her?" she asked. "She looks feverish."

Lily unexpectedly answered for herself. "I ate some sour apples and drank some milk," she moaned.

"Sour apples and milk are dreadful apt to hurt anybody," said Sally Jinks. She told several people on her way home that Old Woman Magoun was dreadful careless to let Lily eat such things.

Meanwhile Lily grew worse. She suffered cruelly from the burning in her stomach, the vertigo, and the deadly nausea. "I am so sick, I am so sick, grandma," she kept moaning. She could no longer see her grandmother as she bent over her, but she could hear her talk.

Old Woman Magoun talked as Lily had never heard her talk before, as nobody had ever heard her talk before. She spoke from the depths of her soul; her voice was as tender as the coo of a dove, and it was grand and exalted. "You'll feel better very soon, little Lily," said she.

"I am so sick, grandma."

"You will feel better very soon, and then—"

"I am sick."

"You shall go to a beautiful place."

Lily moaned.

"You shall go to a beautiful place," the old woman went on.

"Where?" asked Lily, groping feebly with her cold little hands. Then she moaned again.

"A beautiful place, where the flowers grow tall."

"What color? Oh, grandma, I am so sick."

"A blue color," replied the old woman. Blue was Lily's favorite color. "A beautiful blue color, and as tall as your knees, and the flowers always stay there, and they never fade."

"Not if you pick them, grandma? Oh!"

"No, not if you pick them; they never fade, and they are so sweet you can smell

them a mile off; and there are birds that sing, and all the roads have gold stones in them, and the stone walls are made of gold."

"Like the ring grandpa gave you? I am so sick, grandma."

"Yes, gold like that. And all the houses are built of silver and gold, and the people all have wings, so when they get tired walking they can fly, and—"

"I am so sick, grandma."

"And all the dolls are alive," said Old Woman Magoun. "Dolls like yours can run, and talk, and love you back again."

Lily had her poor old rag doll in bed with her, clasped close to her agonized little heart. She tried very hard with her eyes, whose pupils were so dilated that they looked black, to see her grandmother's face when she said that, but she could not. "It is dark," she moaned, feebly.

"There where you are going it is always light," said the grandmother, "and the commonest things shine like that breastpin Mrs. Lawyer Mason had on to-day."

Lily moaned pitifully and said something incoherent. Delirium was commencing. Presently she sat straight up in bed and raved; but even then her grandmother's wonderful, compelling voice had an influence over her.

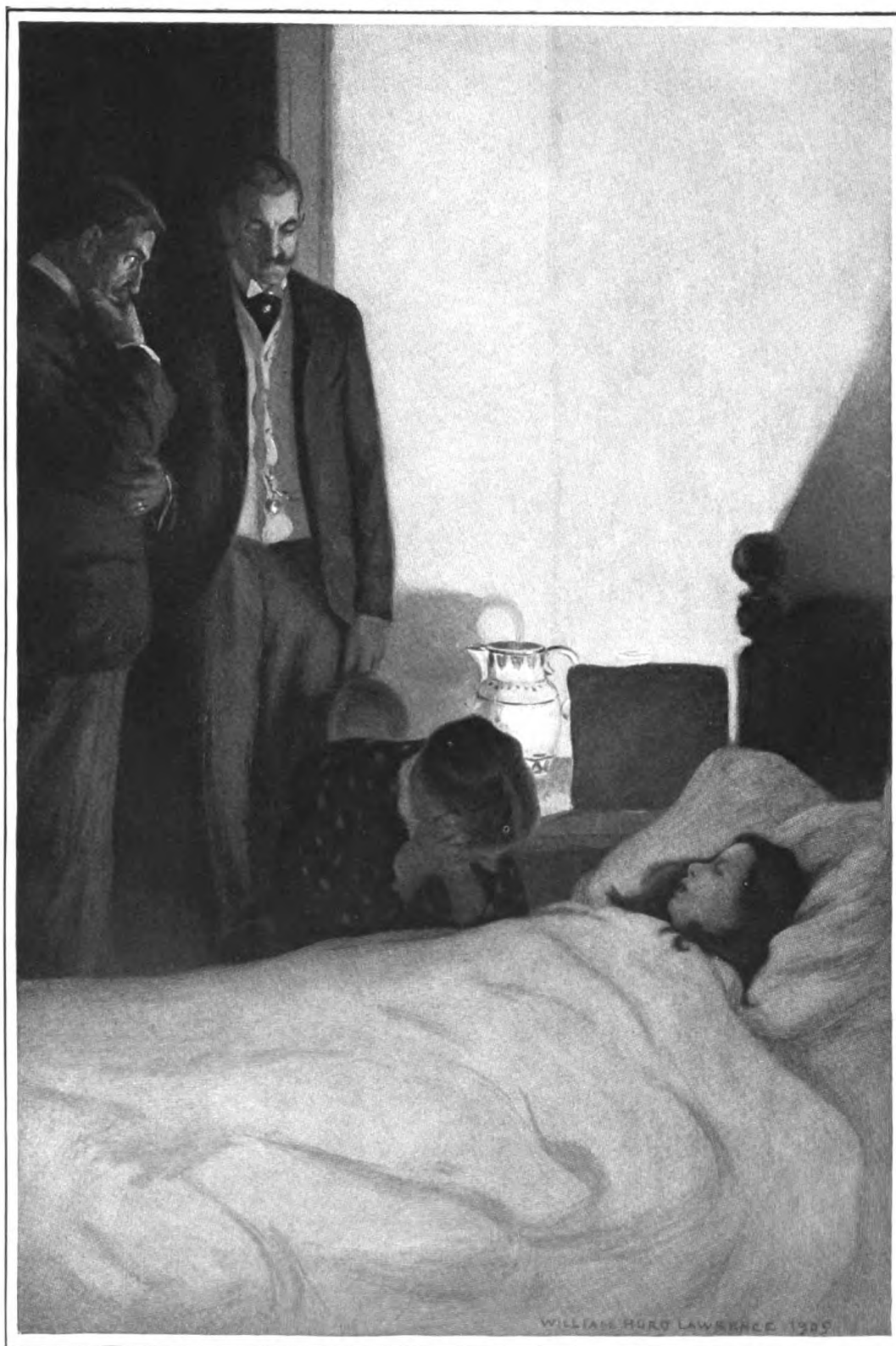
"You will come to a gate with all the colors of the rainbow," said her grandmother; "and it will open, and you will go right in and walk up the gold street, and cross the field where the blue flowers come up to your knees, until you find your mother, and she will take you home where you are going to live. She has a little white room all ready for you, white curtains at the windows, and a little white looking-glass, and when you look in it you will see—"

"What will I see? I am so sick, grandma."

"You will see a face like yours, only it's an angel's; and there will be a little white bed, and you can lay down an' rest."

"Won't I be sick, grandma?" asked Lily. Then she moaned and babbled wildly, although she seemed to understand through it all what her grandmother said.

"No, you will never be sick any more.



Half-tone plate engraved by A. Hayman

"POOR LITTLE THING, SHE'S PAST SUFFERING," SAID THE OTHER MAN





Talkin' about sickness won't mean anything to you."

It continued. Lily talked on wildly, and her grandmother's great voice of soothing never ceased, until the child fell into a deep sleep, or what resembled sleep; but she lay stiffly in that sleep, and a candle flashed before her eyes made no impression on them.

Then it was that Nelson Barry came. Jim Willis waited outside the door. When Nelson entered he found Old Woman Magoun on her knees beside the bed, weeping with dry eyes and a might of agony which fairly shook Nelson Barry, the degenerate of a fine old race.

"Is she sick?" he asked, in a hushed voice.

Old Woman Magoun gave another terrible sob, which sounded like the gasp of one dying.

"Sally Jinks said that Lily was sick from eating milk and sour apples," said Barry, in a tremulous voice. "I remember that her mother was very sick once from eating them."

Lily lay still, and her grandmother on her knees shook with her terrible sobs.

Suddenly Nelson Barry started. "I guess I had better go to Greenham for a doctor if she's as bad as that," he said. He went close to the bed and looked at the sick child. He gave a great start. Then he felt of her hands and reached

down under the bedclothes for her little feet. "Her hands and feet are like ice," he cried out. "Good God! why didn't you send for some one—for me—before! Why, she's dying; she's almost gone!"

Barry rushed out and spoke to Jim Willis, who turned pale and came in and stood by the bedside.

"She's almost gone," he said, in a hushed whisper.

"There's no use going for the doctor; she'd be dead before he got here," said Nelson, and he stood regarding the passing child with a strange, sad face—utterably sad, because of his incapability of the truest sadness.

"Poor little thing, she's past suffering, anyhow," said the other man, and his own face also was sad with a puzzled, mystified sadness.

Lily died that night. There was quite a commotion in Barry's Ford until after the funeral, it was all so sudden, and then everything went on as usual. Old Woman Magoun continued to live as she had done before. She supported herself by the produce of her tiny farm; she was very industrious, but people said that she was a trifle touched, since every time she went over the log bridge with her eggs or her garden vegetables to sell in Greenham, she carried with her, as one might have carried an infant, Lily's old rag doll.

## The Sign of the Waiting Soul

BY EVELYN PHINNEY

I HAVE taken Hope for my housemate,  
And courage for my bed;  
I have garnished my board with gladness  
And fastened the door on dread.

I have gathered of joy for vintage,  
Flung terror to the swine;  
My hostel is decked and ready,  
O God! wilt thou now be mine?



WHEN THE DILIGENCE ARRIVES

## A Norman Comedy

BY GEORGE BUCHANAN FIFE

ACCORDING to the map, Veules, in Normandy, is about fifteen miles west of Dieppe, but this is a geographical pleasantry intended only for the serious consideration of birds. Human beings refer to the distance in hours, and recall a long joggling journey inland, a change of cars, and another long joggling journey westward. Approached from Paris, Veules is at the end of an exhilarating serio-comic railway adventure peopled with bundle-encumbered provincials, children who make faces at foreigners through the little window between compartments, and train and station officials in frock coats and silver lace, who look like stage admirals, and blow penny whistles. As the rails on the French lines are never adequately joined, the passenger's chief impression is that of having ridden a lame horse which persisted in trotting.

When two Americans in Paris announced their intention to go to Veules, adding the inevitable and half-apologetic "a little place near Dieppe," the French-

man to whom the information was imparted drew back in amazement. "Going to Veules?" he cried, the picture of incredulity. "That is like something out of a play!"

And that, in truth, was what a sojourn at Veules proved to be, but not quite in the way in which he had meant it. It was a very delightful bit of comedy played with dead seriousness by a stageful of sedate Norman folk in a setting of narrow, irresponsible streets and low houses. Everywhere about them were roses; they clambered the houses in a riot to the eaves, they crested the rugged garden walls, and there was scarcely a window-ledge in all the village that had not its boxes of blooms rising cool and fragrant in the sunshine. The roses were, by the way, the especial care of countless old women in short skirts, and white caps tied with big bows under their wrinkled chins, who made quite a function of the watering-hour just after sunset. Then, with their men-folk about them, they

talked over such weighty affairs of Veules as had happened since the conference of the evening before. There were the new notices posted throughout the village announcing the grand opening of the "Salmon-trout Restaurant" by Colletier, the Elder; the temperance bills, scarcely dry, calling to the sober attention of the community the encouraging fact that bread was cheaper than alcohol; and the political placards praying the inhabitants to vote, at the coming election, for Edouard Chose, conservator of rights, friend of the people.

These were the broad, metropolitan topics, as distinguished from the endless undercurrent of social gossip, and others were furnished at brief intervals during the week by the town crier—one of the high-comedy characters in the cast. He was a swarthy, piratical-looking person in cap and cardigan jacket and wrinkled trousers, who carried a shiny brass snare-drum, which he beat after his own fashion, to summon the villagers whenever there was news of especial importance to be disseminated. On these occasions he paraded the streets drumming industriously, although quite regardless of rhythm, until every one in Veules was crazy with excitement. When he halted at the corners, with a last resounding flourish of his brass-butted sticks, the people had already hurried out of their houses and were awaiting him. As soon as every one was attentively quiet he would draw from his pocket a scrap of paper and from it solemnly read the news. Then he would drum himself off, the little knot of people

he had collected wagging their heads and watching him until he turned the corner. One day, after his drum had been echoing through the village for an hour or more, one of the Americans spied him in a side street just as he was moving away from a crowd of men and barearmed women who had been hanging on his words. The American hastened on, and upon overtaking the crier, asked him, somewhat breathlessly, what had happened. The crier immediately ceased his drumming and, swinging about, plucked forth his scrap of paper and said,

"A young lady has lost her peignoir on the beach!"

Veules-les-Roses is, in summer, more or less of a watering-place—that is, it is more of a watering-place when the tide is high than when it is low. The difference between these two conditions



THERE WERE COUNTLESS OLD WOMEN IN WHITE CAPS

is a space at least a hundred yards wide, liberally picked out with rocks and snaky patches of seaweed. The "beach," which is the epithet applied to the in-shore border of this expanse, is composed of small, irregular flints, to which the sole of the human foot is not adapted, so those who bathe equip themselves with rope-soled canvas shoes, and are thus enabled to hobble into the water with some confidence. The community takes its bathing with consistent seriousness, and high tide is, therefore, something of an event. At the Casino gate hangs a small chalk-board, upon which the high-tide hours are carefully set forth from day to day. And when the Channel waters come tumbling in over the rocks and seaweed all the people are there to hop into them and give their various imitations of swimming.

The bath-gown is as much of an ad-

junct to the bathing performances as the rope-soled slippers, because no one thinks of adventuring forth from his bath-house unless thoroughly enveloped in his gown. Men and women alike wear them, for some inscrutable reason, and, at the water's edge, fling them suddenly upon the stones and scramble into the diminutive waves. The abruptness of the action suggests the bather's determination to hide his bathing-costume under the water as quickly as possible. And this is not, at all remarkable, considering the costumes. As for the garb of the women, Veules is very much more than fifteen miles from Dieppe! The women are stockingless, to be sure, but they wear Zouave trousers, ruffled at the bottom, which come almost to their ankles, so there is strict observance of the proprieties. The *mode* in skirts is, evidently, to conceal as much of the trousers as possible, the result being that all the women look exactly alike.

Skill in swimming is not marked among the bathers at Veules, and for this reason bathing-masters may be employed at slight cost to accompany the timorous. These bathing-masters are elderly, and interesting mainly, perhaps, because they essay to teach swimming. They wear wide-rimmed hats, and white gowns properly buttoned from neck to heel, hence they never swim. But they spend a great deal of time teaching the art in three feet of brownish water, and the majority of their pupils are men. The method of instruction is very simple. The bathing-master, in his flowing robe of office—and his hat—escorts the patient waist-deep into the water, places one hand beneath his chin, and finally prevails upon him to entrust himself upon his stomach. Then, in the most rapid French, he is bidden to strike out with hands and feet (in the ensuing commotion much of the French is lost to those on the "beach"), and, splashing and spluttering, the patient is slowly towed forward, the bathers in the neighborhood scampering out of the way. Owing to the turmoil of the waters it is difficult to see whether the patient is being towed by the beard or not. As soon as exhaustion seems imminent the bathing-master permits the pupil to rest, saying encouraging things the while, and then tows him back again. Two tows



"MARCHAND DE PLAISIR"



and the lesson ends, the instructor wringing out his skirts and going up to the esplanade steps to resume his talk with the coast-guard, who sports a revolver and a curled mustache, and is supposed to be lying in wait for smugglers.

During the bathing-hour such business as falls to the lot of Veules comes perilously near stagnation. Save for a few English people, the women having waists which bulge out in the back, and an occasional stray American, foreigners do not go to Veules, and for this reason shop-keeping is less of frolic with the customer's ignorance than elsewhere in France. So when the tide comes in the shopkeeper goes out, leaving an understudy, generally a little girl, in charge of the wares. This, by the way, is *the* time to shop. Of course there are several stores along the crooked main highway in which the visitor may pay double price for things, particularly for Norman pottery,—not, however, if he lurks around until the proprietors hie themselves to the Casino to bathe; then, aided by a little French and much firmness, he may escape to his hotel with something which has cost him less than his self-respect.

Although the shops are generally little larger than hall bedrooms, it seems to be one of the ethics of trade that a shopkeeper shall not at once acknowledge his inability to furnish any article a customer may demand. Whatever the request, it is invariably followed by an assuring bow and a swift rummaging among shelves and drawers, a series of regretful exclamations, and a reappearance, dusty and apologetic, with the information that the article desired cannot be supplied, but that, no doubt, Madame Ixe, across the way, is sure to have it. A few minutes later, Madame Ixe, like-

wise dusty and apologetic, arises from a confusion of boxes and is absolutely desolated to say that what monsieur wishes is no longer to be had, but perhaps



THE TOWN CRIER

at the Grand Magasin—and monsieur staggers homeward and writes to Paris for it.

If he goes to the post-office to arrange for registration or transmission of money, he will find a very bustling but very delighted old lady in gray hair and spectacles, who, with a small pair of dull scissors, will cut a coupon out of a book for him, and quite fluster him with her knowledge of French. When, at last, he gains the outer air and tries to read the coupon to find out what it is all about, he discovers that the old lady has cut it so crooked that all the intelligible French has been left in the book.

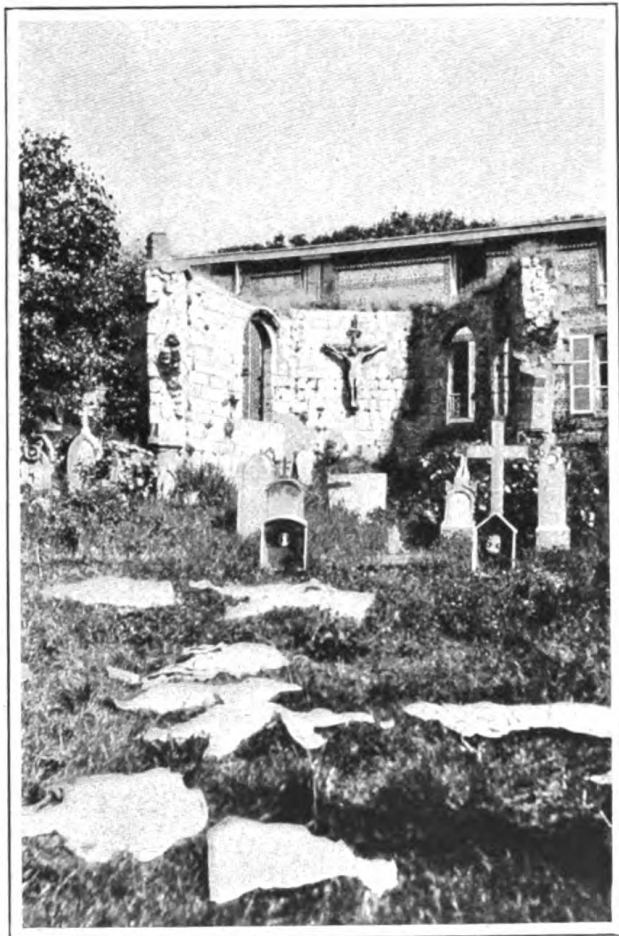
Civic pride runs high in Veules, and it fairly surges when the village band



comes out to play. This it does upon the slightest pretext, evidently for the very joy of playing, and every Sunday afternoon it parades gloriously and loud-

one day exhausted from a triumphal tour. Year after year the organization ranges the countryside and comes back with more medals on its banner, until now the embroidery is almost concealed. And five minutes within ear-shot of it any Sunday afternoon will suffice to indicate what carnivals of sound these contests must be. The band is a study in three dimensions—the musicians are short, the instruments are flat, and the selections are long,—but no "Five Brothers" have ever played so earnestly, so insistently. The horns, incidentally, are somewhat battered—suggesting that there may be more ways than one of winning a musical tournament.

On the Fourteenth of July the band shares a few honors with the "Brigade of Sappers and Firemen," and leads it a brisk parade up and down all the streets of the village, so that not one of the remaining five hundred and seventy-five inhabitants shall miss the spectacle. As a test of endurance the parade is superb, because all the sappers—there are eight of them—are kindly old gentlemen with white hair, who, after the first quarter-mile, seem conscious of



DRYING CLOTHES IN ST. NICHOLAS CHURCHYARD

ly down the main street to the Casino esplanade. There, under a canopy, it stands in a vibrating circle and plays and plays and plays. The reason for Veules's swelling pride is that this band has been victorious in numberless musical conflicts with similar organizations throughout the department. To prove its achievements there is always borne before it a great banner of purple velvet whereon are fastened its trophies—medals, crosses, stars, and laurel wreaths in gold and silver. The banner itself is heavily embroidered in gilt, with long, swinging tassels, and was the gift of the enraptured village when the band returned

only one thing, that they are still walking. But the band is banging away behind them, the firemen's drum corps of three is rattling along ahead, so there is nothing to do but to push on until they reach the Casino—and chairs.

Just what purpose these venerable sappers serve—beyond parading, when all of them happen to be well at the same time—is not clear; but, judging by their uniforms, they seem prepared for almost anything save the heat. They wear tall bearskin hats, buckskin aprons from neck to knee, and leathern gauntlets, and, in addition to side-arms, carry heavy pioneer's axes over their bent shoulders.

The firemen belong to the present generation, and they have shiny brass helmets with appropriate red plumes. When they are not parading they follow such peaceful vocations as shopkeeping, cobbling, baking, and butchering. The sappers probably sit at home and count their grandchildren.

But there is one person in Veules who really does look like a fireman, and this is Michel, the *Marchand de Plaisir*. He peddles *gaufrettes* and carries his shop on his back. The "shop" is a canister shaped like a large fire-extinguisher and painted flaming scarlet. And if Michel walks one mile a day he walks twenty! To attract attention to himself he carries a flat piece of wood to which is hinged a loop of stout wire, and twisting the contrivance corkscrew fashion and abruptly reversing it, he produces a click-click which is in one's ears from the time he enters Veules until he leaves it.

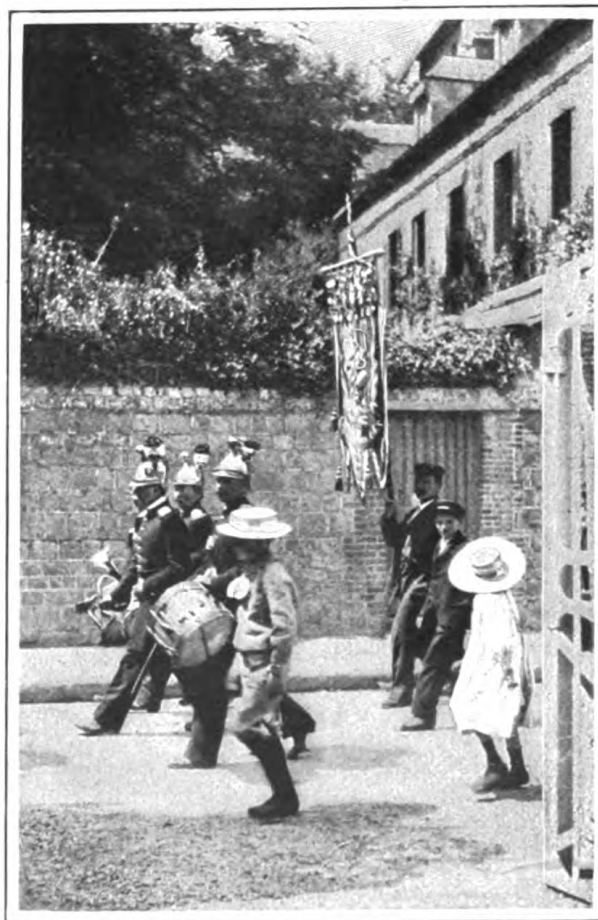
Michel is a gambler. The top of his fire-extinguisher is fitted with a wheel of fortune, the numbers ranging from 1 to 5, and on its flashing body is blazoned:

Voilà le Plaisir  
5c la Partie  
Michel  
1904

Upon payment of five centimes one is permitted to spin the wheel, with the possibility of gaining five *gaufrettes* instead of one for his coin; but whatever his customer's luck, Michel always smiles and urges another trial, probably because ten of the pastry leaves cost him only a sou. Michel's specialty is children, and they follow him over the village whether they gamble with him or not, knowing that occasionally he makes presents from his store. He must be a good-natured man, because once when he was asked, at the end of a hot, dusty day, how much his extinguisher weighed, he shrugged it up

about his ears and replied, "Only forty pounds." And this is the weight he packs from the time the first child is up until the last one has been trotted to bed. Walk half a mile out of Veules and there is Michel, gambling his *gaufrettes* against the five-centime piece of some charioteer's eager youngster; go in the early morning to the *cressonnières*, there he is smilingly watching his wheel spin under the hand of one of the watercress-gatherers; and in the afternoon saunter across to the "beach," and again it is Michel on the scene with his red fire-extinguisher and the compelling click-click of his rattle. Ask Michel at sundown what the day has brought forth, and he will tinkle four francs in his hand and smile from ear to ear.

Recent observation of the Norman horse in its habitat warrants the assertion that the strain at present most popular in the province is possessed of



YEAR AFTER YEAR THE BAND WINS MORE MEDALS

an untiring faithfulness without parallel in the entire animal kingdom. The strain may be found flourishing at almost any of the watering-places along the Norman coast. It occurs in herds of nine

cries as, "*Les jeux sont faits?*" "*Rien ne va plus!*" "*Numéro neuf!*" and "*La mise?*"

At her elbow an attendant periodically parades the horses into line and, at the word, sets them rapidly gyrating. Where individual members of the herd will elect to stop after their run is a matter of considerable speculation on the part of the natural-history class. It often happens that, after a few preliminary canters, an observer becomes convinced he can establish a remunerative friendship with the horses, but this is merely a figment of the imagination. The only friend the horses have is the hoe lady; it is toward her alone they manifest the untiring faithfulness for which they are remarkable. Hour after hour they race around in their gay circles, tireless, uncomplaining — and heroic in their enduring loyalty. It may be said, incidentally, that to buy the herd outright will be found less expensive than attempting to purchase it on the instalment plan from the lady with the hoe and the encouraging smile.

The equestrienne at Veules is so interested in her animals that every evening, before they begin their tireless rounds, she sends out a small boy with a large bell, which he jangles mechanically up and down the esplanade of the Casino. When his interest in extraneous things



THE MOTOR OF THE BREAD WAGON

running in the same number of concentric circles above a green cloth.

At Veules the attractiveness of the animals is augmented by the presence of an equestrienne whose badge of office is a hoelike contrivance with a long, flexible handle. She has a chatty familiarity with the attractiveness of the breed, and is always delighted to give information in her branch of natural history. From time to time she encourages her animals — and the bystanders — with such

causes a temporary lull in the ringing she runs to the window of the horse-pavilion and cries out, "*Sonnez! sonnez!*" with the accompaniment of an eloquently threatening gesture. The admonition, by the way, won for him among the two Americans at Veules the sobriquet of "Sonny," which he probably mistook for bad French.

As soon as the fanciers have been collected, the bell-boy turns starter, and spends the remainder of the evening

sending off the animals, after the requisite number of one-franc pieces have been cast upon the squares of meadow table-land adjoining the race-course. When necessary, "Sonny" serves also in the capacity of arbiter, deciding with a bit of string which of two nose-and-nose steeds is nearer the finish-post. As a combination, the woman with the hoe and the boy with the string are absolutely invincible.

For the purposes of its architecture Veules has made good use of the flints which sharpen its soil, as these stones, roughly hewn into cubes, are alternated with bricks in the courses of the house walls. On the outskirts of the village the *chaumières*, with their thatched roofs, are built of a mixture of chalky clay and straw plastered on a wooden framework so that they look like straw-board houses. It seems to be the shining ambition of these peasant folk to live to that day which will see the thatch torn away and red tiles set in its place. A tile roof is evidently a badge of distinction. Just mention her cottage to any of the old ladies who dwell in the region, and ten to one her answer will be, "Yes, but I am to have a tile roof next year." In the village itself the old buildings, with their sturdy walls and steeply pitched roofs, have not permitted themselves to be shouldered out of the way by Veules's regrettable effort to assimilate things modern, as a flock of gaudy villas has recently settled among them, perching on available spots with much showing of gay colors in woodwork and geometric arrangements of fancy tiles set in their walls.

The two oldest structures in Veules are a church in the centre of the village, St. Martin's, and the ruins of one, St. Nicholas's, on a slope which overlooked the sea until a hotel arose to block the view. Both church and ruin date from the twelfth century, so the townspeople say, and they seem determined to make them last till doomsday. The church, which has a great square Norman tower, with a clock-dial protected by a wooden awning, is most zealously repaired from time to time, and so is the ruin. Whenever the rugged walls of St. Nicholas give the least sign of further crumbling the masons hasten up with cement and

mortar and clap on a bandage. If any part actually falls away, it is immediately "restored."

All that remains of St. Nicholas are the walls of its apse, and these only to the crowns of the window-arches. Upon the wall before which the altar once rose is set a wooden crucifix almost life size and worn by the weather of two hundred years. There has been no attempt to close the wide-running cracks which score the figure, nor to repair it in any way; the caretakers simply make sure that it remains fast to the gray wall. Before the ruin, in the space originally occupied by the nave of the church, lies the village burial-ground. Funerals at Veules occur at mercifully long intervals, which accounts, no doubt, for the lack of care the churchyard shows. It is wild-grown with weeds and grass, and incidentally serves two unusual ends, one as a thoroughfare to the roadways and the houses on the higher ground—the village proper rambling down a cleft in the chalk cliff,—and the other as an airy place in which to dry clothes. Every day of the week save Sunday the housewives who live near the little cemetery go there with their baskets and bundles and spread the family linen upon the grass, even upon the grave mounds, leaving only the well-worn pathway clear.

The headstones which rise here and there among the sheets and towels and blankets are for the most part crudely cut. Some are of wood, others of marble, and those which have stood their ground for ten years look as time-worn as their fellows of fifty years, and many harbor colonies of large and sedate snails. The inscriptions beg the passer-by to pray for the repose of the souls of those who lie below. One stone raised by a distressed wife has upon it, beneath the customary inscription, "For me there is no more happiness in the world." In contrast with the living blossoms, the glaring poppies which grow at random in the place, are the beadwork flowers, some of them even set in pots with earth about them, to adorn the graves. The very elaborate designs of wreaths and crosses are enclosed in small cases like beehives with glass fronts.

The dominating monument in the en-

closure is an eight-foot cross of stone, the age of which is beyond the recollection of the oldest inhabitant, who, however, will say he thinks it was part of the church of St. Nicholas. The cross itself represents the Crucifixion, and midway down the shaft, upon a small platform, is a group representing either the Visit of the Wise Men to the Manger or the Descent from the Cross; the several diminutive figures are too worn and indistinct to identify it. It is such a cross as one encounters at intervals along the highroad upon the cliffs above the village, which stretches away to Sotteville-sur-Mer, St. Auban, and Quiberville. These are other sleepy little communities which discuss Veules-les-Roses, as Veules discusses Dieppe or St.-Valery-en-Caux. To reach them one engages a conveyance which is half-brother to a Paris *fiacre*, and is more or less enlivened by a dusty horse and an indifferent driver. Whenever he starts down a hill the driver turns to his passenger and requests him to put on the brake, also notifying him when to release it, at the foot of the incline. The brake is operated by a sort of hand-organ crank at the forward edge of the seat, and when the driver looks back over his shoulder and says "Merci!" it is the signal to wind it up; the next "Merci!" means unwind. As most of the roads about Veules are hilly, the driver has rather the best of a day's outing, the horse included.

The majority of the inhabitants of Veules fail, even in their busiest moments, to present a convincing picture of industry. They seem engaged always with the preliminaries of some great undertaking, something which is surely to be begun soon, but which must now be thoroughly discussed and planned at door-steps or street corners. Their sleeves are rolled up and their aprons are on; they look very promising, but they have the fatal gift of conversation, and just when they are ready to begin their tasks the sun goes down, and out come the old women with their watering-pots and their gossip. The only two creatures in the community which set a conspicuously unheeded example of energy are Cæsar and Tout P'tit, and both of these are dogs. Cæsar is the capable and enthusiastic motor under the baker's deliv-

ery barrow, fastened there by a short stout chain from his collar and breast-strap. He goes at such a furious gait up and down the village streets that the small boy who manœuvres the barrow has all he can do to maintain the pace between the shafts. Tout P'tit, a French bulldog, runs with the diligence from St.-Valery-en-Caux to Veules, two round-trips every day, or sixteen miles at top speed ahead of a spike team, and he is as hard as nails. The interest that these two animals arouse in the breasts of the villagers is simply casual: the bark of one means fresh bread, that of the other a new and probably diverting visitor.

There is, however, one serious, devotedly serious, figure in Veules—a man fairly idolized by the villagers, and yet, by his calling, his rules of life, and his habit of thought, set far apart from them. This is the abbé of St. Martin's, who lives in his bare, wall-girt house in the Rue Melengue. From sunrise to sunset he ministers variously to his flock, and when the duties of the day are at an end he returns to his silent home and for an hour or more paces the short walk which runs along the peaceful side of his garden wall.

Dusk always finds him there—a thin, sombre figure in soutane and circine, bareheaded, with his breviary held close to his breast—twelve paces up, twelve paces back, twelve paces up, twelve paces back—a compelling figure of meditation. And when one of the Americans at Veules one evening asked to be permitted to share this hour with him and walk with him, his first inquiries dealt with the political situation in the United States, the popularity of Mr. Roosevelt, his chances against Judge Parker (the election was yet to come), and the tariff. "One reads, you know," he said, by way of explanation. Later he took his visitor to his small library, with its rows of paper-covered books, and proudly pointed out two volumes upon the principles of government in the United States. "I have read them many times," he said. When his visitor left, he went to the high wall gate with him, and pausing there a moment, plucked two great roses. "I have no information to give you," he said, with a regretful smile; "let me offer you these."



# The Conquest of Canaan

## A NOVEL

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

### CHAPTER XIII

#### THE WATCHER AND THE WARDEN

THERE was a custom of Canaan, time-worn and seldom honored in the breach, which put Ariel, that afternoon, in easy possession of a coign of vantage commanding the front gate. The heavy Sunday-dinner was finished in silence (on the part of Judge Pike, deafening) about three o'clock, and, soon after, Mamie tossed a number of cushions out upon the stoop between the cast-iron dogs,—Sam Warden having previously covered the steps with a rug and placed several garden chairs near by upon the lawn. These simple preparations concluded, Eugene sprawled comfortably upon the rug, and Mamie seated herself near him, while Ariel wandered with apparent aimlessness about the lawn, followed by the gaze of Mr. Bantry, until Miss Pike begged her, a little petulantly, to join them.

She came, looking about her dreamily, and touching to her lips, now and then, with an absent air, a clover blossom she had found in the longer grass against the fence. She stopped to pat the neck of one of the cast-iron deer, and with grave eyes proffered the clover-top first for inspection, then as food. There were those in the world who, seeing her, might have wondered that the deer did not play Galatea and come to life.

"No?" she said aloud to the steadfast head. "You won't? What a mistake to be made of cast iron! There's so much you'll never understand!"

Eugene and Mamie did not catch the words, but another, invisible to them, did, and upon him Ariel's eyes, as she spoke, fell innocently. She smiled and nodded to a clump of lilac-bushes near a cedar-tree, and to nothing else—so far as they

could see,—then walked thoughtfully to the steps.

"Who in the world were you speaking to?" asked Mamie, curiously.

"That deer."

"But you bowed to some one."

"Oh, that," Ariel lifted her eyebrows,—"that was your father. Didn't you see him?"

"No."

"I believe you can't from here, after all," said Ariel, slowly. "He is sitting upon a rustic bench between the bushes and the cedar-tree, quite near the gate. No, you couldn't see him from here; you'd have to go as far as the deer, at least, and even then you might not notice him, unless you looked for him. He has a book—a Bible, I think—but I don't think he is reading."

"He usually takes a nap on Sunday afternoons," said Mamie.

"I don't think he will, to-day." Ariel looked at Eugene, who avoided her clear gaze. "He has the air of having settled himself to stay for a long time, perhaps until evening."

She had put on her hat after dinner, and Mamie now inquired, somewhat nervously, if she would not prefer to remove it, offering to carry it indoors for her, to Ariel's room, to insure its safety. "You look so sort of temporary, wearing it," she urged, "as if you were only here for a little while. It's the loveliest hat I ever saw, and so fragile, too, but I'll take care—"

Ariel laughed, leaned over and touched the other's hand lightly. "It isn't that, dear."

"What is it, then?" Mamie beamed out into a joyful smile. She had felt sure that she could not understand Ariel; was, indeed, afraid of her; and she found herself astonishingly pleased to be called "dear," and delighted with the little

familiarity of the hand-tap. Her feeling toward the visitor (who was, so her father had announced, to become a permanent member of the household) had been, until now, undefined. She had stood on her guard, watching for some sign of conscious "superiority" in this lady who had been so long overseas, not knowing what to make of her; though thrown, by the contents of her trunks, into a wistfulness which would have had something of rapture in it had she been sure that she was going to like Ariel. She had gone to Ariel's room before church, and had perceived uneasily that it had become, even by the process of unpacking, the prettiest room she had ever seen. Mrs. Warden, wife of Sam, and handmaiden of the mansion, was assisting, alternately faint and vociferous with marvelling. Mamie feared that Ariel might be a little overpowering.

With the word "dear" (that is, of course, with the way it was spoken), and with the touch upon the hand, it was all suddenly settled; she would not understand Ariel always—that was clear—but they would like each other.

"I am wearing my hat," answered Ariel, "because at any moment I may decide to go for a long walk!"

"Oh, I hope not," said Mamie. "There are sure to be people: a few still come, even though I'm an engaged girl. I expect that's just to console me, though," she added, smiling over this worn quip of the betrothed, and shaking her head at Eugene, who grew red and coughed. "There'll be plenty to-day, but they won't be here to see *me*. It's you, Ariel, and they'd be terribly disappointed if you weren't here. I shouldn't wonder if the whole town came; it's curious enough about you!"

Canaan (at least that part of it which Mamie meant when she said "the whole town") already offered testimony to her truthfulness. Two gentlemen, aged nine and eleven, and clad in white "sailor suits," were at that moment grooving their cheeks between the round pickets of the gate. They had come from the house across the street, evidently stimulated by the conversation at their own recent dinner-table (they wore a few deposits such as are left by chocolate cake), and the motive of their

conduct became obvious when, upon being joined by a person from next door (a starched and frilled person of the opposite sex but sympathetic age), one of them wagged a forefinger through the gate at Ariel, and a voice was heard in explanation:

"That's her."

There was a rustle in the lilac-bushes by the cedar-tree; the three small heads turned simultaneously in that direction; something terrific was evidently seen, and with a horrified "Oooh!" the trio skeddaddled headlong.

They were but the gay vanguard of the life which the street, quite dead through the Sunday-dinner hour, presently took on. Young couples with their progeny began to appear, returning from the weekly reunion Sunday-dinner with relatives; young people meditative (until they reached the Pike Mansion), the wives fanning themselves or shooing the tots - able - to - walk ahead of them, while the husbands, wearing long coats, satin ties, and showing dust upon their blazing shoes, invariably pushed the perambulators. Most of these passers-by exchanged greetings with Mamie and Eugene, and all of them looked hard at Ariel as long as it was possible.

And now the young men of the town, laboriously arranged as to apparel, began to appear on the street in small squads, making their Sunday rounds; the youngest working in phalanxes of threes and fours, those somewhat older inclining to move in pairs; the eldest, such as were now beginning to be considered middle-aged beaux, or (by the extremely youthful) "old bachelors," evidently considered it advantageous to travel alone. Of all these, there were few who did not, before evening fell, turn in at the gate of the Pike Mansion. Consciously, shyly or confidently, according to the condition of their souls, they made their way between the cast-iron deer to be presented to the visitor.

Ariel sat at the top of the steps, and, looking sweetly over their heads, talked with such as could get near her. There were many who could not, and Mamie, occupying the bench below, was surrounded by the overflow. The difficulty of reaching and maintaining a position near Miss Tabor was increased by

the attitude and behavior of Mr. Flitcroft, who that day cooled the feeling of friendship which several had hitherto entertained for him. He had been the first to arrive, coming alone, though that was not his custom, and he established himself at Ariel's right, upon the step just below her, so disposing the great body and the ponderous arms and legs the gods had given him, that no one could mount above him to sit beside her, or approach her from that side within conversational distance. Once established, he was not to be dislodged, and the only satisfaction for those in this manner debarred from the society of the beautiful stranger was obtained when they were presented to her and when they took their departure. On these occasions it was necessary by custom for them to shake her hand, a ceremony they accomplished by leaning across Mr. Flitcroft, which was a long way to lean, and the fat back and shoulders were sore that night because of what had been surreptitiously done to them by elbows and knees.

Norbert, not ordinarily talkative, had nothing to say; he seemed to find sufficient occupation in keeping the place he had gained; and from this close vantage he fastened his small eyes immovably upon Ariel's profile. Eugene, also apparently determined not to move, sat throughout the afternoon at her left, but as he was thin, others, who came and went, were able to approach upon that side and hold speech with her.

She was a stranger to these young people, most of whom had grown up together in a nickname intimacy. Few of them had more than a very imperfect recollection of her as she was before Roger Tabor and she had departed out of Canaan. She had lived her girlhood only upon their border-land, with no intimates save her grandfather and Joe; and she returned to her native town "a revelation and a dream," as young Mr. Bradbury told his incredulous grandmother that night.

The conversation of the gallants consisted, for the greater part, of witticisms at one another's expense, which, though evoked for Ariel's benefit (all eyes furtively reverting to her as each shaft was loosed), she found more or less enigmatical. The young men, however, laugh-

ed at each other loudly, and seemed content if now and then she smiled. "You must be frightfully wearied with all this," Eugene said to her. "You see how provincial we still are."

She did not answer; she had not heard him. The shadows were stretching themselves over the grass, long and attenuated; the sunlight upon the trees and houses was like a thin, rosy pigment; blackbirds were calling each other home to beech and elm; and Ariel's eyes were fixed upon the western distance of the street where gold-dust was beginning to quiver in the air. She did not hear Eugene, but she started, a moment later, when the name "Joe Loudon" was pronounced by a young man, the poetic Bradbury, on the step below Eugene. Some one immediately said "'Sh!" But she leaned over and addressed Mr. Bradbury, who, shut out, not only from the group about her, but from the other centring upon Miss Pike, as well, was holding a private conversation with a friend in like misfortune.

"What were you saying of Mr. Loudon?" she asked, smiling down upon the young man. (It was this smile which inspired his description of her as "a revelation and a dream.")

"Oh, nothing particular," was his embarrassed reply. "I only mentioned I'd heard there was some talk among the—" He paused awkwardly, remembering that Ariel had walked with Joseph Loudon in the face of Canaan that very day. "That is, I mean to say, there's some talk of his running for Mayor."

"What?"

There was a general exclamation, followed by an uncomfortable moment or two of silence. No one present was unaware of that noon walk, though there was prevalent a pleasing notion that it would not happen again, founded on the idea that Ariel, having only arrived the previous evening, had probably met Joe on the street by accident, and, remembering him as a playmate of her childhood and uninformed as to his reputation, had, naturally enough, permitted him to walk home with her.

Mr. Flitcroft broke the silence, rushing into words with a derisive laugh: "Yes, he's 'talked of' for Mayor—by the saloon people and the niggers! I expect the

Beaver Beach crowd would be for him, and if tramps could vote he might—"

"What is Beaver Beach?" asked Ariel, not turning.

"What is Beaver Beach?" he repeated, and cast his eyes to the sky, shaking his head awesomely. "It's a Place," he said, with abysmal solemnity,—“a Place I shouldn't have mentioned in your presence, Miss Tabor.”

"What has it to do with Mr. Louden?"

The predestined Norbert conceived the present to be a heaven-sent opportunity to enlighten her concerning Joe's character, since the Pikes appeared to have been derelict in the performance of this kindness.

"He goes there!" he proceeded heavily. "He lived there for a while when he first came back from running away, and he's a friend of Mike Sheehan's that runs it; he's a friend of all the riffraff that hang around there."

"How do you know he goes there?"

"Why, it was in the paper the day after he came back!" He appealed for corroboration. "Wasn't it, Eugene?"

"No, no!" she persisted. "Newspapers are sometimes mistaken, aren't they?" Laughing a little, she swept across the bulbous face beside her a swift regard that was like a search-light. "How do you *know*, Mr. Fliteroft," she went on very rapidly, raising her voice,—“how do you *know* that Mr. Louden is familiar with this place? The newspapers may have been falsely informed: you must admit that? Then how do you *know*? Have you ever *met* any one who has seen him there?"

"I've seen him there myself!" The words skipped out of Norbert's mouth like so many little devils, the instant he opened it. She had spoken so quickly and with such vehemence, looking him full in the eye, that he had forgotten everything in the world except making the point to which her insistence had led him.

Mamie looked horrified; there was a sound of smothered laughter, and Norbert, overwhelmed by the treachery of his own mouth, sat gasping.

"It can't be such a terrific place, then, after all," said Ariel, gently, and turning to Eugene. "Have you ever been there, Mr. Bantry?" she asked.

He changed color, but answered with enough glibness: "No."

Several of the young men rose; the wretched Fliteroft, however, evading Mamie's eye—in which there was a distinct hint,—sat where he was until all of them, except Eugene, had taken a reluctant departure, one group after another, leaving in the order of their arrival.

The rosy pigment that had colored the trees faded; the gold-dust of the western distance danced itself pale and departed; dusk stalked into the town from the east; and still the watcher upon the steps and the warden of the gate (he of the lilac-bushes and the Bible) held their places and waited—waited, alas! in vain. Ah! Joe, is *this* the mettle of your darling? Did you not say you would "try"? If you had cared to come, would you not have ventured? Was your courage so frail a vessel that it could not carry you even to the gate yonder? Surely you knew that if you had striven so far, there you would have been met! Perhaps you foresaw that not one, but two, would meet you at the gate, both the warden and the watcher. What of that? What of that, O faint heart? What was there to fear? Listen! The gate clicks. Ah, have you come at last?

Ariel started to her feet, but the bent figure, coming up the walk in the darkness, was that of Eskew Arp. He bowed gloomily to Mamie, and in response to her inquiry if he wished to see her father, answered no; he had come to talk with the granddaughter of his old friend Roger Tabor.

"Mr. Arp!" called Ariel. "I am so very glad!" She ran down to him and gave him her hand. "We'll sit here on the bench, sha'n't we?"

Mamie had risen, and skirting Norbert frostily, touched Eugene upon the shoulder as she went up the steps. He understood that he was to follow her indoors, and, after a deep look at the bench where Ariel had seated herself beside Mr. Arp, he obeyed. Norbert thus was left a lonely ruin between the cold, twin dogs. He had wrought desolation this afternoon, and that sweet verdure, his good name, so long in the planting, so carefully tended, was now a dreary waste; yet he contemplated this not so much as his present aspect of splendid isolation.

Frozen by the daughter of the house, forgotten by the visitor, whose conversation with Mr. Arp was carried on in tones so low that he could not understand it, the fat one, though heart-breakingly loath to take himself away, began to comprehend that his hour had struck. He rose, descended the steps to the bench, and seated himself unexpectedly upon the cement walk at Ariel's feet.

"Leg's gone to sleep," he explained, in response to her startled exclamation; but, like a great soul, ignoring the accident of his position as well as the presence of Mr. Arp, he immediately proceeded: "Will you go riding with me to-morrow afternoon?"

"Aren't you very good-natured, Mr. Fliteroft?" she asked, with an odd intonation.

"I'm imposed on, often enough," he replied, rubbing his leg, "by people who think I am! Why?"

"It is only that your sitting so abruptly upon the ground reminded me of something that happened long ago, before I left Canaan, the last time I met you."

"I don't think I knew you before you went away. You haven't said if you'll go riding with me to-morrow. Please—"

"Get up," interrupted Mr. Arp, acidly. "Somebody 'll fall over you if you stay there."

Such a catastrophe in truth loomed imminent. Judge Pike was rapidly approaching on his way to the house, Bible in hand—far better in hand than was his temper, for it is an enraging thing to wait five hours in ambush for a man who does not come. In the darkness a desecration occurred, and Norbert perfected to the last detail whatever had been left incomplete of his own destruction. He began lumberingly to rise, talking at the same time, urging upon Ariel the charms of the roadside; wild flowers were in blossom, he said, recounting the benefits she might derive through acceptance of his invitation; and having, thus busily, risen to his knees, became aware that some one was passing near him. This some one Mr. Fliteroft, absorbed in artful persuasions, must have been betrayed by the darkness to mistake for Eugene. Reaching out for assistance, he mechanically seized upon the skirts of a coat, which he put to the

uses of a rope, coming up hand-over-hand with such noble weight and energy that he brought himself to his feet and the owner of the coat to the ground simultaneously. The latter, hideously astonished, went down with an objurcation so outrageous in venom that Mr. Arp jumped with the shock. Judge Pike got to his feet quickly, but not so quickly as the piteous Fliteroft betook himself into the deep shadows of the street. Only a word, hoarse and horror-stricken, was left quivering on the night breeze by this accursed, whom the gods, intent upon his ruin, had early in the day, at his first sight of Ariel, in good truth, made mad: "*Murder!*"

"Can I help you brush off, Judge?" asked Eskew, rising painfully.

Either Martin Pike was beyond words, or the courtesy proposed by the feeble old fellow (Eskew was now very far along in years and looked his age) emphasized too bitterly the indignity which had been put upon him. Whatever the case, he stamped his way indoors without speaking, leaving the cynic's offer unacknowledged. Eskew sank back upon the bench, with the little rusty sounds, suggestions of creaks and sighs, which accompany the movement of antiques. "I've always thought," he said, "that the Judge had spells when he was hard of hearing."

Oblongs of light abruptly dropped from the windows confronting them, one falling across the bench, appropriately touching with lemon the acrid, withered face and trembling hands of the veteran. "You are younger than you were nine years ago, Mr. Arp," said Ariel, gayly. "I caught a glimpse of you upon the street, to-day, and I thought so then. Now I see that I was right."

"*Me—younger!*" he groaned. "No, ma'am. I'm mighty near through with this fool world—and I'd be glad of it if I didn't expect that if there is another one afterwards, it would be just as ornery!"

She laughed, leaning forward, resting her elbows on her knee, and her chin in her hand, so that the shadow of her hat shielded her eyes from the light. "I thought you looked surprised when you saw me to-day."

"I reckon I did!" he exclaimed. "Who wouldn't of been?"



"Why?"

"Why?" he repeated, confounded by her simplicity. "Why?"

"Yes," she laughed. "That's what I'm anxious to know."

"Wasn't the whole town the same way?" he demanded. "Did you meet anybody that didn't look surprised?"

"But why should they?"

"Good Lord A'mighty!" he broke out. "Ain't you got no lookin'-glass?"

"Quite a collection of them, though I think they're still in the customs warehouse."

"Then use Mamie Pike's," responded the old man. "The town knew you were rich, of course, and that was enough; it never dreamed you were goin' to turn out pretty at all, let alone the way you've turned out pretty! The *Tocsin* had a good deal about your looks and so forth in it once, in a letter from Paris, but the folks that remembered you kind of set that down to the way papers talk about anybody with money, and nobody was prepared for it when they saw you. You don't need to drop no curtseys to me." He set his mouth grimly in response to the bow she made him. "I think female beauty is like all other human furbelows, and as holler as heaven will be if only the good people are let in! But yet I did stop to look at you when you came past me to-day, and I kept on lookin', long as you were in sight. I reckon I always will, when I git the chance, too—only shows what human nature *is*! But that wasn't all that folks were starin' at to-day. It was your walkin' with Joe Loudens that really finished 'em, and I can say it upset me more than anything I've seen for a good many years."

"Upset you, Mr. Arp?" she cried. "I don't quite see."

The old man shook his head deplorably. "After what I'd written you about that boy—"

"Ah," she said, softly, touching his sleeve with her fingers, "I haven't thanked you for that."

"You needn't," he returned sharply. "It was a pleasure. Do you remember how easy and quick I promised you?"

"I remember that you were very kind."

"Kind!" He gave forth an acid and chilling laugh. "It was about two months

after Loudens ran away, and before you and Roger left Canaan, and you asked me to promise to write to you whenever word of that outcast came—"

"I didn't put it so, Mr. Arp."

"No, but you'd ought of! You asked me to write you whatever news of him should come, and if he came back to tell you how and when and all about it. And I did it, and kept you sharp on his record ever since he landed here again. Do you know why I've done it? Do you know why I promised so quick and easy I *would* do it?"

"Out of the kindness of your heart, I think."

The acid laugh was repeated. "No, ma'am! You couldn't of guessed colder. I promised, and I kept my promise, because I knew there would never be anything good to tell! *And there never was!*"

"Nothing at all?" she insisted, gravely.

"Never! I leave it to you if I've written one good word of him."

"You've written of the treatment he has received here," she began, "and I've been able to see what he has borne—and bears!"

"But have I written one word to show that he didn't deserve it all? Haven't I told you everything, of his associates, his—"

"Indeed you have!"

"Then do you wonder that I was more surprised than most when I saw you walking with him to-day? Because I knew you did it in cold blood and knowledge aforethought! Other folks thought it was because you hadn't been here long enough to hear his reputation, but I *knew*!"

"Tell me," she said, "if you were disappointed when you saw me with him."

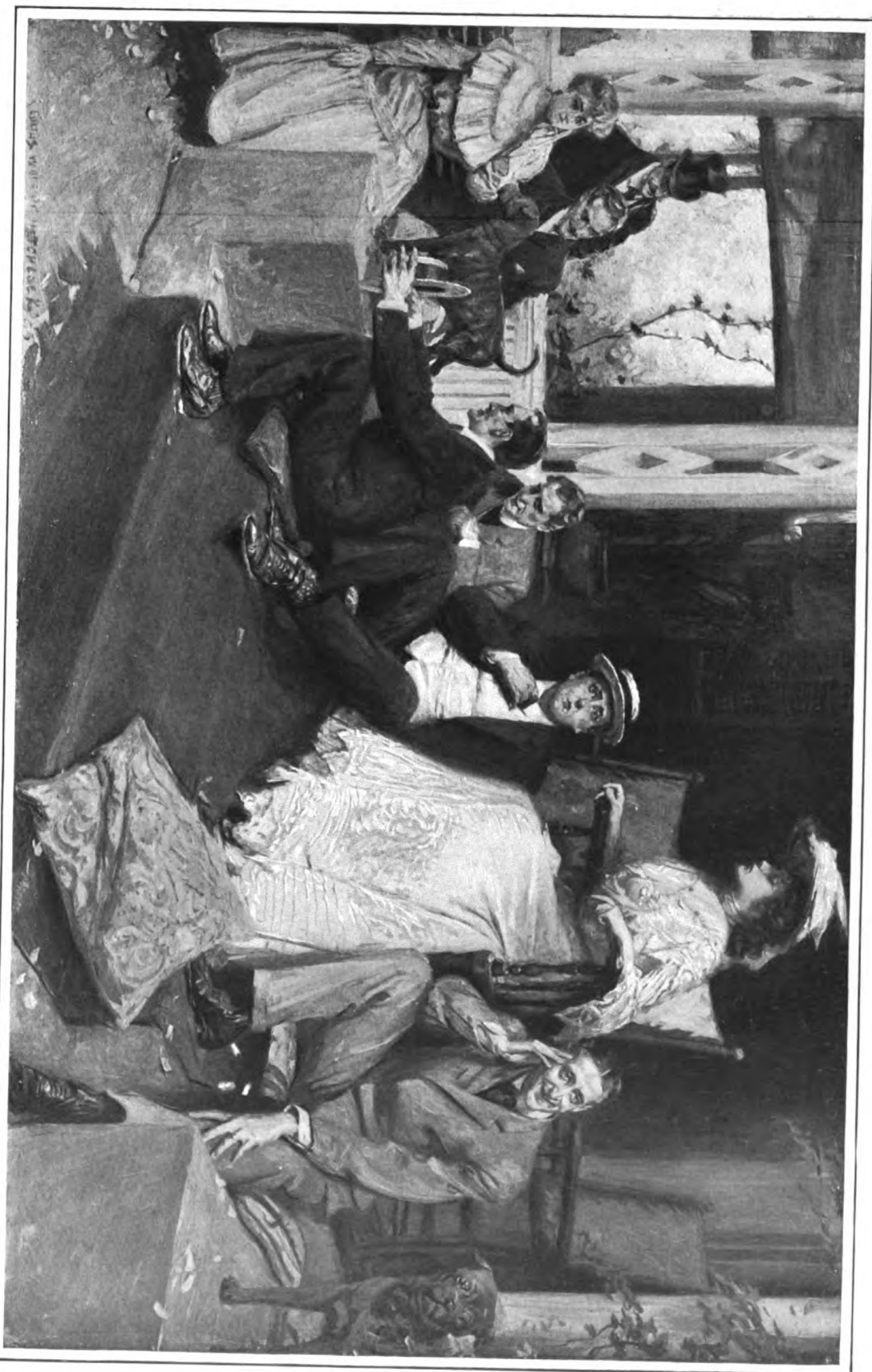
"Yes," he snapped. "I was!"

"I thought so. I saw the consternation and regret in your face! You *approved*, didn't you?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," he cut in, shortly.

"Yes, you do! I know it bothers you to have me read you between the lines, but for this once you must let me. You are so consistent that you are never disappointed when things turn out badly, or people are wicked or foolish, are you?"

"No, certainly not. I expect it."



"WHAT IS BEAVER BEACH?" ASKED ARIEL



"And you were disappointed in me to-day. Therefore, it must be that I was doing something you knew was right and good. You see?" She leaned a little closer to him, smiling angelically. "Ah, Mr. Arp," she cried, "I know your secret: you *admire* me!"

He rose, confused and rather incoherent, as full of denial as a detected pickpocket. "I *don't!* Me *admire?* It's an ornery world," he protested. "I don't admire any human that ever lived!"

"Yes, you do," she persisted. "I've just proved it! But that is the least of your secret; the great thing is this: you *admire* Mr. Louden!"

"I never heard such nonsense," he continued to protest, at the same time moving down the walk toward the gate, leaning heavily on his stick. "Nothin' of the kind. There ain't any *logic* to that kind of an argument, nor no reason, *either!*"

"You see, I understand you," she called after him. "I'm sorry you go away in the bitterness of being found out."

"Found out!" His stick ceased for a moment to tap the cement. "Pooh!" he ejaculated uneasily. There was a pause, followed by a malevolent chuckle. "At any rate," he said, with joy in the afterthought, "you'll never go walkin' with him again!"

He waited for the answer, which came, after a time, sadly. "Perhaps you are right. Perhaps I shall not."

"Ha, I thought so! Good night."

"Good night, Mr. Arp."

She turned toward the lighted house. Through the windows nearest her she could see Mamie, seated in the familiar chair, following with happy and tender eyes the figure of Eugene, who was pacing up and down the room. The town was deadly quiet; Ariel could hear the sound of footsteps perhaps a block away. She went to the gate and gazed a long time into the empty street, watching the yellow grains of light, sieved through the maples from the arc-lights on the corner, moving to and fro in the deep shadow as the lamp swung slightly in the night air. Somewhere, not far away, the peace was broken by the screams of a "parlor-organ," which honked and wailed in pious agonies (the intention was hymnal), in-

terminably protracting each spasm. Presently a woman's voice outdid the organ, a voice which made vivid the picture of the woman who owned it, and the ploughed forehead of her, above the nose-glasses, when the "grace-notes" were proudly given birth. "Rescue the Perishing" was the startlingly appropriate selection, rendered with inconceivable lingering upon each syllable: "Roos-cyoo the Poor-oosh-oong!" At intervals (unexpected ones) two male voices, evidently belonging to men who had contracted the habit of holding tin in their mouths, joined the lady in a thorough search for the Lost Chord.

That was the last of silence in Canaan for an hour or so. The organ was merely inaugural; across the street a piano sounded, firm, emphatic, determined, vocal competition with the instrument here also: "Rock of Ages" the incentive. Another piano presently followed suit, in a neighboring house: "Precious Jewels." More distant, a second organ was heard; other pianos, other organs, took up other themes; and as a wakeful puppy's barking will go over a village at night, stirring first the nearer dogs to give voice, these in turn stimulating those farther away to join, one passing the excitement on to another, until hounds in farmyards far beyond the town contribute to the long-distance conversation, even so did "Rescue the Perishing" enliven the greater part of Canaan.

It was this that made Ariel realize a thing of which hitherto she had not been able to convince herself: that she was actually once more in the town where she had spent that long-ago girlhood, now grown to seem the girlhood of some other person. It was true: her foot was on her native heath and her name was Ariel Tabor—the very name of the girl who had shared the town's disapproval with Joe Louden! "Rescue the Perishing" brought it all back to her; and she listened to these sharply familiar rites of the Canaanite Sabbath evening with a shiver of pain.

She turned from the gate to go into the house, heard Eugene's voice at the door and paused. He was saying good night to Mamie.

"And please say '*au revoir*' to Miss Tabor for me," he added, peering out

under his hand. "I don't know where she can have gone."

"Probably she came in and went to her room," said Mamie.

"Don't forget to tell her '*au revoir*.'"

"I won't, dear. Good night."

"Good night." She lifted her face and he kissed her perfunctorily. Then he came down the steps and went slowly toward the gate, looking about him into the darkness as if searching for something; but Ariel had fled away from the path of light that led from the open door.

She skimmed noiselessly across the lawn and paused at the side of the house, leaning against the veranda, where, on a night long past, a boy had hid and a girl had wept. A small creaking sound fell upon her ear, and she made out an ungainly figure approaching, wheeling something of curious shape.

"Is that you, Sam?" she said.

Mr. Warden stopped, close by. "Yes'm," he replied. "I'm a-gittin' out de hose to lay de dus' yonnah." He stretched an arm along the cross-bar of the reel, relaxing himself, apparently, for conversation. "Y'all done change consid'able, Miss Airil," he continued, with the directness of one sure of privilege.

"You think so, Sam?"

"Yes'm. Ev'ybody think so, I reckon. Be'n a tai'ble lot o' talkum 'bout you to-day. Dun'no' how all dem oth' young ladies goin' take it!" He laughed with immoderate delight, yet, as to the volume of mere sound, discreetly, with an eye to open windows. "You got 'em all beat, Miss Airil! Dey ain' be'n no one 'roun' dis town evah got in a thousum mile o' you! Fer looks, an' de way you walk an' ca'y yo'self; an' as fer de clo'es—name o' de good lan', honey, dey ain' nevah see style befo'! My ole woman say you got mo' fixin's in a minute dan de whole res' of 'em got in a yeah. She say when she helpin' you onpack she must 'a' seen mo'n a hunerd pails o' slippahs alone! An' de good Man knows I 'membuh w'en you runnin' roun' de back-yods an' up de alley rompin' 'ith Joe Loudens, same you's a boy!"

"Do you ever see Mr. Loudens, nowadays?" she asked.

His laugh was repeated with the same discreet violence. "Ha! ha! Ain' I seen him dis ve'y day, fur up de street

at de gate yonnah, talkin' to you, w'en I drivin' de Judge?"

"You—you didn't happen to see him anywhere this—this afternoon?"

"No'm, I ain' seen him." Sam's laughter vanished and his lowered voice became serious. "I ain' seen him, but I hearn about him."

"What did you hear?"

"Dey be'n consid'able stir on de aidge o' town, I reckon," he answered gravely, "an' dey be'n havin' some trouble out at de Beach—"

"Beaver Beach, do you mean?"

"Yes'm. Dey be'n some shootin' goin' on out dat way."

She sprang forward and caught at his arm without speaking.

"Joe Loudens all right," he said, reassuringly. "Ain' nuffum happen to him! Nigh as I kin mek out f'm de talk, dat Happy Fear gone on de ram-page agin, an' dey hatta sent fer Mist' Loudens to come in a hurry."

## CHAPTER XIV

### WHITE ROSES IN A LAW-OFFICE

AS upon a world canopied with storm, hung with mourning purple and habited in black, did Mr. Fliteroft turn his morning face at eight o'clock antemeridian Monday, as he hied himself to his daily duty at the Washington National Bank. Yet more than the merely funereal gloomed out from the hillocky area of his countenance. Was there not, i'faith, a glow, a Vesuvian shimmer, beneath the murk of that darkling eye? Was here one, think you, to turn the other cheek? Little has he learned of Norbert Fliteroft who conceives that this fiery spirit was easily to be quenched! Look upon the jowl of him, and let him who dares maintain that people—even the very Pikes themselves—were to grind beneath their brougham wheels a prostrate Norbert and ride on scatheless! In this his own metaphor is nearly touched: "I guess not! They don't run over *me*! Martin Pike had better look out how he tries it!"

So Mother Nature at her kindly tasks, good Norbert, uses for her unguent our own perfect inconsistency: and often when we are stabbed deep in the breast she distracts us by thin scratches in other



parts, that in the itch of these we may forget the greater hurt till it be healed. Thus, the remembrance of last night, when you undisguisedly ran from the wrath of a Pike, with a pretty girl looking on (to say nothing of the acrid Arp, who will fling the legend on a thousand winds), might well agonize you now, as, in less hasty moments and at a safe distance, you brood upon the piteous figure you cut. On the contrary, behold: you see no blood crimsoning the edges of the horrid gash in your panoply of self-esteem: you but smart and scratch the scratches, forgetting your wound in the hot itch for vengeance. It is an itch which will last (for in such matters your temper will be steadfast), and let the great Goliath in the mean time beware of you! You ran, last night. You ran—of course you ran. Why not? You ran to fight another day!

A bank clerk sometimes has opportunities.

The stricken fat one could not understand how it came about that he had blurted out the damning confession of his visit to Beaver Beach. When he tried to solve the puzzle, his mind refused the strain; it became foggy and the terrors of his position acute. Was he, like Joe Loudens, to endure the ban of Canaan, and like him stand excommunicate beyond the pale because of Martin Pike's displeasure? For Norbert saw with perfect clearness to-day what the Judge had done for Joe. Now that he stood in danger of a fate identical, this came home to him. How many others, he wondered, would do as Mamie had done and write notes such as he had received by the hand of Sam Warden, late last night?

"DEAR SIR" (This from Mamie, who, in the Canaanitish way, had been wont to address him as "Norb"!),—"My father wishes me to state that after your remark yesterday afternoon on the steps which was overheard by my mother who happened to be standing in the hall behind you and your *behavior* to himself later on—he considers it impossible to allow you to call any more or to speak to any member of his household.

Yours respectfully,

MAMIE PIKE."

Erasures and restorations bore witness to a considerable doubt in Mamie's mind concerning "Yours respectfully," but she had finally let it stand, evidently convinced that the plain signature, without preface, savored of an intimacy denied by the context.

"*'Dear sir'!*" repeated Norbert, between set teeth. "*'Impossible to allow you to call any more'!*" These and other terms of his dismissal recurred to him during the morning, and ever and anon he looked up from his desk, his lips moving balefully, to stare out at the street. Basilisk glaring this, with no Christian softness in it, not even when it fell upon his own grandfather, sitting among the sages within easy eye-shot from the big window at Norbert's elbow. However, Colonel Flitercroft was not disturbed by the gaze of his descendant, being, in fact, quite unaware of it. The aged men were having a busy morning.

The conclave was not what it had been. [*See Arp and all his works.*] There had come, as the years went by, a few recruits; but faces were missing: the two Tabors had gone, and Uncle Joe Davey could no longer lay claim to the patriarchship; he had laid it down with a half-sigh and gone his way. Eskew himself was now the oldest of the conscript fathers, the Colonel and Squire Buckalew pressing him closely, with Peter Bradbury no great time behind.

To-day they did not plant their feet upon the brass rail inside the hotel windows, but courted the genial weather outdoors, and, as their summer custom was, tilted back their chairs in the shade of the western wall of the building.

"And who could of dreamed," Mr. Bradbury was saying, with a side-glance of expectancy at Eskew, "that Jonas Tabor would ever turn out to have a niece like that!"

Mr. Arp ceased to fan himself with his wide straw hat and said grimly:

"I don't see as Jonas *has* 'turned out'—not in particular! If he's turned at all, lately, I reckon it's in his grave, and I'll bet he *has* if he had any way of hearin' how much she must of spent for clothes!"

"I believe," Squire Buckalew began, "that young folks' memories are short."

"They're lucky!" interjected Eskew.

"The shorter your memory the less meanness you know."

"I meant young folks don't remember as well as older people do," continued the Squire. "I don't see what's so remarkable in her comin' back and walkin' up-street with Joe Loudens. She used to go kitin' round with him all the time, before she left here. And yet everybody talks as if they never *heard* of sech a thing!"

"It seems to me," said Colonel Flitcroft, hesitatingly, "that she did right. I know it sounds kind of a queer thing to say, and I stirred up a good deal of opposition at home, yesterday evening, by sort of mentioning something of the kind. Nobody seemed to agree with me except Norbert, and he didn't *say* much, but—"

He was interrupted by an uncontrollable cackle which issued from the mouth of Mr. Arp. The Colonel turned upon him with a frown, inquiring the cause of his mirth.

"It put me in mind," Mr. Arp began promptly, "of something that happened last night."

"What was it?"

Eskew's mouth was open to tell, but he remembered, just in time, that the grandfather of Norbert was not the audience properly to be selected for this recital, choked a half-born word, coughed loudly, realizing that he must withhold the story of the felling of Martin Pike until the Colonel had taken his departure, and replied:

"Nothin' to speak of. Go on with your argument."

"I've finished," said the Colonel. "I only wanted to say that it seems to me a good action for a young lady like that to come back here and stick to her old friend and playmate."

"*Stick* to him!" echoed Mr. Arp. "She walked up Main Street with him yesterday. Do you call that stickin' to him? She's been away a good while; she's forgotten what Canaan is. You wait till she sees for herself jest what his standing in this com—"

"I agree with Eskew for once," interrupted Peter Bradbury. "I agree because—"

"Then you better wait," cried Eskew, allowing him to proceed no farther, "till you hear what you're agreein' to! I say:

you take a young lady like that, pretty and rich and all cultured up, and it stands to reason that she won't—"

"No, it don't," exclaimed Buckalew, impatiently. "Nothing of the sort! I tell you—"

Eskew rose to his feet and pounded the pavement with his stick. "It stands to reason that she won't stick to a man no other decent woman will speak to, a feller that's been the mark for every stone thrown in the town, ever since he was a boy, an outcast with a reputation as black as a preacher's shoes on Sunday! I don't care if he's her oldest friend on *earth*, she won't stick to him! She walked with him yesterday, but you can mark my words: his goose is cooked!" The old man's voice rose, shrill and high. "It ain't in human nature fer her to do it! You hear what I say: you'll never see her with Joe Loudens again in this livin' world, and she as good as told me so, herself, last night. You can take your oath she's quit him already! Don't—"

Eskew paused abruptly, his eyes widening behind his spectacles; his jaw fell; his stick, raised to hammer the pavement, remained suspended in the air. A sudden color rushed to his cheek, and he dropped speechless in his chair. The others, after staring at him in momentary alarm, followed the direction of his gaze.

Just across Main Street, and in plain view, was the entrance to the stairway which led to Joe's office. Ariel Tabor, all in cool gray, carrying a big bunch of white roses in her white-gloved hands, had just crossed the sidewalk from a carriage and was ascending the dark stairway. A moment later she came down again, empty-handed, got into the carriage, and drove away.

"She missed him," said Squire Buckalew. "I saw him go out half an hour ago. *But*," he added, and, exercising a self-restraint close upon the saintly, did not even glance toward the heap which was Mr. Arp, "I notice she left her flowers!"

Ariel was not the only one who climbed the dingy stairs that day and read the pencilled script upon Joe's door: "Will not return until evening. J. Loudens." Many others came, all exceedingly unlike

the first visitor: some were quick and watchful, dodging into the narrow entrance furtively; some were frightened and smiled contemptuously as long as they were in view of the street, drooping wanly as they reached the stairs; some were brazen and amused; and some were thin and troubled. Not all of them read the message, for not all could read, but all looked curiously through the half-opened door at the many roses which lifted their heads delicately from a water-pitcher on Joe's desk to scent that dusty place with their cool breath.

Most of these clients, after a grunt of disappointment, turned and went away; though there were a few, either unable to read the message or so pressed by anxiety that they disregarded it, who entered the room and sat down to wait for the absentee. [There were plenty of chairs in the office now, bookcases also, and a big steel safe.] But when evening came and the final gray of twilight had vanished from the window-panes, all had gone except one, a woman who sat patiently, her eyes upon the floor, and her hands folded in her lap, until the footsteps of the last of the others to depart had ceased to sound upon the pavement below. Then, with a wordless exclamation, she sprang to her feet, pulled the window-shade carefully down to the sill, and, when she had done that, struck a match on the heel of her shoe—a soiled white canvas shoe, not a small one—and applied the flame to a gas jet. The yellow light flared up; and she began to pace the room haggardly.

The court-house bell rang nine, and as the tremors following the last stroke pulsed themselves into silence, she heard a footfall on the stairs and immediately relapsed into a chair, folding her hands again in her lap, her expression composing itself to passivity, for the step was very much lighter than Joe's.

A lady beautifully dressed in white dimity appeared in the doorway. She hesitated at the threshold, not, apparently, because of any timidity (her expression being too thoughtfully assured for that), but almost immediately she came in and seated herself near the desk, acknowledging the other's presence by a slight inclination of the head.

This grave courtesy caused a strong,

deep flush to spread itself under the rouge which unevenly covered the woman's cheeks, as she bowed elaborately in return. Then, furtively, during a protracted silence, she took stock of the newcomer, from the tip of her white suède shoes to the filmy lace and pink roses upon her wide white hat. The sidelong gaze lingered marvellingly upon the quiet, delicate hands, slender and finely expressive, in their white gloves.

Her own hands, unlike the lady's, began to fidget confusedly, and, the silence continuing, she coughed several times, to effect the preface required by her sense of fitness, and said with a polite titter:

"Mr. Louden seems to be a good while comin', don't he?"

"Have you been waiting very long?" asked the lady.

"Ever since six o'clock!"

"Yes," said the other. "That is very long."

"Yes, ma'am, it cert'nly is." The ice thus broken, she felt free to use her eyes more directly, and, after a long, frank stare, exclaimed:

"Why, you must be Miss Ariel Tabor, ain't you?"

"Yes." Ariel touched one of the roses upon Joe's desk with her finger-tips. "I am Miss Tabor."

"Well, excuse me fer asking; I'm sure it ain't any business of mine," said the other, remembering the manners due one lady from another. "But I thought it must be. I expect," she added, with loud, inconsequent laughter, "there's not many in Canaan ain't heard you've come back." She paused, laughed again, nervously, and again, less loudly, to take off the edge of her abruptness: gradually titting herself down to a pause, to fill which she put forth: "Right nice weather we be'n havin'."

"Yes," said Ariel.

"It was rainy, first of last week, though. I don't mind rain so much"—this with more laughter,—"I stay in the house when it rains. Some people don't know enough to, they say! You've heard that saying, ain't you, Miss Tabor?"

"Yes."

"Well, I tell *you*," she exclaimed, noisily, "there's plenty ladies and gentlemen in this town that's like that!"

Her laughter did not cease; it became

louder and shriller. It had been, until now, a mere lubrication of the conversation, helping to make her easier in Miss Tabor's presence, but as it increased in shrillness, she seemed to be losing control of herself, as if her laughter were getting away with her; she was not far from hysteria, when it stopped with a gasp, and she sat up straight in her chair, white and rigid.

"*There!*" she said, listening intently. "Ain't that him?" Steps sounded upon the pavement below; paused for a second at the foot of the stairs; there was the snap of a match; then the steps sounded again, retreating. She sank back in her chair limply. "It was only some one stoppin' to light his cigar in the entry. It wasn't Joe Loudens's step, anyway."

"You know his step?" Ariel's eyes were bent upon the woman wonderingly.

"I'd know it to-night," was the answer, delivered with a sharp and painful giggle. "I got plenty reason to!"

Ariel did not respond. She leaned a little closer to the roses upon the desk, letting them touch her face and breathing deeply of their fragrance to neutralize a perfume which pervaded the room; an odor as heavy and cheap-sweet as the face of the woman who had saturated her handkerchief with it; a scent which went with her perfectly and made her unhappily definite; suited to her clumsily dyed hair, to her soiled white shoes, to the hot red hat smothered in plumage, to the restless stub-fingered hands, to the fat, plated rings, of which she wore a great quantity, though, surprisingly enough, the large diamonds in her ears were pure and of a very clear water.

It was she who broke the silence once more. "Well," she drawled, coughing genteelly at the same time, "better late than never, as the saying is. I wonder who it is gits up all them comical sayings." Apparently she had no genuine desire for light upon this mystery, as she continued immediately: "I have a gen'leman friend that's always gittin' 'em off. 'Well,' he says, 'the best of friends must part,' and, 'Thou strikest me to the heart'—all kinds of cracks like that. He's real comical. And yet," she went on in an altered voice, "I don't like him much. I'd be glad if I'd never seen him."

The change of tone was so marked that

Ariel looked at her keenly, to find herself surprised into pitying this strange client of Joe's; for tears had sprung to the woman's eyes and slid along her lids, where she tried vainly to restrain them. Her face had altered too, like her voice, haggard lines suddenly appearing about the eyes and mouth as if they had just been pencilled there: the truth issuing from beneath her pinckbeck simulations, like a tragic mask revealed by the displacement of a tawdry covering.

"I expect you think I'm real foolish," she said, "but I be'n waitin' so awful long—and I got a good deal of worry on my mind till I see Mr. Loudens."

"I am sorry." Ariel turned from the roses and faced her and the heavy perfume. "I hope he will come soon."

"I hope so," said the other. "It's something to do with me that keeps him away, and the longer he is the more it scares me." She shivered and set her teeth together, and Ariel saw the tensivity of the strain she was under. "It's kind of hard, waitin'. I cert'nly got my share of troubles."

"Don't you think," said Ariel, pleasantly, "that Mr. Loudens will be able to take care of them for you?"

"Oh, I *hope* so, Miss Tabor! If he can't, nobody can." She was crying openly now, wiping her eyes with her musk-soaked handkerchief. "We had to send for him yesterday afternoon—"

"To come to Beaver Beach, do you mean?" asked Ariel, leaning forward.

"Yes, ma'am. It all begun out there, —leastways it begun before that with me. It was all my fault. I deserve all that's comin' to me, I guess. I done wrong—I done wrong! I'd oughtn't never to of went out there yesterday."

She checked herself sharply, but, after a moment's pause, went on, encouraged by the grave kindness of the delicate face in the shadow of the wide white hat. "I'd oughtn't to of went," she repeated. "Oh, I reckon I'll never, never learn enough to keep out o' trouble, even when I see it comin'! But that gen'leman friend of mine—Mr. Cory's his name—he kind of coaxed me into it, and he's right comical when he's with ladies, and he's good company—and he says, 'Claudine, we'll dance the light fantastic,' he says, and I kind of wanted something cheerful—I'd be'n

workin' steady quite a spell, and it looked like he wanted to show me a good time, so I went, and that's what started it." Now that she had begun, she babbled on with her story, at times incoherently; full of excuses, made to herself more than to Ariel, pitifully endeavoring to convince herself that the responsibility for the muddle she had made was not hers. "Mr. Cory told me my husband was drinkin' and wouldn't know about it, and, 'Besides,' he says, 'what's the odds?' Of course I knowed there was trouble between him and Mr. Fear—that's my husband—a good while ago, when Mr. Fear up and laid him out. That was before me and Mr. Fear got married; I hadn't even be'n to Canaan then; I was on the stage. I was on the stage quite a while in Chicago before I got acquainted with my husband."

"You were on the stage?" Ariel exclaimed, involuntarily.

"Yes, ma'am. Livin' pitchers at Goldberg's Rat'skeller, and amunchoor nights I nearly always done a sketch with a gen'leman friend. That's the way I met Mr. Fear; he seemed to be real struck with me right away, and soon as I got through my turn he ast me to order whatever I wanted. He's always gen'leman-like when he ain't had too much, and even then he vurry, vurry seldom acks rough unless he's jealous. That was the trouble yesterday. I never would of gone to the Beach if I'd dreamed what was comin'! When we got there I saw Mike—that's the gen'leman that runs the Beach—lookin' at my company and me kind of anxious, and pretty soon he got me away from Mr. Cory and told me what's what. Seems this Cory only wanted me to go with him to make my husband mad, and he'd took good care that Mr. Fear heard I'd be there with him! And he'd be'n hangin' around me, every time he struck town, jest to make Mr. Fear mad—the fresh thing! You see he wanted to make my husband start something again, this Mr. Cory did, and he was fixed for it."

"I don't understand," said Ariel.

"It's this way: if Mr. Fear attacked Mr. Cory, why, Mr. Cory could shoot him down and claim self-defence. You see, it would be easy for Mr. Cory, because Mr. Fear nearly killed him when

they had their first trouble, and that would give Mr. Cory a good excuse to shoot if Mr. Fear jest only pushed him. That's the way it is with the law. Mr. Cory could wipe out their old score and git off scot-free."

"Surely not!"

"Yes, ma'am, that's the way it would be. And when Mike told me that Mr. Cory had got me out there jest to provoke my husband I went straight up to him and begun to give him a piece of my mind. I didn't talk loud, because I never was one to make a disturbance and start trouble the way *some* do; and right while I was talkin' we both see my husband pass the window. Mr. Cory give a kind of yelling laugh and put his arm round me jest as Mr. Fear come in the door. And then it all happened so quick that you could hardly tell what *was* goin' on. Mr. Fear, we found afterwards, had promised Mr. Louden that he wouldn't come out there, but he took too much—you could see that by the look of him—and fergot his promise; fergot everything but me and Cory, I guess.

"He come right up to us, where I was tryin' to git away from Cory's arm—it was the left one he had around me, and the other behind his back—and neither of 'em said a word. Cory kept on laughin' loud as he could, and Mr. Fear struck him in the mouth. He's little, but he can hit awful hard, and Mr. Cory let out a screech, and I see his gun go off—right in Mr. Fear's face, I thought, but it wasn't; it only scorched him. Most of the other gen'lemen had run, but Mike made a dive and managed to knock the gun to one side, jest barely in time. Then Mike and three or four others that come out from behind things separated them—both of them fightin' to git at each other. They locked Mr. Cory up in Mike's room and took Mr. Fear over to where they hitch the horses. Then Mike sent for Mr. Louden to come out to talk to my husband and take care of him—he's the only one can do anything with him when he's like that—but before Mr. Louden could git there, Mr. Fear broke loose and run through a corn-field and got away; at least they couldn't find him. And Mr. Cory jumped through a window and slid down into one of Mike's boats, so they were both gone. When



Mr. Louden come, he only stayed long enough to hear what had happened and started out to find Happy—that's my husband. He's bound to keep them apart, but he hasn't found Mr. Fear yet or he'd be here."

Ariel had sunk back in her chair. "Why should your husband hide?" she asked, in a low voice.

"Waitin' fer his chance at Cory," the woman answered, huskily. "I expect he's afraid the cops are after him, too, on account of the trouble, and he doesn't want to git locked up till he's met Cory again. They ain't after him, but he may not know it. They haven't heard of the trouble, I reckon, or they'd of run Cory in. He's around town to-day, drinkin' heavy, and I guess he's lookin' fer Mr. Fear about as hard as Mr. Louden is." She rose to her feet, lifted her coarse hands, and dropped them despairingly. "Oh, I'm scared!" she said. "Mr. Fear's be'n mighty good to me."

A slow and tired footstep was heard upon the stairs, and Joe's dog ran into the room droopingly, wagged his tail with no energy, and crept under the desk. Mrs. Fear wheeled toward the door and stood, rigid, her hands clenched tight, her whole body still, except her breast, which rose and fell with her tumultuous breathing. She could not wait till the laggard step reached the landing.

"Mr. Louden!" she called, suddenly.

Joe's voice came from the stairway. "It's all right, Claudine. It's all fixed up. Don't worry."

Mrs. Fear gave a thick cry of relief and sank back in her chair as Joe entered the room. He came in shamblingly, with his hand over his eyes as if they were very tired and the light hurt them, so that, for a moment or two, he did not perceive the second visitor. Then he let his hand fall, revealing a face very white and worn.

"It's all right, Claudine," he repeated. "It's all right."

He was moving to lay his hat on the desk when his eye caught first the roses, then fell upon Ariel, and he stopped stock-still with one arm outstretched, remaining for perhaps ten seconds in that attitude, while she, her lips parted, her eyes lustrous, returned his gaze with a look that was as inscrutable as it was kind.

"Yes," she said, as if in answer to a

question, "I have come here twice to-day." She nodded slightly toward Mrs. Fear. "I can wait. I am very glad you bring good news."

Joe turned dazedly toward the other. "Claudine," he said, "you've been telling Miss Tabor."

"I cert'nly have!" Mrs. Fear's expression had cleared and her tone was cheerful. "I don't see no harm in that! I'm sure she's a good friend of *yours*, Mr. Louden."

Joe glanced at Ariel with a faint, troubled smile, and turned again to Mrs. Fear. "I've had a long talk with Happy."

"I'm awful glad. Is he ready to listen to reason?" she asked, with a little titter.

"He's waiting for you."

"Where?" She rose quickly.

"Stop," said Joe, sharply. "You must be very careful with him—"

"Don't you s'pose I'm goin' to be?" she interrupted, with a catch in her voice. "Don't you s'pose I've had trouble enough?"

"No," said Joe, deliberately and impersonally, "I don't. Unless you keep remembering to be careful all the time, you'll follow the first impulse you have, as you did yesterday, and your excuse will be that you never thought any harm would come of it. He's in a queer mood; but he will forgive you if you ask him—"

"Well, ain't that what I *want* to do!" she exclaimed.

"I know, I know," he said, dropping into the desk-chair and passing his hand over his eyes with a gesture of infinite weariness. "But you must be very careful. I hunted for him most of the night and all day. He was trying to keep out of my way because he didn't want me to find him until he had met this fellow 'Nashville.' Happy is a hard man to come at when he doesn't care to be found, and he kept shifting from place to place until I ran him down. Then I got him in a corner and told him that you hadn't meant any harm—which is always true of you, poor woman!—and I didn't leave him till he had promised me to forgive you if you would come and ask him. And you must keep him out of Cory's way until I can arrange to have him—Cory. I mean—sent out of town. Will you?"

"Why, cert'nly," she answered, smiling. "That Nashville's the vurry last

person I ever want to see again—the fresh thing!” Mrs. Fear’s burden had fallen; her relief was perfect and she beamed rapidly; but Joe marked her renewed irresponsibility with an anxious eye.

“You mustn’t make any mistakes,” he said, rising stiffly with fatigue.

“Not *me!* I don’t take no more chances,” she responded, tittering happily. “Not after yesterday! *My!* but it’s a load off my shoulders! I do hate it to have gen’lemen quarrelling over me, especially Mr. Fear. I never *did* like to *start* anything; I like to see people laugh and be friendly, and I’m mighty glad it’s all blown over. I kind of thought it would, all along. *Psho!*” She burst into genuine, noisy laughter. “I don’t expect either of ’em meant no real harm to each other, after they got cooled off a little! If they’d met to-day, they’d probably of both run! Now, Mr. Louden, where’s Happy?”

Joe went to the door with her. He waited a moment, perplexed, then his brow cleared and he said in a low voice: “You know the alley beyond Vent Miller’s pool-room. Go down the alley till you come to the second gate. Go in and you’ll see a basement door opening into a little room under Miller’s bar. The door won’t be locked, and Happy’s in there waiting for you. But remember—”

“Oh, don’t you worry,” she cut him off, loudly. “I know *him!* Inside of an hour I’ll have him *laughin’* over all this. You’ll see!”

When she had gone, he stood upon the landing looking thoughtfully after her. “Perhaps, after all, that is the best mood to let her meet him in,” he murmured.

Then, with a deep breath, he turned. The heavy perfume had gone; the air was clear and sweet. Ariel was pressing her face into the roses again. And, as he saw how like them she was, he was shaken with a profound and mysterious sigh, like that which moves in the breast of one who listens in the dark to his dearest music.

## CHAPTER XV

### HAPPY FEAR GIVES HIMSELF UP

“I KNOW how tired you are,” said Ariel, as he came back into the room. “I shall not keep you long.”

“Ah, please do!” he returned, quickly,

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beginning to fumble with the shade of a student-lamp at one end of the desk.

“Let me do that,” she said. “Sit down.” He obeyed at once, and watched her as she lit the lamp and, stretching upon tiptoe, turned out the gas. “No,” she continued, seated again and looking across the desk at him, “I wanted to see you at the first possible opportunity, but what I have to say—”

“Wait,” he interrupted. “Let me tell you why I did not come yesterday.”

“You need not tell me: I know.” She glanced at the chair which had been occupied by Mrs. Fear. “I knew last night that they had sent for you.”

“You did!” he exclaimed, cocking an eyebrow in momentary astonishment. “Ah, I understand. Sam Warden must have told you.”

“Yes,” she said. “It was he; and I have been wondering ever since how he heard of it. He knew last night, but there was nothing in the papers this morning; and until I came here I heard no one else speak of it; yet Canaan is not large.”

Joe laughed. “It wouldn’t seem strange if you lived with the Canaan that I do. Sam had been down-town during the afternoon and had met friends; the colored people are a good deal like a freemasonry, you know. A great many knew last night all about what had happened, and had their theories about what might happen to-day in case the two men met. Still, you see, those who knew also knew just what not to tell. The *Tocsin* is the only newspaper worth the name here; but even if the *Tocsin* had known of the trouble, it wouldn’t have been likely to mention it. That’s a thing I don’t understand.” Joe frowned and rubbed the back of his head. “There’s something underneath it. For more than a year the *Tocsin* hasn’t spoken of Beaver Beach. I’d like to know why.”

“Joe,” she said, slowly, “tell me something truly. A man said to me yesterday that he found life here insufferable. Do you find it so?”

“Why, no!” he answered, surprised.

“Do you hate Canaan?”

“Certainly not.”

“You don’t find it dull, provincial, unsympathetic?”

He laughed cheerily. “Well, there’s

this," he explained: "I have an advantage over your friend. I see a more interesting side of things probably. The people I live among are pretty thorough cosmopolites in a way, and the life I lead—"

"I think I begin to understand a little about the life you lead," she interrupted. "Then you don't complain of Canaan?"

"Of course not."

She threw him a quick, bright, happy look, then glanced again at the chair in which Mrs. Fear had sat. "Joe," she said, "last night I heard the people singing in the houses, the old Sunday-evening way. It 'took me back so'!"

"Yes, it would. And something else: there's one hymn they sing more than any other; it's Canaan's favorite. Do you know what it is?"

"Is it 'Rescue the Perishing'?"

"That's it. 'Rescue the Perishing'!" he cried, and repeating the words again, gave forth a peal of laughter so hearty that it brought tears to his eyes. "'Rescue the Perishing'! Oh, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!"

At first she did not understand his laughter, but, after a moment, suddenly she did, and joined her own to it, though with a certain tremulousness.

"It is funny, isn't it?" said Joe, wiping the moisture from his eyes. Then all trace of mirth left him suddenly. "Is it really *you*, sitting here and laughing with me, Ariel?"

"It seems to be," she answered, in a low voice. "I'm not at all sure."

"You didn't think, yesterday afternoon," he began, almost in a whisper,— "you didn't think that I had failed to come because I—" He grew very red, and shifted the sentence awkwardly. "I was afraid you might think that I was—that I didn't come because I might have been the same way again that I was when—when I met you at the station?"

"Oh no!" she answered, very gently. "No. I knew better."

"And do you know," he faltered, "that that is all over? That it can never happen again?"

"Yes, I know it," she returned, quickly.

"Then you know a little of what I owe you."

"No, no," she protested.

"Yes," he said, tremulously. "You've

made that change in me already. It wasn't hard—it won't be—though it might have been if—if you hadn't come soon."

"Tell me something," she said. "If these people had not sent for you yesterday, would you have come to Judge Pike's house to see me? You said you would try." She laughed a little, and looked away from him. "I want to know if you would have come."

There was a silence, and in spite of her averted glance she knew that he was looking at her steadily. Finally, "Don't you know?" he said.

She shook her head and blushed faintly.

"Don't you know?" he repeated.

She looked up and met his eyes, and thereupon both became very grave. "Yes, I do," she answered. "You would have come. When you left me at the gate and went away, you were afraid. But you would have come."

"Yes, I should have come. You are right, I was afraid at first; but I knew," he went on, rapidly, "that you would have come to the gate to meet me."

"You understood that?" she cried, her eyes sparkling and her face flushing happily.

"Yes. I knew that you wouldn't have asked me to come," he said, with a catch in his voice which was half chuckle, half groan, "if you hadn't meant to take care of me! And it came to me that you would know how to do it."

She leaned back in her chair and again they laughed together, but only for a moment, becoming serious and very quiet almost instantly.

"I haven't thanked you for the roses," he said.

"Oh yes, you did," she responded. "When you first looked at them."

"So I did," he whispered. "I'm glad you saw. To find them here took my breath away—and to find you with them—"

"I brought them this morning, you know."

"Would you have come if you had not understood why I failed yesterday?"

"Oh yes, I think so," she returned, the fine edge of a smile upon her lips. "For a time last evening, before I heard what had happened, I thought you were too frightened a friend to bother about."

He made a little ejaculation, partly joyful, partly sad.

"And yet," she went on, "I think that I should have come this morning, after all, even if you had had a poorer excuse for your absence, because, you see, I came on business."

"You did!"

"That's why I've come again. That makes it respectable for me to be here now, doesn't it?—for me to have come out alone after dark without their knowing it? I'm here as your client."

"Why?" he asked.

She did not answer at once, but picked up a pen from beneath her hand on the desk, and turning it, meditatively felt its point with her forefinger before she said slowly, "Joe, are most men careful of other people's—well, of other people's money?"

"You mean Martin Pike?" he asked.

"Yes. I want you to take charge of everything I have for me."

He bent a frowning regard upon the lamp-shade. "You ought to look after your own property," he said. "You surely have plenty of time."

"You mean—you mean you won't help me?" she returned, with intentional pathos.

"Ariel!" he laughed shortly in answer; then asked, "What makes you think Judge Pike isn't trustworthy?"

"Nothing very definite perhaps, unless it was his look when I told him that I meant to ask you to take care of things for me."

"He's been rather hard pressed this year, I think," said Joe. "You might be right—if he could have found a way. I hope he hasn't."

"I'm afraid," she began, gayly, "that I know very little of my own affairs. He sent me a draft every three months, with receipts and other things to sign and return to him. I haven't the faintest notion of what I own—except the old house and some money from the income that I hadn't used and brought with me. Judge Pike has all the papers—everything."

Joe looked troubled. "And Roger Tabor, did he—"

"The dear man!" She shook her head. "He was just the same. To him poor Uncle Jonas's money seemed to

come from heaven through the hands of Judge Pike—"

"And there's a handsome roundabout way!" said Joe.

"Wasn't it!" she agreed, cheerfully. "And he trusted the Judge absolutely. I don't, you see."

He gave her a thoughtful look and nodded. "No, he isn't a good man," he said, "not even according to his lights; but I doubt if he could have managed to get away with anything of consequence since he's been administrator. He wouldn't have tried it, probably, unless he was more desperately pushed than I think he has been. It would have been too dangerous. Suppose you wait a week or so and think it over."

"But there's something I want you to do for me immediately, Joe."

"Yes?"

"I want to have the old house put in order as quickly as it can be done. I'm going to live there."

"Alone?"

"An old English lady is coming over to join me; but if it can be made liveable at once I will move in before she comes. I'm almost twenty-seven, and that's being enough of an old maid for me to risk Canaan's thinking me eccentric, isn't it?"

"It will think anything you do is all right."

"And once," she cried, "it thought everything I did all wrong!"

"Yes. That's the difference."

"You mean it will commend me because I'm thought rich?"

"No, no," he said, meditatively, "it isn't that. It's because everybody will be in love with you."

"Quite everybody!" she asked.

"Certainly," he replied. "Anybody who didn't would be absurd."

"Ah, Joe!" she laughed. "You always *were* the nicest boy in the world, my dear!"

At that he turned toward her with a sudden movement and his lips parted, but not to speak. She had rested one arm upon the desk, and her cheek upon her hand; the pen she had picked up, still absently held in her fingers, touching her lips; and it was given to him to know that he would always keep that pen, though he would never write with it again. The soft lamplight fell across

the lower part of her face, leaving her eyes, which were lowered thoughtfully, in the shadow of her hat. The room was blotted out in darkness behind her. Like the background of an antique portrait, the office, with its dusty corners and shelves and hideous safe, had vanished, leaving the charming and thoughtful face revealed against an even, spacious brownness. Only Ariel and the roses and the lamp were clear; and a strange, small pain moved from Joe's heart to his throat as he thought that this ugly office, always before so harsh and grim and lonely—loneliest for him when it had been most crowded,—was now transfigured into something very, very different from an office; that this place where he sat, with a lamp and flowers on a desk between him and a woman who called him "my dear," must be like—like something that people called "home."

And then he leaned across the desk toward her as he said again what he had said a little while before, his voice shaking as he spoke:

"Ariel, it is you?"

She looked at him and smiled.

"You'll be here always, won't you?" he whispered. "You're not going away from Canaan again?"

For a moment it seemed that she had not heard him. Then her bright glance at him wavered and fell. She rose, turning slightly away from him, but not so far that he could not see the sudden agitation in her face.

"Ah!" he cried, rising too, "I don't want you to think I don't understand, or that I meant I should ever ask you to stay here! I couldn't mean that; you know I couldn't, don't you? You know I understand that it's all just your beautiful friendliness, don't you?"

"It isn't beautiful; it's just *me*, Joe," she said. "It couldn't be any other way."

"It's enough that you should be here now," he went on, bravely, his voice steady, though his hand shook. "Nothing so wonderful as your staying could ever actually happen. It's just a light coming into a dark room and out again. One day, long ago—I never forgot it—some rose-leaves blew by me as I passed a garden; and it's like that, too. But, oh, my dear, when you go you'll leave a fragrance in my heart that will last!"

She turned toward him, her face suffused with a rosy light. "You'd rather have died than have said that to me once," she cried. "I'm glad you're weak enough now to confess it!"

He sank down again into his chair and his arms fell heavily on the desk. "Confess it!" he cried, despairingly. "And you don't deny that you're going away again—so it's true! I wish I hadn't realized it so soon. I think I'd rather have tried to fool myself about it a little longer!"

"Joe," she cried, in a voice of great pain, "you mustn't feel like that! How do you know I'm going away again? Why should I want the old house put in order unless I mean to stay? And if I went, you know that I could never change; you know how I've always cared for you—"

"Yes," he said, brokenly, "I do know how. It was always the same and it always will be, won't it?"

"I've shown that," she returned, quickly.

"Yes. You say I know how you've cared for me—and I do. I know *how*. It's just in one certain way—Jonathan and David—"

"Isn't that a pretty good way, Joe?"

"Never fear that I don't understand!" He got to his feet again and looked at her steadily.

"Thank you, Joe." She wiped sudden tears from her eyes.

"Don't you be sorry for me," he said, sharply. "Do you think that 'passing the love of women' isn't enough for me?"

"No," she answered, humbly.

"I'll have people at work on the old house to-morrow," he began, briskly. "And for the—"

"I've kept you so long!" she interrupted, helped to a meek sort of gayety by his matter-of-fact tone. "Good night, Joe." She gave him her hand. "I don't want you to come with me. It isn't very late and this is Canaan."

"I want to come with you, however," he said, picking up his hat. "You can't go alone."

"But you are so tired, you—"

She was interrupted. There were muffled, flying footsteps on the stairs, and a shabby little man ran furtively into the room, shut the door behind him, and





JOE WAS ACROSS THE ROOM LIKE A FLYING SHADOW



leaned his back against it. His face was mottled like a colored map, thick lines of perspiration shining across the splotches.

"Joe," he panted, "I've got Nashville good, and he's got me good, too. I got to clear out. He's fixed me good, damn him! but he won't trouble nobody—"

Joe was across the room like a flying shadow.

"Quiet!" His voice rang like a pistol-shot, and on the instant his hand fell sharply across the speaker's mouth. "In there, Happy!"

He threw an arm across the little man's shoulders and swung him toward the door of the other room.

Happy Fear looked up from beneath the down-bent brim of his black slouch hat at his friend's face, followed his imperious gesture to Ariel, gave her a brief, ghastly stare, and stumbled into the inner chamber.

"Wait!" Joe said, cavalierly, to Ariel. He went in quickly after Mr. Fear and closed the door.

This was Joseph Loudon, Attorney-at-Law, and to Ariel it was like a new face seen in a flash-light—not at all the face of Joe. The sense of his strangeness, his unfamiliarity in this electrical aspect, overcame her. She was possessed by astonishment: Did she know him so well, after all? The strange client had burst in, shaken beyond belief with some passion unknown to her, but Joe, alert, and masterful beyond denial, had controlled him instantly; had swept him into the other room as with a broom. Could it be that Joe sometimes did other things in the same sweeping fashion?

She heard a match struck in the next room, and then the voices of the two men: first Joe's, then the other's, the latter at first broken and protestive, but soon rising shrilly. She could hear only fragments. Once she heard the client cry, almost scream: "By God! Joe, I thought Claudine had chased him around there to do me!" And instantly followed Loudon's voice:

"Steady, Happy, steady!"

The name "Claudine" startled her; although she had had no comprehension of the incoherent argot of Happy Fear, the sense of a mysterious catastrophe oppressed her; she became sure that some-

thing horrible had happened. She went to the window; touched the shade, which disappeared upward startlingly, and lifted the sash. The front of a square building in the Court-house Square was bright with lights; and figures were passing in and out of the Main Street doors. She remembered that this was the jail.

"Claudine!" The voice of the husband of Claudine was like the voice of one lamenting over Jerusalem.

"Steady, Happy, steady!"

"But, Joe, if I give myself up, what'll she do? She can't hold her job no longer—not after this. . . ."

The door opened and the two men came out, Joe with his hand on the other's shoulder. The splotches had gone from Happy's face, leaving it an even, deathly white. He did not glance toward Ariel; he gazed far beyond all that was about him; and suddenly she was aware of a great tragedy. The little man's chin trembled and he swallowed painfully; nevertheless he bore himself upright and dauntlessly as the two walked slowly to the door, like men taking part in some fateful ceremony. Joe stopped upon the landing at the head of the stairs, but Happy Fear went on, clumping heavily down the steps.

"It's all right, Happy," said Joe. "It's better for you to go alone. Don't you worry. I'll see you through. It will be all right."

"Just as you say, Joe," a breaking voice came back from the foot of the steps,—*"just as you say."*

The lawyer turned from the landing and went rapidly to the window beside Ariel. Together they watched the shabby little figure cross the street below; and she felt an infinite pathos gathering about it as it paused for a moment, hesitating underneath the arc-lamp at the corner. They saw the white face lifted, as Happy Fear gave one last look about him; then he set his shoulders sturdily and steadfastly entered the door of the jail.

Joe took a deep breath. "Now we'll go," he said. "I must be quick."

"What was it?" she asked, tremulously, as they reached the street. "Can you tell me?"

"Nothing—just an old story."

He had not offered her his arm, but had walked on hurriedly a pace ahead of her, though she came as rapidly as she could. She put her hand rather timidly on his sleeve, and without need of more words from her he understood her insistence.

"That was the husband of the woman who told you her story," he said. "Perhaps it would shock you less if I tell you now than if you heard it to-morrow, as you will. He's just shot the other man."

"Killed him!" she gasped.

"Yes," he answered. "He wanted to run away, but I wouldn't let him. He has my word that I'll clear him, and I made him give himself up."

## CHAPTER XVI

### THE TWO CANAANS

WHEN Joe had left Ariel at Judge Pike's gate she lingered there, her elbows upon the uppermost cross-bar, like a village girl at twilight, watching his thin figure vanish into the heavy shadow of the maples, then emerge momentarily, ghost-gray and rapid, at the lighted crossing down the street, to disappear again under the trees beyond, followed a second later by a brownish streak as the mongrel heeled after him. When they had passed the second corner she could no longer be certain of them, although the street was straight with flat, draughtsmanlike Western directness: both figures and Joe's quick footsteps merging with the night. Still she did not turn to go; did not alter her position nor cease to gaze down the dim street. Few lights shone; almost all the windows of the houses were darkened, and, save for the summer murmurs, the faint creak of upper branches, and the infinitesimal voices of insects in the grass, there was silence: the pleasant and somnolent hush, swathed in which that part of Canaan crosses to the far side of the eleventh hour.

But Ariel, not soothed by this balm, sought beyond it, to see that unquiet Canaan whither her old friend bent his steps and found his labor and his dwelling: that other Canaan where peace did not fall comfortably with the fall of night; a place as alien in habit, in thought, and almost in speech as if it had been upon another continent. And

yet—so strange is the duality of towns—it lay but a few blocks distant.

Here, about Ariel, as she stood at the gate of the Pike Mansion, the houses of the good (secure of salvation and daily bread) were closed and quiet, as safely shut and sound asleep as the churches; but deeper in the town there was enough light and life and merry, evil industry, screened, but strong to last until morning; there were haunts of haggard merriment in plenty: surreptitious chambers where roulette-wheels swam beneath dizzied eyes; ill-favored bars, reached by devious ways, where quavering voices offered song and were harshly checked; and through the burdened air of that Canaan wandered heavy smells of musk like that of Happy Fear's wife, who must now be so pale beneath her rouge. And above all this, and for all this, and because of all this, was that one resort to which Joe now quickly made his way; that haven whose lights burn all night long, whose doors are never closed, but are open from dawn until dawn—the jail.

There, in that desolate refuge, was Happy Fear, surrendered sturdily by himself at Joe's word. The picture of the little man was clear and fresh in Ariel's eyes, and though she had seen him when he was newly come from a thing so terrible that she could not realize it as a fact, she felt only an overwhelming pity for him. She was not even horror-stricken, though she had shuddered. The pathos of the shabby little figure crossing the street toward the lighted doors had touched her. Something about him had appealed to her, for he had not seemed wicked; his face was not cruel, not even unkindly, though it was desperate; perhaps it was partly his very desperation which had moved her. She had understood Joe when he had told her on their quick walk that this man was his friend; and she had comprehended his great fear when he had said: "I've got to clear him! I promised him."

Over and over Joe had reiterated: "I've got to save him! I've got to!" She had only answered gently, "Yes, Joe," hurrying to keep up with him. "He's a good man," he said. "I've known few better, given his chances. And none of this would have happened

except for his old-time friendship for me. It was his loyalty—oh, the rarest and absurdest loyalty!—that made the first trouble between him and the man he shot. I've got to clear him!"

"Will it be hard?"

"They may make it so. I can only see part of it surely. When his wife left the office she met Cory on the street. You saw what a pitiful kind of fool she was, irresponsible and helpless and feather-brained. There are thousands of women like that everywhere—some of them are 'Court Beauties,' I dare say—and they always mix things up; but they are most dangerous when they're like Claudine, because then they live among men of action like 'Nashville' Cory and Fear. Cory was artful: he spent the day about town telling people that he had always liked Happy; that his ill feeling of yesterday was all gone, and he wanted to find him and shake his hand, bury past troubles and be friends. I think he told Claudine the same thing when they met, and convinced the tiny brainlet of his sincerity. Cory was a man who 'had a way with him,' and I can see Claudine flattered at the idea of being peacemaker between 'two such nice gen'lemen' as Mr. Cory and Mr. Fear. Her commonest asseveration—quite genuine, too—is that she doesn't like to have the gen'lemen making trouble about her! So the poor imbecile led him to where her husband was waiting. All that Happy knew of this was in her cry afterwards. He was sitting alone, when Cory threw open the door and said, 'I've got you this time, Happy!' His pistol was raised but never fired. He waited too long, meaning to establish his case of 'self-defence,' and Fear is the quickest man I know. Cory fell just inside the door. Claudine stumbled upon him as she came running after him, crying out to her husband that she 'never meant no trouble,' that Cory had sworn to her that he only wanted to shake hands and 'make up.' Other people heard the shot and broke into the room, but they did not try to stop Fear; he warned them off and walked out without hindrance, and came to me. I've got to clear him."

Ariel saw what he meant: she realized the actual thing as it was, and, though possessed by a strange feeling that it

must all be medieval and not possibly of to-day, understood that he would have to fight to keep his friend from being killed; that the unhappy creature who had run into the office out of the dark stood in high danger of having his neck broken, unless Joe could help him. He made it clear to her that the State would kill Happy if it could; that it would be a point of pride with certain deliberate men holding office to take the life of the little man; that if they did secure his death it would be set down to their efficiency, and was even competent as campaign material. "I wish to point out," Joe had heard a candidate for reelection vehemently orate, "that in addition to the other successful convictions I have named, I and my assistants have achieved the sending of three men to the gallows during my term of office!"

"I can't tell yet," said Joe, at parting. "It may be hard. I'm so sorry you saw all this. I—"

"Oh no!" she cried. "I want to understand!"

She was still there, at the gate, her elbows resting upon the cross-bar, when, a long time after Joe had gone, there came from the alley behind the big back yard the minor chordings of a quartette of those dark strollers who in towns never seem to go to bed, who play by night and playfully pretend to work by day:

*"You know my soul is a-full o' them-a-trub-bils,*

*Ev-ry mawn!*

*I cain' a-walk withouten I stum-bils!*

*Then le'ss go on—*

*Keep walkin' on!*

*These times is sow'owful, an' I am pow'owful*

*Sick an' fo'lawn!"*

She heard a soft step upon the path behind her, and turning, saw a white-wrapped figure coming toward her.

"Mamie?" she called.

"Hush!" Mamie lifted a warning hand. "The windows are open," she whispered, as she reached the other's side. "They might hear you!"

"Why haven't you gone to bed?"

"Oh, don't you see?" Mamie answered, in deep distress,— "I've been sitting up for you. We all thought you were wri-



ting letters in your room, but after papa and mamma had gone to bed I went in to tell you good night, and you weren't there, nor anywhere else; so I knew you must have gone out. I've been sitting by the front window waiting to let you in, but I went to sleep until a little while ago, when the telephone-bell rang and he got up and answered it. He kept talking a long time; it was something about the *Tocsin*, and I'm afraid there's been a murder down-town. When he went back to bed I fell asleep again, and then those darkies woke me up. How on earth did you expect to get in? Don't you know he always locks up the house?"

"I could have rung," said Ariel.

"Oh—oh!" gasped Miss Pike; and, after she had recovered somewhat, asked:

"Do you mind telling me where you've been? I won't tell him—nor mamma, either. I think, after all, I was wrong yesterday to follow Eugene's advice. He meant for the best, but I—"

"Don't think that. You weren't wrong." Ariel put her arm round the other's waist. "I went to talk over some things with Mr. Loudon."

"I think," whispered Mamie, trembling, "that you are the bravest girl I ever knew—and—and—I could almost believe there's some good in him, since you like him so. I know there is. And I—I think he's had a hard time. I want you to know I won't even tell Eugene!"

"You can tell everybody in the world," said Ariel, and kissed her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## A Sunrise Song

BY MARIAN WARNER WILDMAN

I OPEN my window—east! and the dawn comes in,  
 Brave in its glory of rose, fresh from the drench of the dew.  
     O promise new!  
     O joy reborn!  
     O gold that regildeth the world at morn!  
 I open my window east, where the birds begin.

I open my window—west! and the wind blows through,  
 Soft with the fragrance of bloom, loud with the meadow-lark's song.  
     Blow sweet and strong,  
     Thou breath of day,  
     And cool me this fever of dreams away!  
 I open my window west, and I call on you.

I open my window—south! There waits, like the dove  
 Home from its questing afar, Love, with a burgeoning spray  
     Of hope to lay  
     In my heart: new zest  
     For toil—for my doubt, new faith! Ah, blest  
 Over all of my windows—this, where I welcome Love!

I open my window—north! Begone—begone!  
 Tarrying shadows of night—ghosts of a perishing gloom!  
     Give room! Give room  
     In the chamber fair  
     Of a soul new waked, thou wraith Despair!  
 My windows stand wide—stand wide! All hail the dawn!

# The Sage-brush Hen

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER

SHE blew in one day on Hill's coach from Santa Fé—Hill ran the coach that year the end of the track was at Palomitas, it being shorter going up that way to Pueblo and Denver and Leadville than round by the Atchison and changing at El Moro to the Narrow Gauge—and, being up on the box with Hill, she was so all over dust that Cherry sung out to him, "Where'd you get your sage-brush hen from?" And the name stuck.

More folks in Palomitas had names that had tumbled to 'em like that than the kind that had come regular. And even when they sounded regular you never could be dead sure they was. Regular names used to get lost pretty often coming 'across the Plains in those days—more'n a few finding it better, about as they got to the Missouri, to leave behind what they'd been called by back East and draw something new from the pack. Making a change like that was apt to be wholesomer, and often saved talk.

Hill said the Hen was more fun coming across from Santa Fé than a basketful of monkeys; and she was all the funnier, he said, because when he picked her up at the Fonda she looked like as if butter wouldn't melt in her mouth and started in with her monkey-shines so sort of quiet and demure. Along with her, waiting at the Fonda, was an old gent with spectacles who turned out to be a mine-sharp—one of them fellows the government sends out to the Territory to write up serious in books all the fool stories prospectors and such unload on 'em: the kind that needs to be led, and 'll eat out of your hand. The Hen and the old gent and Hill had the box seat, the Hen in between; and she was that particular about her skirts climbing up, and about making room after she got there, that Hill said he sized her up himself for an officer's wife going East.

Except to say thank you, and talk polite that way, she didn't open her head till they'd got clear of the town and were going slow in that first bit of bad road among the sand-hills; and it was the old gent speaking to her—telling her it was a fine day, and he hoped she liked it—that set her stamps a-going a little then. She allowed the weather was about what it ought to be, and said she was much obliged and it suited her; and then she got her tongue in behind her teeth again as if she meant to keep it there—till the old gent took a fresh start by asking her if she'd been in the Territory long. She said polite she hadn't, and was quiet for a minute. Then she got out her pocket-handkerchief and put it up to her eyes and said she'd been in it longer'n she wanted, and was glad she was going away. Hill said her talking that way made him feel kind of curious himself; but he didn't have no need to ask questions—the old gent saving him that trouble by going for her sort of fatherly and pumping away at her till he got the whole thing.

It come out scrappy, like as might be expected, Hill said; and so natural-sounding he thought he must be asleep and dreaming—he knowing pretty well what was going on in the Territory, and she telling about doings that was news to him and the kind he'd been sure to hear a lot of if they'd ever really come off. Hill said he wished he could tell it all as she did—speaking low, and ketching her breath in the worst parts, and mopping at her eyes with her pocket-handkerchief—but he couldn't; and all he could say about it was it was better'n any theatre show he'd ever seen. The nubs of it was, he said, that she said her husband had taken out a troop from Fort Wingate against the Apaches (Hill knew blame well up there in the Navajo country was no place to look for Apaches) and the troop had been am-

bushed in a cañon in the Zuni Mountains (which made the story still tougher) and every man of 'em, along with her "dear Captain," as she called him, had lost his hair. "His loved remains are where those fierce creatures left them," she said. "I have not even the sad solace of properly burying his precious bones!" And she cried.

The old gent was quite broke up, Hill said, and took a-hold of her hand fatherly—she was a powerful fine-looking woman—and said she had his sympathy; and when she eased up on her crying so she could talk she said she was much obliged—and felt it all the more, she said, because he looked like a young uncle of hers who'd brought her up, her father being dead, till she was married East to her dear Captain and had come out to the Territory with him to his dreadful doom.

Hill said it all went so smooth he took it down himself at first—but he got his wind while she was crying, and he asked her what her Captain's name was, and what was his regiment; telling her he hadn't heard of any trouble up around Wingate, and it was news to him Apaches was in those parts. She give him a dig in the ribs with her elbow—as much as to tell him he wasn't to ask no such questions—and said back to him her dear husband was Captain Chiswick of the Twelfth Cavalry; and it had been a big come-down for him, she said, when he got his commission in the Regulars, after he'd been a Volunteer brigadier-general in the war.

Hill knew right enough there wasn't no Twelfth Cavalry nowhere, and he knew the boys at Wingate were A and F troops of the Fourth; but he ketched on to the way she was giving it to the old gent—and so *he* give *her* a dig in the ribs, and said he'd known Captain Chiswick intimate, and he was as good a fellow as ever was, and it was a blame pity he was killed. She give him a dig back again, at that—and was less particular about making room on his side.

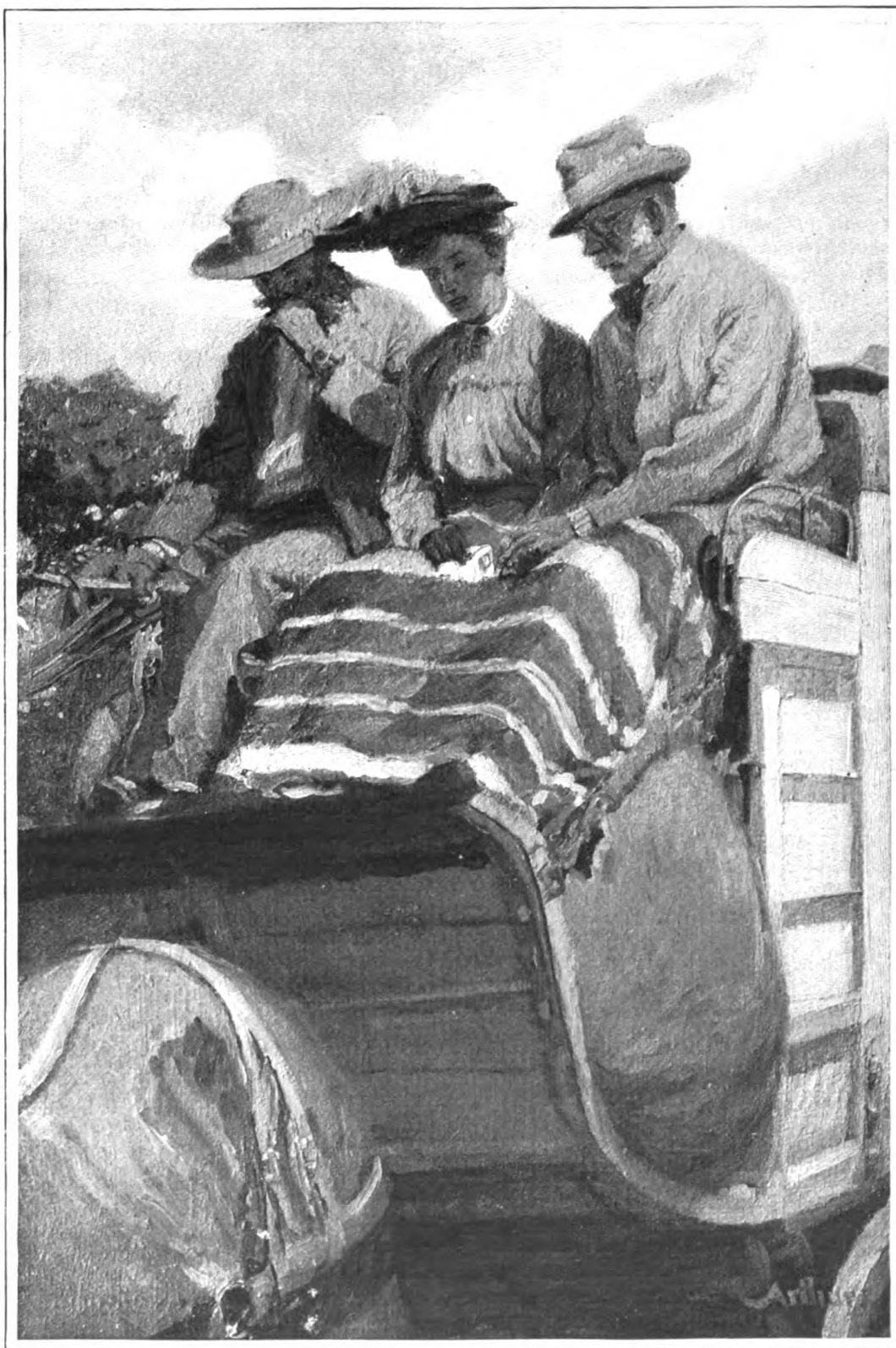
The old gent took it all in, just as it come along; and after she'd finished up about the Apaches killing her dear Captain he wanted to know where she was heading for—because if she was going home East, he said, he was go-

ing East himself and could give her a father's care.

She said back to him, pleasant-like, that a young man like him couldn't well be fathering an old lady like her, though it was obliging of him to offer; but, anyway, she wasn't going straight back East, because she had to wait a while at Palomitas for a remittance she was expecting to pay her way through—and she wasn't any too sure about it, she said, whether she'd get her remittance; or, if she did get it, when it would come. Everything bad always got down on you at once, she said; and just as the cruel savages had slain her dear Captain along come the news the bank East he'd put his money in had broke the worst kind. Her financial difficulties wasn't a patch on the trouble her sorrowing heart was giving her, she said; but she allowed they added what she called pangs of bitterness to her deeper pain.

The old gent—he wasn't a fool clean through—asked her what was the matter with her government transportation; she having a right to transportation, being an officer's widow going home. Hill said he gave her a nudge at that, as much as to say the old gent had her. She didn't faze a bit, though. It was her government transportation she was waiting for, she cracked back to him smooth and natural; but such things had to go all the way to Washington to be settled, she said, and then come West again—Hill said he 'most snickered out at that—and she'd known cases when red tape had got in the way and transportation hadn't been allowed at all. Then she sighed terrible, and said it might be a long, long while before she could get home again to her little boy—who was all there was left her in the world. Her little Willy was being took care of by his grandmother, she said, and he was just his father's own handsome self over again—and she got out her pocket-handkerchief and jammed it up to her eyes.

Her left hand was lying in her lap, sort of casual, and the old gent got a-hold of it and said he didn't know how to tell her how sorry he was for her. Talking from behind her pocket-handkerchief, she said such sympathy was precious; and then she went on, kind of pitiful, saying she s'posed her little Willy'd have forgot



Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

THEN HE TOOK HOLD OF HER HAND

all about her before she'd get back to him—and she cried some more. Hill said she did it so well he was half took in himself for a minute, and felt so bad he went to licking and swearing at his mules.

After a while she took a brace—getting down her pocket-handkerchief, and calling in the hand the old gent was a-holding—and said she must be brave, like her dear Captain 'd always been, so he'd see when he was a-looking at her from heaven she was doing the square thing. And as to having to wait around before she went East, she said, in one way it didn't make any matter—seeing she'd be well cared for and comfortable at Palomitas staying in the house of the Baptist minister, who'd married her aunt.

Hill said when she went to talking about Baptist ministers and aunts in Palomitas he shook so laughing inside he 'most fell off the box. Except the Mexican padre who belonged there—the one that made a record, and Bishop Lamy had to bounce—and sometimes the French one from San Juan, who was a good fellow and hadn't a fly on him anywhere, there wasn't a fire-escape ever showed himself in Palomitas; and as to the ladies of the town—well, the ladies wasn't just what you'd call the aunt kind. It's a cold fact that that year when the end of the track stuck there Palomitas was about the cussedest town there was in the whole Territory—and so it was no more'n natural Hill should pretty near bust himself trying to hold in his laughing when the Hen took to talking so offhand about Palomitas and Baptist ministers and aunts. She felt how he was shaking, and jammed him hard with her elbow to keep him from letting his laugh out and giving her away.

Hill said they'd got along to Pojuaque by the time the Hen had finished telling about herself, and the fix she was in because she had to wait along with her aunt in Palomitas till her transportation come from Washington—and she just sick to get East and grab her little Willy in her arms. And the old gent was that interested in it all, Hill said, it was a sight to see how he went on.

At Pojuaque the coach always made a noon stop, and the team was changed

and the passengers eat lunch at old man Bouquet's. He was a Frenchman, old man Bouquet was; but he'd been in the Territory from 'way back, and he'd got a nice garden round his house and fixed things up French style. His strongest hold was his wine-making. He made a first-class drink, as drinks of that sort go; and, for its kind, it was pretty strong. As his cooking was first class too, Hill's passengers—and the other folks that stopped for grub there—always wanted to make a good long halt.

The old gent, Hill said, knew how to talk French, and that made old man Bouquet extra obliging—and he set up a rattling good lunch and fetched out some of the wine he said he was in the habit of keeping for himself, seeing he'd got somebody in the house for once who really knew the difference between good and bad. He fixed up a table out in the garden—where he'd a queer tree, all growed together, he thought a heap of—and set down with 'em himself; and Hill said it was one of the pleasantest lunches he'd eat in all his life.

The Hen and the old gent got friendlier and friendlier—she being more cheerful when she'd been lunching a while, and getting to talking so comical she kept 'em all on a full laugh. Now and then, though, she'd pull up sudden and kind of back away—making out she didn't want it to show so much—and get her pocket-handkerchief to her eyes and snuffle; and then she'd pull herself together sort of conspicuous, and say she didn't want to spoil the party, but she couldn't help thinking how long it was likely to be before she'd see her little boy. And then the old gent would say that such tender motherliness did her credit, and hers was a sweet nature, and he'd hold her hand till she took it away.

Hill said the time passed so pleasant he forgot how it was going, and when he happened to think to look at his watch he found he'd have to everlastingly hustle his mules to get over to Palomitas in time to catch the Denver train. He went off in a tearing hurry to hitch up, and old man Bouquet went along to help him—the old gent saying he guessed he and Mrs. Chiswick would stay setting where they was, it being cool and comfortable in the garden, till the team was



put to. They set so solid, Hill said, they didn't hear him when he sung out to 'em he was ready; and he said he let his mouth go wide open and yelled like h—ll. (Hill always talked that careless way. He didn't mean no harm by it. He said it was just a habit he'd got into driving mules.) They not coming, he went to hurry 'em, he said—and as he come up behind 'em the Hen was stuffing something into her frock, and the old gent was saying: "I want you to get quickly to your dear infant, my daughter. You can return at your convenience my trifling loan. And now I will give you a fatherly kiss—"

But he didn't, Hill said—because the Hen heard Hill's boots on the gravel and faced round so quick she spoiled his chance. He seemed a little jolted, Hill said; but the Hen was so cool, and talked so pleasant and natural about the good lunch they'd been having, and what a fine afternoon it was, he braced up and got to talking easy too.

Then they all broke for the coach, and got away across the Tesuque River and on through the sand-hills—with Hill cutting away at his mules and using words to 'em fit to blister their hides, and when they fetched the Cañada they were about up again to schedule time. After the Mexican who kept the Santa Cruz post-office had made the mess he always did with the mail matter, and had got the cussing he always got from Hill for doing it, they started off again—coming slow through that bit of extra-heavy road along by the Rio Grande, but getting to the deepo at Palomitas all serene to ketch the Denver train.

All the way over from Pojuaque, Hill said, he could see out of the corner of his eye the old gent was nudging up to the Hen with his shoulder, friendly and sociable; and he said he noticed the Hen was a good deal less particular about making room. The old gent flushed up and got into a regular temper, Hill said, when Cherry sung out as they pulled into the deepo platform. "Where'd you get your sage-brush hen from?"—and that way give her what stuck fast for her name.

As it turned out, they might have kept on lunching as long as they'd a mind to at Pojuaque; and Hill might have let

his mules take it easy, without tiring himself swearing at 'em, on a dead walk—there being a washout in the Comanche Cañon, up above the Embudo, that held the train. It wasn't much of a washout, the conductor said; but he said he guessed all hands would be more comfortable waiting at Palomitas, where there were things doing, than they would be setting still in the cañon while the track gang finished their job—and he said he reckoned the train wouldn't start for about three hours.

The Hen and the old gent was standing on the deepo platform, where they'd landed from the coach; and Hill said as he was taking his mails across to the express-car he heard him asking her once more if she hadn't better come right along East to her lonely babe; and promising to take a father's care of her all the way. The Hen seemed to be in two minds about it for a minute, Hill said; and then she thanked him, sweet as sugar, for his goodness to her in her time of trouble; and told him it would be a real comfort to go East with such a kind escort to take care of her—but she said it wouldn't work, because she was expected in Palomitas, and not stopping there would be disappointing to her dear uncle and aunt.

It was after sundown, and getting duskish, while they were talking; and she said she must be getting along. The old gent said he'd like to go with her; but she said he mustn't think of it, as it was only a step to the parsonage and she knew the way. While he was keeping on telling her she really must let him see her safe with her relatives, up come Santa Fé Charley—and Charley sung out: "Hello, old girl,—so you've got here! I was looking for you on the coach, and I thought you hadn't come."

Hill said he began to shake with laughing, as he was sure it would be a dead give-away for her—Santa Fé being the dealer at the Forest Queen, and about the toughest tough there was in town. Charley didn't look tough, though. He always dressed toney, all in black, with a long frock coat and a black felt hat—so he looked like he'd just come off Fifth Avenue—and a white tie. It helped him in his business, sometimes, dressing that way.

Hill said the Hen give a little jump

when he sung out to her, but she didn't turn a hair. "Dear Uncle Charley, I am so glad to see you!" she said—and went right on, speaking to the old gent: "This is my uncle, the Baptist minister, sir, come to take me to the parsonage to my dear aunt. It's almost funny to have so young an uncle. Aunt's young too—you see, grandfather married a second time. We're more like sister and brother—being so near of an age; and he always will talk to me free and easy, like he always did—though I tell him now he's a minister it don't sound well." And then she whipped round to Charley, so quick he hadn't time to get a word in edgewise, and said to him: "I hope Aunt Jane's well, and didn't have to go up to Denver—as she said she might in her last letter—to look after Cousin Mary. And I do hope you've finished the painting she said was going on at the parsonage—so you can take me in there till my transportation comes and I can start East. This kind gentleman, who's going up on to-night's train, has been offering—and it's just as good of him, even if I can't go—to escort me home to my dear baby; and he's been just full of sympathy over my dear husband Captain Chiswick's loss."

Hill said he never knew anybody take cards as quick as Santa Fé took the cards the Hen was giving him. "I'm very happy to meet you, sir," he said to the old gent; "and most grateful to you for your kindness to my poor niece Rachel in her distress. We have been sorrowing over her during Captain Chiswick's long and painful illness—"

"My dear Captain had been sick for three months, and got out of his bed to go and be killed with his men by those dreadful Apaches," the Hen cut in.

"—and when the news came of the massacre," Charley went right on, as cool as an iced drink, "our hearts almost broke for her. Captain Chiswick was a splendid gentleman, sir; one of the finest officers ever sent out to this Territory. His loss is a bad thing for the Service; but it is a worse thing for my poor niece—left forsaken with her sweet babes. They are noble children, sir; worthy of their noble sire!"

"Oh, Uncle Charley!" said the Hen. "Didn't you get my letter telling you my

little Jane died of croup? I've only my little Willy, now!" And she kind of gagged.

"My poor child! My poor child!" said Santa Fé. "I did not know that death had winged a double dart at you like that—your letter never came." And then he said to the old gent: "The mail service in this Territory, sir, is just about as bad as it can be. The government ought to be ashamed!"

Hill said while they was giving it and taking it that way he 'most choked—particular as the old gent took it all down whole.

Hill said the three of 'em was sort of quiet and sorrowful for a minute, and then Santa Fé said: "It is too bad, Rachel, but your aunt Jane did have to go up to Denver yesterday—a despatch came saying Cousin Mary's taken worse. And the parsonage is in such a mess still with the painters that I've moved over to the Forest Queen Hotel. But you can come there too—it's kept by an officer's widow, you know, and is most quiet and respectable—and you'll be 'most as comfortable waiting there till your transportation comes along as you would be if I could take you home."

Hill said hearing the Forest Queen talked about as quiet and respectable, and old Tenderfoot Sal, who kept it, called an officer's widow, so set him to shaking he had to get to where there was a keg of railroad spikes and set down on it and hold his sides with both hands.

Santa Fé turned to the old gent, Hill said—talking as polite as a Pullman conductor—and told him since he'd been so kind to his unhappy niece he hoped he'd come along with 'em to the hotel too—where he'd be more comfortable, Santa Fé said, getting something to eat and drink than he would be kicking around the deepo waiting till they'd filled in the washcut and the train could start.

Hill said the Hen gave Santa Fé a queer sort of look at that, as much as to ask him if he was dead sure he had the cards for that lead. Santa Fé gave her a look back again, as much as to say he knew what was and what wasn't on the table; and then he went on to the old gent, speaking pleasant, telling him likely it might be a little bit noisy over at the hotel—doing her best, he said,



SANTA FÉ HAD A PRIVATE ROOM

Mrs. Major Rogers couldn't help having noise sometimes, things being so rough and tumble out there on the frontier; but he had a private room for his study, where he wrote his sermons, he said, and got into it by a side door—and so he guessed things wouldn't be too bad.

That seemed to make the Hen easy, Hill said; and away the three of 'em went together to the Forest Queen. Hill knew it was straight enough about the private room and the side door—Santa Fé had it to do business in for himself, on the quiet, when he didn't have to deal; and Hill 'd known of a good many folks who'd gone in that private room by that side door and hadn't come out again till Santa Fé'd scooped their pile. But it wasn't no business of his, he said; and he said he was glad to get shut of 'em so he might get the chance to let out the laughing that fairly was hurting his insides.

As they were going away from the deepo, Hill said, he heard Santa Fé telling the old gent he was sorry it was getting so dark—as he'd like to take him round so he could see the parsonage, and the new church they'd just finished building and was going to put an organ in as soon as they'd raised more funds; but it wasn't worth while going out of their way, he said, because they wouldn't show to no sort advantage with the light so bad. As the only church in Palomitas was the Mexican mud one about two hundred years old, and as the nearest thing to a parsonage was the padre's house that Denver Jones had rented and had his faro-bank in, Hill said he guessed Charley acted sensible in not trying to show the old gent around that part of the town.

Hill said after he'd got his supper he thought he'd come down to the deepo and sort of wait around there; on the chance he'd ketch on—when the old gent come over to the train—to what Santa Fé and the Hen 'd been putting upon him. Sure enough, he did.

Along about ten o'clock a starting order come down to the agent—the track gang by that time having the washout so near fixed it would be fit by the time the train got there to go across—and the agent sent word over to the Forest Queen to the old gent, who was the only Pullman passenger, he'd better be coming along.

In five minutes or so he showed up. He wasn't in the best shape, Hill said, and Santa Fé and the Hen each of 'em was giving him an arm; though what he seemed to need more'n arms, Hill said, was legs—the ones he had not being in first-class order and working bad. But he didn't make no exhibition of himself, and talked right enough—only that he spoke sort of short and scrappy—and the three of 'em was as friendly together as friendly could be. Hill said he didn't think it was any hurt to listen, things being the way they were, and he edged up close to 'em—while they stood waiting for the porter to light up the Pullman—and though he couldn't quite make sense of all they was saying he did get on to enough of it to size up pretty close how they'd put the old gent through.

"Although it is for my struggling church, a weak blade of grass in the desert," Santa Fé was saying when Hill got the range of 'em, "I cannot but regret having taken from you your splendid contribution to our parish fund in so unusual, I might almost say in so unseemly a way. That I have returned to you a sufficient sum to enable you to prosecute your journey to its conclusion places you under no obligation to me. Indeed, I could not have done less—considering the very liberal loan that you have made to my poor niece to enable her to return quickly to her helpless babe. As I hardly need tell you, that loan will be returned promptly—as soon as Mrs. Captain Chiswick gets East and is able to disentangle her affairs."

"Indeed it will," the Hen put in. "My generous benefactor shall be squared with if I have to sell my clothes!"

"Mustn't think of such a thing. Catch cold," the old gent said. "Pleasure's all mine to assist such a noble woman in her unmerited distress. And now I shall have happiness, and same time sorrow, to give her fatherly kiss for farewell."

The Hen edged away a little, Hill said, and Santa Fé shortened his grip a little on the old gent's arm—so his fatherly kissing missed fire. But he didn't seem to notice, and said to Santa Fé: "Never knew a minister know cards like you. Wonderful! And wonderful luck what you held. Played cards a good deal myself. Never could play like you!"

Santa Fé steadied the old gent, Hill said, and said to him in a kind of explaining way: "As I told you, my dear sir, in my wild college days—before I got light on my sinful path and headed for the ministry—I was reckoned something out of the common as a card-player, and what the profane call luck used to be with me all the time. Of course, since I humbly—but, I trust, helpfully—took to being a worker in the vineyard, I have not touched those devil's picture-books; nor should I have touched them to-night but for my hope that a little game would help to while away your time of tedious waiting. As for playing for money, that would have been quite impossible if it had not been for my niece's suggestion that my winnings—in case such came to me—should be added to our meagre parish fund. I trust that I have not done wrong in yielding to my impulse. At least I have to sustain me the knowledge that if you, my dear sir, are somewhat the worse, my impoverished church is much the better for our friendly game of chance."

Hill said hearing Santa Fé Charley talking about chance in any game where he had the dealing was so funny it was better'n going to the circus. But the old gent took it right enough—and the Hen added on: "Yes, Uncle Charley can get the organ he's been wanting so badly for his church, now. And I'm sure we'll all think of how we owe its sweet music to you every time we hear it played!"—and she edged up to him again, so he could hold her hand. "It must make you very, very happy, sir," she kept on, speaking kind of low and gentle, but not coming as close as he wanted her, "to go about the world doing such generous-hearted good deeds! I'm sure I'd like to thank you enough—only there isn't any fit words to thank you in—for your noble-hearted generous goodness to me!"

The old gent hauled away on her hand, Hill said, trying to get her closer, and said back to her: "Words quite unnecessary. Old man's heart filled with pleasure obliging such dear child. Never mind about words. Accept old man's fatherly kiss, like daughter, for good-by."

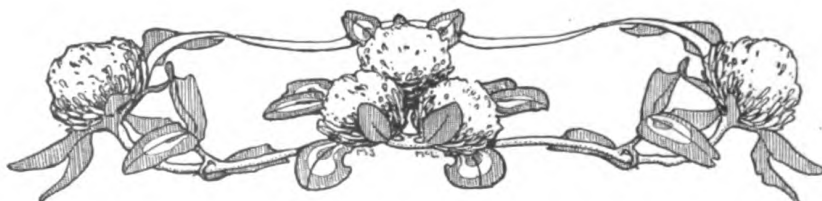
But he missed it that time too, Hill said—and Hill said, speaking in his careless cuss-word way, it was pretty d—n rough on him what poor luck in fatherly kisses he seemed to have—because just then the train-conductor swung his lantern and sung out, "All aboard!"

That ended things. Before the old gent knew what had got him, Santa Fé and the Hen had boosted him up the steps on to the platform of the Pullman—where the Pullman conductor got a grip on him just in time to save him from spilling—and then the train pulled out: with the Pullman conductor keeping him steady, and he throwing back good-by kisses to the Hen with both hands.

Hill said the Hen and Santa Fé kept quiet till the hind lights showed beyond the end of the deepo platform: and then the Hen grabbed Santa Fé round the neck and just hung on to him—so full of laugh she was limp—while they both roared. And Hill said he roared too. It was the most comical bit of business, he said, he'd tumbled to in all his born days!

It wasn't until the train got clear round the curve above the station, Hill said, that Charley and the Hen could pull 'emself together so they could talk. Then the Hen let a-go of Santa Fé's neck and said comical—speaking kind of precise and toney, like as if she was an officer's wife sure enough: "You'd better return to your study, dear Uncle Charles, and finish writing that sermon you said we'd interrupt you in about caring for the sheep as well as the lambs!"

And then they went off together yelling, Hill said, over to the Forest Queen.





# Breeding Beneficial Insects

BY H. A. CRAFTS

THE biennial report of the California State Board of Horticulture, covering the years 1901-2, shows that there were 30,985,404 fruit-trees in the State. Allowing one hundred trees to the acre, this would show an acreage in fruit-trees of nearly 309,854 acres. Of the total number of trees which were reported, 23,389,919 were in full bearing.

In the mean time fruit-tree planting has gone on more rapidly than ever, and thousands of non-bearing trees have come into bearing. The fruit crop of the State for the year 1903 was estimated to be worth \$36,000,000. These figures give some idea as to the real magnitude of California's fruit industry. It is safe to say that the State produces more fruit, and fruit of a greater variety, than any similar area in the world.

To attain this prominence in horticulture the State has had to put forth great effort and to exercise great care. The business had to be learned, and then adapted to California's conditions. Then all kinds of pests and diseases had to be fought off.

In her zeal to forward the cause of fruit-growing, after once having determined the adaptability of the State to that line of industry, California hunted the world over for exotics that might be made to flourish within her boundaries. She did this blindly and without a thought that fruit diseases and fruit pests might be imported at the same time. Every new thing was welcomed and let in free.

It was not long before California woke up to her mistake, and then much danger had already been incurred. Her citrus-fruit was the first to be seriously affected. In 1880 a pest known in unscientific terms as the "cottony cushion-scale" attacked the orange and the lemon trees, and for a while it looked

as if the industry was to be wiped out. The pest attacked the orange and lemon trees all over the State, and growers expended thousands of dollars in experimenting with sprays and fumigants, but to little purpose. It was decided that some more effectual remedy must be found or the raising of the citrus-fruit in California be abandoned.

It was then that Alexander Craw, a practical horticulturist and entomologist of Los Angeles, began to agitate the parasitic theory. He stated it as his belief that every insect had its own special parasite or natural enemy. He argued that if this were not so insect life would become so numerous as to be overpowering. Where a pest exhibited unusual increase, there, said Mr. Craw, it had been removed from the reach of its natural foe. If the two could be brought into conjunction again, the pest could be held in check. This was what Mr. Craw called "restoring the balance of nature."

Mr. Craw advised that search be made in foreign countries for the parasite that would destroy the "cottony cushion-scale." At that time the State had enacted no horticultural laws, and there were no public funds available for the prosecution of the search suggested by Mr. Craw. But to remedy this defect private funds were raised, and Professor Albert Koebele, an attaché of the United States Department of Agriculture, was commissioned to make the quest.

Professor Koebele in the course of his travels went to Australia, where he found a grub feeding upon the cottony cushion-scale. He took the grub and developed it to its condition of maturity, and found that it grew into a small beetle known as a "ladybird." At the same time the professor made a second discovery, and that was that a second-

ary parasite was preying upon the "ladybird."

Knowing that it would be fatal to the project to send the ladybird and its parasite to California together, he set about propagating a colony of the little beetles in close confinement. He accordingly had glass-houses built over two small orange-trees in an orchard that was infested with the cottony cushion-scale, and beneath these he bred up some strong colonies of the ladybirds and sent them to Mr. Craw.

Upon their arrival in California the process of propagation was continued and a large number of the bugs raised. It was not found a difficult task to procure these beneficial insects in immense numbers, as it was ascertained that a single female would lay not less than 250 eggs every forty-two days the year round; so the offspring of a single pair of ladybirds in a single year would run up into the millions.

The insects thus raised by Mr. Craw were sent out in small colonies all over

the State wherever there was an orange or lemon orchard affected by the cottony cushion-scale and turned loose in the trees. The result was the speedy cleaning up of the pest, and it has remained in subjection ever since. And thus the great citrus-fruit industry of California was saved.

The results flowing from this experiment convinced those pursuing it that the same rule would apply to other insect pests. So notes were taken of the pests that were still prevalent, and a search instituted for remedial parasites. During the investigations incident to these experiments the fact became evident that all of these fruit pests had been introduced from foreign countries, and in those countries their natural enemies were sought for.

In 1891 the Legislature of California passed laws appropriating funds towards defraying the expenses incurred in these searches, and they have been kept up ever since. They have been eminently successful; yet they were not



BREEDING-ROOM FOR BENEFICIAL INSECTS

prosecuted without more or less difficulty. They necessitated wanderings through remote foreign parts, and the insects were often hard to find, for the reason that in their native haunts they

thoroughly impregnated with eggs the plant was enclosed and hurried off to the steamer, there to be placed in cold storage.

Provided the shipment has been rightly timed, the eggs of the parasite will hatch during transit and the insect go through its various stages; and when the colony reaches San Francisco it will begin issuing in its matured form. As soon as the home entomologist is satisfied that the insects are not infected with a secondary insect or parasite, he begins the process of a more extended propagation.

This process is carried out in a large glass room that is well lighted and kept at an even temperature. In this room are placed growing plants that are infested with the objectionable scale or insect pest that forms the natural food of the parasite introduced. Each plant is confined in a breeding-case covered with glass and insect-netting,

and then the imported parasites are turned into the breeding-cases, and the laying of eggs begins at once. Under favorable conditions the insects will multiply into the thousands in a comparatively short time.

The breeding-cases for the breeding of beneficial insects are not all of the same design. Different devices are required for different insects, as some of them are in the form of beetles, as has been described, while others are in the shape of flies, so minute as to be invisible to the naked eye. Each pest appears to have its own peculiar parasite and to furnish that parasite with its natural food; for experiments tried have proven that a parasite cannot be even starved into eating anything else. In fact, their digestive organs are so constructed as to be incapable of assimilating vegetable food.

As soon as the breeding-cases appear to be well filled with parasites, the process of dividing the latter up into colonies



WORK-TABLE IN BREEDING-ROOM

kept the pests in such a state of subjection that the latter were not recognized by the native fruit-growers as injurious insects.

Having found the beneficial insect sought for, however, the next step was to secure a healthy colony and ship it home for further propagation and final distribution. The first thing to do in this process was to find a live plant infested with the pest that was destined for extermination. It was usually the custom to place the plant in a glass case, so that it might become thoroughly infested. The next stage in the process was to ascertain the date of departure of the first steamer that would bear the insect colony homeward. Then, at the proper juncture, the glass case was removed from the infested plant and the parasite allowed to attack it.

Immediately upon finding the scale the parasite would begin laying its eggs beneath it. As soon as the scales became

and shipping them out among the fruit-growers having infected trees is begun. In order to capture the insects for shipment a breeding-case is darkened upon all sides but the top. Then over the top is placed a lid which has been perforated and a small glass tube inserted in each perforation.

Light finding admittance to the breeding-case through these glass tubes only, the bugs naturally crawl into them. As soon as a tube has admitted a desired number of bugs, it is removed and its place filled with an empty one which is ready to receive more bugs. In this way a whole colony may be bottled up within a comparatively short space of time.

As the glass tubes are removed from the perforated lid, one by one, one end of a tube is closed by a tuft of moist moss being thrust into it. The other end of the tube is filled with a tuft of cotton batting—this material being used in order to admit a certain amount of air to the imprisoned insects.

For final mailing a tube is encased in a special tube and both ends closed with a cork. One of these corks has a crease cut in one side for ventilating purposes. These tubes are sent out through the mails at letter postage, the stamp being placed on one of the corked-up ends. Along with each tube is sent a card of instructions as to the disposition of the insects on their arrival at their point of destination. Thus the fruit-grower whose trees are affected with a pest may, at the expense of

a letter of request, obtain a colony of beneficial insects that will at once, upon arrival, set to work to exterminate the injurious insects, stopping neither for Sundays nor legal holidays.

The horticultural quarantine laws of California are virtually iron-clad. Nothing can cross the borders of the State without being subjected to a rigid inspection. If importations are found to be clean, they find a welcome in California; if not, they had better been left at home. Anything coming into the State that is known to be infected may be condemned even without the formality of an inspection. All transportation companies, individuals, or corporations bringing anything into the State in the way of fruits, plants, bulbs, etc., are required to give notice to the quarantine officials so that an inspection may be made. All infected material must be destroyed or sent out of the State within twenty-four hours after condemnation.

No vessel of any kind can enter any



OPENING A NEW ARRIVAL OF BENEFICIAL INSECTS FROM A FOREIGN LAND



port in the State without having its cargo, even to passengers' baggage, inspected by the horticultural quarantine officers.

Horticultural inspection is carried even into the post-offices of the State. This post-office inspection, owing to existing conditions, cannot be so thorough in its operation as custom-house inspection, for the reason that there is no legal warrant for a post-master opening packages of mail-matter directed to another person than himself; but at the same time it lies within his power to withhold matter so that it may be inspected by a duly authorized quarantine officer in the presence of its owner.

The contents of domestic packages are often a matter of mere conjecture on the part of a post-master, as there is no law that their nature shall be indicated by outward marks; but in the case of foreign packages the law does require that they shall be marked so as to indicate the nature of their contents. Thus it is quite easy to arrive at a pretty thorough inspection of all packages coming from foreign sources.

The horticultural regulations in the counties of the State are very strict. The law provides for county boards of horticulture. Upon petition of not less than twenty-five citizens of a county a board of county supervisors is required to appoint a county horticultural board to be composed of three members, the members to be known as horticultural commissioners. This board in turn is authorized to appoint local inspectors to any number that the conditions appear to require.

The horticultural commissioners receive a salary of \$4 per day each for actual service, and each inspector \$2 50 per day. It is the duty of the commissioners to enforce the horticultural laws of the State within their jurisdiction. Whenever it is deemed necessary they may order an inspection of any orchard,

nursery, trees, plants, vegetables, fruit, packing-house, storehouse, sales-room, or any other place or article that may be suspected of being infected with injurious insects. Should infection be discovered, notice is served upon the owner or owners of the infected place or article to at once abate the nuisance or pest.

The inspection is done at county expense, and the charges are paid out of the general county fund. The cost

of the eradication of any insect or pest found is charged up to the owner or owners of any infected place or article. If payment is refused, the work is done at the cost of the county, but the county may recover by placing a lien upon the property of the recalcitrant owner and selling the same to satisfy the claim.

The local inspectors are clothed with full authority to enter any orchard or nursery, and make any necessary inspection of the same, and report to the board of commissioners the conditions as found.

It is required that all orchards and nurseries shall be inspected at least once a year. It is also required that all horticultural inspectors shall be versed in entomology, and no one is appointed inspector until he has had full instruction under a competent teacher in the duties of his office.



ESTABLISHING A COLONY OF BENEFICIAL INSECTS



# The Vanished Gods

BY ABBY MEGUIRE ROACH

"The vanished Gods to me appear"

SHE had had theories against mourning, had thought she would never wear more than simple black for any one; but when Mr. Hollis died, she put on what they brought her, without thought of it at the time, and, for long afterward, she was glad for the heavy veil protecting her at once from observation and self-betrayal. She was sooner into quiet grays and tans again than out of that mental attitude of retirement.

Her first grief was wholly in the obituary mood, that surging of gentleness and generosity one has even for the unrelated newly dead. The emptiness of solitude and snapped activities increased the sense of loss. The habits of marriage were strong and many of them very dear; and, childless, and financially without care, she lacked beneficent compulsion to a renewing hold on life.

But to-day she had lingered, tempted, before a picture-hat faced with pale-rose chiffon. It used to be her color, and her friends criticised the long soberness of her dress, in which her old taste had reasserted itself only by a Quakerlike exquisitesness. She had always answered that she didn't "feel pink." But to-day she almost did. She believed she would go back next day for that roseate reflector.

But she never went.

Peggy waked her early next morning for some instructions, and as Ruth sat up in bed, startled instantly into full wakefulness, she observed that the negro stammered, and, for a moment, lost her errand in surprised admiration. The look had once been too familiar for Ruth Hollis to need words with it now. Alone again, she slipped out of bed to her glass,—and quite decided on the pink hat. But the surprise that halved the admiration pricked her at intervals through the morning. The incredulity of the stranger

at first sight was the very acme of compliment; but from accustomed eyes the implication was of too great unusualness. When she came in at luncheon-time, somewhat fagged, a passing glimpse in a mirror checked her to face herself. Oh no, her moments of youth were only a fitful afterglow. What had she been thinking of? Once over thirty, one was middle-aged. She shook her head at herself, amused and sympathetic, and abjured pink forever.

That night she told George Landis about it with an effect of its being more a good story than an autobiographical confidence. "That's the worst of having once been good to look at,—people hold you responsible under all circumstances, and when the time comes to sink gracefully into oblivion they call up the ghost to embarrass you by comparisons." She had kept through everything a sweet gayety of manner. "And they think it sour grapes if you say that maturity, the feeling of knowledge and power, are compensations." Had Mrs. Hollis considered it, her beauty was so much more than outline, so much an atmosphere, that even flesh and wrinkles when they came need not prevail against it. "I might as well confess, though, that Peggy's flattery pleased me so that I gave her a black and white lawn I should have kept on wearing myself, and my morning-glory lasted longer than usual, I suppose. At least she interviewed me later:

"Miss Ruth, yuh awful young, ain't yuh?"

"Of course I am, and I mean to keep so."

"Keep so? Whut yuh talkin' 'bout, honey?"

"Don't you know how to keep young? Keep busy and interested and fond of people, and laugh a little now and then, at yourself included."

"Ah, shucks!"

"You just try it and see."

"Well, anyway, yuh ain't kep' young, yuh is young. How ole is yuh, Miss Ruth?"

"Not old at all,—young."

"A-h, honey, how ole?"

"As old as I look. Well, how old would you say?"

"Yuh shorely doan' look er ac' a day over nineteen, but yuh been married, and yuh unmarried again. . . ."

"But that," Ruth added, "was before all the returns were in from the mirror."

As he watched her face lightened with laughter under the shaded lamp, it was on Landis's teasing tongue to tell her that her youth looked remarkably natural to be put on. But he wanted her to know he could deserve the tacit compliment of her simplicity with him. People always tried to live up to Ruth Hollis's evident good opinion, and always left her feeling that they had. And not only the compliment, but the confidence. He had known her so long without any lifting of the veil. It was a new thing, this talking of herself. Lately, now and then, she even referred casually to her marriage. Landis thought it significant, and even at times hoped it was personally so.

"Some hobbies, affections, and humor;—so those are the ingredients of your beauty lotion?"

"Isn't it a good recipe? Happiness doesn't depend on externals so much as on having a vital interest in life."

"Such as the prevention of the first gray hair and the choice between mauve and champagne color?" he asked, slyly.

"Trifles make perfection, but perfection is no trifle," she countered, instinctively. But he was looking at her with an indulgent reproach that disarmed her reserve. "Ah, don't. I know. But what am I to do? You see before you a good milliner or house-decorator spoiled for lack of opportunity. I can dabble in any of the arts, but only dabble; it would be a farce for me to take myself seriously at them. And Mr. Hollis used to say it wasn't right to do work for which we could afford to pay when so many people needed it. Well, you know that isn't usefulness," she argued. "And we, of course, hadn't time for it anyway,—going constantly; only—" She paused absently.

"Only?" he encouraged.

"I was just thinking how my castle in the air, as a girl, was a little house that I used to design, build, furnish, and busy myself about in the mornings." The reminiscence made her grave. Landis tingled with the expectation of a moment of intimacy at last. Intimacy of a kind they had had for some time. From the beginning he had responded utterly to her air of cordiality and interest, and her manner with him was unaffectedly ingenuous; but sometimes he thought the limpidity made too bright a reflector to be transparent,—like a diamond. But now . . . ! Now the very stillness recalled her. "In my youth"—her subdued merriment dismissed it to remote antiquity—"I was a great spinner of fairytales. Dear me, what pretty things I was going to make for that house, what marvels from the women's magazines!" She checked herself again. The pretty things had included the daintiest of Lilliputian garments, for there was to be a boy and a girl in that innocent diagram of her future; but in the five years of her marriage there had seemed no time for children. "It's easy to see how abused I am!" she lamented. "I have never had incentive or excuse to be good for anything. Even the little dinners I planned to plan,—the cook allowed no intrusion, and was too valuable to be offended. And here in my cousin's house I am simply a guest who pays her share of the expenses."

"That's like a girl, isn't it?" Landis considered. "She doesn't think of it as marrying a man; she fancies she's going to marry conditions; and then"—he did so want to know whether her reticence was the silence of the sacred or only of the private place—"then she marries *him*?"

"Does she?" Mrs. Hollis wondered. "Is there any such person?" Was her amusement an expression of opinion? "Or does she marry the one man she has met for her?"

"—then?" he added.

She was debating it. "Probably he's not even that. The best one, say. But her friends will be sure to doubt that. So it's reduced to this,—that he'll do, not that she can't do without him?" Was there a nuance of wistfulness back of the banter?

"Well, the doctrine has its points,—



Half-tone plate engraved by L. C. Faber

RUTH'S HANDS GREW NERVOUS AMONG THE TEA THINGS

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not *any one*, of course, but not *only one* either." Mrs. Hollis wondered just when she had said that. "It lessens the danger."

"And the opportunity?"

"Oh, but it gives opportunities. It—it's so much more hopeful."

Indeed he sounded so decidedly so that Mrs. Hollis looked at him dubiously, and, when he was gone, wondered at herself and her inferential confidences. Yet back of the vexation was a sense of safety and new nearness and welcome tribute.

"She doesn't think of it as marrying a man, I suppose." No, only a few attributes. And had Mr. Hollis had those? She sometimes thought she had been fond of him more because there was so little fault to find than for any active qualities or capacities. "She fancies she is going to marry conditions." Why, it was conditions she had loved,—and mourned. Her long reticence had been the silence of consideration as well as of seclusion. For some time retrospect had been bringing her judgment. Now she saw that the glamour of her early enthusiasm about her husband, their marriage, was but the rosy reflection cast over things by her own sentiments. They, her feelings, were general, impersonal, to an extent irrelevant. The actuality of their life together had not been exceptional, nor really her ideal, though it had been preponderatingly pleasant. As she looked back, her grief resolved itself into grief for herself, for her time of harvest passed in drought, for a hungry soul offered a stone for bread. Or was it that she had been given bread for the moon, a rattle for a rainbow? And, by the way, which was it, her dream—the moon or the rainbow? Out of her reach or not there? Ah, that was it,—not there. She admitted it now with the amusement of the woman of the world for the heroics of the schoolgirl. So now she had done with illusions, with both regret and expectation.

And yet, and yet, did it mean nothing, then, the persistence of the dream, the hope, the faith, the prophecy, concerning a perfect love?

Ruth, Ruth! Spinning again. She must take her own prescription and find a hobby.

"I didn't buy the hat," she told

Landis next time. "I am done with rose-colored reflectors. But I have annexed two vital interests."

It had been a most unsatisfactory call. Mrs. Hollis came in carrying a white ball of an Esquimaux spitz, about the size to fit her jewel-box. The "little pet" demanded as incessant attention as a spoiled child, and got it, with baby-talk full of references to *maman!* Conversation went to splinters. Landis had come to ask her to pour tea next day for a small party at his place in the suburbs. Now he was leaving. Not once had their spirits touched.

"I'm going into serious club-work; not simply writing papers for self-culture, but doing something for other people—city play-grounds, say, or free baths. I shall hold opinions and offices. And then, for fear of losing my sweetness and light in such strenuous life, I'm going to give a reception for this little fallen angel." The cherub alluded to yelped and squirmed in her arms. "Oh, darling, don't it itty bitty interrupt *maman*. Won't it like to sit on a new marble pedestal? Does it forget the beauvy crimson cushion *maman's* embroidering in dold for it?—Precious!" she protested, and laughing, looked up for sympathy,—to the distaste and incredulity in Landis's eyes. She was not the kind of woman to do it sincerely, and to do it maliciously was no more in character.

Ruth stiffened.

"It's a pity there are no human beings needing a little common consideration," he commented. She drew back, Bijou crushed against her bosom. "*You* in such a travesty of motherhood!" he burst out. It was explanation, but hardly apology. And Ruth flamed.

Her hands were too occupied for good-by. He left her so. And he wasn't sorry—no. Good for her to be angry and ashamed. It was time anyway he roused some consciousness of himself.

But people had a way of valuing Mrs. Hollis's approval and favor, perhaps because of the wall of exclusion just back of her outer hospitality, making it unusual to get in, and so of course desirable. Landis was alert all next day at every messenger or telephone-bell. She might break the engagement! And he had planned it as part of his argument

with this winningly indifferent woman, whose softness was as yielding and impenetrable as cotton.

She came, however, in the Rowlands' car, and so impersonally gracious that Landis felt himself computing the distance to the sun. So her air of pleasure and attention proved, after all, only that she was charming, not that you were.

Yet, watching her through his rooms and at his table, he felt like an artist who has just completed his best work.

Perhaps he looked like one expecting congratulations, for Ruth's hands grew nervous among the tea things. "Your man is beautifully trained," she hastened to remark.

"Yes. I have negro servants altogether. The best of their kind,—faithful, capable, dirty, and wasteful."

"Perhaps that explains it. Your house is like you, and attractive, but—it lacks something."

"It does indeed, sorely," he agreed, quickly. "Like me, as you say."

Her eyes met and passed his in casual reinspection.

Yet her exclusiveness was so courteous no one questioned her right to exclusion. People were not offended at being left out, only flattered at being admitted. Disappointment always included the determination to try again. It never occurred to those who so soon touched resistance back of the upper ripple and gleam that it might be the bottom they were touching.

At the breaking up, Landis's own trap was brought around, and he proposed himself to take Mrs. Hollis home, and that so publicly that she could only acquiesce.

"Wasn't that clever of me?" he crowed as they started. She looked at him. "The damsel in distress carried off by the wicked ogre before all the court." The corners of her mouth twitched and lifted. "Oh, Joey B. is devilish sly," he reminded her. And the breeze of laughter cleared the air. "You see, I wanted a chance to talk to you about your new industries, and to make a suggestion."

She interrupted him generously: "I sent Bijou back this morning. He was just on trial. He didn't—suit."

"I should say not!" There sounded such conviction of incongruity that Mrs. Hollis laughed again.

And lurking mischief peeped out at him once more from the corner of her eye. "No, he wasn't exactly benignant." She seemed to be considering it. "But they do say either a Pomeranian or a French poodle is a dear, affectionate little thing, and—"

"Would fail equally to suit," he assured her. "So will the gavel. Stick to your line. Don't you see that your real talent is for domesticity? All your cleverness is in its arts. You admit yourself that with all your aptitudes you lack the—aw—automotor impulses of genius. And now, there is my house yearning for attention."

She looked at him with glimmering seriousness. "And what salary do you propose to pay?"

"Even to the half of my kingdom, and more. I know of course that you don't believe in the fairy prince, and you are so nice to everybody it's a question how much your being nice to anybody means. But in my most dispassionate moments I am sure you think pretty well of me and like to have me around?"

"Modest man, I can say all of that."

His free hand closed over hers with a sudden grip. "Can you say more?"

She seemed to slip like water, sparkling, between his fingers. "Oh, I'm good-tempered and obliging and get along with any one who is fairly reciprocal."

The humor in his eyes had flickered. It was a moment before it brightened steadily again. "And wouldn't you enjoy a newspaper opposite you at breakfast and a good cigar after dinner?"

"Yes," she admitted, a shadow of gravity following the smile; "those are the kind of things I have missed most."

"And don't you long for a child or two to adore, be anxious over and interested in, to help you grow old and young at the same time?"

"Oh, that was my greatest regret."

And now for a moment they did not smile at all.

Then he looked up at her drolly. "If I am not mistaken I have the happiness to confide in you that I am engaged to be married."

"So you don't condemn the idea of marriage reconciling a woman to the man, instead of the man to marriage?" The mouth smiled, and the voice, but the



eyes held back, reluctant, unsatisfied. "You are willing to be accepted simply as a household necessity! It is enough to be merely the *object* of my affections."

He looked down at her sidewise under his lashes, quizzically knowing and confident. He had left his horses at her gate and was walking with her to the door. She stepped inside,—and found herself crushed, devoured. She freed herself—when she could—surprised, deprecating, but not convincingly displeased. "I meant to ask you to whom you were engaged," she said. "I was not informed." But now she was all aglow, and Landis smiled his Joey B. smile again. Then, as he still held her hands and looked at her, "Old folks like us!" she reproved him. "I thought you didn't pretend to care for me that way."

"And where did you get that idea? I didn't know I had discussed myself at all."

She was done with illusions, forsooth! Straightway the little genii of hope began building another castle in the air. If she *was* marrying conditions, she was marrying too that possibility that had always been to her a pillar of cloud by day and fire by night. Affection thrives wonderfully with light and water. There were moments when the bright surface seemed cleft, and through its swift closing Landis thought he caught fleeting glimpses of wonderful deeps.

The choice of clothes to suit her recurred spring-time, the redoing of Landis's house, the meeting with new people, set Ruth's days cantering again. Lingerie, curtains, and all that, once more brought the opportunity and the pleasure of artistic expression. Interest and goodwill kindle an inner glow that throws an outer radiance. Instead of a young-looking woman, people noticed Mrs. Landis as a young one. She had that particular cleanness of skin that is born, and cannot be achieved nor kneaded into one. Her figure was youthful in its maturity. Though her brow had the breadth of thought and reason, her eyes had never lost the eager anticipation of eighteen.

But it was when the hope of Nina became an assurance that Ruth's life seemed really to focus into purpose and meaning. It came to her like a discovery that motherhood was to be her passion,

in motherhood she would find the perfect love.

And from that time her guiding possibility led her in an entirely new way.

Ruth experienced motherhood at its best. She did not suffer the embarrassments of the young bride. She had lived long enough to realize how long life was, that there was time for a number of things, that a few years of seclusion did not mean foregoing all the outside world. No one could do everything. Whatever he did he was missing something else. The point was to do something; and what better "hobby" than children? She was getting old enough to crave youth, and to look forward to being older with thoughts of preparation. As for the price and the risk,—it was worth it. Never was warmer nest prepared for nursling.

So now the cloud and fire rested over the camp; the march halted. Ruth looked no more for the Promised Land. She was content in the wilderness by this spring struck from the rock for her. She understood now why middle-aged folk urged on young ones the practical considerations of marriage—the comfort of affection, the gain through otherism, the widened horizon of the dual identity and its sense of security. These were the things that came true, not the romancing.

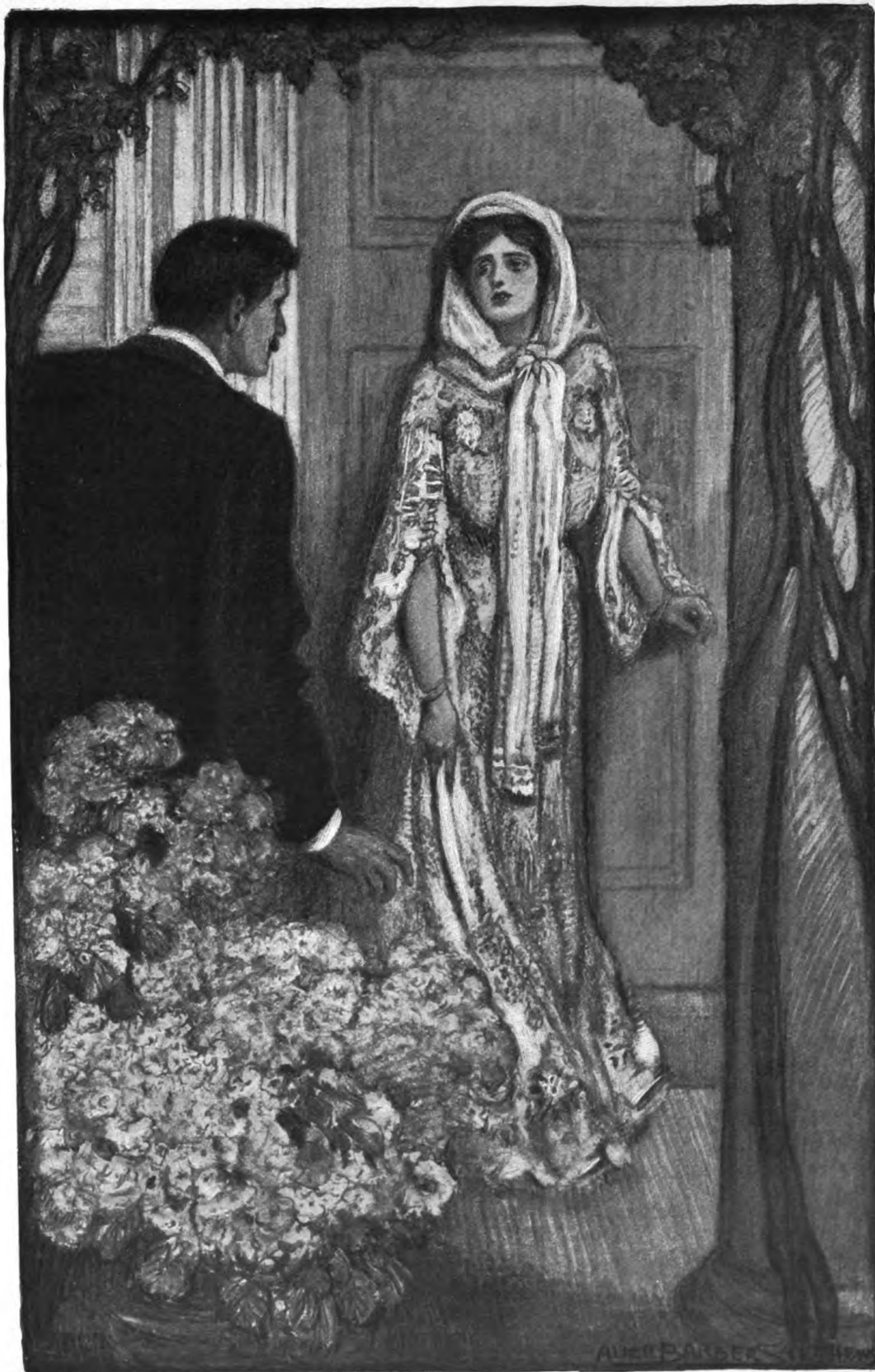
She accepted George's devotion with instant response, a sort of deprecating insatiability, and an unfailing appreciation that her humor lightened without belittling. She gave him in return the very cream of domesticity and companionship.

Hadn't he known she would be happy? George reminded her with that masculine faith in the sureness of love's reproducing itself.

But when he saw her absorbed and intense at last it was not for him.

She told herself that her figure was losing something of its symmetry, that the plumpness of her throat was less firm, that her face was growing larger, as if she were losing height; she told herself that all this was true, and she didn't care! As she grew older, so did Nina; as she went down, Nina went up!

The fear for Nina through the summers in the South took her North yearly.



"THERE IS NO WAY," SHE SAID

It was when the child was four that she decided on the Virginia mountains, where Landis could follow them by a twenty-hour run. They talked of frequent short visits; but Landis's business was confining,—he rarely got more vacation than the two weeks every clerk claimed, and he was not nearly so sure of that as they. The months passed without his getting away at all.

It was natural, then, that to James Sinclair Mrs. Landis's husband should seem a myth, her marriage but a name. He knew only her, and if Ruth's self-detractions were true in hours of physical and mental negligee, they were not readable yet to him who ran. He knew only her, and how perfectly he and she accorded. At the same time the myth and the name kept him from the casual speculations about her with which the unattached consider the hypothetically attachable. And Ruth, of course, once married, had ceased to speculate about other men altogether. But she had been married long enough to be past the perpetual consciousness of it, and its first exclusion of the idea of the existence of any other man. She was used to admiration. She had always had cordial and unquestionable friendships with men.

With both of them thus uncommonly oblivious, their feeling was swift and secret as fire. It was one of those quick attractions that often fizzle out on deeper acquaintance, but that are occasionally the instant kindling of the vital kinships of life.

It was not that he was the superlative in so many ways of the other men she had known. It was only that they had in greater measure the common tastes and standards essential to real union. A novel and peculiar sweetness sensitized all their intercourse. Ruth had never met any one who so stimulated and entertained her. Indeed she had never met any one just like him, any one with whom she felt so thoroughly in rapport.

At first she was conscious only of pleasant quickening in his company, and her usual frank gratification at being preferred. Innocent little fleece-cloud thoughts of him, puffball reminiscences, trails of good talk, wisps of incident, floated back and forth across her idling mind. She was slipping into her old

habit of reverie, in which she told herself pretty fairy-tales, and from which she roused herself now with amusement at this belated echo of her girlhood. Only the girl's dreams had been of self and the future; these admitted neither tense nor person, at most a vague wistful might-have-been.

What was the matter with her,—this resurgence of the old restlessness, the sense of incompleteness and disappointment? Had she not satisfied herself that she had the best of life? Was not Nina her unfailing spring from the depths? Perhaps it was idleness, but she had thought she needed exactly that for both mind and body. Oh, all she wanted was a sight of her good old sweetheart to reassure her that she had one!

She wrote him:—"These moons go to my head. I feel greedy having them all to myself. Do *make* time to run up and be young and foolish with your old wife."

Meanwhile the trouble was as intangible, stifling, pervasive as fog.

Yet one afternoon she escaped it completely, forgot it altogether. She had been riding with a party, and as they reached the hotel grounds coming back, they scattered, and she and Sinclair swept up to her cottage on the crest of a wave of high blood and spirits. They were laughing as he turned to help her dismount, laughing as their hands met, and their eyes. There was an electric shock. Their eyes met and their selves,—surprised, disarmed, stripped.

The laugh was still on her face as foolish as a candle in sunlight when she got to her old confidant, the mirror.

In addition to a nature self-conscious and self-interested, her experience and position made impossible for her the delays and evasions of the girl, the luxury of irresponsibility. She understood perfectly. It had come. *He* had come! This was LOVE; not flattered vanity, nor domestic instinct, nor friendship quickened with sex, but love. And oh, to think that it had come now, too late! No, no. Was it fair to cheat her of the great desire of her life? Honor? There need be nothing clandestine; and besides in a case of this sort honor was many-headed. Duty? Duty was often a Moloch to whom lives were sacrificed in a veritable devil-worship. Law? It could be satis-

fied. Society? There were higher benches; and had the individual no right? In one flash she had admitted, considered everything. This feeling that had been swift and secret as fire roared round her now as terrifying as it was beautiful.

Peggy's knock broke her daze, and Nina calling through the door that she was ready for supper.

Ah . . . Nina! Ruth caught up the child. How complicated everything was!

And she had forgotten Nina.

Cooled and steadied, by the time she was dressed for the evening, she was wondering what all her tumult had been about. What had happened, after all? How credulous she was!

But, by what sense she could not have told, she knew when he came into the dining-room. She perceived him. Afterward, on the huge dim porch, his ordinary voice, the whole length of the building away, leaped out to her like a leitmotif. She went into the ballroom. When he came looking for her, she turned away to—avoid him? What an admission! But she answered hastily that she did not want to dance, she was going to her cottage for the night. No, no, she would go alone; she needed no one; really she preferred . . . But of course he went, while she wondered at her unwonted idiocy.

The air outside was fresh, soft, sweet. Valley and mountain shimmered in the obscuring light of the moon. The wind in the trees over the path flickered the lights and shadows so that they walked on shifting ground. Ruth stepped so uncertainly that Sinclair drew her hand through his arm. At the touch both hearts lost beat again, and his fingers faltered, lingering on hers, but at her first movement withdrew. Suddenly she could think of nothing to say; her mind was a singing emptiness like the night. And he could think of only too much. Silence, that before this they had found restful and friendly, grew portentous. Her steps and breath were hurried as they reached her porch and she turned without a word to her door.

"Ruth!" The call spoke itself, and stopped her short, her back half toward him. Her blood leaped,—and as suddenly ebbed and left her cold and stiff. One

moment she swung drugged over a gulf of sleep, swinging slowly, lower, lower; suddenly she touched bottom, and in the instant of self-abandonment was wide-awake.

"I am sure I can trust you not to be here in the morning."

"Surely you cannot misunderstand. Is there *no* way?"

She faced him now, her left hand on the door-knob for support or retreat, her back against the door, at bay. The complaisance of her nature that was so winning was a weakness as well. She had drifted into her first marriage and been drawn into her second without fully agreeing. Now this experience had swept her along, a mere leaf in the current; she had heard the roar of the falls, felt the growing pressure and speed,—it was too late now! Then, instinct, will, struck out. In the first moment of struggle she realized the full force against her, deadly. Now, safe, she leaned panting against the doorway. "There is no way," she said.

Her face was white and steady as marble, but she trembled. There was no denial of the truth in her eyes. Her attitude was all weakness and resistance.

A wave of longing swept him for one moment at least for remembrance. Its surge drowned her as well. He took a step toward her, but—it was only his dry lips and her chill fingers that touched.

He went away as she went in.

To a love like this she was essentially virgin, with all a girl's inaccessibility to the first kiss; and that subtle maidenliness protected her then from him and from herself.

Afterward that abstinence was a comfort to both that no momentary gratification could have been. It helped her back to self-respect, and left her pedestalled in his memory.

But there was no self-respect for her that night. What sort of woman was she, then, so facile that she could be the willing and happy wife of two men with possibilities for a third? that she could love two men at once?—for she could not think of George with anything but gentleness. Was she merely an instrument on which any man could play who knew the gamut? That had been, to be sure, anything but true; but it was true

enough to lash her now. Still, the conviction kept recurring that between Sinclair and herself everything was different, unique. But was it surely finer? Such an affinity was sufficiently unusual and esoteric to seem mysterious, full of possibilities for, it might be, the most spiritual, or—the most physical of attractions. What did she know of him really? Instantly, however, instinct asserted the validity of its recognition of a kindred nature. No, she would have none of the recourses of cowardice or misanthropy. It would be something to know that her lifelong faith was grounded. If only she had had the courage of it and had waited for him, letting the half-gods go that the gods might arrive! If they had met under different circumstances! But would they ever have met at all except for the circumstances? Could there ever be circumstances without something amiss? She hadn't waited. Ah, that was the rub. There was no such thing as the Might-Have-Been. It was a secret suspicion of the shallowness of her capacity for love that had made her flatter herself lately that she was supersexual, that the depths of her nature lay in motherhood. She had cultivated that absorption as the concentration of a large nature on a single object,—when it was only the limitations of a small creature incapable of more than one idea at a time! At the first test she had forgotten Nina. One way or another she would have failed Sinclair as well. The unattainability of the ideal was in the nature of the idealist as much as in the nature of things. She was stung by a swarm of disillusionments. However you looked at it, there was no such thing as fulfilment:—things never came exactly as you planned; if they approximated it, your tastes had changed, or there were inseparable conditions you had not considered, or the new vantage-point opened up a fresh horizon that belittled the old. Now under no arrangement she could possibly make could there be even happiness for her in this love. The same lack that had not prevented her marriage could not now nullify it. She could not shirk the responsibility she had at least accepted. Everything depended on her making her marriage a success. Every

situation had its drawbacks,—and its advantages. Few women had even one such friend as her two. And Nina! And yet (to stretch the real figures somewhat for the sake of the classical) she had wandered for forty years in the desert. "chasing shadows idle of unreal good," when she might have gone into her kingdom long ago to possess it. Through the long night, in her dismantled Pantheon, the vanished gods reappeared; all her outgrown religions; each cult was justified, each ideal had its value, as part of her growth and destiny. Mr. Hollis's urn was restored, and George Landis's shrine relighted. Never again should there lack a green chaplet for one, a fresh rose for the other.

So the conflicting moods blended, subsided, and, by degrees, with time, settled into a philosophy of appreciation and content.

By morning a great gulf separated her from yesterday, from the past few weeks. It was all remote, incredible. And reaction brought apathy.

Her problem was whether or not she ought to tell her husband. Tell him what? Words could only distort; but secrecy magnified, and secrecy was wrong principle; besides, she longed to go to him both with her trouble and her new offering. But if she told, what could he do or say, except to feel a shadow between them? The abstract and the practical warred.

When she went over to the hotel an enveloped card was in her mail-box—Sinclair's card with his address underscored by pen. As she dropped the bits into the waste-basket and looked up, she smiled wearily at her own futility; the one glimpse had burnt the card, just so, on her memory. It hung on the wall, was posted on the mountain-side.

While she stood looking out, under her listless eyes the stage drove up.

"George!"

"Of course I came, first train after your invitation! Only too charmed to be wanted." Was there a hint of hurt in the jocularly? "But I'll have to cut the moon. Have only the day. I've *got* to go back to-night. So let's condense as much youth and nonsense into ten hours as possible. Where's the young one?"

For once her gay responsiveness failed



her. She could think of nothing but wanting to tell him. It was an obsession to—relieve her feelings at the expense of his? That decided her. Silence was the least she could do for him, and her least penance.

She made an effort to rouse herself. He had come all this distance for a few hours with her! Doubtless the effort was evident. George's effervescence fell, even with Nina between them, hanging to both at once. Had he been demonstrative Ruth would have shrunk from it; yet, when it came to good-by, her heart ached at the emptiness of the day.

Her father put Nina down. "You look pale, Ruth. Are you sure there's nothing the matter?" At the curbed solicitude of his eyes, Ruth could have cried with pity for them both. Self-control took all her force. She answered lifelessly that it was too crowded, there was too much going on, she wished it wasn't so hot in town. . . .

Landis's face brightened. Then he remembered. Yes, it was hot; he supposed it really wouldn't do for her and Nina. . . .

She said no more and her face said

nothing. He hesitated, touched her cheek lightly. "Don't overdo, dear." Her hands dropped. He started.

"George!"

He looked around and came back. "What is it, Ruth? Speak up, like a brave girl."

"I could be packed in time for that morning train."

"Ruth!"

"Oh, we can make some arrangement, not so far away. Nina isn't the only one for either of us to consider."

"Why, Ruth!"

"I don't ever want to get so far away from you again. . . . Oh, love me!"

He was smothering her. "I'm always afraid of boring you, dear."

"Oh, you know I couldn't love any one more than you, or be happier with any one."

But he did not notice her words enough to be puzzled. For, manlike, he did not go in for analysis, nor, once assured, require explanations and constant reassertions. For men are wiser than women,—they do not look the gift-horses of the gods too closely in the mouth.

## Love, Dost Thou Smile?

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

LOVE, dost thou smile—believing thou shalt cheat  
 The triform Fates, because thou art so sweet?  
 Thy beauty, which delights and makes afraid,  
 Shall surely as the rose of autumn fade,  
 And pain and grief shall find thee, and slow scorn;  
 And thou shalt know neglect and friendship hollow;  
 And at the last, pale hope, thy light of morn,  
 Shall bring thee to a goal where none will follow.

Love, dost thou weep—in all the sorrowing earth,  
 Thou the one only thing of perfect worth?  
 Midnight and morn alike to thee belong;  
 Poor, thou art rich; defenceless, thou art strong;  
 Upon thy altar burns perpetual fire  
 That mounts and flames aloft to heaven's high portal;  
 Thou quickenest, from evil, pure desire,—  
 Triumphant in defeat, in death immortal!

## Editor's Easy Chair.

THE fact of woman's moral and spiritual superiority is generally supposed not to have been much questioned in Christian civilization by that large plurality of men who have wives or that totality who have had mothers. Sisters even, and, in extreme instances, aunts and cousins, tend to bring conviction of the fact, and all the superstitions of the Orient or antiquity are powerless against it. There is apparently no doubt of woman's primacy in things of the heart and soul, and if there are some of the other sex who still deny it in things of the mind, there is compensatively, in an age of athletics, an increasing respect for her physical prowess. This is attested by the pictures, varying little from one illustrated paper to another, of maiden or matron golfers, standing with their feet very wide apart, in the act of driving the ball far past the hindrance of the farthest bunker; and it is no great while since they were shown springing into the air, and wielding the tennis-racket with triumphant effect. Their proficiency in swimming and rowing has been fully recognized by art; and if we descend from the fine air of society in which we like best to meet our reader, and repair with him to the circus or the theatre, we are confronted with still more striking proofs of woman's acrobatic force. In such feats as ground and lofty tumbling, flying from the trapeze, riding the bicycle on the tight wire, letting a man hang from a strap held between her teeth, being fired from a cannon, or diving head first from the summit of the tent into a net or a pool below, she equals if not surpasses the boldest performers of the other sex; and she brings a grace and lends a charm to every act which must be their despair. When it comes to the higher art of the ballet, the breathless whirls, bounds, and bends, the leaps with shimmering ankles in mid-air, woman is sovereign if not sole; and what man yet has stubbed down a vast stage, from its remotest depth to the footlights, on the tips of his great toes, radiantly smiling, and kissing his fingers right and left to the crashing house, as if it were nothing?

For woman, it apparently is nothing, but we think that the man who attempts it on the smallest scale, will agree that the delicate creature who achieves it in every ballet, cannot, at least, be so delicate as she looks. The equality of the sexes among the dumb animals affords no true image of her predominance. In the things which, with every disadvantage of false training from the beginning of civilization, woman does, at the first chance offered her, to claim her parity with man, there is an intimation of the primordial superiority of her sex, such as we yet see in some sorts of insects. Is it wholly unimaginable that among the eventuations of the farthest future, when the suffrage and coeducation shall have become almost prehistoric events of her development, there shall be a type of womanhood, to which the ultimate type of manhood shall be as the drone is to the queen bee?

These reflections, elevating or humiliating, as the reader chances to find them, have been suggested, however circuitously, by a case in the courts which will have been so long adjudicated before our written words become our printed words that justice cannot have profited by any inference from them. They are therefore thrown out now, in a region of pure speculation, where the reader may accept or reject our conclusions with the same security against their practical effect which we feel in advancing them. The case, which might not otherwise concern him, is that of a disputed will made by a husband and wife perishing in a disaster common to both. The husband was a rich man who had bequeathed the greater part of his wealth to a charity of his own foundation, and she had formally ratified his bequest. But now come her kindred seeking to set aside their joint testamentary disposition on the statutory ground that a man may not will more than half of his possessions to a charity away from his wife or children; and they assume that in this instance the testator's wife survived him. On the other hand the counsel of the charity contend that the husband survived the wife, the pre-

sumption of the law being that where husband and wife lose their lives in a casualty together, it is always the wife who dies first, since the woman is weaker than the man, and must sooner give way.

Except that the law has been held the perfection of reason it would scarcely be necessary to refute a position so contrary to our reasoning. But the law has often found itself in error, and has courts of appeal especially established to revise the decisions of its primary courts; so that our courage, or our mere audacity, in questioning the wisdom of its axiom, is not so great as it might appear. We do not know on what fact or principle those seeking to set aside the will, in the case cited, base their contention that the wife survived the husband in the calamity which neither finally survived, but there is much in experience and observation to sustain them.

For proof of the more strenuous longevity of the so-called weaker sex in the ordinary course of events, we need by no means

Survey mankind from China to Peru.

Every small village and sparse neighborhood affords it in the proportion of the widows outnumbering the widowers. This maintains itself not because widows less frequently marry again than widowers. They are not averse to matrimony, and are rather more sought in marriage than spinsters, while widowers if not more reluctant are more distasteful. The widows outnumber the widowers to the end apparently because it is the habit of the sex to survive through its greater wisdom in the art of living. The eternal womanly has divined from the beginning that this is the finest of the arts, and has bent all its conservative instincts to fostering and prolonging life. At an age when the boy flies his home to tempt danger and invite death by every risk he can invent, a girl remains in the shelter of the roof-tree, and studies how, by keeping out of drafts and practising a careful diet, to fit herself to be his physical as well as moral superior. When they marry he brings to their union a constitution broken by the hazards he has taken, and the question of her survival, perhaps again and again, into widowhood, is only a question of time.

We will not contend that his more

imprudent life is more heroic, or that he commonly deceases first because he has overburdened himself with cares, or worn himself out with work for his wife and children. It is very much more probable that, in the great majority of instances, his habits are bad. He overeats, and in the sense that all drinking is excess, he overdrinks; very likely he oversmokes. He goes to clubs, where these vices are cherished; we need not consider the extreme cases in which he exposes himself to the vicissitudes of the weather by playing the races, or wastes the midnight electricity over the billiard or card table. We will not look too closely into the mystery of his record, lest we come upon things which will not bear polite scrutiny. It is certain that his expectation of life is less than woman's, and in proof we need only allege the willingness of the insurance companies to sell him an annuity at a much lower rate than that made for woman. His expectation of life when they both come to an age which they agree to call later middle life is so much less than that of woman, that the officials who spend their time in guessing, on twenty-thousand-dollar rugs, at his mischances, are far easier with him, and bet higher on them.

But all such considerations relate to the average mortality and not to a catastrophe in which the disparities of longevity between the sexes must be measured by minutes, by seconds. One reason for the wife's survival, much more truly found than the law's presumption of the husband's greater strength, is to the credit of the sex which is so little to be praised in some other respects. If it is true (but it is apparently less and less true) that the wife is the weaker and must therefore perish the sooner, the balance of chances is dressed in her favor by custom which has become second nature. This custom springs from what may still crudely be called the principle of chivalry. It is by no means certain that man invented the principle; he has the sufficient honor of often acting upon it; but we should be inclined, for reasons that it would be tedious to recite, to attribute its invention to woman, who employed the earliest moments of Christian civilization in divining that man's chance of spiritual progress lay in his willing devo-

tion to herself. He might begin in the savage belligerence which Tennyson has unconsciously shown atrocious in a lyric of *The Princess*:

A moment while the trumpets blow,  
He sees his brood about thy knee;  
The next, like fire he meets the foe,  
And strikes him dead for thine and thee.

But he would end in the nobler self-effacement of the life which gives itself that a life personally dear or impersonally sacred may be spared, without the destruction of yet some other life. If our quest could penetrate to the last word or action of the tragedy in which a husband and wife perish together, her survival could be verified through the fact of his voluntary self-sacrifice on her behalf much oftener than his own survival through his greater strength. It is so expected, in spite of the law's presumption, that he will have first laid down his life for hers, that where he survives a common peril a shade of reproach, however unjust, attaches to him.

The law's contrary presumption is not the only matter in which the law attests its primitive origin. It should presume rather that the wife survives because the husband has given his life in an effort to save her. On this point the trashiest of those innumerable novels which have had their little day of favor because the hero has risked his life for the heroine's somewhere in their pages, is wiser in Christianized human nature than the law. A principle which has become almost an instinct, operates perhaps more mechanically than voluntarily; but through its operation the woman survives a common calamity precisely for the reason that she is weaker, or believed to be weaker.

If this is so (and we have wished in our affirmation to be clear rather than positive), will all be changed back to the old savagery on which the law can alone justify its presumption, if the equalization of the sexes is finally accomplished? It has been the reasoning of minds which seem to us not so far-thinking as others, that if women once had what they call their rights, though they seem on examination to be merely human rights, men would relapse into barbarism, and behave rather worse than heathen; that all their self-sacrifice in behalf of woman,

from giving up their seats in cars to giving up their lives in fires and floods, would cease; that the exquisite flower of chivalry which has been nurtured by countless acts of self-devotion, and is our one truly precious heritage from the feudal ages, would wither and never bloom again. It might be; but we are still far from the experimental stage, and in the mean time we wish some philosopher, better equipped than ourselves for the inquiry, would ask what is to happen if woman goes on equalizing herself with man in his hardy sports, or building herself up into even greater strength by her athletics. There have been, before now, observers (not the widest or deepest, we dare say) who held that woman had already lost her priority in refinement, and that a greater gentleness, a sweeter kindness, a more generous humanity was to be found among men. Women, such observers say, have grown brusque and rude, as if they were determined to surpass men in bad manners as in other things, and their type is no longer the vine that clings for support, or the creeper that insinuates and disintegrates. Certain old superstitions of their malevolent subtlety, their wily hypocrisy, their unscrupulous love of power effecting itself through their undeniable charm, have vanished, if we may trust the evidence of fiction. It is very, very long since a lady-villain of the old wickedness has figured in a novel, and as yet she has not been replaced by any lovely athlete of the new order who stops at nothing in her ambition to excel man in every point of his former preeminence.

Those who view the relations of men and women as a game in which craft prevails, or a battle in which strength gives the victory, are apparently alike in the crudity of their conceptions. There is probably no such rivalry as they imagine, but an enchanting emulation, in which man at last may well be glad of defeat. Whatever he happens at the time to be doing, the fact of his doing it seems to rouse the curiosity and inspire the competition of woman. That is perhaps why she rides, rows, swims, golfs, gambles, motors; or wears his coats, collars, waistcoats, hats, from time to time, or enters his professions and pushes him from his stool, wherever she finds him higher

perched than herself. We do not think that at the bottom of her heart she loves many of the things in which she loves to beat him; simply she cannot bear to see him first; but having seen him last, she abandons the competition with what has been unfairly called her fickleness. She is most constant in her will to outdo him; she tires of nothing but victory, but she does tire of that. Why otherwise should she abandon the piano, the easel, the stage, even, in the very hour when she has mastered their arts? She gives up medicine, the law, theology, and science for no reason but that she is tired of triumphing in them.

If it is true, however, that in the struggle for supremacy in athletics she has lost something of her supremacy in the graces—not the graces of the soul and heart, which she can never lose, but the graces of that *gentillesse* (as a word once ours used to express it)—in which she had been hitherto easily first, we do not fear that in reconquering her primacy she will ever weary of it. That is something as native to her as the wisdom in the art of living which has given her a greater longevity than man's, and has illustrated in its highest beauty and sweetest reasonableness the principle of the survival of the fittest. As there seem to be more and more women in the world, where there can never be too many, their influence in it is quantitatively greater than it once was, and as they have sufficiently evinced the ability to follow men in the paths where men have led, and to overtake and pass them, they may probably turn and resume the lead in directions where they themselves have hitherto led. A vast deal of material has been evolved by our prosperity which needs fashioning in forms

of beauty, and in shaping and polishing it woman's finest use may come again. But first, her critics contend, she must begin by shaping and polishing her own ideals. We suppose they do not expect her to return in these to the dependent, helpless, thin-slippered, delicate, languishing type of the obsolete heroines of romance. They would have her keep the strength she has won in the athletic sports; but they probably think that there are better manners than those of the athletes, and that there is a secret loveliness in strength which it is hardly less than her duty to surprise and then to illustrate; so that when some fair champion of the golf-links or the tennis-lawn, shines large upon the vision, she shall be clad in the beauty of some gracious planet, which is above the earth that it may charm the eyes and lift the thoughts of the beholder. It is to little purpose, these censors (we allow they are difficult) contend, that women outlive men in the days of their years, unless they outlive them also in the kindness that was once supposed to come of greater strength, in the softness of their manners, the nobleness of their motives, and the union of these in an exquisite behavior. That is the only sort of superior longevity worth aiming at, and anything less is not to be desired or coveted. But we have every confidence that by the time the purblind, thumb-fingered, ill-advised law reverses the presumption which must now bring it into ignominy with reflecting persons, woman's more potent vitality will avouch itself in terms oblivious of all meaner expressions. It is to no purpose that the modern girl is so tall, unless she stoops to raise manhood into a finer ether than it now breathes even when standing tiptoe on its own feet.





## Editor's Study.

WE were speaking of literature as a beautiful temple which circumscribes its marts and all the activities pertinent to it as a trade or profession. This contemplation is justified by the transcendent quality of all works of the creative imagination, but the use of the word "temple" was not meant to imply any special consecration, in the ancient religious sense, as in the case of a sacred enclosure, set apart for incantations and mysteries. As to human Faith itself, the human Imagination, on its highest plane, has always been one therewith; the bonds of the one have been the bonds of the other, and each has shared the other's progressive emancipation. Together, they are the life of the human spirit—a natural life, one that is forever being born again. We see a life, thus natural and forever renewed, everywhere around us in the world which is not human, and it is to this that the human spirit responds—not merely to its obvious and superficial intimations, but to its unseen harmonies.

It is this life of the spirit, through faith and imagination, which makes the world and our dwelling in it continually more and more interesting. Mere religiosity cannot do this for us; it is static, binding us to a time and place, and to an established habit which precludes renewals. Because essential truth is hidden, it is assumed to be something shut up, reserved for the contemplation of the ceremonially initiated, to whom it is communicated by the specially ordained hierophant. The kind of temple representing such a closure could not serve for art or literature or even for life. The roots of a plant are hidden, and so is the radical substance of our life, but only in the light and air is there any developed meaning or beauty, any natural flowering or fruitage.

Whenever there has been a confinement of the imagination there has been a like confinement of human faith, from lack of reasonableness and light. When, in the course of the annual Eleusinian procession in ancient Attica, Thespis in-

augurated the recitation of the goddess Demeter's story, he was doing something which no hierophant of the Mysteries ever dreamed of doing; he was answering the question arising in the minds of those Hellenic devotees as to the reasonableness of the procession itself. This attempted justification of the faith was also the initiation of the Greek drama, just as the cathedral miracle and mystery plays of the middle ages were of the English and Continental. The justification was the more significant because it was concrete, itself a quasi-dramatic argument rather than a logical analysis. The leap from the Eleusinian rite to the Dionysian theatre is made by faith as truly as by the imagination—by faith still lingering within the temple precinct, though Æschylus has taken the place of the hierophant and of Thespis. A certain sacred obligation has been relaxed, and the human story and the mystery of human destiny have begun to displace the divine story and the holy mysteries.

If we pass from the Hellenic to the Semitic field, we find in the whole historic course of thought and faith no such relaxation. The sacred association dominates all life, leaving a very narrow range for imaginative activity, from a purely human centre, and lifting all spiritual operation into the sphere of its exaltation. We see what must be the limitations of art and literature under a strain so tense and transcendent. In this rarefied atmosphere the individual sinks into insignificance, absorbed by deity, and the whole visible world becomes a trifling and bewildering illusion. Man is held forever plastic to the hand of his Creator, and may not make an image of anything on his own account. Representative art is impossible. The soul becomes aseptic as against human as well as material contacts.

The case of the Indo-European was far different. Polytheism was for him a stage of his imaginative development effecting something which seems to have been impossible to Semitic monotheism. It was not only a diversification of divinity, imparting to divine manifestations

the softened and varied masks and hues of a fertile and catholic imagination, but, in itself, a dramatic growth through poetic inspirations, with ever-increasing refinement of form and feature, in this respect keeping pace with the advance of poetry and the plastic arts. In fact, it refined itself away by processes of self-effacement. That is, it was humanity which was finally exalted. The demi-god succeeded the god, and when the half-gods go, it is man who arrives.

The most exalted form of Semitic faith, as exemplified in Hebraism, in its own course and independently of any imagination of the kind which takes shape in representative art, had its issue in the conception of a divine humanity. But this conception was adopted by the Indo-European and rejected by the Semite. In Christendom it became the inspiration of the imagination in art and the consummation of its freedom in every line of culture. Without it the Renaissance would have been futile, and the arc and compass of modern civilization could not have so far transcended that of ancient Greece and Rome. It is due to this dominant conception that what was best in ancient culture blends harmoniously and beneficently with our own.

We see, then, of what sort our temple of literature is, how it is most catholic, humane, and natural, and how, without an altar or secret shrine or any sacrosanct association, it is yet not altogether mundane. For while the divinity, which no man hath seen at any time, is not apparent to any sense, even through oblique and elusive personation as angel or dryad or nymph, yet it is so latent in man and nature that all forms of beauty, all harmonies of tone and color, have their source in the divine fire, of which universal life is but the flame.

That fire itself is forever in hiding; it does not lend itself to our handling or juggling. Its flame is its veil, with every degree of light and shade—a varied and shifting illusion, but, in time and in the world, our only sensible or thinkable reality. Our spiritual intuition of something eternal, transcendently essential, does not affect us as it does the Oriental, inciting to contempt of the phenomenal and to the quest of *Nirva-*

*na*; it helps us rather to sane contentment with our dwelling, the possibilities of which for beauty and excellence are as remarkable as its limitations, because the divine is not divorced from the human. The feeling of this intimate union may be called the Christian sense, and it favors alike noble aspirations and the freedom of imaginative activity.

We have to go back of not much more than three centuries to find modern literature quite shut in from the multitude, as ancient and medieval literature always was. Though not a sacred enclosure, it was a cloistral seclusion, with strict canonical regulations constituting its so-called classicism; the singing-garments of its choir had the similitude of surplices, even when worn by such masters as Dante and the later Milton; and its character was largely determined by its limited and for the most part aristocratic patronage.

These features, which lasted well into the eighteenth century, were relieved in such writers as Boccaccio, Rabelais, Chaucer, Cervantes, and Montaigne by a humor almost mediævally quaint, and often as grotesque as the gargoyles and other fantastically gross devices of the cathedral-builders. From Aristophanes to Molière, it was humor which especially represented the free play of the human spirit, and reacted against virtuosity, which is the grave of the imagination, as religiosity is the grave of faith.

But for the appeal of letters to the unlettered through dramatic representations the sequestration of English literature must have continued until it should be broken up by the education of the common people; and in this levelling-up process it is curious to note the important part played by the old English Bible. This movement, which led on to nonconformism, puritanism, and democracy, was for generations in violent antagonism to the drama, which, while it included within its appeal an illiterate populace as much addicted to bear-baiting spectacles as to playgoing, was fed and sustained by royal and aristocratic patronage—a fact which accounts to a great extent for the large part taken by kings, queens, and princes in the stage representations themselves. If middle-class British popular opinion and moral con-

vention were built up and established by general educational progress, it is equally evident that imaginative literature was chiefly stimulated by the aristocratic influences which sustained the drama.

Scholars—at least such as were true children of the Renaissance, as even Milton was, though a Puritan—gentlemen, and all courtly personages and influences, were directly associated with everything which sustained the continuity of culture and which encouraged great literature, from whatever social rank it might spring; they also fostered the freedom of the imagination. The same kind of influences had been gracious, sometimes condescendingly but always with genial sympathy, to the medieval chansons and the songs of the troubadours and minnesingers; and in oldest Hellas it was in royal halls, as in that of Alcinous, that the bards had their prospering audience.

Almost it seems that our temple of literature is changed to a palace. The choir is still there, but the singers have been secularized, and are under less constraint as to theme, and under none as to manner, apart from the ancient obligations of their art. This freedom, in the successive stages of its progress, involved neither political nor religious liberty, and was, therefore, imperfect, limiting the scope, though not impairing the æsthetic quality, of literature.

There was a kind of suppressed paganism in all this palace ritual. The cult of the Muses lacked no tribute, but freedom of thought and conscience was developed through other influences, separate from literature; separate also from aristocratic culture—such influences as brought on the great English Revolution.

It is through the progress of a popular culture that our temple of literature has ceased to be a palace, ceased, indeed, to be an enclosure of any sort, until we have come to look upon it not as an edifice, in which one compartment is added to another from age to age, but as in every age an entirely new resurrection, a living thing forever reborn, and so with us as nature itself is, and more intimately, since its whole animate structure has in it the pulse and breath of our own human life. In it all the beauty and essential worth of the past

lives again just as it lives again in our life; its written symbols remain, as the old abbeys do and the old castles, only more indelibly, because more carefully cherished by us, with often a romantic sentiment for the old courtly things that have grown alien to our contemporary sense and spirit. Like Reginald Harewood, in Swinburne's recently published novel, we have "rather a weakness for that pink and perfumed sort of poem that smells of dead spice and preserved leaves; it reads like opening an old jar of potpourri, with its stiff, scented turns of verse and tags of gold embroidery gone tawny in the dust and rust."

The progress of education and of democracy does not directly promote great literature, but it effects a change of conditions by which all literature, great or little, is modified in tone, method, and appeal. Within less than two centuries the alteration has been a transformation. Such limitations as were still imposed upon the freedom of the imagination have disappeared with the old courtly association. Literature is wholly in the open, and it has all classes for its audience, accommodating itself to none, except in its wilful self-degradations. The choir is uncloistered and as free-throated as the birds of the air, though its strain is less exalted and of shorter flight. The art of prose it is which has now preeminence—in history, interpretation, and story. The hero of fiction is simply man or woman, not the armored knight or the noble chatelaine. Nature is seen plain, as truly as it is in science. But neither man nor nature is belittled by this divestiture, rather each is invested with a new apparel of greater wonder and far greater interest. The magic is gone, but not the charm; much of the picturesqueness, too, but not romance.

It is significant that modern periodical literature began with this era of transformation and has faithfully registered its progressive stages. From the days of Addison, when the professional publisher first appeared, it has been the most important stimulant to creative genius and the means of its extensive radiation to all classes of readers. Its variety of interest has kept pace with the wonderful diversification of genius itself.

# EDITOR'S DRAWER

## The Purloined Giraffe

BY S. T. STERN

**M**R. PETER TALBOT enjoyed the distinction of being a lawyer without competition. His was the only law-office in Smithfield, and he profited accordingly.

When Smithfield was elevated to county-seat dignity it became necessary to elect a district attorney to prosecute criminals. Peter's friends and clients insisted that he accept the nomination.

Weighty were the reasons they advanced for their choice. He was just the man for the place; he was the only man for the place. If he failed to run there would be no district attorney at all. That was unheard of. *Ergo*, he must run.

Peter refused flatly. From the first he foresaw danger lurking in the honor. Despite his energetic opposition he was nominated on both tickets. Immediately he entered on a desperate campaign to circumvent his own election. Night after night he stood in front of the post-office and tearfully besought his hearers not to cast their suffrages for him. Blackly he painted himself as an incompetent unfit to hold that office or any other office. For the first time in his life he refused to stand treat, and he denounced hotly the platforms of both parties whose tickets he graced as nominee.

All in vain. His self-deprecation was ardently praised as modesty, and his suddenly acquired teetotalism afforded him additional popularity in temperance circles. In the face of his vigorous anti-Talbot campaign he was elected by a unanimous vote—lacking one.

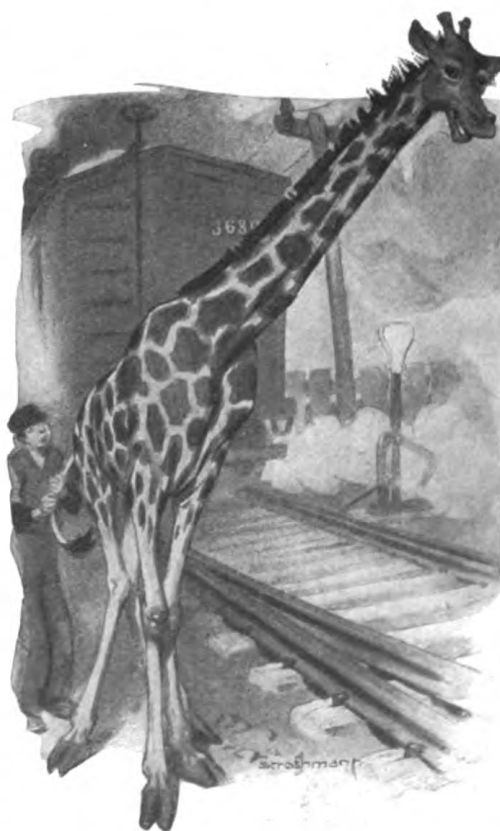
The trouble he had prognosticated came almost as soon as he assumed office. Jonathan Lindner, his star client, was arrested for stealing a giraffe!

Giraffes had always been a weakness of Jonathan's. For years he had pondered deeply the problem of the usefulness of the giraffe as a domestic animal. To this day there is on file in Washington a patent application for a movable gate at a railroad crossing which is nothing else than a tame giraffe standing on one side of the street with his neck stretched horizontally across. The train passes. The giraffe's tail is gently tweaked. He raises his head—and the road is clear. No lubricating oil necessary, and rust unknown. Patentee, Jonathan Lindner. Near by hangs his design

for a movable telegraph system to be used by an advancing army, in which giraffes officiate as peripatetic poles. Patentee, Jonathan Lindner. Hardly less clever is his circus idea for a giraffe as combined zoological exhibit and central tent-pole. Guy-ropes superfluous. Patentee, Jonathan Lindner. One difficulty confronted him always. He could not find the giraffes.

For miles around he searched the surrounding country in the hope of securing the coveted prize. For years he consulted circus posters in the hope of locating one of his spotted friends. Nineteen shows denied him his longing. He despaired; he never gave up.

One morning Peter Talbot, his attorney



THE "GIRAFFE GATE" FOR RAILROAD CROSSINGS

and friend, dropped in to see him at his home concerning some litigation of mutual interest. "Paw is in th' pawlor," said Jonathan's eldest. "He went in there an hour since, and he left wurr'd no one wuz to disturb him. I guess you can go. All right." Into the parlor marched Peter Talbot. No sign of Jonathan. As he was about to leave, faint sounds reached him from the chimney flue, which ran upward through the house from the top of a huge open fireplace. He was covered with bits of cotton batting.

"Jonathan, Jonathan," said Peter Talbot, "it seems to me your inventive mania is driving you to parlous lengths. Is it possible that you are lining your flue with cotton?"

"It is possible; it is probable; it is true," was the rejoinder.

"Don't you know, man, that cotton will burn the first time the fire is lit?"

"I do."

"Then wherefore?"

"Simply because," was the oracular rejoinder. "It's my own chimney, my own cotton, and—my own business."

Jonathan was a good client; so Peter changed the subject. "By the way, Jonathan," he continued, "do you know there is a circus coming to town to-morrow? We issued a license to-day. I saw the posters as I came along. *They've got two giraffes*," he added, importantly.

"Three of them," said Peter. "The agent told me yesterday."



THE THEFT

Next morning the circus reached Smithfield. The giraffe trio proved not the least of its attractions. In the morning they marched proudly at the head of the street parade and stood nobly on exhibition the rest of the day. After the evening performance the tents were lowered and the circus made ready to depart. It did not leave that night. In the midst of the bustle and confusion of removal some one discovered that one of the giraffes was missing.

A searching party was at once organized. For hours it scoured the vicinity in a desperate effort to locate the missing animal. In the gray of early morn its efforts met their first reward. Footprints were found in a swampy field that lay on the edge of the town. They were undoubtedly those of the missing ruminant. Interspersed among them were the footprints of a man.

The head showman bestowed one glance at the marks. "Who in this town wears shoes with hobnails covering his heels?" he inquired.

"Jonathan Lindner," was the instant response. "He has worn 'em that way these thirty years."

The footprints led to the edge of a brook not far from Lindner's farm. There all trace was lost.

Later in the day Jonathan was arrested. He sent for Peter Talbot, and engaged Peter to defend him.

Not long afterwards the head showman called at Peter's office. He asked to see the district attorney.

"I am he," said Peter, with pardonable grammatical exactitude.

"I am the man the giraffe of who was stole," said his visitor. "We have arrested the man the shoes of who fit the footprints alongside the last ones of my poor giraffe. They tell me he has been a-seeking a giraffe for years. We want a search-warrant to go through his house and barn."

"Every facility will be afforded you," said Peter. "I shall assist you all I can."

"We need it," said the showman. "They tell me the lawyer for the prisoner is a scalawag who will stop at nothing short of murder to save his client."

"You must have been talking to one of his friends," said Peter, pleasantly. "I dare say the legal talent on your side of the case will hardly suffer by comparison. I shall get the warrant at once."

They searched Jonathan's house for two whole days. The giraffe was not found.

At the end of the week the trial took place; it was a trial that will long be remembered in the annals of Smithfield County. Peter Talbot, district attorney, prosecuted relentlessly. He proved to the jury that Jonathan had sought a giraffe for many, many years. He established the identity of the footprints beyond a doubt. He showed clearly that the footprints stopped at the boundary of Jonathan's home. Shaking his forefinger at the prisoner in the witness-chair he defied him to swear





THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY PROSECUTED RELENTLESSLY

that he never laid a hand on the showman's giraffe.

"I swear I did not," cried Jonathan without hesitation.

After that the district attorney addressed the jury. So able was his oratory that at the conclusion of his speech it looked as though the prisoner had not one chance in a million.

Jonathan left the witness-chair and approached Peter Talbot. "Traitor!" he hissed. "I paid you to defend me."

"So you did," was the calm response. "Have I had a chance to defend you as yet? The prosecution has taken up every moment of our time. When I have had a chance to earn my fee it will be time for you to talk."

Crossing to the other side of the counsel-table, Peter Talbot once more addressed the jury—this time on behalf of the accused. He pointed out that the prosecutor had woven a strong circumstantial web. One strand was lacking—the most important strand. Where was the giraffe? No one had seen him in the company of the prisoner; no one had seen him at all. For all they knew, there never was a giraffe. A giraffe, he argued glibly, is not a chicken, a dog, or a pair of shoes. You can hide a dog. You can destroy a pair of shoes. You can boil a chicken and get rid of him or her that way. Who ever heard of boiling a giraffe without leaving a trace? Who ever heard of boiling a giraffe, anyway? Who could eat a giraffe if boiled? No one. The prisoner, therefore, could not hide the giraffe in question. If he could not hide him, the giraffe must be found before the prisoner could be convicted. "The State," he concluded, dramatically, "has failed

miserably to elucidate that one point. The keystone of its arch of proof is missing; which means there is no arch at all. Give the prisoner the benefit of the doubt."

The jury stayed out for five hours. At the end of that time they filed in wearily; they stood six to six.

Late that night he called at Jonathan's house. Once more he found his client in the front parlor. Jonathan was sitting on a chair, staring into vacancy. At once Peter noticed a change in the room since his last appearance. The large open fireplace had been closed in with a heavy leather screen.

"Jonathan," said Peter, warily, "it is chilly in here. Don't you think you ought to light a fire?"

"No," said Jonathan, with noticeable curtness. "The chimney doesn't draw."

"Ever since you put that cotton batting—"

Peter was staring at the screen. Gradually a smile loosened itself over his countenance. Jonathan turned and followed his glance. *Gently looped over the upper corner of the leather screen there hung a tail!*

"Jonathan," said Peter, solemnly, "I think you ought to send that showman a check for a thousand dollars."

"Peter," said Jonathan, feebly, "I never meant not to pay for it. I have already sent him a check for twelve hundred."

"That," said Peter, firmly, "condones the greater offence. This morning you swore on your oath in court that you never laid a hand on him."

"I spoke the truth," said Jonathan, definitively; adding softly, "I led him with a rope."



### Mary and her Dog

*Mary had a little dog; his name was Peekaboo.  
He followed her to school one day, and almost caught her, too!*

#### Lullaby—for Grandma

HUSH-A-BY, grandma:  
The baby *should* cry  
A half-hour for exercise. No, let him lie.  
Of course it's not brutal nor cruel, but kind,  
So hush-a-by, grandma,  
And try not to mind.

Hush-a-by, grandma:  
The baby must eat  
At regular intervals; it is not meet  
That an infant be nourished whenever he  
cries.

Then hush-a-by, grandma,—  
The doctors are wise.

Hush-a-by, grandma:  
The baby soon learns  
He'll not get the third time the toys that  
he spurns;  
You may pick them up *once* if they happen  
to fall,

Then hush-a-by, grandma,  
However he bawl.

Hush-a-by, grandma:  
He must go to sleep  
Alone by himself; for no vigil we keep,  
Nor rock him, nor hush him, nor croon to  
him low.

Then hush-a-by, grandma;  
'Tis far better so.

Hush-a-by, grandma:  
Go not unto him  
Because he awakens; the chances are slim  
Of his sleeping again if he's fully aroused.

So hush-a-by, grandma,—  
There, list!—he has drowsed.

EDNA KINGSLEY WALLACE.

#### Natural Punctuation

“HOW would you punctuate this sentence?” asked the teacher of grammar and rhetoric:

“‘As John opened the book three five dollar bills evidently placed there by his cousin fluttered out from between the pages and were caught up by the breeze.’”

“I think, professor, if you would allow me, I should make a dash after the bills,” said the pupil, promptly.

C. S. G.

#### “Sorry”

IT'S easy to say words like these:

“Excuse me, mother,” “If you please,”

“I beg your pardon,” “Certainly,”—

Oh, they are easy as can be.

There's just one word I cannot say,

Although I try the hardest way;

It's “sorry,” and I do not see

Why such a small word troubles me.

At home they say it's 'cause I won't;

Oh, they don't know, they truly don't,

How I feel sorry round my heart,

How my throat aches and my eyes smart.

I just can't make the words come  
through!

If you were me, what *would* you do?

ALICE VAN LEER CARRICK.

# A Progressive Dinner

BY GERALDINE MEYRICK

WHEN Smith came home at early night  
A hungry man was he;  
Full conscious of his appetite,  
While hunting for his key.  
His home was up the topmost flight—  
'Twas well, as you shall see.

He savored soup in Thompson's hall,  
With half-disdainful sniff;  
Then said, "It is not bad at all,"  
And took another whiff;  
It furnished what musicians call  
An excellent *motif*.

When past the second newel-post,  
He felt a happy glow:  
"The Browns are having turkey-roast!  
The stuffing's good, I know.  
The very thing I longed for most,  
When I was down below!"

Still on he kept his upward course:  
"I hope the Johnsons dine.  
Plum pudding? Yes! With brandy sauce—  
Or is it sherry wine?  
No matter," he declared with force,  
"It's surely very fine."

Now home at last, and well content,  
He heaves a cheerful sigh,  
And calmly hears his wife lament  
How things have gone awry:  
"The soup was spilled, the meat missent,  
And some one stole the pie."

She feared that angry words would pass,  
That Smith with rage would choke;  
Instead—"I dined *en route*, dear lass,"—  
Most graciously he spoke;  
"Now bring me but a *demi-tasse*,  
And something good to smoke."





### The Wreck

*"The ship has struck a dreadful rock; put it on quickly, miss!"*  
*"Oh, let me drown, if I must wear a thing that fits like this."*

### The Very Earliest

TWO imps, prehistoric small boys,  
 Once were making the deuce of a noise,  
 Thus annoying their mother and aunty, and  
 antediluvian dad,

When he cried, "Go and play on the shore  
 And remain there till quarter to four!"  
 (Or some equivalent phrase, for I know no  
 watches they had).

So they scampered away, full of glee.  
 But how soon they came back, goodness  
 me!  
 As if they had met with some bogey, and  
 fled in unreasoning fright.

Then up rose their papa, looking black  
 Because they had dared to come back.  
 (For in those less enlightened old times dis-  
 obedience did not seem right.)

Too much out of breath to explain,  
 For a moment they panted in vain,  
 While pointing in speechless dismay to the  
 quarter from which they had run;  
 But at length they broke out in full  
 chorus:

"'Twas because the Ichthyosaurus!" and  
 behold!—they had made the first pun!

TUDOR JENKS.

### Commercial

THE personal-  
 ly conduct-  
 ed party to the  
 Holy Land had  
 been spending  
 the morning  
 at Bethlehem.  
 They had visit-  
 ed the Church  
 of the Nativity,  
 the site of the  
 Stable Cradle,  
 the Fields of the  
 Shepherds, and  
 the other scenes  
 of the Christmas  
 story. Now it  
 was lunch-time,  
 and they were  
 waiting in the  
 local hotel for  
 the opening of  
 the door mark-  
 ed *Salle à*  
*Manger*.

"Well, I never!" ejaculated  
 one. "How they  
 do make trade  
 off of religion

round here! It don't seem hardly right."  
 "What is it, Maria?" inquired her com-  
 panion.

"Matter! Look at that sign. They just  
 work that manger idea for all it's worth in  
 this town!"

S. F. B.



BOY. "Did you ever have yer palm read  
 before, Maggie?"

MAGGIE. "Oncet in school, when I spilled  
 my bottle av red ink."



## Unappreciated

JIMMIE is at the age where the form pales before the substance. At the last party he went to, the principal dainty of the supper was delicate creamed chicken served in pretty frilled paper cases. On his return he was put through the usual catechism.

"And what did you have to eat?"

"Huh! nothin' but hash in candle-shades!"

S. F. B.

## Charged

THREE little girls, each with a penny, went to a nearby drug-store and asked the clerk for a piece of chocolate, which was worth ten cents. They each laid down a penny and started away, when the clerk reminded them they owed him seven cents more. The oldest, aged seven, called out,

"Well, charge it." When they arrived at home, their mother, knowing the amount they had, and seeing the amount they had spent, asked them how they got so much for so little.

The same little girl replied: "Why, mamma, we charged it."

"To whom?" said her mother.

"Why," she replied, "to the man, of course."

L. D. P.

## Not to be Translated

"HOW do you translate *Ik verveele my*, into English?" a Dutch lady once inquired of John Motley.

"*Je m'ennuie*," answered the historian.

"But that is French."

"Yes," said Motley; "it has no equivalent in English, because in English the sentiment does not exist. Britons never bore themselves, but only other people."

S. V. D.



## Simultaneous Satisfaction

WHEN thirsty William quaffed a draught  
From out a battered can,  
It also seemed to slack the thirst  
Of Spot, his black-and-tan!

## The Dark

UPON my window-pane  
The trees like fingers knock,  
So loud I cannot hear  
The tick of mother's clock.

The rain, like trailing ghosts,  
Sweeps by above my head,  
As through the dark I stare  
From out my small white bed.

Of course I know they're rain,  
And that wind blows trees at night,  
But I knew it more before  
They took away the light.

MABEL KING.





## The Fireside Elephant

BY BURGESS JOHNSON

AH me, how frequently I pant  
To be a stately elephant!  
With skin so thick and strength so great  
He scorns the puny pricks of fate,  
The while his shoulders well may bear  
A really untold weight of care.  
Ah, were I he, I will aver  
I'd be a model householder!

'Tis possible, I grant you that,  
He is not suited to a flat;  
Yet you'll admit at once that he  
Is builded for economy.  
He need not stoop to pick things up;  
He wants no valet, cook, or maid;  
His hand is spoon and fork and cup,  
And e'en a straw for lemonade.

And when the ice-box hoard has shrunk  
To puny size in fourth-floor rears,

He takes a shower-bath from his  
trunk,  
And sits a-fanning with his ears.  
Or when the days are wintry chill,  
And windows must the air exclude,  
He leaves his nose across the sill,  
While folk below prepare their food!

The household elephant's a thing  
Worth any bard's imagining!  
For when his spouse prepares to darn,  
His tusks may hold a skein of yarn,  
The while, a cook-book in his nose,  
He rocks the cradle with his toes,  
And trumpets in a manner mild  
To gratify his happy child.

Show me the man who would not  
pant  
To be a gentle elephant!

### Of Course

LITTLE Frances came home from Sunday-school very much disturbed, because, as she said, "Miss S—— didn't know any better than to talk to us about the Philistines, when of course she meant Philipines."

L. D. P.

### The Best Gift

JOE, who has written a letter to Santa Claus, asking for every conceivable thing dear to the heart of a small boy, after due consideration adds this postscript:

"DEAR SANTA CLAUS,—Please send me one surprise.  
JOE."





See page 882

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WARWICK. *"Come hither, gracious sovereign, view this body."*

"KING HENRY VI," PART II.—ACT III.: SCENE II.

*Painted for Harper's Magazine by Edwin A. Abbey, R.A.*

# HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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## A Fortnight in Bath

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

THE American who goes to England as part of the invasion which we have heard so much of must often be vexed at finding the Romans have been pretty well everywhere before him. He might not mind the Saxons, the Danes, the Normans so much, or the premature and all but prehistoric Phœnicians; but it is hard to have the Romans always cropping up and displacing the others. By dint of having been there such a long time ago they seem to have anticipated any novelty there is in his own coming, and by having remained four hundred years, they leave him little hope of doing anything very surprising in a stay of four months.

The very beginnings of Bath were Roman; for I suppose Prince Bladud is not to be taken as serious history, though he is poetically important as a putative prototype of King Lear, and he is interesting as one of the few persons who have ever profited by the example of the pigs. Men are constantly warned against that, in every way; but Prince Bladud, who went forth from the King's home a leper, and who observed the swine under his charge wallowing in the Bath waters and coming out cured of his infection, immediately tried them himself, and recovered and lived to be the father of an unnatural family of daughters. By inspiring Shakespeare with the theme of his great tragedy, he was the first to impart the literary interest to Bath which afterwards increased there until it

fairly rivalled the social and pathological interest. But the Romans have undoubtedly a claim to the honor of building a city on the site of the present town; under their rule it became the favorite resort of the gayety which always goes hand in hand with infirmity at medicinal springs, and if you dig anywhere in Bath, now, you come upon their ruins. A little behind and below the actual Pump Room, these are so abundant that if you cannot go to Herculaneum or Pompeii, you can still have a fair notion of Roman luxury from the vast tanks for bathing, the stone platforms, steps and seats, the vaulted roofs and columns, the furnaces for heating the waters, and the system of pipes for conveying it from point to point. The plumbing, in its lavish use of material, attests the advance of the Romans in the most actual and expensive of the arts; and the American invader must recognize with whatever of gall and bitterness that his native plumbers would have little to teach those of the conquerors who possessed Britain two thousand years before him.

If he had been coming with us from Exeter the morning we arrived, he might indeed have triumphed over the Romans in the fitness of the modern fact that the largest buildings near the station should be, as their signs proclaimed, corset-manufactories. We read afterwards that corset-making was, with the quarrying of the Bath building-stone, the chief business interest of the

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place, as such a polite industry should be in a city which was for so long the capital of fashion. Our pleasure in it was only less than our joy in finding that our hotel was in Pulteney Street where the Allens of *Northanger Abbey* had their apartment, and where Catherine Morland had so often come and gone with the Tilneys and the Thorpes, and round the farthest corner of which the dear, the great, the only Jane Austen herself had lived for two years in one of the large, demure, self-respectful mansions of the neighborhood.

Our hotel scarcely distinguished, and it did not at all detach, itself from the rank of these handsome dwellings; and everything in our happy circumstance began at once to breathe that air of gentle association which kept Bath for a fortnight the Bath of our dreams. There was a belief with one of us that he had come to drink the waters, but an early consultation with one of the lenient physicians of the place, who make the doctors of German springs seem such tyrannous martinets, soon undeceived him. Since he had brought no rheumatism to

Bath his physician owned there was a chance of his taking some away; but in the mean time he might, in the interest of his mild type of dyspepsia, go once a day to the Pump Room, for a glass of the lukewarm water; and be a little careful of his diet. But he found that the Bath medical men said the same thing to the patients whom he saw around him at the hotel, doubled up with rheumatism, and eating and drinking whatever their stiffened joints could carry to their mouths. All the greater, however, was the miraculous virtue of the waters, for the sufferers seemed to make rapid recovery in spite of themselves and their doctors; and the American who had come with his mild dyspepsia found himself quite out of the running, or limping, with his fellow invalids.

He would have been sorry to put himself at odds with any of the pleasant people at that hotel, who seemed to regard their being thrown together as a circumstance that justified their speaking to one another much more than the wont is in American hotels. They were more conversable even than those at the



GREAT PULTENEY STREET



Plymouth hotel; the very women talked to other women without fear; and the Americans, if they had been nationally vainer than they were, might have fancied a specially hospitable consideration. If the talk was apt to begin and end with the weather there was plenty of weather to talk about. There was almost as much weather and as various as the forms of cabbage at dinner, which here first began to get in their work. Whatever else there was of vegetable fibre, there was always some form of cabbage, either cabbage in its simple and primitive shape, or in its different phases of cauliflower, brussels sprouts, broccoli, or kale. It was difficult to escape it, for there was commonly nothing else but potatoes. But one night there came a dish of long white stems, delicately tipped with red, and looking like celery that had grown near rhubarb. We recognized it as something we had admired, longingly, ignorantly, at the greengrocers', and we eagerly helped ourselves. What was it? we had asked, and before the waiter could answer that it was sea-kale we had fallen a prey to something that of the whole cabbage family was the most intensely, the most passionately cabbage.

The front of our hotel was on Pulteney Street, where it leaves that dear Laura Place which blossomed to our fancy with the fairest flowers of literary association; but at the back of it there was a real garden, and red-tiled house-roofs, bristling with chimney-pots, and church spires rose in a hemicycle of the beautiful downs, in whose deep hollows Bath lies relaxing in her faint air; along the top the downs were softly wooded, or else they carried deep into the horizon the curve of fields and pastures, broken here and there by the bulk of some stately mansion. All round the city these downs (a contradiction in terms, to which one resigns oneself with difficulty in the country where they abound) rise, like the walls of an immense scalloped cup, and the streets climb their slope, and can no otherwise escape in the guise of country roads, except along the bank of the lovely Avon. By day, unless when a fog came down from the low heaven and took them up into it, the form of the downs was a perpetual pleasure to the eye from our

back window, and at night with the electric lamps starring their vague, they were again part of the firmament.

When later we began to climb the downs, either on foot or on tram-top, we found them in command of prospects which could alone have compensated us for the change in our point of view. The city then showed large out of all proportion to its modest claim of a population of thirty or forty thousand. But in the days of its prosperity it was so generously built that in its present arrest it may really be no more populous than it professes, and in that case each of its denizens must have one of its stately mansions to himself. I never like to be extravagant, and I will simply say that the houses of Bath are the handsomest in the world, and that if one must ever have a whole house to one's self one could not do better than have it in Bath. There one could have it in a quiet square or place, or in the shallow curve of some high-set crescent, or perhaps, if one were very, very good, in that noblest round of domestic edifices in the solar system—I do not say universe—the King's Circus. This is the triumph of the architect Wood, famous in the architectural annals of Bath, who built it with such affectionate mastery of every order for its adornment, that his ghost might well (and would, if I were it) come back every night, and stand glowing in a phosphorescent satisfaction, till the dreaming rooks in the tree-tops awoke and warned him to fade back to his reward in that most eligible quarter of the sky which overhangs his masterpiece. I speak of him as if he were one, and so he is, as a double star is one; but it was Wood the elder who, in the ardor of his youth at twenty-three imagined the Circus which his son realized. Together, or in their succession, they wrought the beautification of Bath from an anterior meanness and insufficiency to the effect for which the public spirit of their fellow citizens supplied the unstinted means, and they left the whole city a monument to their genius, without a rival in unity of design and completeness of execution.

In the fine days when Bath was the resort of the greatness to which such greatness as the Woods' has always min-

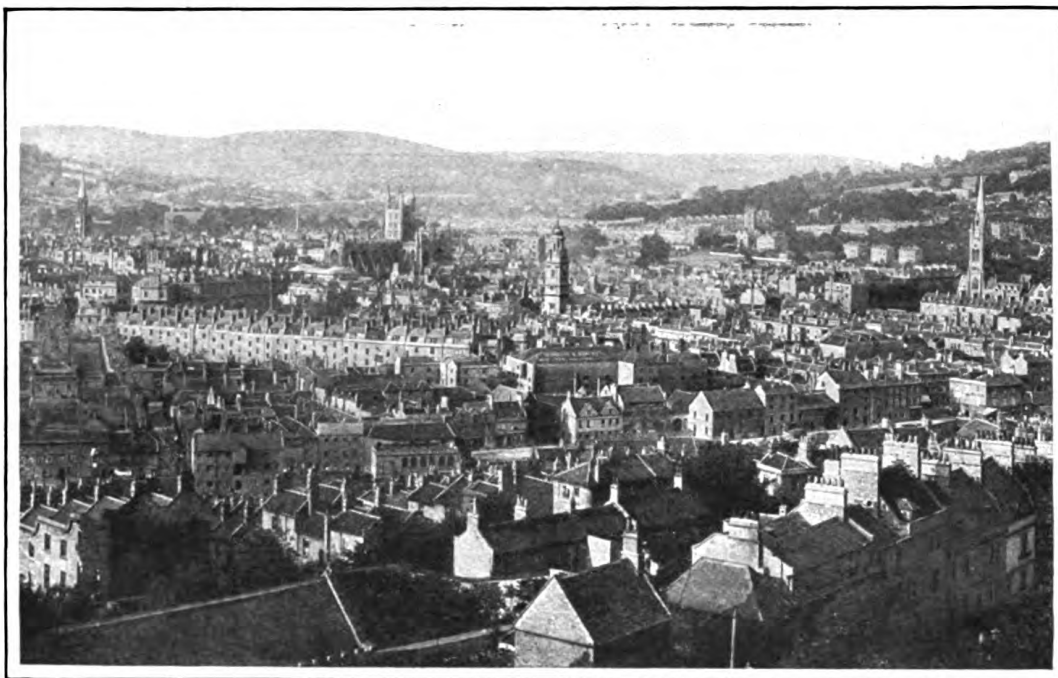
istered, every person of fashion thought he must have some sort of lodgment of his own, and, if he were a greater person than the common run of great persons, he must have a house. He might have it in some such avenue as Milsom Street or Great Pulteney Street, or in St. James's Square, or Queen's Square, or in Lansdowne Crescent, or the Royal Crescent; but I fancy that the ambition of the very greatest could not have soared beyond a house in the Circus. As I find myself much abler to mingle with rank and fashion in the past than in the present, I was always going back to the Circus after I found the way, and making believe to ring at the portals set between pillars of the Ionic or Corinthian orders, and call upon the disembodied dwellers within, to talk the ghostly scandal which was so abundant at Bath in the best days.

As a mere tourist I went and conned the tablets let into the walls of the houses to record the memorable people who once lived in them. In my quality of patriot I lingered longest before that where the great Earl of Chatham had lived: he who, if he had been an American as he was an Englishman, while a foreign foe was landed on his soil would never have laid down his arms, never, never, never! The eloquent words filled my own throat to choking, and the long struggle fought itself through there on the kerbstone with an obstinate valor on the American side that could result only in the independence of the revolted colonies. Then, in a high mood of impartial compassion, I went and paid the tribute of a sigh at that other house of the Circus, so piteously memorable for us Americans, where Major André had once sojourned. Was it in Bath, and perhaps while he dwelt in the Circus, that he loved Honora Sneyd? Almost anything tender, or brave, or fine, could have been there; and I was not surprised to find that Lord Clive of India, and Gainsborough of the whole world, were in their times neighbors of Lord Chatham and Major André. What other famous names were inscribed on those simple tablets (so modestly that it was hard to read them), I do not now recall, but when one is reminded, even by his cursory Baedeker, that not only the

first but the second Pitt was a sojourner in Bath, with such other sojourners as Burke, Nelson, Wolfe, Lawrence, Smollett, Fielding, Sheridan, Goldsmith, Fanny Burney, Jane Austen, Southey, Landor, Wordsworth, Cowper, Scott, and Moore, and a whole nameless herd of titles and royalties, one perceives that many more celebrities than I have mentioned must have lived in the Circus.

But you cannot anywhere get away from the beautiful in Bath. For the temperate lover of it, the soft brownish tone of the architecture is in itself almost of a delicate sufficiency; but if one is greedier there is an inexhaustible picturesqueness in the winding and sloping streets, and the rounding and waving downs which they everywhere climb as roads when they cease to be streets. I do not know that Bath gives the effect of a very obvious antiquity; a place need not, if it begins in the age of fable, and descends from the earliest historic period with the tradition of such social splendor as hers. She has a superb medieval abbey for her principal church, which is a cathedral to all æsthetical intents and purposes; since it is not less beautiful and hardly less impressive than many cathedrals. It is mostly of that perpendicular Gothic, which I suppose more mystically lifts the soul than any other form of architecture, and it is in a gracious harmony with itself through its lovely proportions; from the stems of its clustered columns, the tracery of their fans spreads and delicately feels its way over the vaulted roof as if it were a living growth of something rooted in the earth beneath.

The Abbey began with a nunnery founded by King Osric in 676 and rose through a monastery founded later by King Offa to be an abbey in 1040, attached to the bishopric of Wells, but it waited its final grandeur and glory from Bishop Oliver King, who while visiting Bath in 1499 saw in a dream angels ascending and descending by a ladder set between the throne of God and an olive-tree wearing a crown, and heard a voice saying, "Let an Olive establish the crown, and a King restore the church." Moved by this vision, which was as modest as most dreams of charges delivered from on high, the bishop set vigorously about the work, but before it



THE RED-TILED HOUSE-ROOFS AND CHURCH SPIRES OF BATH

was perfected, the piety of Henry VIII. was alarmed by the Pope's failure to bless his divorces, and the monastery with all others was suppressed, and the church stripped of everything that could be detached and sold. The failure of Cromwell's troopers to stable their horses in it is one of those conspicuous instances of their negligence with which I was destined to be confronted in the sacred edifices so much more conscientiously despoiled by Henry VIII. But among the interesting monuments of the interior is the tablet to that Lady Waller, wife of the Parliamentary General, Sir William Waller, which almost repairs the oversight of the puritan soldiery. Her epitaph is of so sweet, so gay a quaintness that I will frankly transfer it to my page from that of the guide-book, when I might easily pretend I had copied it from the tomb.

Sole issue of a matchless paire,  
Both of their state and virtues heyre;  
In graces great, in stature small,  
As full of spirit as voyd of gall:  
Cheerfully grave, bounteously close,  
Holy without vain-glorious showes;  
Happy, and yet from envy free,

Learn'd—without pride, witty, yet wise,

Reader, this riddle read with mee,  
Here the good Lady Waller lies.

In its rendering of a most appreciable personality this epitaph is a hint of the quality of all Bath annals. These are the history less of events than of characters, marked and wilful, and often passing into eccentricity; and in the abbey is the municipal monument of the chiefest of such characters, that Beau Nash, namely, who ruled the fashion of Bath for forty years with an absolute sway at a period when fashion was elsewhere a supreme anarchic force in England.

History is rather darkling after the day of Prince Bladud and his pigs, and the Romans testify of their own resort to the healing waters by the mute monuments left of the ancient city still mainly buried under the modern town, rather than by any written record; but after the days of Elizabeth the place begins to have a fairly coherent memory of its past. In those days the virtue of the waters was proof against such material and moral tests as the filth of streets where the inhabitants cast the sewage of their houses and the butchers slaughtered their cattle and left their offal to rot;



ONE OF THE SHOPPING STREETS

the kine and swine ran at large, and the bathers of both sexes wallowed together in the springs, after the manner of their earliest exemplars, and were pelted with dead cats and dogs by the humorous spectators. This remained much the condition of Bath as late as the first quarter of the seventeenth century, and it was not till well into the eighteenth that the springs were covered in and enclosed. Even then they were not so covered in and enclosed but that the politer public frequented them to see the bisexual bathing, which was not fully abolished till the reign of the good Beau Nash.

If any one would read all about Nash and the customs (there were no manners) which he amended, I could not do better than direct such a one to the amusing series of sketches, reprinted from the *Bath Chronicle*, by William Tyte, with the title of *Bath in the Eighteenth Century, its Progress and Life described*. It is only honest (but one is honest with so much effort in these matters) to confess my indebtedness to this very amusing book, and to warn the reader that a great deal of the erudi-

tion which he will note in my page can be finally traced to Mr. Tyte's. He will learn there at large why I call Beau Nash good, though he was a reprobate in so many things, a libertine and gambler, and little better than a blackguard when not retrieving and polishing others. It seems to be essential to the civic and social reformer that he should more or less be of the quality of the stuff he deals with; we have seen that more than once in our municipal experience; and Nash, who reformed Bath, might in turn have asked a like favor of Bath. He was, in the English and the eighteenth century terms, that familiar phenomenon which we know as the Boss; and his incentive was not so much the love of virtue as the love of power. His ideal of a benign despotism was embodied in a series of rules which were posted in the Pump Room and the Assembly Rooms, and notified his subjects, in eleven sarcasms of imperfect syntax: "I. That a visit of ceremony in coming to Bath, and another at going away is all that is expected or desired of Ladies of Quality and Fashion — except Impertinents. II. That

Ladies coming to the Ball appoint a Time for their Footmens coming to wait on them Home, to prevent Disturbances or Inconveniences to Themselves and Others. III. That Gentlemen of Fashion never appearing on a Morning before the Ladies in Gowns and Caps show Breeding and Respect. IV. That no Person take it ill that any one goes to another's Play or Breakfast and not to theirs—except Captious by Nature. V. That no Gentleman give his Tickets for the Balls to any but Gentlemen; N.B. Unless he has some of his Acquaintance. VI. That Gentlemen crowding before the Ladies at the Ball show ill manners, and that none do so for the Future;—except such as respect nobody but Themselves. VII. That no Gentleman or Lady take it ill that another Dances before them;—except such as have no pretence to Dance at all. VIII. That the Elder Ladies and Children be contented with a Second Bench at the Ball, as being past or not come to Perfection. IX. That the younger Ladies take notice how many Eyes observe;—This don't extend to the Have-at-alls. X. That all whisperers of Lies and Scandal be taken for their Authors. XI. That all repeaters of such Lies and Scandal be shun'd by all Company;—except such as have been guilty of the same Crime. N.B.—*Several Men of no Character, Old Women and Young Ones of Questioned Reputation, are great Authors of Lies in this Place, being of the sect of LEVELLERS.*

By the pull on the reins Nash knew just how close he might draw them, and when and where he must loose the curb. He could refuse to allow the royal Princess Aurelia a single dance after the clock struck eleven; he could personally take off the apron of the Duchess of Queensbury and tell her that "none but Abigails appeared in white aprons," as he threw it aside; he could ask a country squire who wore his spurs to the ball, if he had not forgotten his horse; he could forbid ladies coming in riding-hoods; he could abolish the wearing of swords; he could cause the arrest of any one giving or accepting a challenge; but he could not put down gaming or drinking, and he did not try, either by the irony of the written rules for the government of society, or by the sarcastic by-laws which

he orally added on occasions. He was one of those Welshmen who at every period have invaded England so much less obviously than the Scotch, and have come so largely into control of the Sassenachs, while seeming to merge and lose themselves in the heavier mass. He had the hot temper of his race; but he was able to cool it to a very keen edge, and he cut his way through disorder to victory. He wished to establish an etiquette as severe as that of the French or English court, and he succeeded, in a measure. But though not an easy Boss, he was a wise one, and he really moulded the rebellious material to a form of propriety if not of beauty. When he passed to his account, insolvent both morally and financially, it lapsed again under the succeeding Masters of Ceremony to its elemental condition, and social anarchy followed; a strife raged between the Old and New Assembly rooms for primacy, and at a ball where the partisans of two rival candidates for the mastership met in force a free fight followed the attempt of a clergyman's wife to take precedence of a peer's daughter.

Of course matters could not go on so. Both the contestants for the Master of Ceremonies retired and a third was chosen. The office, though poorly paid, and wholly unremunerative except in hands so skilled as those of Nash (who died poor by his own fault, but who lived rich by the faults of others), was honored in him by a statue in the Pump Room and a monument in the Abbey. This, to be sure, was after his death, but the place was always of such dignity that in 1785 Mr. J. King, "who had highly distinguished himself in the British army during the American war," by no means disdained to take it. His distinction does not form any ornament of our annals, as I recall them, but that is perhaps because it was achieved to our disadvantage. Where Nash would have laid down the law and enforced it if need be with his own hands, King "humbly requested," though in the matter of wearing hats "at the cotillions or concerts or dress balls," our distinguished enemy plucked up the spirit to warn any lady who should, "through inattention or any other motive infringe this regulation, that she must not take it amiss if she should



be obliged to take off her hat or quit the assembly."

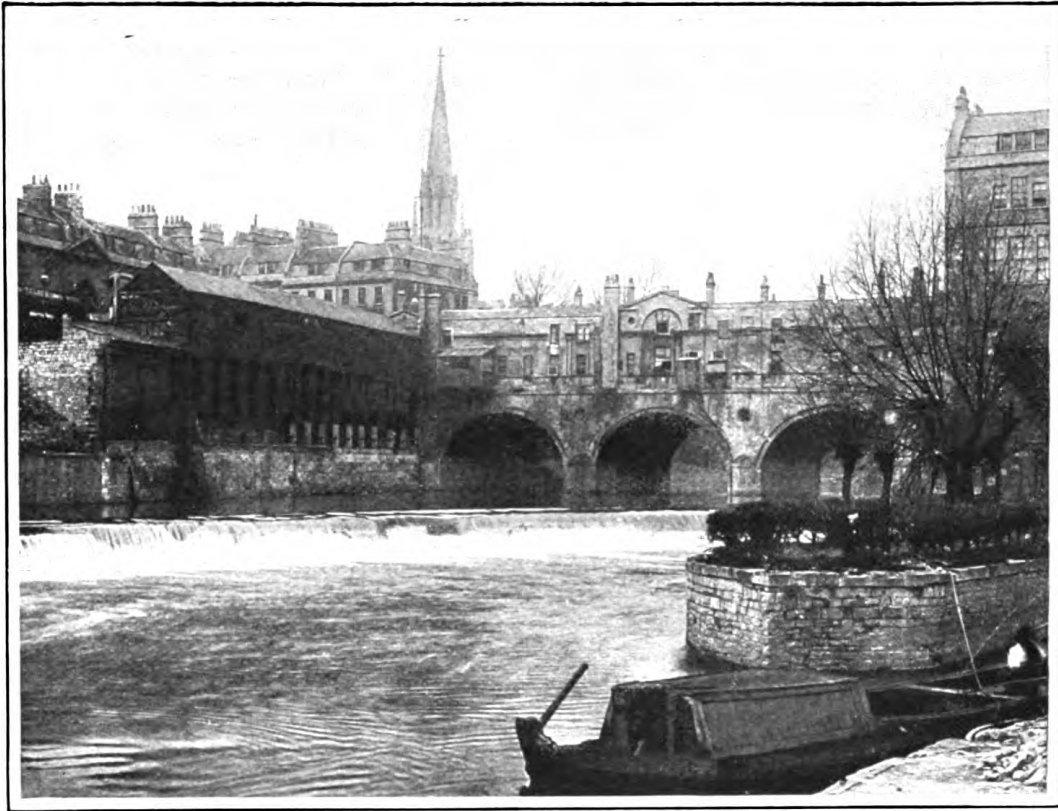
Apparently in spite of all the efforts of all the Masters of the Ceremonies, society in Bath was not only very fast, which society never minds being, but a good deal mixed, which it professes not to like, though it was at the same time always very gay. When at last the respective nights of the New Assembly Rooms and the Old Assembly Rooms were ascertained, the fashionable week began on Monday with a Dress Ball at the New Rooms; it continued on Tuesday with public Tea and Cards at the New Rooms; on Wednesday with a Cotillion Ball at the Old Rooms; on Thursday with a Cotillion Ball at the New Rooms, and Tea and Cards at the Old Rooms; on Friday with a Dress Ball at the Old Rooms; on Saturday with Public Tea and Cards at the Old Rooms; and it ended on Sunday with Tea and Walking, alternately at the New Rooms and the Old Rooms. The whole cost of these pleasures either to the person or the pocket was not so great as might be imagined from their abundance. The hours were early, and except for the gaming, and the drinking that slaked the dry passions of chance, the fun was over by eleven o'clock. Then the last note was sounded, the last step taken, the last sigh or the last look exchanged, so that those who loved balls might not only tread the stately measures of that time with far less fatigue than the more athletic figures of our period cost, but might be at home and in bed at the hour when the modern ball is beginning. For their pleasure they paid in the proportion of a guinea for twenty-six dress balls, and half a guinea for thirty fancy balls. Two guineas supplied two tickets for twelve concerts, and sixpence admitted one to the Rooms for a promenade and a cup of tea.

One could have a very good time at Bath for a very little money, and every one apparently who had the money could have the good time. There were many public gardens, where every sort of people went for concert breakfasts, and for tea, and for supper, at a charge of a shilling or the classic one-and-six. Some of the lawns, if not the groves, of these

gardens still remain, and hard by the Avon babbles still, rushing under the walls and bridges of the town, with a busy air of knowing more than it has time to tell of the picnics on its shores, and the water-parties on its bosom, as well as the fireworks and illuminations in its bowers. The river was always one of the chief beauties of Bath, winding into it through a valley of the downs, and curving out of it with a careless grace which left nothing to be asked.

The highest moment of fashion in Bath seems to have been when the Princess Amelia, daughter of George II., came to drink its waters and partake its pleasures in 1728. She was rather a plain body, no longer young, very stout, and with a simple taste for gambling, fishing, horsemanship, and beer. "Her favorite haunt," says Mr. Tyte, "was a summer-house by the riverside in Harrison's Walk, where she often was seen attired in a riding-habit and a black velvet postilion cap tied under her chin." But she also liked to wear when she rode out "a hunting cap and a laced scarlet coat," which must have set off her red face and portly bulk to peculiar advantage. Her particular friend was a milliner in the Abbey church-yard who wrote verses in praise of the princess and of Bath, but she seems to have been friendly enough with people of every kind and she went freely to the dress balls, the fancy balls, the teas, the walks, the breakfast concerts, the gardens, and whatever else there was elegant or amusing in the place.

It would be idle to catalogue the princes and princesses, dukes and duchesses, lord and ladies and titles of every degree who resorted to Bath both before and after the good Amelia, and if one began with the other and real celebrities, the adventurers, and authors, and artists, and players, there would be no end, and so I will not begin, at least yet. We were first of all concerned in looking up the places which our beloved Jane Austen had made memorable by attributing some scene or character of hers to them, or more importantly still by having dwelt in them herself. I really suppose that it was less with the hope of being helped with the waters that I



THE AVON RUSHES UNDER THE WALLS AND BRIDGES OF THE TOWN

went regularly to the Pump Room and sipped my glass of lukewarm insipidity, than with the insensate expectation of encountering some of her people, or perhaps herself, a delicate elusive phantom of ironical observance, in a place they and she so much frequented. I cannot say that I ever did meet either the characters or the author. At midday there would be two or three score persons scattered about the stately hall, so classically Palladian in its proportions, and so fitly heavy and rich in its decoration, all a dimness of dark paint and dull gold, in which the sufferers sat about at little tables where they put their glasses, and read their papers, after they became so used to coming that they no longer cared to look at the cases full of Roman and Saxon coins and rings and combs and bracelets. There was nothing to prevent people talking except the overwhelming tradition of the talk that used to flow and sparkle in that place a century ago. But they did not talk; and in the afternoon they listened with equal silence to the

music in the concert-room. In the Pump Room there was the largest and warmest fire that I saw in England, actually lumps of coal, openly blazing in a grate holding a bushel of them; and in the withdrawal of the others from it one might stand and thaw one's back at it without infringing anybody's privileges or preferences. Under the Pump Room were the old Roman Baths with the old Romans represented in their habits of luxury by the gold-fish that swam about in the tepid waters, and—so I was advised by a guide who started out of the past and accepted a gratuity—liked it.

I visited these Roman baths as a tourist, but as a patient whose prescription did not include bathing I saw nothing of the modern baths. But I know that there the sexes no longer bathe together, and in their separation and seclusion you have not the edification of the spectator in the days of *The New Bath Guide*, when

"Twas a glorious sight to behold the fair sex  
All wading with gentlemen up to their necks.

The modern equipment of the baths is such that the bathers are no longer put into baize-lined sedan chairs and hurried to their lodgings and sent to bed, there to perspire and repose; and the chances of seeing a pair of rapacious chairmen settling the question of a disputed fare by lifting the lid of the box, and letting the cold air in upon the reeking lady or gentleman within, are reduced to nothing at all. In the ameliorated conditions, unfavorable as they are to the lover of dramatic incident, many and marvellous recoveries from rheumatism are made in Bath, and we met people blithely getting better every day whom we had known at the beginning of our fortnight very gloomy and doubtful, and all but audibly creaking in their joints as they limped by. This was in spite of a diet which must have sent the uric acid gladly rioting through their systems, and of a capricious variety of March weather which was everything that wet and cold, and dry and raw, could be in an air notoriously relaxing to the victim whom it never released from its penetrating clutch.

I put it in this way so as to be at ease in the large freedom of the truth rather than bound in a slavish fidelity to the fact. The fact is that in the succession of days that were more than here suggested, there were whole hours of delicious warmth when the quiet streets fairly purred in the sun, and one could walk out or drive out in a mildness full of bird-song and bee-murmur, with the color of bloom in one's eyes and the odor of flowers in one's nostrils. To be sure there were other times when we did not get home before it stormed gustily, and then cleared up with a rainbow, and a serene sunset. We never differed in our opinion of Bath except to dispute at some given moment whether it was raining or shining, and it is not from having so rashly bought property right and left in every eligible and memorable quarter, the very first day, that I now say I should like to live there always. The reader must not suspect me of wishing to unload upon him, when I repeat that I heard from people who were themselves in the enjoyment of the rich alternative that you had better live in Bath if you could not live in London. A large con-

tingent of retired army and navy officers and their families contribute to keep society good there, and it is a proverb that the brains which have once governed India are afterwards largely employed in cheapening Bath. Rents are low, yet many fine houses stand empty, because the people who could afford to pay the rents could not afford the state, the equipment of service, the social reciprocity so necessary in England, and they take humbler dwellings instead. Provisions are of a Sixth Avenue average in price, and in the article of butcher's meat are of a far more glaring and offensive abundance. I do not know whether it is the tradition of the Bath bun which has inspired the pastry-shops to their profuse efforts in unwholesome-looking cakes and tarts, but it seemed to me that at every third or fourth window I was invited by the crude display to make way entirely with the digestion which the Bath waters were doing so little to repair.

But this is keeping me from the social conditions of Bath, of which I know so little. I heard it said indeed that the wheels of life were uncommonly well oiled there for ladies who had to direct them unaided, and it seemed to me that the widowed or the unwedded could not be more easily placed in circumstances of refinement, which might be almost indefinitely simplified without ceasing to be refined. There are in fact numbers of single ladies living in Bath in the enjoyment of that self-respectful civic independence which the just laws of Great Britain give them; for they vote at all elections which concern the municipal spending of their money, and are consequently not taxed without representation as our women are. Such is their control in matters which touch their comfort that it is said the consensus of feminine feeling has availed with the imperial government to prevent the placing of a garrison in Bath, on the ground that the presence of the soldiers distracted the maids, and enhanced the difficulties of the domestic situation.

Our glimpse of the Bath world, which a happy and most unimagined chance gave, revealed a charm which brought to life a Boston world now mostly of the past; and I like to think it was this rather than the possession of untold real

estate which made me wish not only to live there always, but advise others to do so. Just what this chance was I should be slower to attempt saying than I have been to boom Bath; but perhaps I can suggest it as a feminine grace such as comes to perfection only in civilizations where the brightness and alertness of the feminine spirit is peculiarly valued. Bath could not have been so long a centre of fashion and infirmity, of pleasure and pain, without evolving in the finest sort the supremacy of woman, who is first in either. The lingering tradition of intellectual brilliancy, which spreads a soft afterglow over the literary decline of Boston, is of the same effect in the gentle city where the mere spectacle of life became penetrated with the quality of so many spritely witnesses. In a more literal sense Bath is haunted by the past, for it is the favorite resort of numbers of most interesting ghosts, whose characters are well ascertained, and whose stories are recounted to you, if you have so much merit, by people who have known the spectres from childhood. Some of these have the habit of preferably appearing to strangers; but perhaps they drew the line at Americans, for none of them appeared to us.

I forget whether the almond-trees were in bloom or not when we came to Bath, but I am sure they continued so throughout our stay, and I found them steadily blossoming away elsewhere for a month afterwards. I never thought the almond in bloom as rare a sight as the peach, whose pale elder sister it is; but in the absence of the peach, I was always glad of it, in a dooryard or over a garden wall. Where the walls were low enough to lean upon, as they sometimes were, round the vegetable-gardens in Bath, it was pleasant to pause and contemplate the infinite variety of cabbage held in a green arrest by the mild winter air. There seemed to be a good many of these gardened spaces in the town, as well as in the outskirts, where more new houses were going up, with something of the long leisure of the vegetation. The famous Bath building-stone is in fact so much employed elsewhere that there may not be enough of it for home use, and that may account for the slow growth of the place; but if I lived there I should not

wish it to grow, and if I were King of Bath, in due succession from Beau Nash, I would not suffer one Bath stone to be set upon another within its limits. The place is large enough as it is, and I should hate to have it restored to its former greatness. There was indeed only too little ruin in it, but there was at least one gratifying instance in the stately mansion at the end of our street, falling or fallen to decay, with its Italian style rapidly antedating the rough classic of the Roman baths, in the effect of a sorrowful superannuation, which I could not have rescued from dilapidation without serious loss.

Whose the house was or why it was abandoned I never learned, and I do not know that I wished to learn; it was so satisfying as it was and for what it was. It stood on the borders of Sydney Gardens, which the authorities were, too slowly for our pleasure, putting in order for some sort of phantasmal season. We never got into them, though we lounged to make out where it was that Jane Austen need not hear the music when she went to the concerts. But it was richly consoling in these failures to come unexpectedly upon the house in which she had lived two years with her mother, and to find it fronting the ruining mansion and the tangled shrubbery that took our souls with so sorrowful a rapture. At the moment we discovered it, there was a young girl visible through the dining-room window feeding a quiet gray cat on the floor, and an irascible green parrot in a cage. She looked kind and good, and as if she would not turn two pilgrims away if they asked to glance in over the threshold that Jane Austen's feet had lightly pressed, but we could not find just the words to petition her in, and we had to leave the shrine unvisited. It occurs to me now that we might have pretended to mistake the tablet in the wall for a sign of apartments, but we had not then this cheap inspiration; and we could only note with a longing, lingering look behind that the house was very simple and plain, like the other houses near. The literary tradition of the neighborhood is supported in one of these by the presence of a famous nautical novelist who has often shipwrecked and marooned me, to my

great satisfaction, on reefs and desolate islands, or water-logged me in lonely seas. Mr. Clark Russell lived still nearer the corner of Pulteney Street where we were at home in our hotel, and where we much imagined taking one of the many lodgings to let there, but never did.

The modern handbook which was guiding our steps about Bath advised us that if we would frequent Milsom Street about four o'clock we should find the tide of fashion flowing through it; but the torrent must have been very rapid indeed, for we always missed it, and were obliged to fill the rather empty channel from the gayety of the past. There are delightful shops everywhere in Bath, but it is in Milsom Street that most of the fine shops are, and I do not deny that you will see some drops of the tide of fashion clustered about their windows. Other drops have percolated to the tea-rooms where at five o'clock there is a scene of tempered dissipation around the innocent cups. But there was no reason why we should practise the generous self-deceit of our handbook regarding the actual Milsom Street, when we had its former brilliancy to draw upon. Even in the time of Jane Austen's people it was no longer "residential," though it was not so wholly gone to shops as now. It leads directly, or as directly as a street in Bath can, from the New Assembly to the Old Assembly, which were called, puzzlingly enough for the after-comer, the Upper Rooms and the Lower Rooms, as if they were on different floors of the same building, instead of edifices separated a quarter of a mile by a rise of ground. The street therefore led also to the Pump Room and to the divers parades and walks and gardens, and was of prime topographical importance, as well as literary interest. We could not visit the Lower Rooms because they were burned down a great while ago, but for the sake of certain famous heroines, and many imaginary girls unknown to fame, we went to the Upper Rooms, and found them most characteristically getting ready for the Easter Ball which the County Club was to give, and which promised to relume for one night at least the vanished splendors of Bath. The ballroom was really noble, and there were sympathetic tea-

rooms and cloak-rooms, and the celebrated octagonal room in the centre, where workmen were hustling the pretty and gallant ghosts of former dances with their sawing and hammering, and painting and puttying, and measuring the walls for decorations.

I should have liked immensely to look on at the County Ball which was to assemble the quality of the neighborhood on something like the old terms, and I heard with joy the story of ten gay youths who returned from one of the recent balls in Bath chairs, drawn through the pale dawn in Milsom Street by as many mettlesome chairmen. Only when one has studied the Bath chair on its own ground, and seen the sort of gloomy veteran who pulls it, commonly with a yet gloomier old lady darkling under its low buggy-top, can one realize the wild fun of such an adventure. It might not always be safe, for the chairman sometimes balks, and in case of sharp acclivities altogether refuses to go on.

If one would have the merriest memory of literary Bath, let him go visit the house, if he can find it, of the Rev. Dr. Wilson, in Alfred Street, where the famous Mrs. Macaulay, the first English historian of her name, presided as a species of tenth muse, and received the homage of whatever was most academic in the rheumatic culture of the place. She was apparently the idol of the heart as well as the head (it was thought to have been partially turned) of the good man whose permanent guest she became. He put up a marble statue to her as the personification of History in his London parish church, and had a vault made near it to receive her remains when she should have done with them. But before this happened, History fell in love with Romance in the person of a young man many years her junior, and on their marriage the reverend doctor irately ejected her statue from the chancel of St. Stephen's, and sold her vault for the use of some less lively body.

The literary celebrities who visited Bath, or sojourned or lived there, were not to be outnumbered except in London alone, if in fact the political capital excelled in them. Mr. Tyte mentions among others De Foe, who stopped at Bath in collecting materials for his *Tour of Great Britain*, and who met



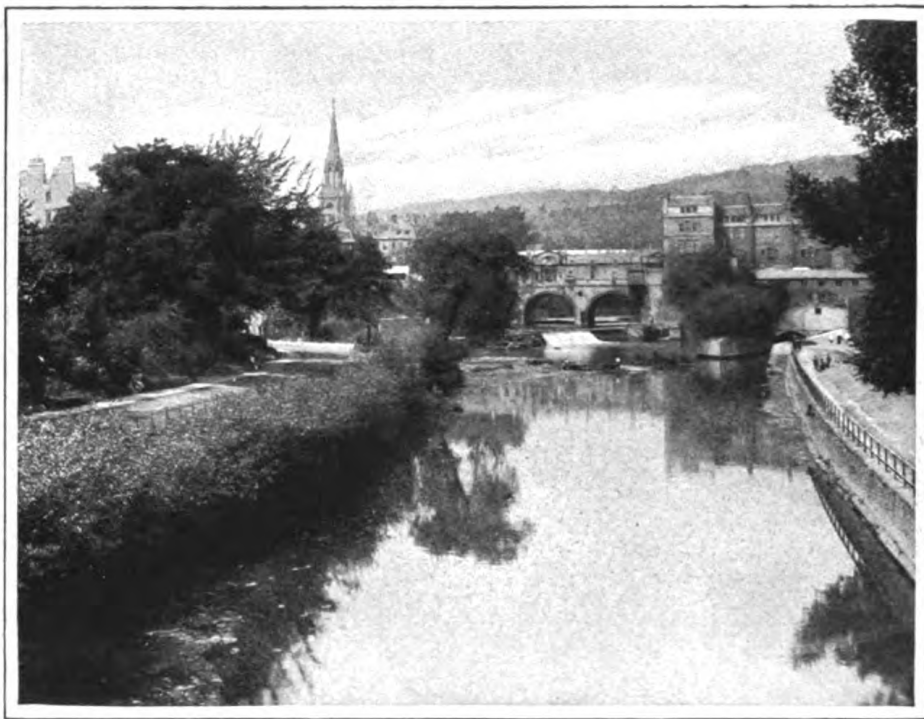


WELLS CATHEDRAL FROM THE SINGERS HOUSES

Alexander Selkirk there, and probably imagined Robinson Crusoe from him on the spot. Richard Steele came and wrote about Bath in the *Spectator*. Gay, Pope and Congreve, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, Fielding and Mrs. Radcliffe came and went; and Sheridan dwelt there in his father's house, and met the beautiful Miss Linley, wooed, won, went off to Paris with her and wedded her, and returned to fight two duels in defence of her honor. Goldsmith and Johnson and Boswell resorted to the waters; Lord Chesterfield wrote some of his letters from a place where worldly politeness might be so well studied; Walpole some of his where gossip so abounded. De Quincey was a schoolboy in Bath, Southey spent his childhood there and Coleridge preached there, as he did in many other Unitarian pulpits in England; Cowper wrote his "Verses on finding the Heel of a Shoe at Bath" after coming to see his first cousin Lady Hesketh there; Burke met his wife there, and Beckford who wrote *Vathek* met his. Christopher Anstey, the author of that humorous, that scandalous, that

most amusing satire, *The New Bath Guide*, lived most of his life in the city he delighted to laugh at.

The list might be indefinitely prolonged, but the name which most attracts, after the names of Jane Austen and Fanny Burney, is the name of Charles Dickens. He must have come to Bath when he was very young, and very probably on some newspaper errand; for when he wrote *The Pickwick Papers* he was still a reporter. His genius for boisterous burlesque was not just the qualification for dealing with the pathetic absurdities of a centre of fashion which was no longer quite what it had been; for the earlier decades of the nineteenth century found Bath in a social decline which all her miraculous waters could not medicine. The members of the Pickwick Club went to a ball at the Upper Rooms where some noble ladies won a good deal of Mr. Pickwick's money, and he had already visited the Pump Room. Dickens derides the company at both places with the full force of his high spirits; and riots in the description of Mr. Pickwick's introduction to the Master of



BATH, FROM NORTH PARADE BRIDGE

the Ceremonies, Angelo Cyrus Bantam, Esq. It might all have happened, but it does not seem as if it had happened, and one sighs amidst the horse-play for "the touch of a vanished hand" like Jane Austen's to give delicacy and precision to the picture.

In fact, on going back to the Bath episode of *The Pickwick Papers*, you find so much make-believe required of you that the remembrance of your earlier delight in it is a burden and a hindrance rather than a help. You would be sensible of the elemental facts, but the effect is quite that of a Cruikshank illustration, abounding in impossible grotesqueness, though related here and there to reality by an action, an expression, a figure. I myself used often to meet in Bath a little queer plinth of a man, whose nationality I could not make out, but every inch of whose five feet was suggestive of Dickens. His face, topped by a frowsy cap, was twisted in a sort of fixed grin, and his eyes looked different

ways, perhaps to prevent any attempt of mine to escape him. He carried at his side a small wicker box which he kept his hand on; and as he drew near and halted, I heard a series of plaintive squeaks coming from it. "Make you perform the guinea-pig?" he always asked, and before I could answer, he dragged a remonstrating guinea-pig from its warm berth within, and stretched it out on the cage, holding it down with both hands. "Johnny die queek!" he commanded, and lifted his hands for the instant in which Johnny was motionlessly gathering his forces for resuscitation. Then he called, "Bobby's coming!" and before the policeman was upon him, Johnny was hustled back into his warm box, wofully murmuring to its comfort of his hardship, and the queer little man smiled his triumph in every direction. The sight of the brief drama always cost me a penny; perhaps I could have had it for less; but I did not think a penny was too much.

# The Flittermouse

BY AMÉLIE RIVES

(Princess Troubetzkoy)

'T WAS a stark, ice-ribbed night, with a black wind blowing and the sea very stealthy—a plotting sea. It waxed and waned on the farther side of that grim wall of darkness like the whisperings of evil-doers without the door that they are about to assail, and when it hushed, now and again, there was naught to be heard in the room but the clatter of dice and the creak of a man's doublet as he leaned forward in the lust of gaming.

The stakes ran high that night, higher than for a sennight during which time that mad thrice had been at it, late and early. There was Sir Purfey Elvon, a young blade already rusty with the spilling o'er of youth's best wine. There was Thomas Murdoch—"Murdering Tom," they called him—a gray, gaunt, silent man from the North, with a close spirit, a gaping purse, and a sword that drank the lives of men as though it had a sentient thirst in its steel belly; and there was Robert Calcott, of Coom House,—the Squire of Curst Coom, some called him—a man who had won honors at Oxon, cast them from him in London, and paused at the gates of hell to wed there with a Spanish courtesan, who straightway thrust him in and drew the bolts upon him. Thereafter it was his chosen part to comport him as though it had been his chosen place.

He was a great, sapful man, with a luscious voice that seemed to gush from him like juice from a ripe fruit, and he would be aye sending it forth in jets of ribald song and japes 'gainst God and Holy Church that would have blistered an unseasoned dæmon and ta'en the skin from his inexpert tongue. Withal so bland an eye, so smooth a brow, such maiden's dimples in his great, wine-marbled jowl and tucking tight the corners of his mouth, such a fire of life as

beat upon you from the whole man, soul and body, that you felt the mists of pleasant and unimagined sins gathering beneath it and steaming outward, as it were, like to the wet earth beneath a sudden sun.

But how could any hope to picture him? Could that voice be painted? That quirk of the eyebrow that came and went in a twink, aimed skyward like a question-mark at God? Could even a master craftsman of his art limn you the core of such a downfallen kinsman to Lucifer as that dire, bestial, yet stupendous being? A creature mangled in his fall upon hell's floor, yet writhing his crushed limbs in antics and bidding his broken spirit dance galliards in his eyes. Even as I write, meseems I feel the air quake with his nearness, as though I were ghost and he flesh again.

The stakes were running high, as I have said, when Tom Murdoch called for sack.

"Good sherris-sack," quoth he, "wi' none o' your peg-tankards to drink it from, but fair glass goblets, that all may see their liquor."

Whereat mine host, Bartholomew Pepper, dubbed "the Bat," trundled forth from his snug nook by the chimney, and creased his great belly in a fantastic dop. Then with an eye-glisk towards the Squire, who nodded assent, he set forth upon the gaming-table three fresh bales of dice and three glass goblets. Next upon a bench near by he plumped a cask bearing the mark of Seres, eying which, the Squire accosted him with gravity, saying that, "As Ceres was the goddess of grain, she had no doubt furnished excellent barley for such brewing."

But the Bat, being one of your mum men and well used to jests concerning the honesty of his purported sherris-wine, was not wont to speak save with

that ponderous bow of his, or else with a strange oath that served him week-days and holy days. "Ods-bods!" he would cry, at all haps, whether good or ill, and I doubt me not that 'twas with "Ods-bods" that he saluted the majesty of whichever kingdom he won to in the end—for he be long dead, poor Bat.

They set to it, then, with rouses all round and a game of In-and-In, the dice being rolled from the empty goblets in lieu of their proper noggins. Sir Purfey won first, and simpered like Moll in a new taffeta. Next came Murdoch's turn, and the Squire went down to a single coin. Thus it continued, the play waxing ever higher and higher, and the wind rising, but not loud. It came voluming about the house in great, whist waves, and so pressed upon the doors and windows that it seemed they must fall inward.

At last, the dice having been changed for cards, Squire Calcott won for the first time—a poor matter of six angels, and he holding a mournival of four aces. At that, the sack and his wrath working together like a Magian's potion within him, down dinged he the cards and swept the gold upon the floor.

"To hell with 'em!" shouted he. "To hell with such angels, say I! I'll none o' them. They're a free gift from me to Beelzebub. An he come to claim 'em, he may e'en stoop to the task!"

At this all there cast dismayed looks upon each other and about the chamber, for though a man may not make it his credo to believe in demons that come at call, there is a grain of superstition in the stuff all men are mixt of, and 'tis not oft that the name of the devil is taken in vain. While they stayed thus, with inheld breath, there came such a blast as seemed to lift the house and set it down again, and at the same time the tavern door was drawn outward an inch or so (this being a sort of dark miracle; for by some whimsy of Bat the door oped outward, and with all that weight of wind holding it inward 'twould have taken Goliath of Gath himself to have drawn it back); but it oped a crack, as I have said, and there whipped into the room a long, black cloak like a pennon of the storm.

Each and all made the sign of the

cross as though set to one spring, but 'twas the host, poor Bat, who first found his voice, somewhere deep down in his vast belly. He held forth his fingers crost, and rumbled he:

"Ods-bods! Who knocks at this time o' night?"

But none had knocked.

There answered him the blithest treble voice was ever heard, and sweet as crystal tanged with silver:

"What! Is't thou, my Bat? And dost thou not flit to aid a poor traveller on such a night?"

"Ods-bods! Not I!" quoth Bat, all ashake like a festival jelly. "Come in an thou must, but I'll not aid thee—No—not I! Ods-bods!"

Thereon the door drew wider, and there rushed into the room as 'twere a storm-cloud streaked with lightning, for the youth's slim body, clad all in glistening stuff, shewed like a forked flame against his blustering sable cloak.

His beauty was such as you shall not believe in when you turn your eyes away, and his gait was as one who could tread air or water as lightly as earth. His hair ran back from his forehead in black flamelets tipt with gold; also, his brows were black and met and soared above his eyes like spread wings, but 'twas those eyes that ensorceled. Of an oval shape, very long and upturned at the ends were they; in hue, topaz set with gold-foil, now pale, now bright, freckled all with black, as though their fire had died into coals here and there. And they danced like light on leaping water. Witch'd gems they seemed, set by magic in their torrits, and had a being of their own, as 'twere, apart from him they served. As for his countenance, ne'er was there seen one so gleesome.

"Har! Har!" quoth he, with a strange accent, "I see thou'rt rich, mine host! Gold to walk upon, i'faith! Not thine? And none o' these fair gentlemen's neither? Then whose? Mine perchance—an *I stoop to the task, ay?*" And with this he laughed like tinkling cymbals and floated his gold eyes upon the Squire.

But Robert Calcott answered him unmoved. "I see thou'st overheard me, my mannet," saith he, "but thou'lt be a brave crack an thou claimest Lucifer's tithe."



"I SEE THOU'RT RICH, MINE HOST!"







"Brave maybe; claim surely," quoth the other, and holding down his hand to the floor, he seemed not so much to gather up the gold as it to fly into his palm.

The blood of the gamesters cruddled and they went pale, all save the Squire, whose eyes snapt as at some goodly sight.

"'S doom!" he cried. "One o' thy names is Courage, whate'er be t'other. I know none else would ha' claimed that gold. Wilt drink with me, my springal?"

"Ay, or dice with thee, or fence with thee, or go a-birding with thee!" laughed the other. At this the Squire's brow gloomed and his nether lids drew up, for he had gone aside from light women since he wedded the Spanish sorceress, as folk deemed her who ruled "Curst Coom." But the strange youth met him blithely.

"Nay, sir," said he. "Mistake me not. Who that had dined on witch would sup on wench? Who that had seen Diabola smile on him from between her prisms would hanker for an angel to smirk at him through fowls' wings? I know where a Phoenix hath nested."

At this the Squire whipt out words and sword together. "An thou be the devil, I'll send thee home again!" quoth he. But the juvenal blenched not nor drew blade.

"Why, softly, sir," he smiled. "May not Diabolus name Diabola without forfeit? An I be the devil, may I not name my mate without being sped home to her?"

Robert Calcott lowered his point, but sent steel into the other's eyes with a look.

"Thou hast a nimble wit, friend Diabolus," saith he. "But see that it danceth not again on my threshold, else will it halt thereafter."

"I am also called Ben Gian," quoth the juvenal, smiling upon his swinging foot where he sat sidewise on the table.

"'Ben' and 'Gian' go as ill together as 'God' and 'Devil,'" here growled Tom Murdoch, "for 'Ben' is plain English, and 'Gian' hath a smack o' Portugal or Spain."

"Yet God and Devil hold converse together, good Tom and Murdoch, so saith Job."

"Buz!" snapt Murdoch. "All men know who 'tis can quote Scripture to his own ends."

"Ay, Satan is a scholar," quoth the stranger, cool as a pipkin in a spring. "Else could he not talk to every man, each in his own tongue. But I must see to my poor horse, that stands tail to wind outside."

So saying, he got him to the door and flung it wide, although the wind was raving like a witch cursing aloud, and the roar of the ocean like that of the monster she bestrode.

Standing aside, with the door beat back against the house so that it stayed, he murmured some words in a dark tongue, and there came mincing forth across the threshold such a mare as the eyes of man shall nevermore behold. White as snow was she, but besprent on crest and quarters with brighter spangs, as were the moon to shine upon a pool of milk; fronted like a stag, with eyes more beauteous than any woman's, though twice as big again and bulging clear amidst of their great fringes, like bubbles of dark glass shot with gold and purple. Her muzzle would have played in your hand like a die in its noggin, so small was it; her tail would have graced the Lady Godiva's head, and her silken, sheening mane was tied into love-knots as though by Dan Cupid himself. All aquiver and athrill as one in subject obedience, she stepped into the room on agate hoofs, and then stood with her proud crest arched like the brow of Hector, and her breath darting from her nostrils, hot and scented with sorcery.

And as he led her on, the stranger sang this catch in that blithe voice of his:

"She bore the Prophet past lyre and lure,  
She bore the Prophet to realms secure,  
She bore the Prophet, yet paused next day,—

Won by the Djinn of sense away,  
To migniardize with a stallion gray;  
With her pinions bright the wings to fan  
Of Gian, the son of Gian ben Gian!"

Then as all gazed he left from singing and spake in the English tongue, saying,

"Salute the company, O Borak!"

Then thrice struck she the ground with her right foot, and thrice whinnied she, but as with a human voice of travail, so that all they were overcome and fell into a great dread.

"And now, O Borak, salute me!"

Whereupon she brake out into so grievous a sweat that the great drops trild down her noble front, and she bent her two knees before him and lay her head upon his feet.

"But not for love, you damned devil-kin!" here shouted Tom Murdoch. "Not for love doth she do so. I'll lay ye my scant hopes of heaven to your mastership in hell that she doth not! So I will, and witness all!" And he frothed at the lip's edge; for though he killed men, he loved beasts. As he made an end of speaking, the mare, still with her head upon the youth's feet, rolled piteously upon him such bursting eyes of flame and cloud, all glistened o'er, as it seemed, with tears, that the hardened Lollard cried out, "Christ save us!" and got to his feet.

In one and the same instant there came a lull in the storm, and the voice of one singing without, so clear and sweetly shrill that it pierced the silence like a star ray the dark.

Thus it sang:

"Jesu, Jesu, what befell  
When Thou gat'st Thee into hell?  
'First the Thief did pluck my cloak,  
Crying, "Master, what Thou'st spoke,  
This day saying I should be  
Safe in Paradise with Thee:  
Was it false or was it true,  
Since with hell we have to do?"'"

Herewith the wind blared forth again as with a great trump of menace, but that sweet sound did soar above it and through it, drawing ever nearer and nearer. And thus it sang:

"Turned I then and smiled him on,  
Saying: "Child, be not forlorn.  
Put thy doubting heart aside  
Lest thy savèd soul it chide:  
Know my words fulfilled to be.  
Here where thou dost walk with me.  
For God's love ever in me lies,  
Where God's love is, is Paradise."'"

These last words sounded at the very door, and anon came a little tapping as from a blown vine, and, "Good Bat, my coz! . . . Ope! Ope!" cried the voice that had been singing. At that Bat started as from a dwaum. "'Tis The Flittermouse!" quoth he, and trundled to the door.

All gaped towards it, as may be reckoned, for strange things had crossed that threshold in the past hour, but 'twas only a little tattered may that entered now, all elfin thin, with bright, unafraid eyes looking from a nest of hair. Her little face was white as mistletoe, shaped like a heart, and her mouth a smaller heart within it, but red as holly beads; and as you looked on her you did grow aware of something wild and chill and sweet about her, as though a violet blowing too early should be o'ertain again by winter and brimmed with snow. So she stood and looked on us and we on her.

"God's love be wi' you," saith she at last, in that voice at once wist and glad like love's tears, and even as she spoke she glimpsed the kneeling mare and him at whose feet she kneeled. Oh, then there came a change upon her! White lightning seemed to flow into her face, and she leaped forward, crying: "Avaunt! Cruelty! Cruelty!"

At that cry the stranger seemed to dwindle as he were a windy flame and to be blown backward a space, whereon she, crouching, did gather up the poor mare's head into her breast and help her to her feet. Then, looking up at him, quoth she:

"Thou art black-naughty, but I will pray for thee."

But he was now all baleful bright again like some snake of fire, and he laughed.

"Ware lest thou pray against God's will," mocked he.

"Nay, 'tis His will that I pray for all beings," saith she. "I pray for Satan night and morn that he be forgiven at the last."

Thereat he swept her with his strange look as with a flame, but she stayed full sweetly gazing back at him and fondling the mare's muzzle where it lay against her shoulder.

"Why, whence comest thou?" saith he at last. "Knowest thou not that thou must love God and hate Satan?"

"I hate none," saith the child.

"But surely thou dost fear him?"

"I wish him good; why should he do me ill? I fear none."

"Surely thou fearest God?"

"Nay, I love Him."

"Who learned thee these things?"

"That which speaketh when all is whist and men sleep."

"And that song thou sangest?"

But she turned suddenly away from him and went up to the Squire, the mare following her, and when she was close beside him she laid her hand upon his arm and spoke earnestly:

"I know thee. Thou art kind to dumb beasts," quoth she. "And my poor coz Bat hath no fit place to stable such an one as this. Wilt thou not take her home with thee?"

"Now tell me thy name, my little may," answered Robert Calcott, "for thou art to my liking."

"Folk call me 'The Flittermouse,'" saith she. "I have no name."

"But whose child art thou?"

"I am Love's child, they say, and I love all things, so it must e'en be true. Wilt thou not take her home with thee?"

"Nay, darling, but her master will not part with her, methinks."

"Then do not part them; take him also," saith the child.

And what wild heart-string in the man she played upon, who shall say? for at her words he laughed out, and spun around, with her hand still upon him, and quoth he:

"Signor Gian, wilt thou and thy faery steed honor my roof to-night?"

And this strange courtesy the strange youth accepted in like manner, and with easiness, as though it had been a thing advised beforehand.

"I will ope the door for ye; the storm is dead," quoth the little may, and she stepped before them and thrust wide the door.

Then was seen a great glare of sky as it had been an arch of ice lit by a weeping moon, and far to the southward a tatter of fleeing clouds like the banners of an army in retreat. But underneath, the earth lay gaunt and still as one frozen in his sleep. The Squire passed forth and after him the stranger, and the child followed, with her hand in the mare's glittering mane. When they were without, she laid her cheek against it, saying,

"Good night, thou bonny thing," then stood aside to watch them go. But the witched mare broke away when they would have led her forth, and returning,

kneeled before the child, as though imploring her.

"Wouldst have me go with thee, sweetheart? Why, so I will, fear not," quoth she, and therewith leaped lightly to the saddle.

No man said aught, and thus they passed from sight, the little may riding the magic horse, and on either side the Squire and the stranger. Only poor Bat, when they were gone, must needs break suddenly forth, as though a man should laugh outright in church, with the curiosest old jingle.

Stammered he:

"Jesu Christ and Saint Benedight,  
Bless this house from every wight,  
Fro' the nightmare. Paternoster!  
Where winnest thou Saint Peter's suster?"

Now they fared thus in silence until they came to a wood's edge, when on a sudden the little may cried out: "I must flit! I must flit! There is evil abroad to mend!" And before they could say her yea or nay she was down and off over the snowy fields.

They twain looked after her for a little space, and then each the other in the eyes, and Robert Calcott saith,

"Whence art thou?"

The other saith, "Whence art thou?"

"Nay," answered the Squire, on a laugh, "an I could rede ye that, I could rede ye the master-riddle."

"And so with me," saith the other. "But this I can tell thee, that we twain have been faring to this meeting since time was."

Then, "Who art thou?" saith the Squire.

"Who art thou?"

"Now as I live I know not," quoth the Squire.

"Neither know I who I am," answered the other, "only that I have part in thee and thou in me, and both in That we know not."

"Friend Diabolus," quoth the Squire, pleasantly, "though thou evadest, I have a shrewd guess from whence thou art. Pray thee how fares it with his Excellency Leonard, Grand Master of the Sabbath and Knight of the Fly, and with Succor-Benoth, chief of the eunuchs? Prithee give me the last court gossip?"

"Why, as to that," quoth the stranger,

courteously, "I have heard that there have been great ructions started by a sour devilkin, who suggested that perchance Lucifer was cast from heaven for that he could serve God better in hell, his argument being that when Lucifer tempteth and man resisteth he hath served God, nor can God Himself deny that service. As thou mayst conceive, this hath put Lucifer in a pother."

"And yet thy devilkin is a logician," quoth the Squire, and laughed again, but musingly. "Men and devils, we all serve one another willy-nilly, or so 'twould seem, for thou much entertainest me, and my roof is thine for the night. Look where it shines below us."

And as he spoke he pointed to where Coom lay dark and brooding in a lap of the hills. Only in one tower was there a light, and as they looked it waned from gold to green, and from green to rose, and from rose to sullen crimson, as though a heart of evil fire were pulsing in the cold breast of the night. And thus it continued to throb back and forth through that strange scale of hues as they rode down towards it.

Now as they drew near the door, there came a low noise of chanting from the tower, rising and falling with the flare and fall of that baleful light; but all else about the house was hushed and still, nor did any come forth of the door to meet them in answer to their knocking. And as they waited, the chanting grew louder, and words dropped into their ears like the dropping of a sweet and slow poison, and of these, such were some of the words,

" . . . By Agla, by Tagla, by Mathon, Oarios, Almouzin, Arios . . ."

As he harkened, the Squire was shaken from within as by a natural rebellion of the blood, and he would have stopped his ears had pride consented, but he only stayed himself with one hand on the lintel, and his eyes grew stiff in his head by reason of his unnamed horror. As for the stranger, he stood quietly, with his hand on Borak's bridle, in the attitude of one who waits, but his gaze was upon the Squire.

Then all at once the voice ceased, and from that hollow of silence where it sank there rose up a cry so wild, so fierce,

so all unearthly, that there is no measure for the dread of such a cry. Then came a long, low winnowing of whispered laughter from the tower, as though one laughed through foam and set teeth, and the Squire, starting awake, as 'twere, with a new terror, saw the witched mare shining upright above the stranger, who hung from the bridle, with her red mouth yet wide with the cry that she had uttered. And in that same moment the woman-voice in the tower took up the chant anew, with more strange and dread names that seemed to burn the air they shook.

Then did Robert Calcott find speech of very fury, and he sprang toward the stranger, shouting,

"Who art thou, I say, and who is this woman that I have called wife?"

And that other answered him in this wise:

"I am the evil by which thou growest. She is the evil by which thou dwindlest."

And as he was speaking, ere the other could answer him aught, there came running and stumbling toward them over the frozen ground the same little may that had left them but a short time since, and as she ran she sobbed forth her words as though sore spent.

"Cruelty! Cruelty!" cried she. "All the village is up to seek the witch and burn her. She hath stole a child from its churchyard bed for her witcheries, and now they will burn her in the market-place!"

Again the chanting ceased, and again dirled forth the cry, but now in the window of the tower above them appeared the figure of a woman—wrought of flame she seemed with the leaping of that evil light upon her, or as though carven from some great jewel of hell. And at sight of her the witched mare screamed again and yet again, with a fury of revolt and rage that was like the scent of blood turned into sound.

At that the woman took up once more her chant, and, ever chanting, came down the stairway of the tower. And the mare hushed beneath that chant and trembled, but was at quiet.

Ever chanting, the woman drew slowly near to her, and when she was come beside her she seized that royal mane in one hand, and laying the other upon the





SHE HELD OUT BOTH ARMS TO HER HUSBAND



saddle-croup, went up as feately to her place as any wind-drawn flame leaping from grass to bough.

And, lo! no sooner was she seated than torches striped the night, and from the woods round about came a swelling clamor of many voices, hoarse with hate and blood-lust, crying: "The witch! The witch! Burn, burn, burn, burn her!"

Whereupon that Lovely Darkness turned her about where she throned high on the magic beast, and held out both arms to her husband, wooing him to mount beside her; and he, vacant-eyed, moved toward her as though she held his heart-strings like a bridle. Then at one and the same time did the stranger cry out with a great voice, saying, "Choose!" and the little may did pluck him by the hand, weeping: "Go not with her! Go not with her!" So that the man started as from deep sleep and glared about him.

And the torches and the noise were now but a field away.

Then did Robert Calcott break forth suddenly into a great oath, and, "By God's cross!" cried he, "I go not with thee. There are Sundered lands even in hell," cried he. "Dwell thou in thy place; I will dwell in mine."

And as he spoke a dark light as of joy-in-death leaped from the mare's eyes, and she gathered herself together and shot with a mighty bound high into the bright air above their heads; but just as she leaped, one of her forefeet struck Robert Calcott in the breast, that he staggered and then sank broken upon the ground.

Now the multitude was flooding up the lawn with horrible tumult, but on a sudden clotted and drove backward on itself, gaping as with one mouth up at the vault above, where the magic mare rose ever higher and higher, till she seemed but a shaving from the icy moon.

And as they gazed, suddenly, in the flitting of a thought, like a silver flame swept censerwise through the air, she whirled upon her course, she sank, she glittered gloriously nearer and ever nearer, until, with storm of hoofs and banner of mane, she launched with her rider into the heart of the dumb-struck mob and stood for capture.

Now when the noise of the triumphing of cruel men and women was passed away, Robert Calcott opened his eyes once more on life, and beside him there was the little may and the stranger. And the child kept brushing his forehead with her little hand and murmuring sweetly:

"Fear not. All is love. Love is all."

But the stranger said no word. Then did Robert Calcott take the little maid's hand and hold it, saying, "Now get thee gone, my little may, and leave me with this other, for we have somewhat to say to one another."

So she kissed him and went forth into the night.

Then saith Robert Calcott,

"And now who art thou?"

The other saith:

"I will first ask thee a question. Since the most forgiven love most, who at the last will love God most, Satan or Gabriel?"

But Robert Calcott saith,

"Nay, but who art thou?"

And the other answered thus:

"I am that darkness from whence springs light. I am the evil by which good wins its strength. I am the base on which the heights are builded. Conquered, I am eternal bliss; conquering, I am eternal wretchedness. Conquered, I am life immortal; conquering, I am immemorial death. . . ."

Then saith the Squire,

"At last I know thee who thou art, thou shadow cast by light!" and on the word "light" his soul went forth.

But that dark form abode near him through the night, and as it drew to dawn there came a sound of singing from the field's edge.

It was the little may singing the last verse of her song.

Thus sang she:

" 'Jesu, Jesu, what of hell,  
Since with heaven 'tis Thine as well.'  
'Hearken now, thou Emperor Dark,  
Mine the raven as the lark;  
When that men for love of me,  
Every one, have conquered thee,  
Homesick Satan, thou shalt then  
Dwell with me in heaven again!'"

And as she ceased the sun winged out like to gold seraphim beyond the snow-fretted cathedral of the trees, and the man lay alone with the morning.

# A Music-school Settlement

BY PHILIP VERRILL MIGHELS

IN the sordid world of turmoil comprised by the great East Side of New York city, the voice of hope has assumed day by day a hundred varied accents, during these many years—but naught has been heard by the hurrying throng. Hope has at last adopted music for her speech, and from darkened places little children come to listen in strange joy to her utterance, dragging worn-out, almost unwilling parents, and her smile has encompassed them all.

In the midst of its region of poverty, distress, and toil, the great metropolis has a "settlement" presenting a phase of human uplifting infinitely significant and affecting. It is a music-school settlement, homely, ill-surrounded and unpretentious, where nearly three hundred children of the almost hopeless Ghetto find friendship, help, and promise extended to their tiny hands in a form universally understood and welcomed. Once the home of refinement and ease, anon a tenement, housing scores of toiling, struggling human beings, the building at 55 East Third Street, occupied by the school, is to-day a temple—ay, the temple of a muse, replete with memories of tragedy and comedy, hope and despair, and the loving and parting inseparable from human life. And at last the sad or the gay but ever-moving music of the masters voices all this from a hundred strings.

It is not new, this school of music for the East Side poor. It was founded elsewhere over ten years ago, and during all this time has been growing, extending its scope, its usefulness, and its kindly reach towards those for whom it was intended. The credit for its conception and development is due to Miss Emilie Wagner, who started a class in piano and violin instruction among the tenement classes in the neighborhood of Chatham Square upon coming to New York city after finishing her own course

of studies at college in 1894. Confronted by difficulties of a most discouraging nature, Miss Wagner persisted in her task until the college and university settlements offered the use of rooms to accommodate her increasing classes. Subsequently these settlements aided still further, enabling the school to occupy independent quarters in Rivington Street, where, in the course of time, the attention of charitably disposed residents of New York was directed to the work. The "Society of the Music-school Settlement" followed and was incorporated in May two years ago.

Neither outside nor inside does the building resemble a temple. It is crowded in between the shops and tenements of a typical East Side city block, in a neighborhood swarming with men, women and children of the Hebrew race. It fronts on a street alive with humanity, all of it struggling and poor. It is Yiddish that the ears of the old-time mansion hear; they are Yiddish signs that confront its windows in the street; and Yiddish customs it observes when it looks upon the neighborhood.

Two adjoining houses were secured when the settlement moved to these present quarters. They had long been occupied as tenements, hence required thorough renovation. The four floors were stripped of everything, the walls were cleansed and painted, the atmosphere was sweetened. The place took on and maintains an air of businesslike but cheerful severity essential to its usefulness, for only a few pictures adorn the walls, the floors are nearly all bare, and the furnishing in nearly every working-room consists of one or two chairs with a black piano or an iron stand for music.

There are a great many rooms in the house, all of them constantly in use. In a large apartment in the basement is the desk to which the pupils report to pay

their money and await their lessons. This becomes a species of office and place of general assemblage, fairly haunted by the children. At the rear of this office is a room for wraps and hats, back of which is a bath-room, recently installed, with tubs and showers for the youngsters, in whose homes bath-rooms, if extant at all, are utilized for the storage of coal or food. Out at the rear is a tiny yard, where the children love to play. On the floor above this basement a very large assembly-hall has been provided, in which an orchestra of fifty may be accommodated. The third floor is entirely devoted to teaching-rooms. On the top floor a few apartments are reserved for use of resident teachers, managers, and officers—three or four young women. And there the spirit of the institution is exemplified, for the visitor is almost instantly greeted in this sanctuary by a clean, lively pup, half friendly, wholly coy, who fell into the institution's coal-hole, one winter's day, and there was discovered, a smutted, half-frozen, starving little outcast of the streets, who was not only rescued, bathed and fed, but who now wears a nice bow of ribbon on his neck and an air of puppy confidence which only affection could excite.

The scheme of the institution, the success it enjoys in accomplishing an uplift for its following, the eager sacrifices daily made that the children may secure its benefits, these and the hopes of the children themselves are the features that make its daily annals human and affecting. In a general way the scheme may be epitomized as a plan to provide for the poor East Side children not only a social centre with many of the ordinary settlement advantages, but particularly the very best of musical instruction at the lowest possible figure, and to pay the more advanced pupils to teach the youngsters below them. The arrangement will be understood at once when it is stated that instruction on the violin, 'cello, or piano is supplied at forty cents an hour, while the teachers (a dozen or more of them pupils themselves) are paid fifty cents an hour for the service of imparting the knowledge. Thus it will be seen at once that the institution pays its teachers more than it receives for the lessons given,

and pays most of the money to youthful "professors" who are, in turn, pupils themselves.

To reduce the arrangement to an East Side basis of finance, half-hour lessons are given for twenty cents and fifteen-minute lessons for ten. Those of the piano pupils who have access to no instrument at home are permitted to practise here at the rate of five cents for half an hour.

Ordinarily the work of the school is continued throughout every business day of the week, excepting Saturday; and on Sunday morning the senior orchestra meets for two or three hours of playing. Inasmuch as nearly all the pupils are Hebrews, all important Jewish holidays are thoughtfully observed. The result of this custom is somewhat singular: The parents of the pupils almost never appear to enjoy the music at the school. Either they are working and hurrying, in a life-consuming fever to supply the money necessary for existence, or they are dully resting against a renewal of almost superhuman activities. It is primarily because these children wish to aid or support their parents that they study and apply themselves so assiduously. They are eager to lift off the burden of toil, eager to still the wails of baby hunger, eager to smooth the brows now knotted with perplexity. Responsibility and maternal solicitude come early upon these serious children.

Until the conditions under which these people live are partially presented, the full significance of this musical aspiration may not be fully appreciated. The parents are nearly all piece-workers, toiling long hours on clothing, hats, and other articles, for wages amazingly small. Many of the men earn no more than thirty-five dollars a month. The lowest possible rent, for a family, is sixteen dollars a month, for which price an apartment of four small rooms may sometimes be secured, without supply of heat or light, and dark as caverns. They believe in families, these people, and they have them. They may not believe in lodgers, but they take them. In one instance the parents of a pupil at the school had a family of six children, and accommodated ten lodgers in addition, all in a four-room tenement. Of the wage



brought to the household every month, only eight dollars remained, every thirty days (after paying the rent), for light, fuel, food, clothing, and the price of lessons in music.

From these environments come the pupils of the school—children of Polish, Russian, and Hungarian Jews, often pinched, little, underclothed mites of humanity, awakened thus early to the tragedies of life, and as singularly precocious in anxiety to help as they are gifted with souls for musical expression.

The weekly routine of the institution unfolds a tale of sunlight and shadow, prose and poetry, fifty-two times in the year. The children range in size from the merest tots to lads of adult growth. Their ages vary from six to twenty years. The attendance of pupils over twenty years of age is not encouraged, it having been discovered that after twenty years of the dulling life of the slums have passed without awakening a spirit for music in these people, they are well-nigh impossible.

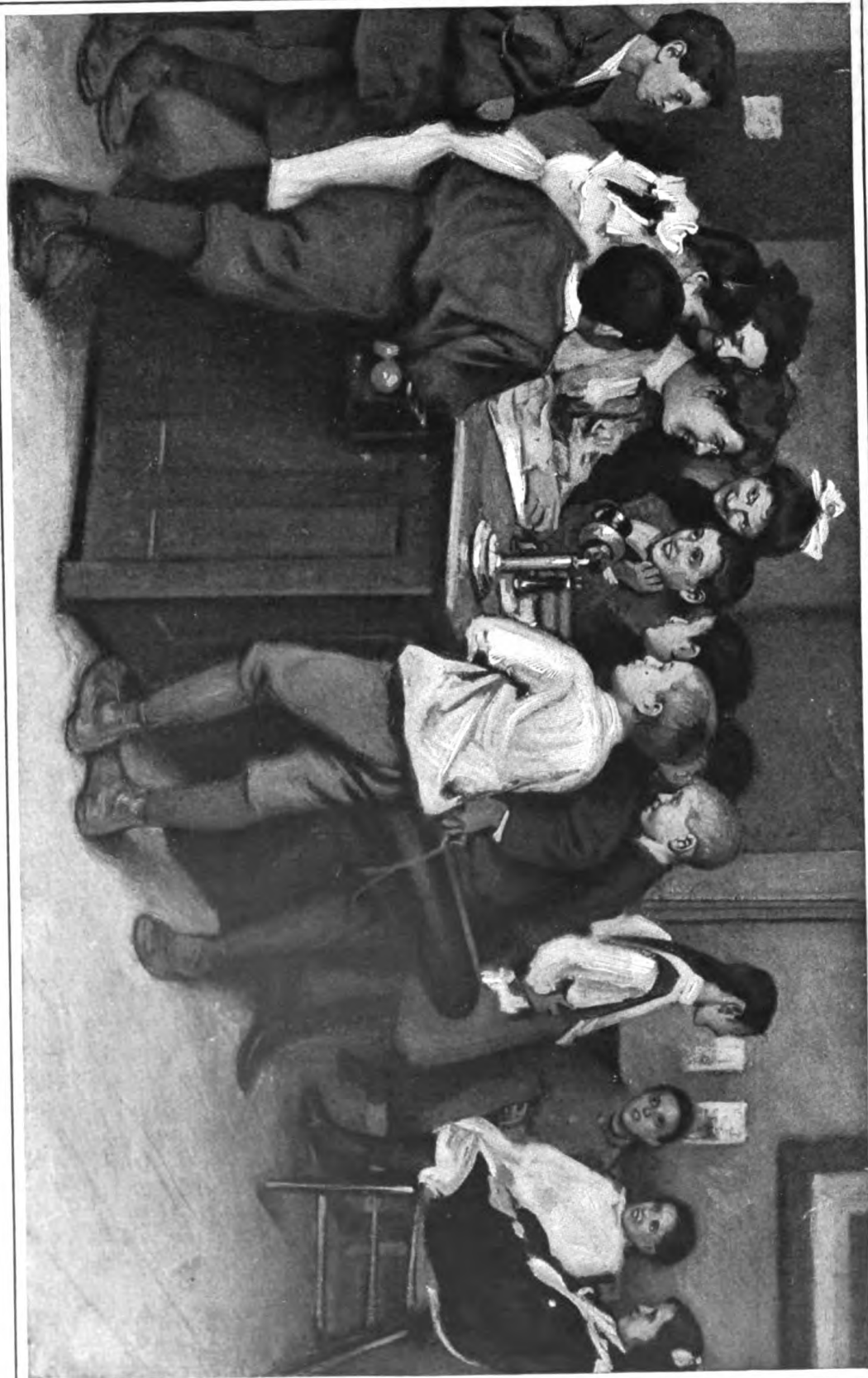
When application for membership of one or two children of a family is made, the mother or grandmother comes to the office, there to dicker for a bargain in prices. The arrangements having once been made, however, the children always come by themselves. Attracted by the prospect, by their love for their teachers and by the clean, sweet spaciousness of the school, they appear fully two hours before their lesson-time and crowd the office full. They are a motley little army, undersized, eager-faced, spare, often pale and raggedly clothed—a horde of common street children, boys and girls, apparently under ten years of age on an average, and all tightly clutching a precious handful of pennies and nickels, to be paid in advance for the lessons.

There are violin-cases everywhere, and music-rolls (often made of oilcloth) in dozens of red little hands. Then around and upon the office desk the youngsters cluster, thicker than bees on a honeycomb, as many as twenty frequently clinging as if for life to the solid piece of furniture. They all but inundate the patient young woman who sits there recording their payments and allotting their time with the teachers. They are all

jealously anxious to be of assistance. They run to the door to receive the mail, they dart up-stairs on every possible errand, and three at least of the smaller girls worm in beneath the very elbows of their record-keeping mistress, each with a square of blotting-paper ready in hand to swoop upon a written line and dry it prettily the moment the pen leaves the paper.

As the lesson-hours approach, the pupil teachers appear, to report for work. They are older children, confident in their hold upon a musical knowledge. They go immediately to the rooms above, and are ready to receive their smaller charges, whose hands, very often, must needs be inspected and ordered to the basin for a scrubbing. As a commentary on these small East Side hands it may be mentioned here that a friend of the school recently donated a number of ingenious glass-and-metal contrivances for the basins, with liquid soap in a reservoir, the perfumed fluid being drawn by pressure on a valve. The mechanical charm of this device was so thoroughly appreciated that the youngsters entirely emptied all the reservoirs in less than half an hour, and their hands were nearly washed away.

As nearly all the pupils of the music-school settlement attend both American and Hebrew schools, for the ordinary learning incident to the youth of these people, the musical instruction comes late in the day. By four o'clock in the afternoon the building is in full possession of its flock. A small, talkative baby, in charge of her pupil sister, was making many truthful but embarrassing observations, on the afternoon when the writer was a visitor. She was as funny and irrepressible as any ventriloquist's dummy. In contrast to her antics was the fate of a small boy pupil. He had missed his lessons three consecutive times. The word came down from the seat of power that he was now to be dismissed. The child who brought down the sentence did not deliver it straightly to him, but imparted it, rather, to the desk against which he was leaning. When he was notified officially of his banishment, he timidly asserted that he did like his lessons and did like to come, but his eyes had been giving him trouble



THEY ALL BUT INUNDATE THE PATIENT YOUNG WOMAN

and pain. Only one of his eyes was approximately sound. At the thought of former smartings and burnings, it promptly filled as he stood there. In his eagerness to be one of this happy, musical family, he could not bear to take his hat and go. Manifestly, however, further tax upon his sight could only result in



A SIX-YEAR-OLD STUDENT

disaster. In its little insignificant way it was tragedy. So often aspiration is shackled to physical denial.

When the full swing and current of the school are in play, there are four floors of discord in the building, for on four floors the voices of children, pianos, violins, and 'cellos are mingling, hit or miss. Here, in this room, the merest raucous squawk is delivered up unwillingly by an eighth-sized violin; there, from another, the phrase of a rhapsody steals with delicate strength to find its way out from the chaos of sounds. In three apartments adult instructors may be guiding the eager course of study, but in twelve, at the least, mere boys and girls, twelve or fourteen years of age, will be found imparting the rudiments of art to younger minds. In every room, however, it is earnest, patient work that

is going forward. The pupils love it; the masters yearn to help.

The writer beheld a typical lesson in a room that had once been a closet. There was barely space for teacher, pupil, music-stand, myself, and the quarter-sized violin of the student. And that student was the smallest boy of six who ever clung so tenaciously to an instrument. His fiddle was scarcely as large as a man's two fists, yet his arm was stretched to aching to grasp it by the neck. His tiny elbow was continuously brought back to position and held there by his master (a slender lad of twelve), and his thumb and fingers, on either hand, were as constantly adjusted to the proper "form."

He was not obliged to scan a page of music. It is doubtful if he could have seen over the bridge of his violin. All his teacher required of him was that he gain proficiency in making a sound by application of the bow to the instrument. But the bow wandered truantly down the entire track of the strings, in his tiny control; the small violin squeaked like a rusted mechanism; and the little chap wobbled and swayed unsteadily on his feet in the mighty process of dragging a noise from the shiny little box, so perverse and so stored and pent with musical possibilities. However, he knew the names of the tight-drawn filaments of gut, and he knew whence certain notes would come from pressure of a finger. He loved to try; he clung to bow and fiddle as a burr clings to wool. He was practising steadily at making fiddle-noises in his home every day; and he will presently play, and join the junior orchestra.

One little girl of ten, with eyes as far apart as an elf's, plays a full-sized violin with amazing fervor and skill. She has two little sisters who are students like herself, and one little brother of five who plays on a fiddle which she told me is "no larger than an iron spoon." None of them gets enough to eat, nor quite enough to wear. Some day, however, so she says, she means to help her parents with her earnings.

On a rack in one of the upper halls there were dozens of tiny violins, all for beginners. They are no more regarded as toys in the musical alphabet than A

is considered a toy in the huge contrivance of literature.

The end towards which the pupils are striving and masters are aiding is decidedly hopeful. The graduates of the settlement are almost certain of a comfortable living for the future, either as teachers, members of orchestras, or as individual artists. One young woman, graduated several years ago, and now most happily earning a competence by teaching, recently visited the school that she loves most faithfully, and in simple gratitude donated a few of her hard-earned, much-needed dollars to the fund for strugglers.

The dimes and quarters brought to the settlement by these children come very hard, yet were no charge made at all the lessons would never be appreciated, and the task of selecting the deserving, ambitious pupils would be insurmountable. That few pupils can afford to purchase instruments is obvious. Many violins are rented, some are loaned by outsiders, and dozens are furnished by the school.

There is no apparent limit to the sacrifice which both the pupils and their parents will undertake to secure the high-class instruction afforded at this institution. In addition to the fees they pay—where they are not recipients of free scholarships—the grateful youngsters are constantly making presents to the managing teachers of the place—presents they cannot afford to buy. They bring in candies and even glasses of soda-water, the taste of which they deny themselves with the utmost rigor. With hoarded pennies they purchase flowers to place in the rooms and on the office desk. At Christmas all the residents receive frosted picture-cards, purple and green perfume, jewel-caskets, and crockery ornaments. One small girl saved her pennies for months to invest in worsted for knitting. Then for weeks she wrought to produce a shawl, which she gave in affection to one of her much-loved teachers. For herself—she shivered in the cold.

They grow up poor, helpful, self-sacrificing, expecting to toil, these East Side children, and a musical promise to them is a promise of paradise, to be eagerly, unceasingly sought, though the way be ever so long and hard. Of the ones who

teach as well as study at the school, some devote three hours to giving instruction every working afternoon. This is after attendance at ordinary school or college.

There are many scholarships provided for children of parents too poor to pay the nominal fee for lessons. The eagerness for advancement which these Hebrew people exhibit is almost distressingly poignant.

The whole key-note of the situation is summed up in the statement of an earnest little child who, when at home, never receives enough to eat. She confessed that of all the things she loves in the world, she "loves sad music best." They all love sad music. Their lives are domestic operas in minor chords—family rhapsodies of suffering and striving, acute and endless, but made exquisite by the perfect *motif* of their love. The world produces no more divine, though unsung, musical composition than the annals of some of these love-knit Hebrew families.

Aside from the treats vouchsafed them by their class-work, the pupils are all but starved for high-class concert music, barred as they are from the banquets of finished orchestration by their poverty.



ONE OF THE PUPIL PROFESSORS



Occasionally a few receive tickets to concerts from generous friends.

In addition to the regular lessons mentioned, the institution provides free courses in harmony, history of music, chamber-music (for the study of trios, quartets, and ensemble music), and work of the junior orchestra. The senior orchestra, under direction of Mr. David Mannes, meets every Sunday morning, from ten to twelve. The annual charge for membership in this class is one dollar. Singing and sight reading are also included in the musical curriculum.

What incalculable possibilities of culture, refinement, and growth are opened by the strains of music may never be wholly revealed. These little East Side tots, waifs, and urchins, made familiar with the highest form of the world's musical expression, are both awakened and subdued, inspired and controlled, inflamed with exalted ideals and impressed

with a vast, new conception of the order of things mundane, which must otherwise have addressed numb senses, as dull and unheeding as those of their parents.

In amazingly good English, of well-selected words, these children confessed to ambitions or responded to queries concerning their work and their every-day life. One pupil "professor," a lad of thirteen years, exhibited a particularly fine conception of music and its vast utility. He was bright-eyed, optimistic, ambitious; he has made a brave, hopeful struggle against adverse conditions. When he spoke so glowingly of his faith in and passion for a musical career, my thought strayed naturally to his instrument. I asked him if his violin was satisfactory, if its tone was good. A change came over his face at once. "It is only a six-dollar violin," he said; and he smiled somewhat faintly at the thought of its standing in the world of instruments.

In the hallway another pupil teacher, a few years older, was fondling and cuddling a richly dark old instrument, loaned him for a trial. His chin lay upon it in joy; his deft fingers danced upon the strings. It answered to the light, intimate touches of the bow with warm, soft tones of response. "I must take it back to-day," he said. "The price is twelve hundred dollars." The price might just as well have been twelve million.

It must not be supposed that the East Side provides no ordinary teachers of music. It has its quota in every crowded block. Many a pupil, brought to the school to be enrolled, has previously gained some musical inkling from these independent sources.

It is music of a high classification with which these children of want are made familiar. And how they feel it!—and how they play! Every Sunday morning the senior orchestra, in charge of the director, meets at the school for two long hours of inti-



"IT IS ONLY A SIX-DOLLAR VIOLIN," HE SAID



[illegible]



THE MOST PROMISING OF THE SMALL PERFORMERS

mate association with the masters. Mr. Mannes is one of them, heart and soul. From his high position in the musical world, it is no descent to come among these children. He himself was discovered by Walter Damrosch, in a lowly, ill-paid orchestra, doing work that far out-classed its environment; and therefore he knows how these children feel and yearn.

They gather in the assembly hall as early as nine in the morning. They are there in force by ten—a throng of thirty to forty boys and girls, some very small and thin and eager, others somewhat larger and thin and eager. Few are well dressed, but all are clean. There sits a young Russian Hebrew recently escaped from the army of the Czar. He wears a coat resplendent with big brass buttons, doubtless a part of the army uniform. He can play the 'cello like a wizard, and his ignorance of English is no bar to

the great human speech of Schumann, Beethoven, and Grieg. On the farther side of the room is a girl of fourteen years with frizzly Paderewski hair, thick and beautiful, and with eyes of jewelled onyx. She stands at the top among these small performers. The assemblage comprises almost every type of the Hebrew child.

They are all most diligently sawing and tuning and chatting, till their master calls them to attention. "Bach," he says, and the music-sheets on the iron stands are swiftly arranged by nimble fingers.

The baton descends, and the practice concert has begun.

To a listener susceptible to the power of musical utterance and with the perception to note the profound underlying feeling in every small performer's nature, these concerts are tremendously impressive. In the attitude of master to pupils also there is ceaseless entertainment.

With ear, eye, and subtle sense attil both for beauties and errors, Mr. Mannes urges, coaxes, and leads out the phrases, notes, and tones from the instruments and hearts of the players, his face a serious study in kindness and æsthetic exaltation. From time to time he speaks, slightly above the volume of melody:

"Don't force the tone—always beautiful. . . . Listen to yourself," and then he halts them altogether. To the untutored listener it had seemed an exquisite rendition of one of Bach's most tender moods, low, soft, fraught with joy and sadness wrought in one. Yet the master detected some almost infinitesimal flaw.

There were a number of pieces played that Sunday morning, and all voiced phases, it seemed to me, in the life of these children of toil and travail. After the sweet, sad beauty in the Bach composition, there was infinite pity and some-

thing most delicately joyous in an allegro movement by Mozart, and light-hearted pleasure and pure delight in a Volkmann waltz, after tragic drama in the Andante Cantabile of Tschaikowsky.

There were moments when the leader swung his whole body and ploughed deep furrows with his arms, to express the strength and depth he was exacting. There were times when he cried: "Sit up!—Look anxious! Feel it!—feel it! Excited now!—excited!" And there were other moments when only the softest expression on his face could indicate the tenderness of tone the theme required.

There was not a bar that failed to enthral those few of us present who were more versed in common human feeling than in musical technic.

The Andante Cantabile it was in which master and pupils were "excited." The quieter phrasing of human woes had passed, and in rising waves of melody, surcharged with emotion, the plea and revolt of those who toil in pain were flung dramatically upon the ears of the heedless world. The bows rose and fell like very wands, moving faster and

faster as they conjured passion from the music-hoarding strings and souls from the children who were playing. In this stolid old house—once mansion, then a tenement, but ever the theatre of tragedies incident to man's existence—the violins, violas, and the 'cellos sobbed out the majesty of human grief as if in a musical history of the all once enacted in its walls. The old stones shivered in the potency of this concentrated tale of life, where birth and death and joy and pain and work and rest had passed and left no mark behind, save in the heart of one who could cry it forth in music.

But the passion fell, as passion ever must, and in quiet strains, half telling of the joy that life's sadness yet imparts, the composition drew towards its close with a wonderful theme of resignation. The children had risen with the *motif* to excitement's divine ardor; they returned to the calmer, softer mood with exquisite feeling. And then in a tender, faint peroration, like a query to the Maker and surrender to things divinely ordered, the piece came in beauty to its end.

## The Shadow

BY ELSIE CASSEIGNE KING

THROUGHOUT the echoing sameness of the days

I listen for the baby laughter sweet,  
The little, clamorous voices high upraised  
In quaint demand, the patter of their feet.

Never a tiny, fluttering robe, or shine  
Of wayward curls through the long hours I see,  
Until the sun seeks shelter in the west,  
And great moths hover—then they come to me.

In misty twilights when heart barriers fall  
Each drowsy head in the soft firelight gleams,  
Nestled all warm against my breast they lie,  
The little, unborn children of my dreams.

# One Artist or Two?

BY ARTHUR McEWEN

"WHY," asked the Rev. John Bromley of Stanley Warburton, the novelist, "will you persist in maintaining this attitude toward me?"

The two men were in Warburton's library, his workshop and lounging-room in one—a place of easy chairs and pictures and delicately shaded lamps, of cigars and decanters, as well as of books and proof-sheets and other signs of the literary trade.

"Because it's the only attitude possible, naturally," answered Warburton.

The clergyman winced. He stood with interlaced fingers, looking down on his friend, who was stretched on a chair, lazily smoking and smiling up at him.

Mr. Bromley's face slowly flushed under that smile. It was not a fine face, but handsome nevertheless in its masculine vigor, earnestness redeeming the open suggestion of sensuality in the full, rounded lines. A broad-shouldered, well-set-up, passionate man, with a thrill in his resonant voice and the orator's instinct for gesture, he was accustomed to deference. Ordinarily his manner, masterful and rather important, that of one used to public life, a personage, commanded it. But there was not a trace of deference in Warburton's scrutiny and smile.

"Stanley," said the preacher, beginning a restless walk to and fro in his red perturbation, "surely there must be some way by which I can convince you that I am sincere. I implore you to believe me."

His voice quivered with appealing emotion.

"Capital!" criticised Warburton, easily, his elbows on the chair's arms and his finger-tips together. "Very good, very good indeed. A little too much emprossement, perhaps, but still very good."

"Good God!" cried the clergyman, crimson to the ears. "How can you take pleasure in tormenting me? You are a

man of mind, a man of sensibility, a kind man, as I have reason to know, and yet in perfectly cold blood you sit there and torture me."

"Excellent!" commented Warburton. "I had high hopes of you, but honestly I never expected you to develop to this pitch of artistry. By Jove! it's positively wonderful."

"Listen, Warburton," pleaded Mr. Bromley, extending his hands, palms upwards. "You know what I have done. You know that from one end of this country to the other I have swayed audiences and become a mighty power for good. You know that, under Providence, many thousands owe their bettered lives to me. You know that I am trusted and honored and beloved. You know that I have refused worldly reward, that I have declined the pastorate of important churches and remained true to my chosen work at sacrifice of money and ease. Others know me as you know me, and yet they believe in me. Why not you?"

A murmured "Admirable!" and a blown ring of smoke were Warburton's response to the man who bent over him with eyes shining and features working in the intensity of his beseeching. The lazy smile of amused approval brought from Mr. Bromley a quick groan and goaded him into a resumption of his excited walk.

"You know," he all but shouted, and stopping in his distressed march to fling his arms above his head in fierce protest,—"you know that my position in the world, in the world's esteem, is as high as your own. You know—"

"Higher," smiled Warburton. "Compared with you I have no place at all in the esteem of solid respectability; and as for the women—"

"Pah!" The agitated clergyman waved a disgusted hand. "You know that I have conquered confidence and respect, that the best in the land accept me as an equal. I have won the good fight,

Warburton. I entreat you to believe that I am what you see me, what the world sees me—a God-fearing man on fire with zeal for righteousness and the saving of souls. Try to credit my sincerity, I beg of you.”

“Jack,” said the novelist with hearty approbation, “there isn’t a living man who could do it better. If I’d dreamed it was in you, I’d have advised the stage instead of the pulpit. Do you know, I’ve been aching to put you in a book, but I’m afraid of the sensibilities of the religious. I’ve put you on paper, though. Sit down and have a cigar and I’ll get it. Don’t smoke? That’s right. Mortify the flesh, my boy, and set an example while you denounce the sins of the same. So Jack doesn’t even smoke! Capital, capital!” he chuckled, and returned from his desk with a manuscript.

The clergyman, outspreading his hands in dejected surrender, sank into a chair.

“That visit to San Quentin made a tremendous impression on me,” said Warburton, laying the manuscript upon his knee and pointing his words with his cigar. “I set it all down the same night, for I didn’t want to lose a shade of it while it was fresh. It was tremendous, the whole thing—a most unusual experience and a stunning situation. Seeing you as you are now, a perfect type of the ardent and aggressively virtuous, yet grave and decorous, popular preacher makes the temptation to recall it in detail irresistible. The contrast’s too glaring for art, I’m afraid—truth often is. You won’t have a drink of anything while I read? No, of course not. Quite right, Jack; it wouldn’t be in character.”

His tone was intimate, friendly, charged with the cordiality of amused disrespect.

The clergyman, his head on his hand, sighed patiently.

“It gave me a horrible shock to see Jack Bromley,” read Warburton. “The iron door clanged open and, with a uniformed guard behind him, he came into the office, his hand held out, his step light and jaunty, and the same old confident, impudent smile—not a hint of abashment in him. He might have been a fashionable actor making his entry upon the stage in genteel comedy. But what

a Jack to see! Gone the good clothes, the fine linen and dainty ties he was so fond of, and in their place the hideous convict’s dress of broad black and white stripes, loose, ill-shapen, and hanging on him like bags—repulsive, loathsome. One would as soon have snakes crawling on his body as those dreadful stripes. He seated himself before me, and in throwing one leg over the other obtruded the rough, heavy shoe, like a day-laborer’s. They had cropped him close and shaved him. The absence of the mustache helped to explain him. That large, full-lipped, loose mouth fairly shouted self-indulgence. The eyes, set too close together, were as bold in encountering yours and as laughing as ever.

“Any other man in a garb so grossly defiling and a situation so abysmally humiliating would at least have been embarrassed. But not Jack. His gaze met mine without defiance or challenge, steadily, even merrily. The horror in my face diverted him rather.

“‘And four years of this,’ I said at last, ‘hasn’t crushed you?’

“‘Crushed be hanged!’ he answered lightly. ‘Why should it crush me? I don’t like it, of course; nobody could. But I have my consolations. They treat me as well as they can—I’ve an easy thing as commissary of the officers’ mess—and I’ve plenty to read.’

“‘But the horrible degradation!’

“‘That depends on your point of view, your habit of mind. If you let others do your thinking for you about yourself your decisions would be conventional and suicide probable, but I do my own thinking, apply my own standards. To others—to you with the rest, no doubt, Stanley—there’s nothing left of me but what you can see—a caught criminal, an outcast. Well, I’m all that, of course, socially considered, but though I’m here and deserve to be here, I’m entirely aware that I’m no worse, even a good deal better, than lots who have the good luck not to be here. You know that as well as I do. After all, what was my crime? I needed money and forged your name and—”

“‘And the names of others. But you’d never have been here, Jack, if it had lain with me.’

“Jack’s finger went to his forehead in humorous imitation of the convict’s hum-



ble salute to the officer, but his eyes made honest acknowledgment.

"I know that, Stanley. You're no Philistine. But, as I say, what did I do? Forged your name and the names of a few other friends of mine for no great amounts, and every one of you was better able to lose the money than I was to do without it. It was devilish ungentlemanly in them to round on me as they did. But if they'd realized what being here really meant they wouldn't have done it, for they are good fellows at bottom, con-founded them!"

"I considered him as he sat there at ease, unabashed, a squalid creature, the damned and grinning ghost of the Jack Bromley I had known—characterless Jack, debonair Jack that everybody liked and nobody respected; the educated black sheep, the overdeft lawyer whom none that themselves had character dared to employ; the clever fellow who knew how to order a dinner and tell a story and sing a song and mock at the wise and prudent—the clever fellow who was altogether too clever to comprehend the usefulness of common honesty. Better men—which is to say all who disapproved of him and deplored him and welcomed his company—envied him his sunny nature, his quick wits, the charm that won him friends. There was no sense of responsibility in him, no seriousness, no conception of duty, but in excess an incurable gentlemanly distaste for work. Yet there was no malice in him either, and with equal good-will he would do a friend a service or plunder him. He was the most popular man of his club, and they put him out for cheating at cards, and couldn't explain why they took his hand afterwards. He neglected his wife and was unfaithful to her, and never gave her a harsh word or failed to be gallant and affectionate; and he wasted her small fortune and pawned her diamonds, and she loved him consumedly. Nobody was surprised when the law laid hold of him, and everybody was sorry, even those who set the police upon him. They would have spared him when their resentment cooled, but it was too late. He smiled at them from the witness-stand in unaffected cordiality, and testified that as perjury couldn't possibly help him he would spare trouble to all involved by telling the truth.

"'Jack,' I said to him, proffering the cigar which the warden permitted, 'this indifference of yours is a pose here. You needn't tell me that you are wholly the insensible, scoffing reprobate you let the newspapers picture you. Higher considerations apart, you were altogether too appreciative of the good things of life, including pleasant company, to enjoy being in hell.'

"'Well,' he retorted, his voice rising sharply, 'what am I to do? Be humble and contrite and make favor with the chaplain? When I'm pointed out to visitors, am I to bow my head and weep? When the reporters come, am I to wear my heart on my sleeve and supply them with columns of confessions concerning the tortures suffered by a man under whom life has crashed, leaving him amid the wreck with remorse and self-scorn and despair for his cell companions? I take what fate sends and grin and bear it. It may be a pose, but it's *me* just the same. I'm a ruin. All I had, all I prized, is gone. Margaret has divorced me, poor girl. I didn't think it of her, but the friends who advised were wise, of course. I'm bereft of everything I cared to have—stripped bare. But though naked I'm not ashamed, and no court can sentence the hope out of me. I'm not beaten yet. French is next to English with me, and I've learned Spanish here. When I'm released I'll go to Central America and begin over again. I'm told it's a good country for a man who will keep straight, and if I tire of that, why I can start a revolution.'

"His old infectious laugh rang out.

"A poignant desire to help the man long had burned in me, and burned the hotter as other friends became forgetful. It blazed up while we sat there, he in that revolting dress.

"'Jack,' I said, 'you are a thoroughly bad egg. You have been cruel as death to all who cared for you—you have broken as fond and loyal a heart as ever beat in a woman's breast. But I'll do you the justice to believe that you were conscious of no cruelty. You had the misfortune to be born without a heart yourself. The amiability, the gayety of spirit that made you winning, had its seat in utter selfishness. You could not trouble yourself to be ill-natured or in little things unkind.

It was pleasant to be good-humored. Your gregarious instinct is strong, and that gave you your love of companionship. The companions thought you were enjoying it because you liked them; it was because you liked yourself. You never liked anybody but yourself much—you haven't it in you. You are the best imitation of a good fellow I ever saw, and as irredeemable a rascal as ever lived.'

"'Well, I say, Warburton,' he laughed, 'drawing flattering portraits is hardly in your line, is it?'

"'Yes, it is. It's no small thing to be perfect, Jack, and you are perfect of your kind. You came into the world without moral sense, and can no more avoid being what you are than a tiger cub can help being pretty and graceful and ravenous. I never sat in judgment on you to blame or approve—nobody of sense ever did. You are beyond any normal man's judgment. You have interested me immensely as a rogue, for as a rogue you are beautifully complete. Even the rudiments of the virtues are not in you, and respectability is as foreign to your comprehension as to any of the ancestral Quadrumana. All your impulses are nefarious, all your purposes crooked. I'm awfully fond of you, Jack. You're perfect. No artist can resist you, and I'm an artist. You give me utter pleasure—quite thrill me.'

"'Thanks,' he said, unruffled. 'These tributes are gratifying, naturally, but can you do anything to get me out of this?'

"'As a responsible member of society,' I replied, 'I would keep you here for life if I could. That is what I said to the Governor yesterday.'

"'The Governor?' Jack was interested, startled.

"'Yes; I went to see him before coming here. He asked me if I honestly thought a man of your character should be turned loose a single day before the end of your ten-year term to prey upon the community—for prey you would, of course, Jack. My answer was that you were an incurable scoundrel, and that my judgment, as a moral man, as a citizen, was that clemency to you would be a crime against society, but that as an artist I admired you and disliked your being wasted. Besides, I let him know that you were a friend of mine, and that it

pained me to see a human being so innocent of any sense of guilt suffer—and you couldn't have a sense of guilt, Jack, even if you'd poisoned me after forging my name. The Governor and I were boys together, and he is not without humor. He said he liked you, himself, personally, while officially you shocked him, and that he entered into my views entirely. He agrees to have you paroled to oblige me and to please his own undignified inclination toward occasional indulgence in the eccentric. You'll be put back again should you not behave yourself.'

"'Behave myself!' Jack cried, half rising in his excitement. 'You bet I will!'

"'No, you won't,' I said quietly. 'You can't. But calm yourself. You're not going to get out without conditions. It all lies with me, and the penitentiary doors will not swing open to you for another six years unless you engage to place yourself unreservedly in my hands. If you break your word and bolt I'll have you back, no matter at what cost of money. You're precious to me. You are to be my slave, you rogue—you perfect rogue!'

"'What,' he asked, doubtfully and a trifle frightened,—'what is it you want me to do?'

"'Put Central America out of your mind. You are to stay right in San Francisco at first.'

"'To do what? How am I to make my living?'

"'I'll care for that. What, for example, would you like to do?'

"'I'm not particular under the circumstances. Any honest employment that—'

"'I expected that. Your environment has made you moral. Any commonplace person would have said what you've said, and without a glimmer of perception of the folly of it. You have no aptitude for honesty, so why mar your perfection by forcing you into any line that's against your grain and would be certain to ultimate in mortifying failure? The thing to do is to discover an employment that will give play to your talent—something roguish, something attractively fraudulent that shall yield the maximum of pleasure and profit to yourself and the minimum of harm to others. There must

be no risk of a return here. You shall eschew crime, Jack, but in order to be yourself, to find true expression, to be the artist in action you are capable of being, you must be a rogue. It would be a sin against nature to set you at honorable work. You shall be a happy man, Jack, and perhaps a useful one—who knows? To have a gift and liberty to exercise it, that is the finest pleasure life holds. You, Jack, have a gift for villainy, and art to you is to be a villain. You shall live for art. I have determined that you shall be an evangelist.'

"Me? *Me* an evangelist?" He shook with the absurdity.

"There,' I explained, 'you are commonplace again. The incongruity of your real self with the assumed character of preacher strikes you humorously. You must bid good-by to humor. It is out of place in the pulpit. The path of seriousness is before you, as a repentant and reformed man.'

"Me a preacher!' he chuckled, his eyes dancing. 'But can I be a hypocrite? I never was. Can I keep it up?'

"You can. You are shallow and soulless and without the grace of shame. Therefore you should make a good actor. And the pleasure of being one thing while pretending to be another will grow upon you. It will gratify your congenital propensity to defraud, give you that luxurious sense of superiority a rogue always has when deceiving honest men.

"But listen to me now with all your mind. There is one thing I insist on. Your fraud must be sustained. Your deception must be consistent with itself. No moments of relaxation, understand, in which to intimate you confide your hypocrisy. Not even with me, from the moment your conversion is proclaimed, must you for one instant abandon your rôle. Face me out if I laugh at you. In our closest, safest privacy you are to be the new Jack, the regenerated Jack, the moral and exhorting Jack. When you are alone you may do as you like and blaspheme for relief, but I'd advise against it. Try to impose on yourself if you can. The effort will help you to impose on others.'

"But why,' he asked, curiously, 'do you want to father this fraud, to create this serial story of hypocrisy? Where do you come in?'

"It is my business to create serial stories. I want to see a story of mine lived. I shall view you as a work of art, delight in you as a work of art, and I shall have the joy of being the creative artist.'

"For a moral man, a scrupulous man, a literary swell and a reputable citizen,' ventured Jack, 'isn't this rather a queer game for you to be in? Mightn't it be classed as, as—well, say wicked, by the fastidious? I'm no judge myself, but it does seem to me that imposing a person of my disposition and record on the public as a preacher is—is about the limit.'

"I have considered my civic duty, and I'll take the responsibility of the moral consequences to society. You can't do harm. Act your part well and you may do good. If you fall into scandalous ways, that will end your preaching career and the serial will close.'

"But how about the sermons? I'm versatile, but that sort of thing—'

"I'll write them for you to begin with. Do you consent to the career and the conditions?'

"Do I consent? Wouldn't you, wouldn't any man, to get out of this?'

"No, any man wouldn't. I wouldn't. But that isn't the question. Will you?'

"I will,' promised Jack, and clinched it with an oath so offensive and fervid that there could remain no doubt of his sincerity."

Putting aside the manuscript, and smiling at the Rev. John Bromley, Warburton said:

"And that all happened only five years ago. Look at you now, Jack—famous, revered, saintly and sleek and prosperous!'

"Yes, only five years ago," agreed the clergyman, composedly, his shoulders braced, his face firm, even stern. "I was all that you describe. Many as had been my offences, none was so base as the one you instigated and superintended. Black with sin and crime I dared to go among the people of God and profess to be one of them. I arose at their meetings and used the language of repentance. That they should be amazed at and rejoice in the conversion of a sinner so vile and so notorious in his villainess was not strange. Before a gathering of ministers I spoke

with a power of brain and a skill of expression which convinced them, orators themselves, that my gifts were exceptional and should be employed. That address, which opened the way for me, was not mine, but yours. I became, as you know, the leading figure at revivals—first here at home, and then in many places, for my repute speedily spread. My work was marvellously successful.”

“Yes, you really did me credit, Jack. A more fiery exhorter never alarmed and won the unregenerate. I knew you had it in you.”

“But what you did not know then, and do not know now, is that what began in fraud became sincere. In searching for reasons that would move others to forsake their sins I found them for myself. I discovered my own soul. I that had been blind learned to see. I who had been the worst of men and satisfied in my sins became conscious of my lost state. There was a dreadful struggle, but strength was given me to do right. I made public confession of my false character as a preacher, remember—told the whole story of my plan to adopt the career of an evangelist as I would have adopted that of an actor or a housebreaker.”

“It was splendid, an inspiration, Jack, a dazzling coup. Jove! I admired you. It was art beyond my finest conception of you as a work of my own. But I admit you gave me a bad quarter of an hour; for as I sat listening to you—and you were nobly impressive in your pathetic manly candor, Jack,—I feared you might not know when to stop; that, carried away by your rôle of penitent and confessing hypocrite, you might reveal my share in putting you on the boards. I know the intoxication of the artistic impulse, and could have forgiven you, however unpleasant the consequences to me might have been—for the public is inartistic, and would not have understood or sympathized with my experiment in launching you. Your restraint was decent of you. It proved that somewhere in that unmoral rogue’s nature of yours you have some capacity for the sentiment of gratitude.”

“It was gratitude that withheld me. I *was* grateful then, but I question whether I had reason to be. You liberated me from that earthly hell, yes, and that was as deep a service as one man could render

another, but, after all, gratitude must go to motives. It was not out of kindness to me that you concerned yourself with my fate, but in mere obedience to your perverted sense of art. You were committing a crime as truly as I committed that which sent me to my cell. Should I then be grateful to you, I whose freedom was necessary to the achievement of your wicked purpose to foist me upon the world as a preacher of God’s Word? I doubt it, though my heart warms toward you still.”

“Excellent reasoning, Jack,” Warburton complimented. “But trust your instinct to be ungrateful. It’s not your heart that warms toward me, for you have none. It’s the good nature of the rogue. Yet you have some reason to be grateful, for though it was chiefly as an artist that I befriended you, I did, and do, really like you. I like you much better now than I did then, too, for you compel my respect. In the past you were a rogue by nature merely, an automatic rascal; now you are a self-conscious rogue, and therefore an artist. You are so much of an artist, so much better a one than I set out to create, that I’m ready to soften the original conditions a little. Hereafter you may drop the preacher and be yourself with me—but with nobody else, mind. Help yourself to the decanter and light a cigar.”

The clergyman smiled ruefully and shook his head.

“I wonder, Warburton,” he said, “if you have no moral sense?”

“None where you are concerned, Jack. If I had, you wouldn’t be here. What! you still won’t smoke? You insist on sticking to the conditions? Well, that’s creditable to you as an artist, but, to be frank, you begin to bore me.”

“Warburton,” Bromley asked, rising and reaching for his gloves, “do you not believe in the possibility of a change of character as the result of a mental and moral awakening?”

“Of course.”

“Then why not try to believe that this has happened to me?”

“That kind of an awakening comes to normal men who have gone astray. You were never normal. Morally speaking, Jack, you were born an albino.”

“Stanley, what proofs of the reality of

the awakening could any man give that I have not given? My life is clean and it is beneficently employed. The wife whom I wronged, God pity her, has returned to me. The money earned by my labor has been used to make restitution to those whom I despoiled—yourself among them.”

“A fine touch, Jack. I’ve never cashed your check. I prize it far above its money value. I lifted my hat to you as an artist when it arrived.”

The clergyman put on his overcoat and his gloves, meditating the while. Taking up his cane, he said:

“We seem to have changed places somehow, Stanley. I had no moral sense when you made your fantastic proposal to me five years ago,—no more than you appear to have now. I was a criminal in stripes, the utter rogue you saw me to be and called me. You are a man of position, of reputation, of decorous life, and I know that you would shrink in abhorrence from doing any of the acts that I did with a dead conscience and a light and abandoned heart. But this absorption of yours in the artistic is perverting and callousing you as loose living and dishonesty perverted and calloused me until all perception of the difference between right and wrong was gone. Beware, Stanley, beware of what your distorted love of art may lead to if you practise with human lives as you practised with mine.”

“Superb!” exclaimed Warburton, extending his hand in impulsive enthusiasm. “Preaching to *me*—Jack Bromley actually preaching to *me*! Oh, it’s transcendent! Jack, it’s the touch of genius; mere talent couldn’t achieve it. It’s art, consummate art! You are out of my hands and your own creator!”

Bromley took the proffered hand.

“After all,” he said, at the end of a pause and in a gush of feeling, “everything I have become I owe to you, Stanley. You *were* good to me, and in your heart was kindness for the crushed and guilty wretch you visited in prison. I *am* grateful, and ever will be. And because of that gratitude, Stanley, because of my knowledge of how good and generous a nature is yours, I fear for you and yearn over you. Beware, I tell you again, of this passion for experiment, for seeing these theories in art work out, when the medium in

which you work is human life. Indulged passions grow and master their victims. If you are careless of others’ souls you may become careless of your own. Were the successful commission of a difficult crime to appeal to you as a problem, the time might come when it would turn itself from a problem into a temptation.”

“That’s the artist in you speaking, Jack,” applauded Warburton. “But, being a criminal, you fail to comprehend the gulf fixed in the non-criminal nature between crimes of the imagination and crimes of performance. Yet I do admit there’s danger, as you say—not for me, to be sure, but for less clear-minded, weaker-fibered men.”

“Pray God you are right, my friend, my true friend, though I cannot compel your belief in me as I am—in the changed man, who repented himself of himself with an agony like that of the thief on the cross. But it will come. Yes, you will know the new Jack, the real Jack, the Jack who is what he seems now as truly as he was the Jack you thought him when he rotted in prison and you succored him. I shall pray for that, Stanley. God bless you, dear friend—dear old boy!”

Warburton laughed cordially at this return to the language of the past, and patted him on the shoulder. And he was excited when the other had gone, grew half tipsy with pleasure, walking about the room and murmuring to himself.

“What an admirable scoundrel! What a finished rascal! What a perfect rogue! Oh, I must brave the prejudices and put him in a book—I really must. Keeping it up with *me* as he does, and doing it so beautifully, too, so convincingly, by Jove! It’s not surprising that he deceives the very elect. Anybody but myself would be taken in—anybody, by Heaven!”

He stopped short, and for some moments stood still, with his eyes fixed on the carpet, his brow wrinkled in thought—thought evidently both startling and perplexing. “I wonder?” he breathed. “What a miracle in morals it would be! I wonder?”

Without, in the cool evening air, the Rev. John Bromley, on his way to the revival meeting, the pressure of Warburton’s hand warm upon his shoulder, smiled to himself; and the smile was not that of discouragement, but of hope.



# The Slave-Trade of To-day\*

BY HENRY W. NEVINSON

## PART IV.—“THE HUNGRY COUNTRY”

I WAS going east along the main trade route—the main slave route—by which the Bihéans pass to and fro in their traffic with the interior. It is but a continuation of the track from Benguela, on the coast, through the district of Bihé, and it follows the long watershed of Central Africa in the same way. The only place where that watershed is broken is at the passage of the Cuanza, which rises far south of the bank of high ground, but has made its way northward through it at a point some three days' journey east of the Bihéan fort at Belmonte, and so reaches the sea on the west coast, not very far below Loanda.

It forms the frontier of Bihé, dividing that race of traders from the primitive and savage tribes of the interior. But on both sides along its banks and among its tributaries you find the relics of other races of very different character from the Bihéans—the Luimbi, whose women still wear the old coinage of white cowry-shells in their hair, and the Luchazi, who support their loads with a strap round their foreheads, like the Swiss, and whose women dress their hair with red mud, and carry their babies straddled round the hip instead of round the back.

Going eastward along this pathway into the interior, I had reached the banks of the Cuanza one evening towards the end of the wet season. It had been raining hard, but at sunset there was a sullen clear which left the country steaming with damp. On my left I could hear

the roar of the Cuanza rapids, where the river divides among rocky islands and rushes down in breakers and foam. And far away, across the river's broad valley, I could see the country into which I was going—straight line after line of black forest, with the mist rising in pallid lines between. It was like a dreary skeleton of the earth.

Such was my first sight of “the Hungry Country”—that accursed stretch of land which reaches from just beyond the Cuanza almost to the Portuguese fort at Mashiko. How far that may be in miles I cannot say exactly. A rapid messenger will cover the distance in seven days, but it took me nine, and it takes most people ten or twelve. My carriers had light loads, and in spite of almost continuous fevers and poisoned feet we went fast, walking from six till two or even four o'clock without food, so that, even allowing for delays at the deep morasses and rivers and the long climbs up the forest hills, I think we cannot have averaged less than twenty miles a day, and probably we often made twenty-five. I should say that the distance from the Cuanza to Mashiko must be somewhere about 250 miles, and it is Hungry Country nearly the whole way.

Still less is it certain how far the district extends in breadth from north to south. I have often looked from the top of its highest uplands, where a gap in the trees gave me a view, in the hope of seeing something beyond. But, though the hill might be six thousand feet above the sea, I could never get a sight of anything but forest, and still more forest, till the waves of the land ended in a long, straight line of blue—almost as straight and blue as the sea—and nothing but forest all the way, with not a trace of man. Yet the whole country is well

\* Between the time of writing this article and that which appeared in the *October Magazine*, Mr. Nevinson made the difficult journey from the coast to Bihé, through the wilderness, a distance of 400 or 500 miles.—  
EDITOR.

watered. Deep and clear streams run down the middle of the open marshes between the hills. For the first day or two of the journey they flow back into the Cuanza basin, but when you have climbed the woody heights beyond, you find them running north into the Kasai, that great tributary of the Congo, and south into the Lungwebungu or the Luena, the tributaries of the Zambesi. At some points you stand at a distance of only two days' journey from the Kasai and the Lungwebungu, on either side, and there is water flowing into them all the year round. In Africa it is almost always the want of water that makes a Hungry Country, but here the rule does not hold.

At first I thought the character of the soil was sufficient reason for the desert. Except for the black morasses, it is a loose white sand from end to end. The sand drifts down the hills like snow, and banks itself up along any sheltered or level place, till as you plod through it hour after hour, almost ankle-deep, while your shadow gradually swallows itself up as the sun climbs the sky, your only thought becomes a longing for water and a longing for one small yard of solid ground. The trees are poor and barren, and I noticed that the farther I went the soft joints of the grasses, which ought to be sweet, became more and more bitter, till they tasted like quinine.

This may be the cause of another thing I noticed. All living creatures in this region are crazy for salt, just like oxen on a "sour" veldt. Salt is far the best coinage you can take among the Chibokwe. I do not mean our white table-salt. They reject that with scorn, thinking it is sugar or something equally useless; but for the coarse and dirty "bay-salt" they will sell almost anything, and a pinch of it is a greater treat to a child than a whole bride-cake would be in England.

I have tested it especially with the bees that swarm in these forests and produce most of the beeswax that goes to Europe. I first noticed their love of salt when I salted some water one afternoon in the vain hope of curing the poisoned sores on my feet. In half an hour the swarms of bees had driven me from my tent. I was stung ten times,

and had to wait about in the forest till the sun set, when the bees vanished, as by signal.

Another afternoon I tested them by putting a heap of sugar, a paper smeared with condensed milk, and a bag of salt tightly wrapped up in tar-paper side by side on the ground. I gave them twenty minutes, and then I found nothing on the sugar, five flies on the milk, and the tar-paper so densely covered with bees that they overlapped each other as when they swarm. For want of anything better, they will fight over a sweaty shirt in the same way; and once, by the banks of a stream, they sent all my carriers howling along the path by creeping up under their loin-cloths. The butterflies seek salt also. If you spread out a damp rag anywhere in tropical Africa, you will soon have brilliant butterflies on it. But if you add a little salt in the Hungry Country, the rag will be a blaze of colors, unless the bees come and drive the butterflies off.

As I said, the natives feel the longing too. Among the Chibokwe, the women burn a marsh-grass into a potash powder as a substitute; and if a native squats down in front of you, puts out a long pink tongue and strokes it appealingly with his finger, you may know it is salt he wants. The scarcity has become worse since the Belgians, following their usual highwayman methods, have robbed the natives of the great salt-pans in the south of the Congo State and made them a trade monopoly.

In the character of the soil, then, there seemed to be sufficient reason for the name of the country, and I should have been satisfied with it but for distinct evidences that a few spots along the path have been inhabited not so very long ago. Here and there you come upon plants which grow generally or only on the site of deserted villages or fields; such as the atundwa—a plant with branching fronds that smell like walnut leaves. It yields a fruit whose hard and crimson case just projects from the ground and holds a gray bag of seeds, very sour, and almost as good to eat or drink as lemons. But still more definite is the evidence of travellers, like the missionary explorer Mr. Arnot, who first traversed the country over twenty years



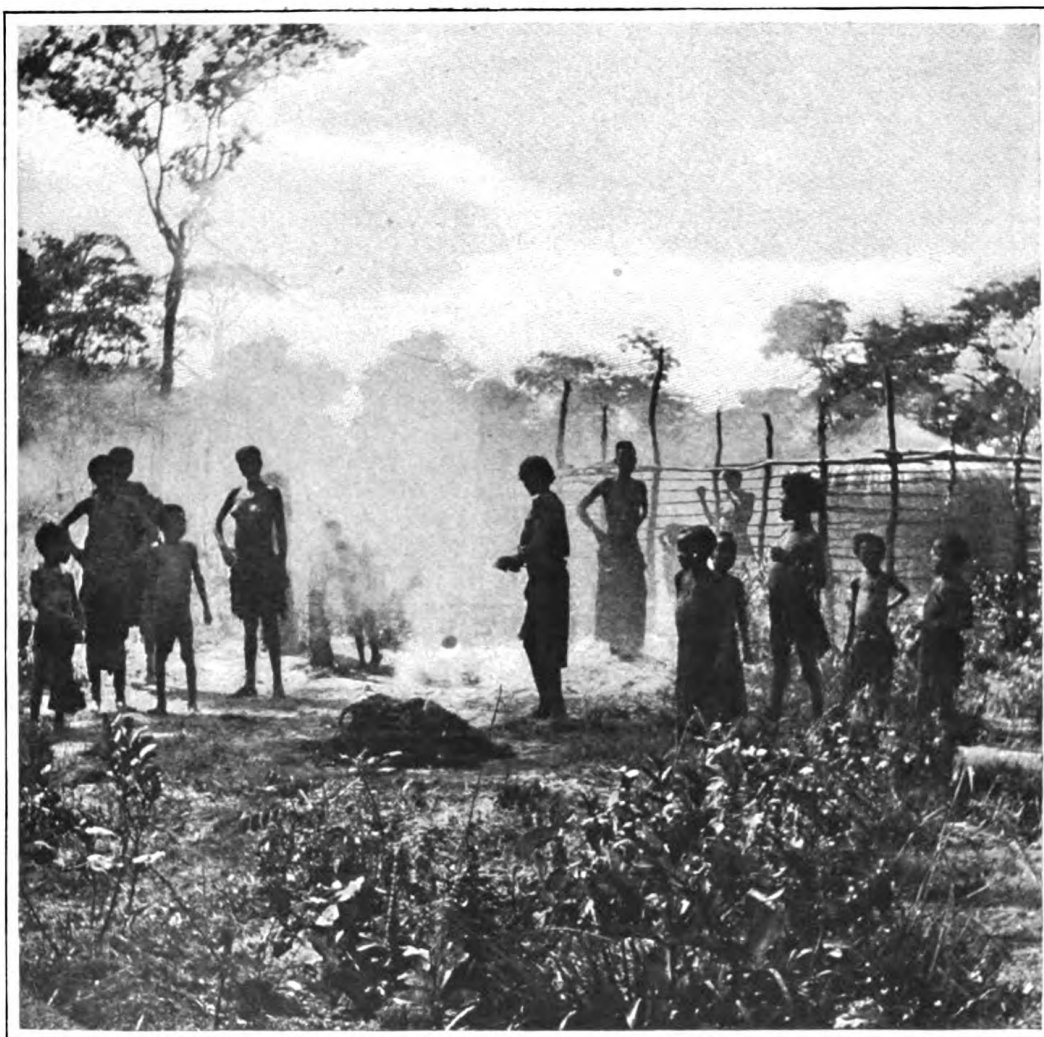
CROSSING THE CUANZA

ago, and has described to me the villages he found there then. There was, for instance, the large Chibokwe town of Peho, which was built round the head of a marsh close upon the main path some two or three days west of Mashiko. You will still find the place marked, about the size of London, on any map of Angola or Africa, but I have looked everywhere for it along the route in vain. A Portuguese once told me he thought it was a few days' journey north of his house near Mashiko. But he was wrong. The whole place has entirely disappeared, and has less right than Nineveh to a name on a modern map.\*

The Chibokwe have a custom of destroying their villages and abandoning the site whenever a chief dies, and this in itself is naturally very puzzling to all geographers. But I think it hardly ex-

plains the utter abandonment of the Hungry Country. It is commonly supposed that no wild animals will live in the region, but that is not true, either. Many times, when I have wandered away from the foot-path, I have put up various antelopes—lechwe and duikers,—and beside the marshes in the early morning I have seen the fresh spoor of larger deer, as well as of porcupines and wart-hog. Cranes are fairly common, and green parrots very abundant. Almost every night one hears the leopards roar. "Roar" is not the word: it is that deep note of pleasurable expectancy that they sound a quarter of an hour before feeding-time at the Zoo, and they would not make that noise if there was nothing in the country to eat. All these reasons put together drive me unwillingly to think there may be some truth in the native belief that the whole land has been laid under a curse which will never be removed. As I write, the rumor reaches us

\* Commander Cameron describes the town and its chief, Mona Peho, in *Across Africa*, p. 426 (1876).



BURNING GRASS FOR SALT

that the basin of the Zambesi and all its tributaries have just been awarded to Great Britain, so that nearly the whole of the Hungry Country will come under English rule. It is important for England, therefore, that the curse should be forgotten, and in time it may be. All I know for certain is that undoubtedly a curse lies upon the country now.\*

There are two ferries over the Cuanza, one close under the Portuguese fort, the other a comfortable distance up-stream,

\* The King of Italy's award on the disputed frontier between British Barotseland and Portuguese Angola was not published, in fact, till July, 1905. Great Britain received only part of her claim, and the Hungry Country, together with the whole of the slave route, remains under Portuguese misgovernment.

well out of observation. It is a typically Portuguese arrangement. The Commandant's duty is to stop the slave-trade, but how can he be expected to see what is going on a mile or so away! Even as you come down to the river, you find slave-shackles hanging on the bushes. You cross the stream in dugout canoes, running the chance of being upset by one of the hippos which snort and pant a little farther up. You enter the forest again, and now the shackles are thick upon the trees. This is the place where most of the slaves, being driven down from the interior, are untied. It is safe to let them loose here. The Cuanza is just in front, and behind them lies the long stretch of Hungry Country, which they could never get through alive if

they tried to run back to their homes. So it is that the trees on the western edge of the Hungry Country bear shackles in profusion—shackles for the hands, shackles for the feet, shackles for three or four slaves who are clamped together at night. The drivers hang them up with the idea of using them again when they return for the next consignment of human merchandise; but, as a rule, I think, they find it easier to make new shackles as they are wanted.

A shackle is easily made. A native hacks out an oblong hole in a log of wood with an axe; it must be big enough for two hands or two feet to pass through, and then a wooden pin is driven through the hole from side to side, so that the hands or feet cannot stir until it is drawn out again. The two hands or feet do not necessarily belong to the same person. You find shackles of various ages—some quite new, with the marks of the axe fresh upon them, some old and half eaten by ants. But none can be very old, for in Africa all dead wood quickly disappears, and this is a proof that the slave-trade did not really end after the war of 1902, as easy-going officials are fond of assuring us.

When I speak of the shackles beside the Cuanza, I do not mean that this is the only place where they are to be found. You will see them scattered along the whole length of the Hungry Country; in fact, I think they are thickest at about the fifth day's journey. They generally hang on low bushes of quite recent growth, and are most frequent by the edge of the marshes. I cannot say why. There seems to be no reason in their distribution. I have been assured that each shackle represents the death of a slave, and, indeed, one often finds the remains of a skeleton beside a shackle. But the shackles are so numerous that if the slaves died at that rate, even slave-trading would hardly pay, in spite of the immense profit on every man or woman who is brought safely through. It may often happen that a sick slave drags himself to the water and dies there. It may be that some drivers think they can do without the shackles after four or five days of the Hungry Country. But at present I can find no satisfactory explanation of the strange manner in

which the shackles are scattered up and down the path. I only know that between the Cuanza and Mashiko I saw several hundreds of them, and yet I could not look about much, but had to watch the narrow and winding foot-path close in front of me, as one always must in Central Africa.

That path is strewn with dead men's bones. You see the white thigh-bones lying in front of your feet, and at one side, among the undergrowth, you find the skull. These are the skeletons of slaves who have been unable to keep up with the march, and so were murdered or left to die. Of course the ordinary carriers and travellers die too. It is very horrible to see a man beginning to break down in the middle of the Hungry Country. He must go on or die. The caravan cannot wait for him, for it has food for only the limited number of days. I knew a distressful Irishman who entered the route with hardly any provision, broke down in the middle, and was driven along by his two carriers, who threatened his neck with their axes whenever he stopped, and only by that means succeeded in getting him through alive. Still worse was a case among my own carriers—a little boy who had been brought to carry his father's food, as is the custom. He became crumpled up with rheumatism, and I found he had had heart-disease as well. He kept on lying down in the path and refusing to go farther. Then he would creep away into the bush and hide himself to die. We had to track him out, and his father beat him along the march till the blood ran down his back.

But with slaves less trouble is taken. After a certain amount of beating and prodding, they are killed or left to die. Carriers are always buried by their comrades. You pass many of their graves, hung with strips of rag or decorated with a broken gourd. But slaves are never buried, and that is an evidence that the bones on the path are the bones of slaves. The Bihéans have a sentiment against burying slaves. They call it burying money. It is something like their strong objection to burying debtors. The man who buries a debtor becomes responsible for the debts; so the body is hung up on a bush outside the village,



and the jackals consume it, being responsible for nothing.

Before the great change made by the "Bailundu war" of 1902, the horrors of the Hungry Country were undoubtedly worse than they are now. I have known Englishmen who passed through it four years ago and found slaves tied to the trees, with their veins cut so that they might die slowly, or laid beside the path with their hands and feet hewn off, or strung up on scaffolds with fires lighted beneath them. My carriers tell me that this last method of encouraging the others is still practised away from the pathway, but I never saw it done myself. I never saw distinct evidence of torture. The horrors of the road have certainly become less in the last three years, since the rebellion of 1902. Rebellion is always good. It always implies an unendurable wrong. It is the only shock that ever stirs the self-complacency of officials.

I have not seen torture in the Hungry Country. I have only seen murder. Every bone scattered along that terrible foot-path from Mashiko to the Cuanza is the bone of a murdered man. The man may not have been killed by violence, though in most cases the sharp-cut hole in the skull shows where the fatal stroke was given. But if he was not killed by violence, he was taken from his home and sold, either for the buyer's use, or to sell again to a Bihéan, to a Portuguese trader, or to the agents who superintend the "contract labor" for San Thomé, and are so useful in supplying the coco-drinkers of England and America, as well as in enriching the plantation-owners and the government. The Portuguese and such English people as love to stand well with Portuguese authority tell us that most of the men now sold as slaves are criminals, and so it does not matter. Very well, then; let us make a lucrative

clearance of our own prisons by selling the prisoners to our mill-owners as factory-hands. We might even go beyond our prisons. It is easy to prove a crime against a man when you can get £10 or £20 by selling him. And if each of us that has committed a crime may be sold, who shall escape the shackles?

The most recent case of murder that I saw was on my return through the Hungry Country, the sixth day out from Mashiko. The murdered man was lying



SLAVE-SHACKLES HUNG ON TREES

about ten yards from the path, hidden in deep grass and bracken. But for the smell I should have passed the place without noticing him, as I have no doubt passed scores, and perhaps hundreds, of other skeletons that lie hidden in that forest. How long the man had been murdered I could not say, for decay in Africa varies with the weather, but the ants generally contrive that it shall be quick. I think the thing must have been done since I passed the place on my way into the country, about a month before. But possibly it was a few days earlier. My "head man" had heard of

the event (a native hears everything), but it did not impress him or the other carriers in the least. It was far too common. Unhappily I do not understand enough Umbundu to make out the exact date or the details, except that the man was a slave who broke down with the usual shivering fever on the road and was killed with an axe because he could go no farther. As to the cause of death there was no doubt. When I tried to raise the head, the thick woolly hair came off in my hand like a woven pad, leaving the skull bare, and revealing the deep gash made by the axe at the base of the skull just before it merges with the neck. As I set it down again, the skull broke off from the back-bone and fell to one side. Having laid a little earth upon the body, I went on. It would want an army of sextons to bury all the poor bones which consecrate that path.

Yet, in spite of the shackles hanging on the trees, and in spite of the skeletons upon the path and the bodies of recently murdered men, I have not seen a slave



SKELETON OF SLAVE ON A PATH THROUGH THE HUNGRY COUNTRY

caravan such as has been described to me by almost every traveller who has passed along that route into the interior. I mean, I have not seen a gang of slaves chained together, their hands shackled, and their necks held fast in forked sticks. I am not sure of the reason; there were probably many reasons combined. It is just the end of the wet season, just the time when the traders think of sending in for slaves, and not of bringing them out. Directly the natives in the Bihéan village near which I was staying heard I was going to Mashiko, though they knew nothing of my object, they said, "Now a messenger will be sent ahead to warn the slave-traders that an Englishman is coming." The same was told me by two Englishmen who traversed the country last autumn for the mining concession, and in my case I have not the slightest doubt that messengers were sent. Again,

a Portuguese trader, living on the farther side of the Hungry Country, upon the Mushi-Weoshi (the Simoi, as the Portuguese classically call it), told me the drivers now bring the slaves through unknown bush-paths, north of the old route. He kept a store which, being on the edge of the Hungry Country, was as frequented and lucrative as a wine-and-spirit house must be on the frontier of a prohibition State. And he was the only Portuguese I have met who recognized the natives as fellow subjects, and even as fellow men, with rights of their own. He also boasted, I think justly, of the good effects of the war in 1902.

All these reasons may have contributed. But still I think that the old caravan system has been reduced within the last three years. The shock to public feeling in Portugal owing to the Bailundu war and its revelations—the disgrace of certain officers at the forts, who were convicted of taking a percentage of slaves from the passing caravans as hush-money—the strong action of Captain Amorim in trying to suppress the whole traffic—the instructions to the forts to allow no chained gangs to pass—all these things have, I believe, acted as a check upon the old-fashioned methods. There is also an increased risk in obtaining slaves from the interior in large batches. The Belgians strongly oppose the entrance of the traders into their state, partly because guns and powder are the usual exchange for slaves, partly because they wish to retain their own natives under their own tender mercies. The line of Belgian forts along the frontier is quickly increasing. Some Bihéan traders have been shot. In one recent case, much talked of, a bullet from a Maxim gun struck the head of a gang of slaves, marching as usual in single file, and killed nine in succession. In any case, the traders seem to have discovered that the palmy days when they used to parade their chained gangs through the country, and burn, flog, torture, and cut throats as they pleased, are over for the present. For many months after the war even the traffic to San Thomé almost ceased. It has begun again now, and is rapidly increasing. As I noted in a former letter, an order was issued in December, 1904, requiring the government agents to

press on the supply. But at present, I think, the slaves are coming down in smaller gangs. They are not, as a rule, tortured; they are shackled only at night, and the traders take a certain amount of pains to conceal the whole traffic, or at least to make it look respectable.

As to secrecy, they are not entirely successful. A man whose word no one in Central Africa would think of doubting has just sent down notice from the interior that a gang of 250 slaves passed through the Nanakandundu district, bound for the coast, in the end of February (1905), shackles and all. The man who brought the message had done his best to avoid the gang, fearing for his life. But there is no doubt they are coming through, and I ought to have met them near Mashiko if they had not taken a by-path or been broken up into small groups.

It was probably such a small group that I met within a day's journey of Caiala, the largest trading-house in Bihé. I was walking at about half an hour's distance from the road, when suddenly I came upon a party of eighteen or twenty boys and four men hidden in the bush. At sight of me they all ran away, the men driving the boys before them. But they left two long chicottes or sjamboks (hide whips) hanging on the trees, as well as the very few light loads they had with them. After a time I returned, and they ran away again. I then noticed that they posted a man on a tree-top to observe my movements, and he remained there till I trekked on with my own people. Of course the evidence is not conclusive, but it is suspicious. Men armed with chicottes do not hide a group of boys in the bush for nothing, and it is most probable that they formed part of a gang going into Bihé for sale.

I may have passed many such groups on my journey without knowing it, for it is a common trick of the traders now to get up the slaves as ordinary carriers. But among all of them, there was only one which was obviously a slave gang, almost without concealment. My carriers detected them at once, and I heard the word "apeka" (slaves)\* passed down the line even before I came in sight of them.

\* Properly speaking, *vapeka* is the plural of *upeka*, a slave, but in Bihé *apeka* is used.

The caravan numbered seventy-eight in all. In front and rear were four men with guns, and there were six of them in the centre. The whole caravan was organized with a precision that one never finds among free carriers, and nearly the whole of it consisted of boys under fourteen. This in itself would be almost conclusive, for no trade caravan would contain anything like that proportion of boys, whereas boys are the most easily stolen from native villages in the interior, and, on the whole, they pay the cost of transport best. But more conclusive even than the appearance of the gang was the quiet evidence of my own carriers, who had no reason for lying, who never pointed out another caravan of slaves, and yet had not a moment's doubt as to this.

The importation of slaves from the interior into Angola may not be what it was. It may not be conducted under the old methods. There is no longer that almost continuous procession of chained and tortured men and women which all travellers who crossed the Hungry Country before 1902 describe. For the moment rubber has become almost as lucrative as man. The traffic has been driven underground. There is now a feeling of shame and risk about it, and the military authorities dare not openly give it countenance as before. But I have never heard of any case in which they openly interfered to stop it, and the thing still goes on. It is, in fact, fast recovering from the shock of the rebellion of 1902, and is now increasing again every month.

It will go on and it will increase as long as the authorities and traders habitually speak of the natives as "dogs," and allow the men under their command to misuse them at pleasure. To-day a negro soldier in the white Portuguese uniform seized a little boy at the head of my carriers, pounded his naked feet with the butt of his rifle, and was beating him unmercifully with the barrel, when I

sprang upon him with two javelins which I happened to be carrying because my rifle was jammed. At sight of me the emblem of Portuguese justice crawled on the earth and swore he did not know it



A CARRIER ON THE PATH

was a white man's caravan. That was sufficient excuse.

Three days ago word came to me on the march that one of my carriers had been shot at and wounded. We were in a district where three Chibokwe natives actually with shields and bows as well as guns had hung upon our line as we went in. I had that morning warned the carriers for the twentieth time that they must keep together, and had set an advanced and rear guard, knowing that stray carriers were being shot down. But natives are as incapable of organization as of seeing a straight line, and my people were straggled out helplessly over a length of five or six miles. Hurrying forward, I found that the bullet—a cube of copper—had just missed my carrier's



head, had taken a chip out of his hand, and gone through my box. The carrier behind had caught the would-be murderer, and there he stood—a big Luvale man, with filed teeth, and head shaved but for

kept shouting some reason which I did not then understand. So I gave the punishment over to them, and they took the man's gun—a trade-gun or "Lazarino," studded with brass nails,—stripped him of his powder-gourd, cloth, and all he had, beat him with the backs of their axes, and drove him naked into the forest, where he disappeared like a deer.

I found out afterwards that their reason for clemency was the fear of Portuguese vengeance upon their villages, because the man was employed by the fort at Mashiko, and therefore claimed the right of shooting any other native at sight, even over a minute's dispute about yielding the foot-path.

Such small incidents are merely typical of the attitude which the Portuguese take towards the natives and allow their own black soldiers and slaves to take. As long as this attitude is maintained, the immensely profitable slave-traffic which has filled with its horrors this route for centuries past will continue to fill it with horrors, no matter how secret or how legalized the traffic may become.



TYPES OF LUVALE MEN

a little tuft or pad at the top. I supposed he ought to be shot, but my rifle was jammed, and I am not a born executioner. However, I cleared a half-circle and set the man in the middle. A great terror came into his face as I went through the loading motions. I had determined, having blindfolded him, to catch him a full drive between the eyes. This would give him as great a shock as death. He would think it was death, and yet would have time to realize the horror of it afterwards, which in the case of death he would not have. But when all was ready, my carriers, including the wounded man, set up a great disturbance, and seized the muzzle of my rifle and turned it aside. They

I have pitched my tent to-night on a hillside not far from the fort of Matota, where a black sergeant and a few men are posted to police the middle of the Hungry Country. In front of me a deep stream is flowing down to the Zambesi with strong but silent current in the middle of a marsh. The air is full of the cricket's call and the other quiet sounds of night. Now and then a dove wakes to the brilliant moonlight, and coos, and sleeps again. Sometimes an owl cries, but no leopards are abroad, and it would be hard to imagine a scene of greater peace or of more profound solitude. And yet, along this path, there is no solitude, for the dead are here; neither is there any peace, but a cry.



# Homing Tides

BY EDITH MACVANE

THE driver drew up his lean horse beside the shore. "This is as fur as I can bring you," he said. "Over yander is Biddeford Pool; and you can git any one of them fishin'-boats out there to take you across the Gut."

The slow wheels of the rattling buggy died away over the hill, while Philip Langmaid, alone upon the beach, waved and shouted a summons to the boats which moved slowly up and down along the narrow stretch of water before him. Their fishing seemed, however, to be of an absorbing nature, for by most of them the signal was disregarded. Langmaid shouted again, impatiently. The steersman of one little craft looked up and waved his hand. "In a minute!" he screamed, in reply. "Wait jest a minute!" and the boat moved silently on.

Langmaid shrugged his shoulders in contemptuous wonder at the indifference of the Maine native; then, as he foresaw a long wait before him, he sat down resignedly upon his valise. Behind him the sun was sinking below the hill, and the chilly breeze of early May, drawing across the promontory before him, brought to his nostrils the faintly blended burden of seaweed, of young fir-buds, and of roots newly stirring in the spare, moist earth. Langmaid stared meditatively as twilight came gradually down over land and water and in the little village across the strait the lights came slowly out. Above them on the bare sides of the higher slopes the group of summer cottages remained unlit—all but the largest and gaudiest of all, a huge castellated affair upon the crest of the hill, whose windows, almost before the withdrawing of the sun's rays, began to blaze from roof to cellar with electric light.

Langmaid nodded slowly as he watched this solitary cottage kindle into sudden life. Yes, beyond a doubt that was the house where he was bound: "Silvertop,

the Elegant Summer Residence of Mr. Ward," which little Mrs. Vane had showed him yesterday in the illustrated prospectus of Biddeford Pool real estate. "Lydia herself sent it to me a couple of years ago," she had said,—“the first time really that I had heard from her for ten years! For, you know, we none of us have had anything to do with her, naturally, since—you don't mind if I speak of it, do you?”

"Certainly not," Langmaid had answered, calmly.

"Well, you know, no one blames a girl for amusing herself a little, but to run off and marry one of your ushers, just the day before your wedding!— I told her that I would never forgive her for treating you so, and I never have; so, as she hasn't any near relatives left except me, I have had really no way of finding out how she was getting on—beyond a faint rumor now and then that she and Ted were living abroad somewhere."

"But this picture?" Langmaid lifted it in inquiry.

"Oh yes! Winter before last, comes all of a sudden a letter from Lydia, full of how happy she was with Ted, how beautifully suited they were to each other, and what a charming life they led,—travelling all winter, Maine in the summer. So she enclosed this picture of their place, and invited Mr. Vane and me to be friends with her again, and come to visit her and Ted there in the summer."

"Hm. . . . Did you go? or are you going?"

Mrs. Vane gave a little scream. "That's the joke, don't you see? Lydia knows perfectly well that my husband's business takes us to Europe every summer since the world began. You see, when they were living over there she wasn't so free with her summer invitations! However, I bear her no grudge

for that. It's natural, especially for a proud little creature like Lydia, that after all the years of separation from us she should want us to know that she hasn't done so badly for herself, after all!"

Langmaid studied the picture again. "Hm—no, so far as money goes!" he observed; "but as for Ted Ward—naturally, I suppose, I might be prejudiced—but I always thought him a worthless, shifty kind of beggar, in spite of his good looks. However, if Lydia is happy with him—"

"Naturally, he *suits* Lydia!—Well, to be sure, I am glad you are going to see her. But don't be soft and forgiving with her, or let Ted patronize you with those grand-seigneur airs of his. Just let them be impressed with you, and what a great man you have come home,—for you are a great man now, you know, with all these famous books of yours. In fact, I sent her one of your novels when I wrote to her—so that if she chose to she could feel sorry!"

Langmaid rolled another cigarette and eyed the trailing boats before him with growing impatience. Again he shouted and beckoned; the old man who had answered before gave him another nod in response, and the boat passed on. From the opposite hill the lights of the great pile of shingles and masonry flared down upon him. By which light, he asked himself, was Lydia's well-remembered face illuminated? Lydia, no longer a phantom of bliss and pain buried deep in the core of his heart, but the woman of flesh and blood, with hands and hair—hair that even now, beyond a doubt, was being combed and dressed for the evening! For a moment he smiled as he remembered her dainty ways, her undisguised love of luxury. Well! she had them now, in a greater profusion of elegance than he with all his success could have given her. And here was he, come back after ten years of laborious forgetfulness, to rake and peer among the ashes of a dead fire. Love was at last dead, together with the hope and faith that she herself had killed; before the fact of her happy wifehood to another man the last sparks of desire had flickered from his heart. What was it, then, that led him back to her? Ignoble curiosity, no less; the morbid instinct

which lends to every instrument of atrocious suffering a permanent interest to the human mind.

Langmaid buttoned his coat more closely about him, for the evening air blew freshly from the sea; but as his eye fell again upon the silent swarm of boats below him, his shiver was not altogether due to the damp chilliness which touched him. It had not struck him before how strangely they moved through the gathering dusk—back and forth, crossing and recrossing each other, as though over an appointed course set by invisible goal-posts; each little craft rowed by a laboring pair of oars, while in the stern a second man leaned over the backboard, his back stiffened against the heavily dragging line. For what, after all, were they fishing?

Suddenly from the boat nearest him came a cry—a long-drawn echoing shout. The other skiffs fluttered and drew near in silence. There was an instant of confusion, of waiting; then all moved on again—this time no longer back and forth, but in a slow procession headed for the opposite shore. Langmaid's heart was touched with a curious small shock as he noticed that in the first boat of all the linesman still bent over the stern, his hands clutching something shapeless and dark that trailed heavily in the little vessel's wake. . . .

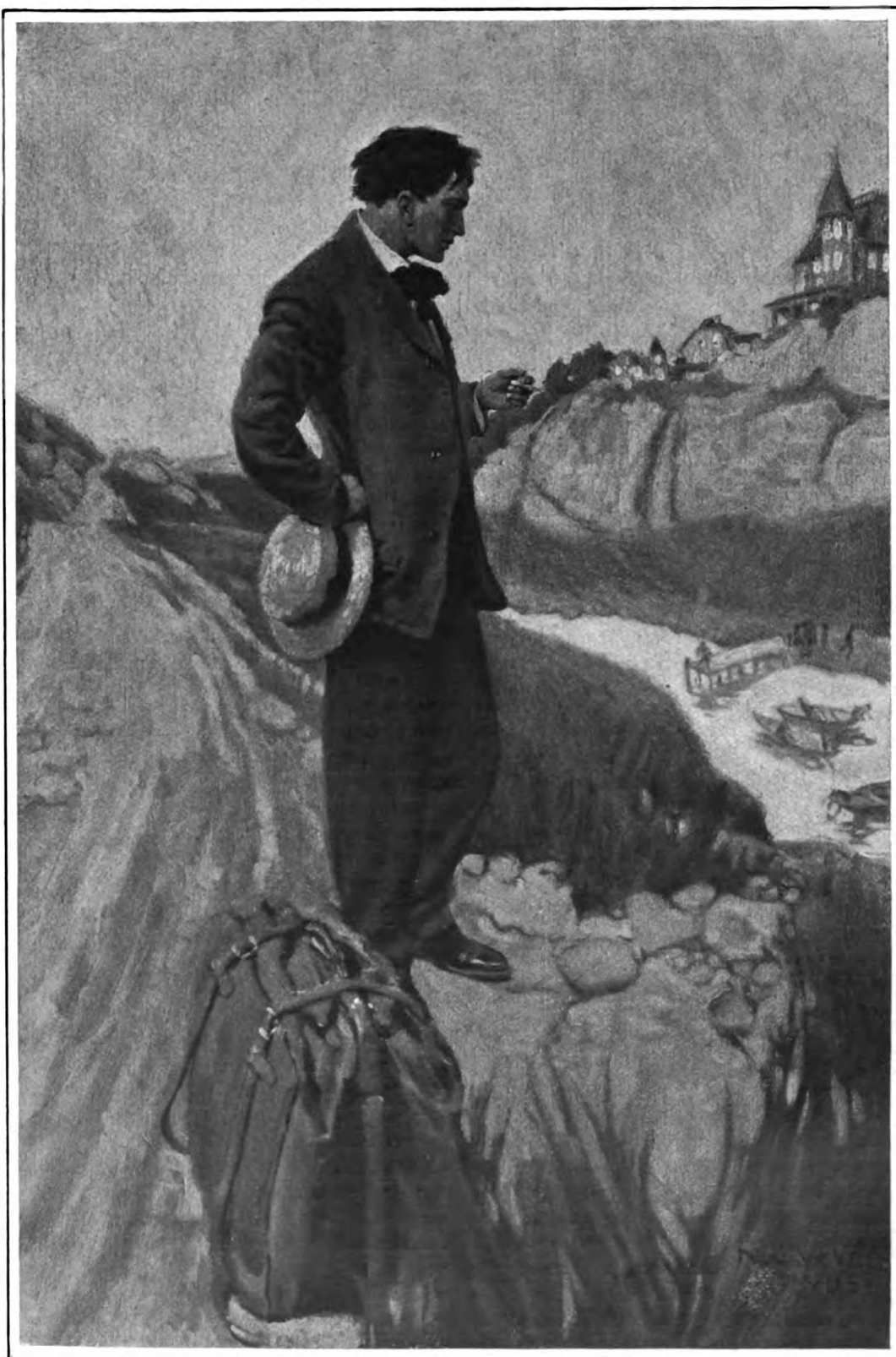
A keel grated suddenly upon the gravel near by; Langmaid, starting to his feet, beheld the boatman who had answered his first hail an hour before.

"Real sorry to keep you waitin' all this time!" cried a crackling, cheerful old voice that broke in sharply upon Langmaid's mood. "Here, jump in! Your grip in the bow; that's right. . . . Now set right down here side o' me, and mind you keep your feet out o' the bilge. There! Now, here we go a-b'ilin'!"

The thin-shouldered young fellow at the oars set his blades against the current with the jerky, effortless stroke of the Maine fisherman, while the little old man beside Langmaid scanned his neighbor with frank curiosity.

"What you down here for?" he asked, abruptly.

Langmaid roused himself. "To see some friends of mine," he replied, shortly; then remembering that he still needed



FOR WHAT, AFTER ALL, WERE THEY FISHING?

further guidance, he added: "Some people by the name of Ward. You know who they are, perhaps?"

The old man started in a languid semblance of surprise, then turned with knitted brows. "Ward?" he asked.

"They live, I believe, in a place called Silvertop," went on Langmaid,— "that large affair with the lights up on the hill, isn't it?"

The old man nodded slowly. "Yes, yes, of course! I mought have known that's where you're bound. The N. G. Wards, of course!"

Langmaid stared in perplexity. "N. G. Wards?" he asked.

"That's what we call 'em, to keep 'em from gittin' mixed up with the rest—ha, ha! Neatly Gloved, you see? My! but they're the real article! *She's* a high one, mind I tell you! with her silk coats and her dog-carts! And you're goin' to stop there, you say?"

"I am going to call there. Later on, possibly, I may ask you to show me a hotel, if there is one, or boarding-house."

The vague old face wrinkled gleefully. "I can do that, you bet!" Then suddenly interrupting himself, "There! they've got him ashore—see!"

Langmaid strained his eyes through the gloom. The boats were pulled up under the wharf, and a dark cluster of forms crowded dimly on the shore above.

"It ain't more than two hours sence he was standin' there himself," observed the old man, with something like triumph in his tone; "that's quick work we done, wa'n't it? But then, you know, a bad penny—the sayin' is—they're easy to git back!"

"Then, this man that was drowned," asked Langmaid, "he wasn't good for much?"

"If there was many here good for less, then Biddeford Pool 'ud be a wuss place 'n it is," responded the fisherman.

The youth at the oars spoke, in a thin, wavering treble. "But he was a nice man," he said.

The old man grunted—a grunt that was half a sigh. "Yes," he replied, slowly, "a nice man, I don't deny it—when he was sober—I seen him sober once or twice myself. . . ."

The boat, caught in a back swirl of the tide which sweeps through the Gut,

brought herself up with a bump against the sunken boulders beside the dark, weed-grown piles of the wharf. Langmaid leaped ashore, picking his way carefully over the slimy stones left bare by the ebbing tide, while his new acquaintance followed heavily with the valise. Twilight had already turned to darkness. From the hill above him the lights of the great cottage flared out with careless self-assertion, and the gay notes of a violin fell faintly through the chill emptiness of the night.

The shadowy group upon the shore stirred and turned in recognition of Langmaid's presence. Their greetings and inquiries were perfunctory, the responses of the stranger only half attended to. Langmaid stood for a moment waiting, while his guide labored, panting, up the slope with his luggage.

"What's the matter now?" he cried, in his dry, chirping tones. "What you all standin' here for, waitin'?"

A faint rustle that was half a shiver and half a long-drawn breath passed over the silent ring. A tall, white-bearded old man on the edge of the group spoke slowly, in a harsh and broken whisper:

"Who's goin' to tell *her*?"

The valise dropped upon the pebbles with a clattering thud that shivered the silence; and when the little grasshopper voice spoke again it was touched for the first time with something like awe:

"Tell *her*? . . . Yes, I forgot that. . . . *She's* got to be told!"

Again for a moment silence settled like a wave over the heads of the waiting group; then a woman's voice whispered half sobbing through the darkness:

"Yes . . . yes, that's so. Didn't she set a heap by him!"

"Then," said the old man, "will *you* tell *her*?"

The jaunty self-possession of the first speaker vanished with a suddenness half ludicrous and half pathetic. "I tell *her* that he's dead? Why, she nussed my little Orrin through the scarlet fever,—and when he died she laid him out. . . . Good Lord! I can't go and tell *her*!"

The young oarsman of Langmaid's ferry-boat raised his plaintive treble from the shadowy dusk as he stood by with his tall sculls in his hand. "When he

was sober, he was a real nice man," he repeated, mildly.

"When he was sober, the drunken loafer!" scoffed the man in the sou'wester,—“and him with a wife like that, sewin' all day long on them pants from Biddeford to keep a roof over his head!”

"That's it," said the white-bearded man in the centre, in his tremulous old voice; "it ain't the man he *was*, it's the woman she *is*, that makes it so hard to tell her!"

"I'm willin' to do my share," said the man in the sou'wester, doggedly. "I'll tell you,—I've got my buggy here, and I'll take him home—if one of you fellers will go fust and git her ready. I can't say no fairer than that, I'm sure!"

"That's fair enough," replied the old man, shaking his head, "but I don't see that it gits us any nearer to the p'int than we was before . . ." He turned in a sudden thought. "Ain't it . . . ain't it a woman's job to go to her?" he asked, tentatively.

There was a faint shivering laugh from the woman who stood beside him, her thin form bent from the wind, her fluttering shawl clutched closely around her. "Me go and tell her?—Why, jest now, before I come down here to see what was going on, *she* come running over to borrow a piece of pork to help make a chowder for his supper. . . . She's keepin' it hot for him now—"

"Then you won't tell her?" asked the old man, disappointed.

"I tell you," she cried, doggedly, "there ain't a woman here at the Pool who would go to her with such news as this! She's ben like a sister to us all!—And then . . ."—her voice dropped—"you see, us women . . . *we* know what this means to her . . ."

The man in the sou'wester, who had vanished to the other side of the road, came back, leading a horse and wagon almost undistinguishable in the darkness, but accented with a sharp incongruity by the jingling of sleigh-bells that still lingered upon the harness.

"Now here we are!" said he, with an attempt at briskness; "so you fellows jest give us a hand up, and then one of you run ahead—"

The woman broke in upon his words with a cry of hysterical contempt: "The

Lord's sakes! you can't take him home in *that* thing!"

"That's so," murmured the old man who stood with the valise.

The driver stood for a moment meditatively at his horse's head. "Yes, I reckon that *is* so," he replied, slowly; then with a sudden thought: "Look here, you fellows. No one can say I ain't willin' to do my share! I'll go back to the farm and git my jigger—that's jest the thing to carry him home in, nice and solemn. And that 'll give you plenty of time, one of you, to go up and git *her* ready."

He climbed hurriedly into the carriage, in determined fulfilment of this division of labor; then with a sudden thought he leaned down and addressed Langmaid, standing passively by: "Where you goin', sir? Anywhere I can set you down?"

The old boatman at Langmaid's side broke in with a hurried reply: "He's goin' up to N. G.'s—out of *your* rowt, I reckon!"

Languidly the group woke up to a new sense of Langmaid's presence, and the rustle which went around the ring told of awakened curiosity and respect.

"Up to N. G.'s?" said the man from the carriage seat. "My! but that's a splendid place they hev up there . . ."

"They say," said the old man with the valise, "that *he* tried once to count his money, then he give up and never tried again . . ."

"They've got the house full of company," said the woman, coughing as she drew her shawl about her; "*she* can't bear to be alone down here, they say!"

"They're havin' a dance to-night," said the young fellow with the oars, raising his face toward the hill. "Hark!"

From the outline of glaring lights that loomed huge above them fell the merry music of the violins—the rhythm to which even now, perhaps, Lydia's careless feet were quickening. The thin, sweet notes seemed to Langmaid a summons calling him back to the clear-cut reality of the present day from the dimly lit outlines of the eternal reality in whose shadow he stood.

"Well, I must be goin' along now," said the driver, gathering up his reins, "if I'm goin' to git back here to-night."

"We must be goin' along too, sir!" said



the little man by Langmaid's side, shouldering the valise with sudden alacrity.

Langmaid followed the uncovered white head through the darkness, up over the clattering stones of the beach to the soft mud of the unlit street above. The three walked slowly together up the slope of the hillside, the old man leading the way in silence; while Langmaid's little companion lumbered along with the valise, chattering in his high, broken tones of the many benefactions of the newly made widow, and of the splendors of the palace on the hillside to which Langmaid was bound.

"It's all very well to be good, like *her*," he observed, "but, my! it's grand to be rich!—Say, wait a minute!" He poised his burden deliberately on the fence beside the road. "You said, sir, that you mought need a boardin'-house?"

"I said so," returned Langmaid, "as Mrs. Ward does not expect me, and with all these guests it is possible she may have no room for me—"

"Very likely not," was the eager response. "Very well, sir, I'll go over to my sister-in-law's now and see that she gits ready for you. Later on I'll come and meet you."

"I go straight up the hill, I suppose?"

"Straight up . . . or, wait a moment. This other fellow he's goin' the same way as you, up to *her* house; it's on the same road. You can go straight along with him."

The shuffling, nervous footsteps disappeared down the darkness of a side street, as Langmaid quickened his pace to overtake the shadowy form that strode along slowly before him. The old man turned his white head for an instant, but took no other notice of Langmaid's presence, and the two walked together up the hill in silence. The music from the cottage above them had ceased, and the only sound was the long-drawn monotone of the surf that pounded on the outer side of the promontory. Through the soft, sandy earth of the ascending road the two toiled in silence; when suddenly the old man stopped before a little house set somewhat apart from the others and lit with a single oil-lamp set with care in one of the front windows, so that the light shone out upon the path.

"Here we are," said Langmaid's guide.

"Your road goes straight up the hill; you can't miss it.—No; stop a minute, sir!" He laid an unsteady old hand upon the young man's arm, and the two stood hesitating before the unconscious gleam of that feeble light. "I've often thought, sir, that Death himself must feel kinder sorry, when he stands outside the window and looks in and thinks he got to break in and steal all they've got—the folks inside that don't even know he's there! But jest the same, no matter how he feels about it, he got to do it every day for all the time they is. . . . And here am I scared to do it even once!" He flung out his hand in a gesture of impatient despair. "I'm redicklous, I know it! But it's like havin' to hit her right in her face—her poor, pretty little face, always so pale and cheerful, even when he was at his wust. But she'd never forgit to smile when I'd meet her, with her 'Good mornin', Captain. How's the asthma this mornin'?'—or: 'What kind of weather are you goin' to give us to-day? You know, it's you that settles the weather here at the Pool.'—No, by gosh! I can't go in and face her with news like this!"

Langmaid stood hesitating, impatient to be gone, yet reluctant to leave the old man in such grave and evident distress. "But still," he said, "if he made her so unhappy—"

"Ain't that the kind, sir, that gits the love when they're alive and the tears when they're dead? Come, let's look in the window for a moment, jest to see if she's there! Careful, sir! See the light she's put there, ready for *him* to come. Yes, there she is!"

Half in doubt, Langmaid followed his companion's gaze through the undraped window to the bare room within, where, huddled in the folds of a shawl, a solitary woman sat stitching by the light of a dying fire. The face was in shadow, the flying hands were worn and undistinguished; but the sight of that lonely figure brought Langmaid from his half-aesthetic appreciation of the dramatic situation to a sudden sense of its tragic reality. She was so unconscious, so helpless, this woman before him—this condemned victim whose ignorance still hung like a protecting veil between her and the stroke which had already fallen.

Her sentence was read, her penalty was paid; yet here she sat stitching while the moments flowed by over her head—the brief moments of grace between the twanging of the bowstring and the piercing of the heart.

"Look," whispered the old man at Langmaid's side; "there's the pot of chowder, keepin' warm agin' his comin', and the driftwood all ready to pile on,—and her settin' waitin' by the two little sticks, till he comes!"

On the keen sea-wind which blew down the hillside there was borne again to Langmaid's ears the cry of the violins—a summons to his lagging footsteps, like the tinkling notes of Lydia's airy scorn if she could see what humble wayside tragedy delayed him on his way to her. . . . Suddenly the old man stepped back again to the road, wrenching his mouth in his hand.

"No, not for a farm in Hog Island will I go in there to her with news like this!"

Langmaid was touched with his distress. "But," he said, "it's not long now before they will be here with him. And some one has got to tell her!"

The old man turned and faced him, so that the withered gleam of his eyes caught Langmaid's in the darkness. "Yes," he replied, abruptly, "that's jest it. Some one has got to tell her. Sir, why shouldn't it be you?"

"I?" cried the young man, in perplexed amazement.

"Yes, you!"

"But I . . . I am a stranger to her . . ."

"Can't you see, that's the very reason why!" The old man laid his hand upon Langmaid's arm, bending towards him with a hoarse and urgent whisper. "She ain't never sat up with you nights when you was sick, or sung to you—you ain't never seen her smilin' up at him, or hanging on his arm so pleased and happy when he was sober. It needn't hurt *you* any to tell her that he's gone! Besides"—his voice went thin and husky in the extremity of his appeal—"you've got so much in your life of everything that's different! We ain't got but the one thing in our lives, every day, all day long! Not that I'm findin' fault; it's the way the world was made, and it ain't for us

to ask the reason why. But, sir, ain't it fair enough that you should take this for us jest this once? Lord knows, it seems like you was sent on purpose—comin' here to the very place at the very hour!"

Langmaid stood embarrassed, unwilling, yet moved by the rough logic of the old man's appeal. The thought of that solitary and faithful figure, toiling there behind the waiting lamp, smote him with a sharp and pitiful sense of contrast with the gay and prosperous little worldling toward whose presence he was bent. To the open mind, was not this woman worth a few moments' time as well as the other?

"Well, sir?" insisted the rough, unsteady whisper of the old man by his side.

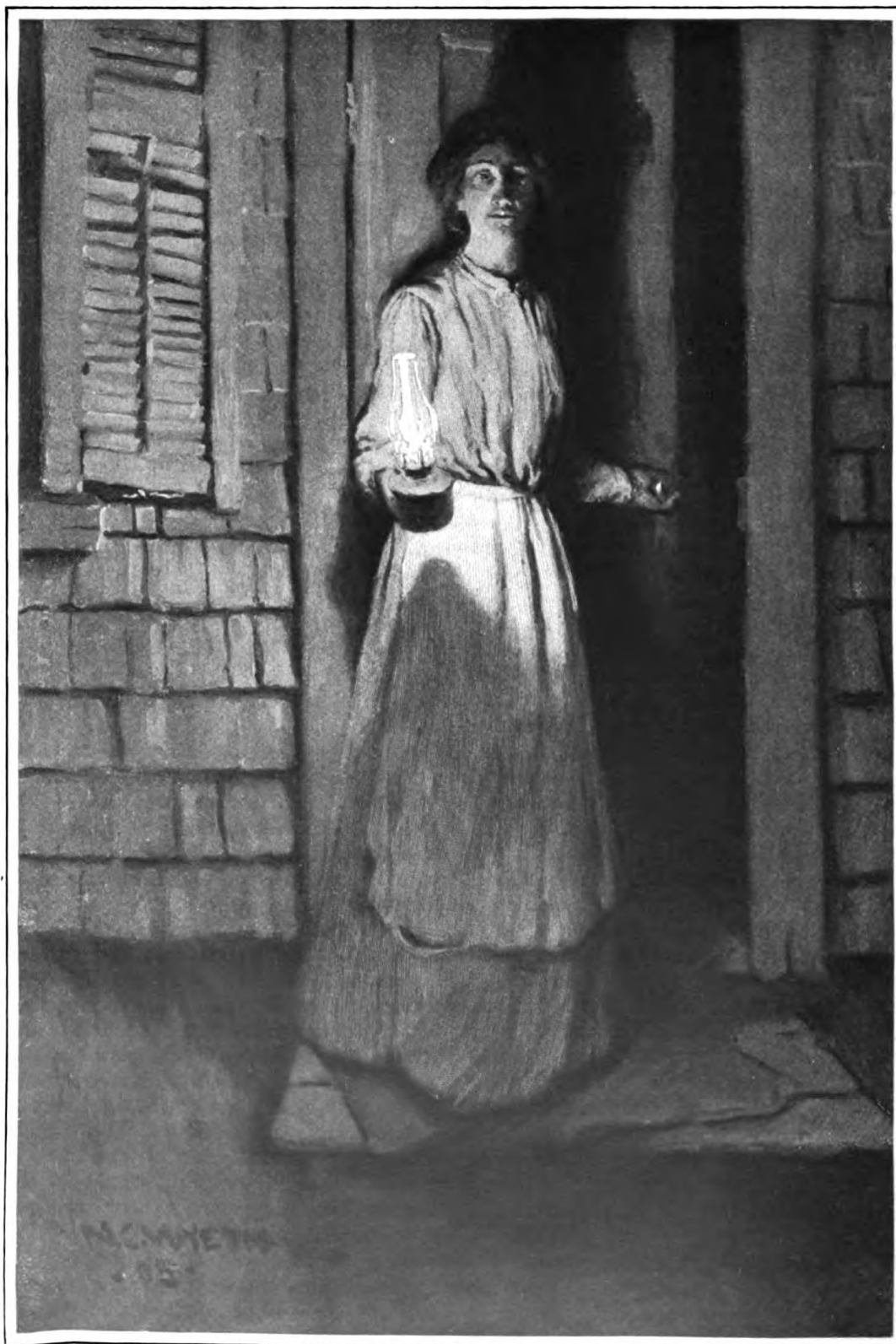
Langmaid turned with a gesture of assent and a sudden thought that came to him almost with a smile. "Yes," he said, "I will go in and tell her."

The old man seized and shook his hand with an eager, darting gratitude. "Thank you, sir,—I knowed you would do it! Mind the step, sir. Here you are. . . . Now I'll knock for you, and she'll be here directly. Good evenin', sir!"

A sharp, dry knock from the bony fingers startled the stillness of the little habitation. For a moment the newcomer stood alone, waiting; then the door opened with a stream of yellow light, and the woman stood before him with a lamp in her hand.

The muffled shawl was discarded, showing her tall, thin figure, bent as by much labor, and pitilessly outlined by her shabby cotton gown. The head was turned to one side a trifle wearily, as though weighed down by the burdens of her lot, or by the heavy plait of pale-brown hair that was carelessly twisted about her temples. But her face, which was long and rather narrow in contour, was lit by a pair of light-gray eyes of singular size and intensity, the dancing fire of whose resolution and energy touched her faded aspect with something of the vividness of youth, and fiercely disclaimed the impression of pathos given by her hollow cheeks and slender purple hands.

These eyes, wide open and shining in the rays of the light, held Langmaid's



"WHO IS IT, PLEASE?" SHE ASKED

gaze in a suddenly startled terror that grew only more blindly dazzled as his vision cleared with contracting pupils before the glare of the flaring lamp.

"Who is it, please?" she asked, as her glittering eyes searched the darkness. Then, as the visitor did not answer, "Well, who is it?" she repeated, with some impatience.

Langmaid stood silent, looking at her. With a gesture of puzzled irritation she thrust the intervening light to one side; then, as her eyes met those of the new-comer, the lamp in her hand swayed slowly and drooped to an angle of unregarded danger. Suddenly she began to laugh, with deep, unsteady flutterings of her breath:

"Is it you?" she said. "Is it really you?"

Langmaid continued to stare at her, his mind rocked between bewilderment and half-comprehended horror. "What are you doing here, Lydia?" he asked, abruptly.

For a moment the flame of her eager eyes wavered and sank before his gaze, and the lamp in her unsteady hand threw grotesque moving shadows across the pallid angles of her face. "What am I doing here?" she repeated. "Why . . . nothing . . ." and she laughed again, brokenly.

With a sudden remembrance of the necessity for immediate action, Langmaid pushed away the appalling doubts that were crowding upon his mind. "Then let me take you home, Lydia!" he cried, hurriedly. "I am on my way to your house now. This is no place for you—now of all nights! Please, let me take you home!"

She stepped back with a visible effort at self-control, one hand clenched upon her bosom and the other bringing up the lamp again steady and burning clear. "This is my home, Phil," she said, quietly; "though, I do the honors so badly, I don't blame you for doubting. . . . Will you please walk in?"

Langmaid stood dazed and dumb upon the dingy threshold. He felt, vaguely, that what amazed him was the sudden change in the note of the violins which still echoed from the brightly lit mansion above him; from being a summons and an invitation they had become strangely detached, harshly impersonal.

"Aren't you coming in, Phil?" repeated the woman, firmly. Like one walking in a dream, Langmaid followed her into the dark-ceiled, narrow room.

The air was damp and chilly; over the dying fire stood the pot of chowder, and by the hearth a high haircloth rocker held a shabby shawl and a pile of half-finished trousers—evidences of her identity which recalled to Langmaid the words of the man on the wharf, with a shock of conviction which left no more room for doubt. He looked down at the kneeling figure before him on the hearth, coaxing the feeble spark with unsteady breath and with hands which rattled the sticks of driftwood against each other.

"Lydia," he cried, "you mustn't do that. Let me, please!"

She scrambled to her feet, rubbing her fingers against her faded skirt with a half-defiant laugh. "No, no! that will blaze up in a moment," she said; "and now—don't let me forget my hospitality. Sit down, Phil! Have you had any dinner? I have some chowder here, keeping warm for my husband. May I offer some to you?" Her bright, sunken eyes met his with a reckless determination to ignore the conditions surrounding her, as she did the honors with a strained and ceremonious courtesy.

Her last words recalled to Langmaid's mind the errand which had brought him to this house, with a sudden shock which almost pierced the sense of unreality which hung like a mist over his brain. Was she the mere figment of a dream, this pinched and shabby woman before him, with Lydia's eyes and Lydia's voice, or was she in reality all that was left of the blooming, faithless creature whose desertion of him, ten years before, had so bruised and maimed his life? Was this really she, fallen so pitiably beneath resentment, beneath triumph,—to whom he, of all men in the world, must bring the news of this other man's death? The undelivered message lay upon him like a burden—cold, unspeakable, insistent; but for a moment his amazement and urgent need of understanding pushed it aside.

"But, Lydia," he said, helplessly,— "no, thank you; I am not hungry. . . . But, Lydia, I thought, you see, that that was your house, that big one up on the hill . . . up there, you know!"

She regarded him steadily. "And you stopped in here, I suppose, to ask your road?"

He snatched in eager relief at this means of momentary escape. "Certainly. Though I was sure enough that that was the house—for your cousin, Mrs. Vane, had shown me the picture, you see!"

Her eyes met his with an airy unconcern, though he observed with something like a thrill that her bony hands writhed in strange spasmodic energy upon her lap: those hands that he remembered so white, so smooth, so soft—of all the changes in her appearance, this detail touched him the most nearly, with a disarming pity which covered not only her future with its looming desolation, but all her past errors and faithlessness towards him.

"That picture that I sent to Minnie Vane?" she replied, with a little laugh. "Oh yes! Now, of course, I remember. The book advertising real estate here at Biddeford Pool. Yes, of course!"

"That's it," answered Langmaid, eager for her explanation. "'Elegant summer residence of Mr. Ward'—something like that."

She laughed again, peal upon peal. "A contractor from St. Louis! And she thought it was Ted! Well, of course—that's what I meant her to think!"

The forced note of her laughter, with her admission of deliberate artifice, struck Langmaid afresh with a sense of the unreality of this entire scene. His voice sounded far away and strangely in his own ears as he replied,

"So this is another Mr. Ward . . . yes, I begin to understand."

She smiled at him defiantly. "Certainly; the name is common enough, isn't it? It's no more than fair that that fact should bring its compensations. Let me tell you how it was." She leaned toward him confidentially, while the newly sprung flame on the hearth touched her white face with sudden life. "You see, Ted and I have been living here some years now. The sea air agrees with Ted—he has such bad nerves,—nothing but a wreck, the poor boy!" Again her strangely vivid eyes sent their challenge to her listener as she went on: "And I like it here, too. It's quiet and it's cheap. *That's* a consideration for us now, you

see, since the Amsterdam Bank went smash a half a dozen years ago. Ted's money was in it—every penny. He was too delicate to take up regular work, poor dear. So here we are. I can do something myself, you see!" With a gesture of reckless resolution she caught up a pair from the pile of coarse cloth trousers beside her and began stitching the button-holes with defiant energy.

"But, Lydia . . . the picture!"

"Oh yes!" She looked up again from her work. "You see, one day that I was down at the store here, two or three years ago, I happened to see one of these folders. I thought to myself: suppose it was Ted—that Mr. Ward with 'the elegant residence'—what an impression it would make on all my friends that threw me over when I married him! Then I began to think how unjust I had been to my dear husband, really, in keeping silent and hidden for so long—just as though he hadn't made me happy. So, as I knew that they could never understand that I *was* happy here with him—perfectly happy, rich or poor! . . . well, perhaps there was a little pride in me, a little freak of vanity . . . or perhaps I was feeling a little bit homesick for the 'old familiar faces' . . . Oh!" she broke off with a laugh, "I am an idiot to sit and analyze my motives, as though they had any importance in the world! But at any rate down I sat one day and wrote a letter to Minnie . . . poor little Minnie! I told her all about . . . how successful and sweet my marriage had been to me . . . all true enough, I assure you, except for a few exterior details—and for the pictures, the ridiculous picture that I slipped in with the letter. Not that *that* was so contrary to fact, either, because if it's not the house Ted built for me, it's the house that he would have built for me if he hadn't lost his money and his health, the poor darling! Except that I don't believe he would have been quite so lavish with the stucco and the opalescent glass . . . you know what exquisite taste he always had, what a highly trained sense of beauty, my Ted!"

With all his understanding of her desperate need for insisting upon her married happiness, Langmaid's whole nature recoiled before these last words, which seemed almost deliberately chosen



to touch into life the old sting of jealousy and impotent despair, buried so deep in his heart that he had almost forgotten its existence. Yes, she was the same Lydia still, careless of delicacy and of feeling, uninstructed by the sorrows through which she herself had passed—yet so resolute, so forlorn, so unconscious of her impending desolation, that the very thought of it was enough to dissolve resentment into a helpless pity. No, even in fulfilment of a promised duty, he could not tell her! She should not have mockery added to her grief and irony to her sorrow by hearing of her loss from the lips of one who might, in spite of every care, be suspected of triumph in the telling of it. . . . He rose to his feet in sudden resolution.

"I am afraid, Lydia," said he, "that I must be going now."

Lydia looked up from her sewing with a start. "What!" she cried. "But you have only just come. Aren't you going to stay and see Ted, your old friend?—I am expecting him every moment!" Her anxious eyes turned themselves toward the window. Langmaid was seized with a panic fear of what might at any moment arrive. . . .

"No," he said; "I am sorry; I can't wait. I must find a place for the night, you see!"

"Oh yes, of course!" replied Lydia, airily, as she took the hand he offered her in farewell; "though it does seem too bad, really, when you came here just to see Ted and me, that we can't put you up. But then we'll see you to-morrow, sha'n't we?"

Langmaid hesitated painfully. "I don't know," he replied,—“if you wish it, to-morrow . . . of course, of course!”

Her glittering eyes met his in a quick glance of understanding. Langmaid turned to the door, slowly and heavily. . . . Lydia spoke again, in a changed voice:

"No, Phil, no!"

Langmaid turned with a start. This time the eyes that met his were changed—eager and resolute still, but with something in them of softness, almost of humility. She spoke quickly, with a pleading gesture that whirled her sewing unnoticed to the floor.

"Phil, let me tell you . . . I under-

stand, of course, perfectly well, why you are going now . . . why you don't want to see me to-morrow . . . and I don't blame you a bit. But all the same, though of course it's no use now . . . all the same I'd like to tell you . . . I am very sorry about . . . about what happened ten years ago . . . very sorry and ashamed. Will you forgive me, please?"

Langmaid stood facing her, his hand upon the latch. These words of hers, sudden and unexpected though they were, fell upon his ear with too straightforward a simplicity to provoke astonishment. For the first time since his entrance he spoke freely, with a sense of naturalness and reality.

"Lydia, this is good of you! If you really want forgiveness from me—believe me, it is yours long ago!"

"Thank you; it seems very nice to hear you say that!" She spoke gently, playing with the shears in her hand. Then she looked up again and went on:

"You see, I was a spoiled child. Nobody had ever found fault with me. And when you told me, that day before our wedding, that I was making too much gossip by my behavior with Ted Ward, I was furious! And it seemed such a clever way to answer you, just to snap my fingers in your face and run off with Ted. . . . I didn't realize till afterwards, when everybody cut me and I had lots of time to think—I didn't realize what a horrible thing it was that I had done. . . . But I am very glad you have forgiven me."

She paused, snipping the fragments of cloth that lay in her lap. Langmaid felt the necessity of speech.

"But, Lydia, wasn't it for the best, after all? For since it was Ted that you really loved, you would never have been happy with me."

She raised her eyes slowly, and before the expression in them Langmaid stood silent. "Happy?" she said—"happy? Why do you use that word to me?" Suddenly she sprang to her feet, flinging the heavy scissors with a crash to the uncarpeted floor. "Oh, it's no use pretending any more!" she cried. "I've held out for so many years—and now your face looks so friendly . . . and it's like the old times to hear you say 'Lydia' again. . . . Listen, Phil! Just what you see

here before you, that's what my life is—inside and out, the same straight through! Though you can see only the poverty and the squalor—you can't see all the loneliness and the degradation and the shame. . . . For, oh, Phil! I found out what Ted was the very week after I had married him!"

Langmaid took in his breath to speak; she leaned toward him, borne along by her own tide of words.

"No, Phil! I know what you are going to say: 'Then why didn't you leave him?' Because I was too proud to own that I had made a mistake, when I had defied everybody's opinion and done as I pleased. . . . So then Ted flung away all his money and mine in wild speculations, in crazy, selfish extravagance . . . then he began to drink . . . then at last we came here!" She flung out her gaunt hands with a gesture revealing the sunken figure, the sordid apartment, the pile of half-finished tailor's work upon the floor. "*Here!*" she repeated, with a cry of helpless bitterness that made her hearer wince in sudden understanding.

"But, Lydia," he said, reproachfully, "didn't you remember your friends?"

"My friends, that I had cheated and thrown away. Do you think I would come begging to them—or to you? No; I'd rather die. . . . And so I made up my mind to die! I used to go down there and sit by that strip of water—the Gut, they call it—and plan how I could pull Ted down to the bottom with me. . . . You see, my heart was full of rage and bitterness! I felt that I could not die in peace unless I had settled scores with him. . . . And then again it seemed too good for him, that clear green water! And I was afraid that I could not rest pleasantly if he lay near me."

Langmaid's skin stirred as a puff of wind set the creaking door ajar. To his strained fancy the night without seemed all alive—encroaching, pressing in upon their interview. Lydia laughed brokenly.

"You are turning white, Phil! I horrify you, don't I? But, you see, I don't think I was quite right in my head then! For I was bound that I'd play the game to the finish—that none of you people should ever know what a failure I had made of my life! So one day, when my mind was quite made up to put an end to

things, I sat down and wrote to my cousin Minnie—it seemed like the old days to write that name on an envelope again!—and told her . . . oh, everything that I wanted her to believe was true! And as the chance of a name had favored me so kindly, I just slipped in the picture that you saw—my last will and testament, you see! Then when it was posted, it seemed to me that as I had stood things so long, it was a pity not to wait a few days longer and see if there would be any answer and how everybody was! . . . So I stopped going down to the Gut, just for a few days . . . till at last her letter came. Such a nice, pleasant letter! . . . But, Phil—what do you suppose she sent me?"

Langmaid turned with a start, as in a quick subconscious shock his mind flew, not to the answer of this question, but to the belated bells jingling upon the horse that was to follow him. For suddenly the air above, around him, was charged with the tingling quality of a peal felt but as yet unheard. . . .

"What then, Lydia?" he begged, hastily,—*"what then?"*

From the heaped-up shabby work-basket by her side Lydia pulled out a book—a dark-green, gold-lettered volume that Langmaid recognized with a rush of gratified amazement.

"Mine?" he cried, "one of my books?"

Lydia nodded. "One of your novels—look, Phil, that poor little heroine . . . she's me, isn't she!"

Langmaid hesitated in confusion. "Lydia, I didn't intend—"

"Don't apologize, Phil—I know! Yes, she made a pretty bad mess of things, poor little rat . . . and then she had a chance to climb up, and she just fell down again, and there was an end of her. But this is the place I wanted to show you—see! the book falls open of itself—where she says it's no use to try any more, because the past cannot be undone."

"Then, you remember, the old teacher answers: 'Of course it can't! And isn't that the very reason that you should waste no more tears over it? Doesn't your very eagerness to wipe out the past prove to you beyond doubt that the real use for all your energies is to make for the new page of the future such a record that when it is written you will not feel the need to cancel it?'"

"Somehow when I read that it sounded very nice to me! It had never occurred to me before, you see, that there was any other way to make amends for the past but to sit and blister my soul with shame for it. That there was a chance left, even now, for me to go to work and make a new past for myself—I had never thought of *that* as possible! . . . And I knew perfectly well, from reading that story, that you didn't think it was possible, either—for me!"

Langmaid nodded in grave assent, as with a sudden flash of self-consciousness he realized the truth of her words, and how completely the woman before him, with all her weaknesses, had always possessed the seats of his imagination. He opened his lips to speak—suddenly from the darkness beyond the door came the thin, tinkling echo of bells far away. He shivered and was silent. Lydia went on hastily:

"So I made up my mind—just out of contrariness, perhaps, at first—that I'd prove it was possible for me, after all, this new future that should make a new past! Though just how to go to work I didn't at first quite see. So I thought and thought. Then I remembered . . . Ted!"

"Ah," murmured Langmaid, as Lydia controlled herself in an involuntary gesture of disgust, and went on:

"Yes, but I was his wife! Of my own free will I had taken him for my husband, just as he was . . . and here I was hating him! scorning and loathing him for being what he was and couldn't help being—just as a sculpin is what he is, or a jellyfish! So I set myself to work, little by little, every day and all day long, to try to do better. I started at this sewing to try and earn a little money. I tried to encourage Ted, to make him feel that I cared, at any rate. I forced myself to smile at him, to go through all the motions of being a faithful, loving wife. And, oh, Phil! at last I am, I am! I don't want to seem conceited—but ask Ted himself when he's sober, poor wretch! ask any of the people about here!" She paused for a moment, with something like a smile as at a sudden pleasant thought. "These people here at the Pool—yes, my fight hasn't been all an up-hill struggle and sordid discouragement! You haven't seen anything of the natives

about here, of course,—and if you did, probably you wouldn't find them very attractive at first. But, oh! when you have lived with them a little while, and they trust you . . . how good they can be, Phil! They're so grateful for any little thing you do for them, it would make you cry!—and, oh, so willing to do what they can for you! In these two years that I have set myself to know them there's not one of them that I haven't learned to be fond of . . . and some of them I really love! So you see there's been lots of happiness in my life, Phil, since your message came to me!"

She leaned toward him, flushed with humility and triumph. Langmaid took a step forward, urged by the stealing omen of those throbbing bells. . . . In the relaxation of sudden relief he realized for the first time that he need no longer be afraid to deliver their message to her. She smiled at him:

"And so, Phil, I'm going to ask you to do something for me—to write another story about me! Just a little, short, stupid story it will have to be . . . but I want you to tell this time how it is possible for any one to turn down what has been written and write something new—quite new! very plain and commonplace perhaps, but something that one can look back on again with a little pleasure and satisfaction—"

"Hark!" whispered Langmaid, suddenly. From somewhere beneath them in the darkness came the slow beat of a horse's feet, nearer, every moment nearer. The smile was chased from Lydia's face by a sudden spasm of pain.

"It's just . . . some one bringing Ted home. He's this way . . . almost every night when we get a little money. But just the same I keep on trying, and I *will* keep on trying, Phil, till I die!"

"Lydia!" cried Langmaid, "I've waited too long already. There's something I must tell you—listen!"

She threw out her hands in a sudden gesture, commanding his silence.

"No, no, Phil, not that! Of course I know that you could never change . . . but don't you see, if I let you tell me that you love me still, that all my work of all these years would be undone—all broken to bits in a minute! . . . Because, don't you see?—I love you!"

Langmaid stood dumb, staring into the haggard face which beamed transfigured into his. Outside in the blackness the creeping bells rang monotonously nearer, nearer. . . .

"Of course," she went on, with a little break in her voice, "I don't expect you to believe me . . . for in the old days, when I was going to be your wife—I didn't realize then what you were to me. But after I had flung you away and bound myself forever to some one else, then I *knew*! And every day since then, for all these years, it has been every day and all day long like holding down the source of a boiling spring to keep myself from starting off at that moment to find you and tell you that I belonged to you . . . till it seemed to me that my heart must all have bled away, drop by drop. . . . Then all of a sudden came this message from you!" She paused with a long sighing breath, regarding her listener gravely. "So then, Phil, I saw for the first time how this love for you, that had been my torment and my punishment, might be turned into something to raise me up to what I wanted to be for your sake. Phil, it was for you, for you! that I have tried to lift myself above this sordid misery about me. . . . Yes, I am sure that you will understand when I tell you that it was out of the very fulness of my love for you that I have tried to be a faithful wife to this other man—and shall keep on trying till I die!"

She stood before him, thin, worn, and unflinching, instinct with that desperate need of tenderness which knocks upon the generous heart more imperatively than the most shining loveliness. The fibres of Langmaid's nature quivered as he regarded her, with an emotion which he had long taught himself to look upon as dead. And suddenly his heart rose and swelled within him in a flood of the old passionate yearning that bore down before it all the bitterness of the past, the sordid ugliness of the present, as the sea-worn tide rushes home with healing obliteration over the black ribs of the

naked shore. Of themselves, his arms reached out toward her. . . .

Outside in the darkness beyond the door the laboring wheels ground harshly in the wet, sandy road, and the bells clinked sharply all together. The unseen voices murmured together confusedly. The necessity for immediate action caught Langmaid by the throat.

"Lydia!" he cried, desperately, "dear, dearest Lydia!—but don't you understand, I absolutely must tell you now—"

The blood sprang into her faded face like scarlet. "Don't *you* understand," she said, "that now you shame me for telling you what was in my heart? Phil, if you have any respect left for me, you will go away and leave me now, without another word!"

Langmaid bowed in silent obedience; then turning, he walked slowly out through the open door into the shadows beyond. On the road above him his straining eyes discerned the outlines of a long four-wheeled truck, with a burden covered up dark and shapeless upon it. . . . Suddenly a hand seized him by the arm, and a little, thin face was thrust up to his.

"Say, you here still, and I was just goin' up to N. G.'s after you! Say, I've got your room all right—but *she* wants to know how long are you goin' to want it?"

Langmaid shook off the insistent fingers which clutched avariciously at his arm. "For some days—possibly for some weeks!" he replied, impatiently, as he turned to the silent group beside the truck. The man in the sou'wester leaned down from the driver's seat.

"Tell me," he asked, in a hushed voice, "did she take on terrible—can we bring him right in now?"

"I don't think," replied Langmaid, gently, "that you need be afraid to go in. . . ."

"Come on—now, before everybody is gone to bed!" urged the thin, crackling tones at his elbow. And turning with slow steps, Langmaid followed his guide down the hill.

# Animal Immortality

BY PETER RABBIT

**I**F the rabbit were offered his choice of all the blessings of your humanity, he would, without hesitation, pass over all your apparently solid possessions and take your hope as the very best thing that you have,—not simply because it seems to be the spring of all your inspirations, but for the practical reason that every great hope that has ever seriously taken possession of men has sooner or later been realized. Witness the vague hope of family to the solitary man, of government to the warring, of wisdom to the ignorant, of brotherhood and spiritual communion to the thoughtful,—all of which were but far-away and impossible hopes at one time, but which are even now, before your eyes, taking on more definite semblances. What the individual hopes for, and apparently loses, the race comes in time to possess. As one of your great religious teachers poetically suggested, every blessing is at first shut up in a great closed hand which stretches over you and gives no sign of what it holds. The timid see only a warning; the hard-hearted, a threat; the wise remember past gifts. So the outstretched hand produces both fear and hope among you. Sooner or later it opens, and behold—such is the meaning of your history—“thou openest thine hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing.”

Now every individual among you reproduces, both in his physical and mental life, the whole history of his race; and since the race slowly but surely attains its hope, it is more than probable that in the deep desire of your own heart you also will be satisfied. That you should grow slowly but surely from embryo to full manhood, from instinct to reason, from ignorance to dawning wisdom, and then, from hope in all these symbols, that you should individually fall back into blank despair and nothingness is, on the face of it, an imbecile conclusion. When

you have followed a broad highway due west for a thousand years and a thousand miles, it is hardly likely that the highway will eventually turn aimlessly from its straight course and wander off into a squirrel-track and climb a tree and end in a knot-hole. The profoundest reasons underlie every great hope, if you but think of it a moment in the light of all past experience.

Among all your hopes there is none that for an instant compares in value with your persistent hope in a personal immortality. Because of its very greatness it has aroused the most doubt and questioning. Indeed, that it is too good to be true is perhaps the only argument against it; and the rabbit dismisses this cheerfully with the reflection that the same was said by your ancestors of every great and good thing that you now enjoy. There are other doubts, however, as troublesome and inconsequent as a briar in your toe, and at these the rabbit will first glance for a moment.

Said one of your religious teachers, who tried to make his doubts as logical as his hopes, “If a man die, shall he live again?” And in sad answer to his question followed an array of visible and tangible things that only confused his insight—such as a tree, which you might cut down with hope, because you could give water to the root and see it sprout and blossom again; but of his own life, with its thirst that only a living water could satisfy, he said that “like a cloud that vanisheth away” he would go down into Sheol and be never seen again. Therefore he could not exist, because his neighbors could no longer meet him at the gate and speak with him as of yore:

As the river wasteth and drieth up,  
So man giveth up the ghost, and where  
is he?  
Till the heavens be no more he shall not  
awake,  
Nor be roused again out of his sleep.



Now to the rabbit, who also ventures in his own way to think of these great things, that man Job, like some of your modern scientists, was unconsciously confounding the great question of immortality with the trivial matter of the conditions of immortality, mixing up space and time, eyes and ears, riches and trouble, with the self which is independent of all these superficialities—like a biologist who goes astray because he cannot find a soul by anatomy, and like a young hound that gets all tangled up in a crisscross of fox-tracks while the fox himself sits watching the game from the nearest hilltop. The rabbit has an idea in his head that, though the river dry up, not one water-drop is lost; and that, though a man disappear, he may still watch the game of life unseen from the heights. Job's whole argument against immortality reminds him of a child whom he saw recently playing on the seashore. The child had built a church of sand. He had a pointed stick for a steeple, a shell for a pulpit, in which you could always hear the murmur of far-off things, and inside the shell, for a minister, he had a bumblebee droning away. He had a choir also, of crickets and fiddler-crabs, in which there was always trouble afoot, and a congregation of pretty ladybugs and uneasy sand-fleas. So, you see, he had some idea of a church; but the church itself, the eternal institution which appears and reappears in every tribe and people, speaking and insisting upon an unseen order and harmony, had been sadly mixed up in the child's head with the outward and unimportant forms and manifestations in which the church continually appears.

Such, in a word, seems to be the mental condition of those who, like Job, think or fear that the discoveries of modern science have swept away the conditions upon which rest the old, old belief in immortality, as the child with his foot brushed away the church he had created. To the rabbit's philosophy nothing could be farther from the truth, or more unjust to the spirit of science. Like all builders among you, science must first pull down the ugly and unsightly things before it rears its own structure. It has helped to destroy some prejudices and superstitions—gross and material conceptions of

life and beyond; it makes clearer and clearer the outward conditions and manifestations under which life, or spirit, here presents itself; but of the spirit itself it has destroyed nothing. Indeed, it seems to have added much by showing how much greater is the spirit's grasp of truth than we had dreamed it to be, and by showing how impossible it is for the enlarging spirit to remain satisfied by any material good, or content with any unfinished purpose. Meanwhile, as it pursues its investigations, life seems to be quite as constant as gravitation—of which you have some questions but no doubts—and the self in a man seems to be larger than his hand or his heart or his brain, or any other instrument that it uses for the moment.

So, spite of material doubts—which have, when you come to think of them, no more to do with the real subject than has the prosperity of the wicked, which was Job's stumbling-block,—the rabbit is unmoved in his philosophy, which deals with truth apart from all prejudices and with the spirit independent of all material considerations. Of your human immortality he has no doubt whatever, though he does not enter here upon the reasons, nor upon the wisdom deeper than reasons, which prompt his belief. Immortality is purely a soul quality, above quantitative analysis, and therefore as far beyond the anatomy of Haeckel's biology as of Job's untrained eyes and ears. The object of the rabbit's present meditation is to see if there be any kernel of truth in the idea of animal immortality, or rather in the vague hope, which sometimes stirs your human hearts, that certain well-loved animals may share your immortality with you.

Here it is necessary to recall to you again the three stages through which you men have passed in your relation to animals. There was first of all the savage state, in which you lived close to the animals, understanding them far better than you do now, and in which they seemed to share some of the thoughts and motives which govern your own life. The scientific stage followed, in which you were governed largely by anatomical considerations, and in which you classified and arranged the animals in species according to purely outward tokens. In this you

inevitably grew away from the animal himself, and even thought for a time with Descartes that the animal was an automatic arrangement, a *bête machine*, governed by springs and involuntary impulses. Appetite pressed the button, as it were, and the springs did all the rest. The third stage, the essentially modern one, combines the characteristics of the other two; it classifies the animals outwardly, but it endeavors also to understand the life and motive of the individual animal, as the Indians do, and finds in him, as Darwin did, the individual will and the elementary reason and morality which are more fully developed in man, but which are yet in process, and which show, even in man, only a part of their full-grown power.

Now it is most interesting to the rabbit to note that, in the first stage of your knowledge of animals, you ascribed to them not only a thought and a motive like your own, but an immortality as well. The very earliest human idea of death, as shown by your oldest records and monuments, is that of a long sleep, as the animals still regard it. When a man died his family moved out and left him in his own house, with his weapons and the bodies of his favorite animals beside him, so that when he awoke he would find his familiar things ready to his hand and call. The same belief in animal immortality was manifest among the tribes that had grown scientific enough to note that the familiar bodies of things waste and fade away, for when they buried a warrior they buried also his dog and his horse beside him. So also when the belief in immortality had grown a little more spiritual, the animals still shared it with their masters. It was thought that the self, or soul, could not exist independent of a body, so the body of the dead man was embalmed that the soul might still have a habitation—an "always house," as the old Egyptians called it. For the same reasons they embalmed the bodies of animals whom they had learned to love and whom, from daily association and companionship, they thought necessary to their future happiness.

So far the human idea that certain animals have the possibility of immortality may be a purely selfish one. The

animals are necessary to man's happiness here and elsewhere, and so the god that provides for the man remembers his happiness by providing for his animals also.

Here is another and entirely different philosophical question, the question of hedonism, or of happiness as an end in all life. The rabbit does not enter into the question, but merely suggests that, since in both man and animal every power of heart and mind and body brings happiness by its legitimate use, it is only rational to suppose that ultimate happiness is the end of all life. There can be nothing selfish, therefore, in applying it to both men and animals. Certainly the happiness sought by those primitive men included the happiness of their animals also, who enjoyed the chase as much as their masters. The Indian's happy hunting-grounds would be but cheerless places without something to hunt and something to hunt it with; and the Indians, who were more direct and thoughtful than you have supposed, gave even to the hunted animal the joy of waking again after the hunt, strong and vigorous and free, rejoicing in his powers like a buck that springs up alert and defiant at the voice of a hound on his trail. So the Indians still, when they kill a bear, make an offering to his spirit to show that they are all friends and brothers and sharers of a common lot, in which each is happy in his own way. Your Anglo-Saxon forefathers had the same idea of the animal as your Indians. Their horses and dogs, and even the wolves and bears that they hunted, shared their immortality. The horses ridden by the immortal Valkyr maidens and by the warriors of Valhalla were no special creations, but the very horses they had ridden and loved on earth.

In India the belief in animal immortality took a higher form. In the Hindoo philosophy there are no disembodied spirits. Every man and every animal is the house of a pure spirit, and when the body is destroyed the spirit takes up his abode in another animal form, more noble or more base according to whether the spirit is to be rewarded for his loyalty or punished for his disregard of the law that should govern him in every form in which he exists.

In the second or scientific stage of your

knowledge of animals all this enormous belief of your forefathers was swept away. You studied the animal anatomically, his skin and his bones and his teeth, and you had no regard whatever for any thoughts or hopes that went on inside his head. Most of your scientists studied men in the same way, and swept aside their immortality with scant consideration. Said one of your great biologists, "All things are determined by anatomy; the soul is of no consequence." From his purely material standpoint, and in his present contemplation of childish things, the biologist is of course right; but we are just learning that there is a science of mind, not to be reached by anatomy, calling for a deeper and more subtle analysis; and in a century or two, men may be studying thought and feeling as carefully as they now study skeletons and microbes. For the present, at least, your scientific stage seems to have added nothing and taken away nothing from the idea of immortality, either for men or animals. It has been busy with outward and material things, and honestly and openly neglectful of the soul quality upon which any opinion of immortality must be based.

As men enter the third stage, and find not only the law of species but some suggestion of the law of mind in the lower orders, the old question of animal immortality is revived. One reason, perhaps, why it was not revived earlier and with more vigor is because the religious teachers of your modern civilization are—so it seems to the rabbit—still too much influenced by the crude ideas of the Jewish religious writers. Now the Jews knew little and cared less about the animals, having other things to engage their whole attention. Like all Semitic peoples their only division of the animals was into clean and unclean—clean animals whom they might eat or offer to their god, and unclean whom they must avoid or destroy. Among all the peoples of the earth they were almost alone in claiming no immortality for themselves, to say nothing of their animals; and whatever idea of it they borrowed came to them, much later than Job and Ecclesiastes, from the Greek conception of the eternal life of the pure soul, and from the Persian conception of the resurrection of the

body. The Christian church, with new reasons and inducements of its own, has accepted the idea of immortality for itself, and has, more than all other agencies combined, spread the glad hope of immortality over the earth; but with the animal it has had little to do directly.

Of late, however, men are everywhere asking the old question of immortality over again. There have been many tribes of men who denied immortality to their women, while cherishing it for themselves and their horses. Only as the race grew in civilization were the rights of women recognized, until, I am told, men are now inclined to base their future hopes upon their wives and mothers, rather than upon their own virtues; and it was inevitable that, as civilized men enlarged their charity and their experience, they should consider the rights of the animal and even give a thought to his future. Hardly a man who has ever owned a noble dog but has had at times some dim hope or desire that he might find the same unquestioning love and loyalty to meet him and believe in him in the other world. It is not a question of mere selfish enjoyment for the man; the hope has something more generous and noble in it; and so the rabbit ventures to regard it for a moment without prejudice.

First of all, the rabbit has no use for dogs, and unless they change their natures radically he would be himself content with a heaven or a brier-patch in which they did not exist to trouble him. This will suggest at once that the question is not a personal one at all; it does not depend upon one's like or dislike for certain animals, or upon a woman's overweening affection for a poodle. There have been primitive peoples who believed that their dead lived as long as they were remembered; therefore they built monuments, and perpetuated the name of a man, or the name of a favorite animal, by giving the same name to all his descendants. Such a conception does more justice to your affection than to your reason. Immortality, if indeed there be such a splendid thing, must rest upon better foundations than that; it must be inherent in the nature of mind itself, independent of all personal judgment or remembrance.

Now the rabbit has pointed out, in a

previous meditation, that there is no such thing as an animal psychology any more than an animal gravitation. Any law which you find in your own mind must apply to any mind in the universe, wherever you find it. Since, according to your greatest naturalists and according to your own experience, the animals have rudimentary minds, the only rational or possible way to consider the question of animal immortality is to look in your own minds to see what there is in them to warrant the hope, and then lay precisely the same judgment upon the rudimentary mind of the animal.

There is, for instance, the moral argument. You find in yourselves the sense of right and wrong, of good and evil, and upon your daily practice according to your knowledge many of your theologians have based the idea of a "conditional" immortality. Now most of the animals have a sense of right and wrong, and generally live well up to their knowledge. Whether or not the animal has an abstract conception of ultimate and absolute good is another question, which has nothing whatever to do with the point at issue, since none of you would be willing to stake your child's future bliss upon his possession of any abstract conceptions. Sometimes, in the abnormal life to which you have subjected some of the animals, this sense of right and wrong is, perhaps, a matter of training; but even so, your animals generally do willingly what they have been trained to do, and often do it of themselves without compulsion—which is more than can be said, for instance, of certain of your young men who go to college and there break away from the rational habits into which you have trained them diligently. With the wild animals this rudimentary sense of right and wrong seems to be in-born, as it is in yourselves. All gregarious animals and birds have well-defined social regulations, and though their knowledge be small, it must be said honestly of them that they live up to the knowledge better, and have a far smaller proportion of wrong-doing, than a community of men.

Watch even your pet dogs. They act guiltily when they have done a thing that you have taught them is wrong. Or better still—since it exists in most

animals, and is entirely independent of your influence—watch a big dog when he finds a little dog with a bone. He is hungry; he wants the bone; he is stronger than the owner; and he does not know that you or any one else is watching him. Yet rarely, very rarely indeed, will he use his superior strength to take the bone that belongs to another.

Now if there be any ultimate judge, and any final and far-reaching judgment of good and evil, what will an honest God say of an animal that does right so far as he knows?

Again, there is the argument of personality. Though your whole body changes from year to year, there is in you a persistent ego that grows in wisdom, that survives all the body's changes, and remains itself continually. Such a personal force is probably as indestructible as any other force, which may change its form but which can never be swept away; and so, since it persists through ten or seventy years of change, through all the years and the centuries the personal self must exist independent of all changes. Now the body of your favorite old dog has changed and entirely passed away at least a dozen times since you owned him; yet he still answers to the same name and undoubtedly thinks of himself as the same dog, without ever once getting his consciousness mixed up with that of the pup or the cat or the parrot. The rabbit does not here venture into the question of how far an animal may be conscious of his ego. The whole point is this, that whatever argument you apply to yourself applies, in some small measure, to your animals also.

Then there is the argument of reappearances, of disembodied spirits which return to earth and make their presence known to the physically living. An enormous number have been or are being investigated by your scientific societies, and casting out all the cases of fraud and mistake and imagination, a large residue remains which cannot be accounted for by any known laws or experiences. To some of you—and there are few finely organized men or women who do not cherish some personal experience of this kind—this is a very real argument for immortality. The rabbit does not examine it here to see just how much it proves or

leaves unproved; he simply points out the fact that, according to your records, the dog is often the first to recognize the presence of the unseen; and that, among the residue of these spirit appearances, there are some of birds and animals that were known to be dead. And the rabbit wonders by what fine lines of distinction your logicians will cast these out, while keeping the others that rest upon the same evidence.

Then there is the greatest argument of all, the argument of incompleteness itself—of children dying, of lives disappointed, of hopes unrealized, of wisdom that glimpses a truth only to lose it. Everywhere you turn you see a glorious promise suddenly broken off, without any earthly explanation; and your sorrow is increased by the fact that to finish the course splendidly, as it was begun, you do not need any other mind than the one you have—for the mind, just as it is in you, could live a million years as easily as so many moments—but only a new material instrument called the body to work and play upon. And to think that man can see all this possible truth and beauty and happiness, and stretch out his hands towards it, and then be thrust back brutally into nothingness, is too monstrous a conception to hold for one instant in the face of a rational universe.

Now the animal's life is also incomplete—more so than your own, when you come to think of it. The animal also knows life and the joy of it; he begins to see dimly some reason in it, perhaps, and takes care of himself and his little ones better and better, and gets more out of life. And then, when life is best, age steals upon him, and he sees youth and gladness passing away, and his poor wisdom avails him nothing to stay the things that he loves. So far as a prayer can be without words, the animal's whole life and effort is a prayer for more life, and for the good of life as he knows it. To quote a single instance out of a thousand, the rabbit knows a hawk—one of the kind that mates for life—that mourned all summer and died of a broken heart, because his mate was killed by a thoughtless boy. And such incompleteness, even in lowly forms, may be remembered if there be any great Love or Wisdom

overlooking the universe, as your teachers declare.

There are many other arguments and indications of your own immortality; but the rabbit leaves them all with only the suggestion that, when you consider them, you apply them without prejudice to those whom St. Francis and the Indians alike call "our little brothers," and draw your own conclusions fearlessly. At times the whole question seems to be just this to both man and animal: Are you a brain, of albumen and phosphates, or are you something greater—a self which uses the brain, as it uses the hand, for its own purposes? If you are just brain, then you scatter to the elements and are lost; but if you are mind, then, so far as we can know or reason, no fire can burn or water drown or any death affect you in the least.

So far, then, as the animal seems to you to possess a rudimentary mind, you may reasonably claim for him some chance for immortality. Every animal, as well as every man, reproduces in himself from birth to death the whole history of his race; and the history of any race seems to be an upward striving through pain and loss to more and more perfect things. Where the process began, where mind emerged from matter, or first clothed itself in matter, the rabbit does not know; but he leaves the question cheerfully to One who was probably present with the morning stars, and whose action has been reasonable and constant ever since. It seems, however, that the process once begun and long continued can end only when "the desire of every living thing" for more life shall be accomplished.

Thus far the rabbit has tried to argue the question impersonally; but there is another reason which every animal knows in his heart, though he finds no words deep enough to tell his meaning. Death to the animal is but a sleep, and the only thought in his head when he lies down for the last time is that he will waken as usual when the right time comes. Now Nature deceives nobody, nor does she long tolerate any deception. It would be most irrational, even for a rabbit, to suppose that Nature has told him truth every hour of his long life, only to whisper a falsehood at the last moment.



# The Story of Margaret Noyes

BY ALBERT KINROSS

DAVENANT had confessed to it at last; and should the fair Margaret ever cast her eyes over these pages, she will know why her lover failed her, why the English are perfidious, and whether her American husband—provided she have one—is a worthy successor to the unexampled Davenant.

Now he had spoken; and we, who listened, had caught a savor of those days—they were the first and the last such he had known,—some whisper of their abiding fragrance, of the depth and pity of that passionate abnegation. They had been secret from the hour of their inception, secret through the appalling years that came after, and secretly would he have carried them away with him, had it not been for an unimagined hour—one of those rare moments of perfect confidence when a man dare look back into the past and fear no revelation, however sacred. Davenant had trusted us with this, the dearest of his few possessions.

Ah, those were marvellous days! Davenant's crutches were light as air during the epoch of that reckless correspondence. Every week he wrote to her; every mail she wrote to him—a word, a hurried page, a dear fat letter. When they came in the morning, Davenant sat up in bed and read in vacancy. The world had disappeared. Instead, there had arisen the land of Margaret Noyes. When they came in the evening, he took off his boots and put on slippers, like a Mohammedan entering a mosque. If there was a fire, he stirred it; if there was none, he snuggled into his overcoat; if it was summer, he drew down the blinds and lit his lamp. He reclined in lodging-house chairs and read the letters of Margaret Noyes. He found them with his shaving-water behind the door; sometimes his landlady would bring them in with a meal. On Mondays and on Thursdays

he looked out for them; the postman's knock could rouse him like a signal. His shaving-water grew cold as he read on, safe in his narrow bed again, and listening to the voice of Margaret Noyes. The gravy round his meat congealed; he propped the large white sheets against a beer-bottle and let his dinner spoil. Always he kissed the envelope, and then opened it carefully with a knife. Sometimes he kissed the places where she had touched it, arguing about them and arguing back till he was sure.

Who was Margaret Noyes? A girl with abundant red hair—Davenant said it was red,—a sensitive mouth, and freckles—Davenant said they were freckles. He had six photographs of her. She had an oval face, steadfast eyes, and a slender neck.

She had come to him from Oakland, California. He had written a story; a Canadian paper had reprinted it from the English magazine in which it first appeared; thence it had crossed into the United States and haunted Margaret Noyes. Margaret was an occasional contributor to a local paper. She spoke her mind upon this story and sent the paragraph to Davenant in England.

Her brief note and the paragraph were the real thing. He had been understood by Margaret Noyes in Oakland, California. He thanked her courteously and with a question. Why should she understand—him? It seemed strange that a girl, evidently young and sheltered, should follow the thoughts and diction of a creature like himself. He did not put this attitude into so many words, but, perhaps, he implied it, for she wrote again, telling him a little about herself. Here was a spark that led to a great and passionate conflagration. Soon they began to sing a duet. By degrees Davenant learned to know the thoughts of Margaret Noyes; little by little he told her as much as he dared tell about himself.

She had understood him, because she,

too, it appeared, was impotent and crippled; was quivering under a blow that had scarred her to the soul. Her mother, whom she loved, who had been her one dear friend, had died about the time of Davenant's story. The man in the story had been herself, she said; Davenant had written it to her. She called him her physician. He had brought smiles through her tears; he had enabled her to face an agony that she had deemed unendurable, with courage, with a melody in her heart, and steadfast eyes. Davenant learned this bit by bit and he was grateful; touched at the same time, brimming with solemn pity. Over a death-bed the heart flies out, a new life is created. Thus had begun a friendship, rich and strange, deep with the innermost; almost disembodied and incorporeal, so pure had been its medium.

Three months went by. Margaret was in Monterey, exploring a Californian Riviera; in Florida, in Mexico, in the Yosemite Valley. She travelled to a dozen places; and always came letters full of scents and sounds, the light, the color, the varying humanity whose home was fixed on that abundant soil. Davenant followed her on the map and wrote with exultation. A new note crept into his voice; there was a new and confident ring in all his undertakings. Now her first photograph stood next his hand.

This friendship had lasted for some eighteen months, when—and Heaven alone knows how it happened!—Davenant found her in his arms. On paper, be it said; for she was still many thousand miles away. A word of his, a mood of hers, had fired the train; perhaps the way had long been carefully prepared. One morning he woke up and they were lovers. Retreat—he thought about retreat; but the temptation! Only this once, he prayed; only this once! The magic potion was in his veins; the divine madness had seized on him. He closed his eyes, met her, answered her, yielded. Imprudent? Yes, he knew it was imprudent.

They had never beheld one another. He was a beggar; he was crippled and undone. Of his infirmities he had told her nothing—and now he could not speak. Least of all now! Yesterday, perhaps,—but now! . . . Her he knew quite well. He guessed

that she was well-to-do; her portraits showed her fair, shapely, and free. . . . He was like the man in "Les Noyades," he told himself, to whom love had come with an amazing and undreamt-of richness.

"Whatever a man of the sons of men  
Shall say to his heart of the lords above,  
They have shown man verily, once and  
again,  
Marvellous mercies and infinite love."

he whispered. . . . How could he refuse this gift? He! How could he refuse the love of Margaret Noyes! . . . And so, from then onward, he was her lover; and his letters were like the song of birds in early morning; like the compelling speeches of heroes, that hold a flushed and quivering world within their span.

His heart rode down the west wind, crying, "I love you"; she caught the words and tossed them back to him. His garret was a palace ribbed with ivory and gold; his chair, a dual throne. They watched the stars together from his window; they met at twilight in green, scented woods; afar they heard the murmur of the sea; the moon was on the waves when they stole out. The beauty of the earth possessed them, and they knelt before it.

A wooded country falling to the sea had come to him, he knew not whence. Out of her letters perchance and the crushed leaves and flowers that stained those closely written sheets—flowers that seemed half alive, leaves that built for him a forest and the changing year. Red autumn, burning summer, golden spring, lay in her letters; sweeping the fog and rain of London, the massed impurity that hemmed him in—sweeping them all away. Like a submerged swimmer he rose into the light; into a very ecstasy of light. The world could do its worst with him: beside his heart beat the soft heart of Margaret Noyes.

The end came all too swiftly: "My cousin, the Mary Jameson who was here last winter, has taken a house in London for the season; and, of course, she has invited me to come and stay with her, and, of course, I have accepted. The house is in Weymouth Street, Portland Place, and I shall arrive there early in May. If I arrive in the evening, you must come to breakfast next morning;

if I arrive in the morning, you must come to luncheon. Dearest, I am terribly afraid . . ." Davenant read no further; the letter was from Margaret Noyes.

If she was "afraid," he was panic-stricken. He had known that some day or another she must appear and find him as he was—indigent, disabled, a threadbare dwarf who dragged a crippled body on two sticks; yet he had always put that moment from him. He dare not face it. He had clung passionately to a sweet falsehood; he loved her, that was his sole excuse. All he asked was to go on loving her, the ocean and a continent between them, as before. Well he had known the human impossibility of that fond wish; but he had shut his eyes to the folly of it, closed his ears to reason's warnings, lived entirely in a blind and stolen Present, baffled his conscience with the onrush of an overwhelming joy. And now his time had come; the term of his deception had reached its end.

Margaret's next message was sent from Liverpool, and she awaited his answer at her London address. Davenant broke, wavered, broke utterly. The thing was done and posted. He had been called away to Suffolk—a sudden duty had bidden him indefinitely to Suffolk: a vague place, the first that reached his pen.

After that there were no more letters. He had dealt a death-blow at a pride that matched his own.

Margaret arrived in Weymouth Street. Davenant stood on the curb and watched her. Davenant was there betimes next morning. Every day he made the journey. She passed him and she never knew that it was he. Once her dress brushed by him as she passed. He opened a hand and touched it. The cripple who made that street his beat must have grown familiar to her: a small, threadbare cripple with wasted cheeks and brightly burning eyes.

At all hours he was there, following her and wondering what she did behind the doors she closed on him. He knew her room on the second floor; often he had seen her face at the window; often he watched the light go out up there. Sometimes he saw her moving in the drawing-

room below—receiving guests; wasting an idle moment before the dinner-gong resounded. She drove; she had a horse; there were mornings when she went out with a Baedeker. Sometimes he heard her voice as she went by; a word, a phrase would come to him, occasionally a whole sentence. She had said this and this, he told himself; she was lunching here or shopping there. He tried to reconstruct her whole environment; he watched young men go in, or leave, and he was madly jealous. That whole summer he spent with her; mothlike, abject, eating his heart out in the shadow of her; learning to know the whole external onflow of her active life. What she thought inside, what was happening in her, the white flame of her life that burned beyond the transitory and accidental wrappings that were open to him, he could not reach. In July she disappeared—leaving him in Suffolk: the bitter and haunted refuge that his panic had mapped out for him; the Suffolk of Margaret Noyes.

Time softens pain and makes the direst memory a sweet and blessed friend. The years covered this episode and healed the gaping wounds of it; so that at last he looked back knowing that he possessed the whole body and vision of his desire. All he had longed for was his own. The dream was in his heart, and contact nor misconception mattered much. Her letters still were his; the words she had written would reverberate and sustain him through a century of silence. "Why not the same with her?" he asked himself. "Would not time give him back to her as it had given her back to him; eternally, beyond the reach of corruption, of satiety?" . . . The rose would always linger on her cheek, the violet in her breath, the pity and the music in her voice. She would go down erect, unageing, through the years. Her hair would be always red, the dear freckles always on her face, her lips would tremble, full-fleshed, ripe, and scarlet to eternity; the light would never leave those steadfast eyes. . . . He might not meet her, fold her in his arms, and make a home with her; but he had loved her with an enduring and valiant fidelity.

# Shakespeare's "King Henry VI"

CRITICAL COMMENT BY ERNEST RHYS

PICTURES BY EDWIN A. ABBEY, R.A.

## PART II

ALTHOUGH the sharp cross-fires of Talbot and Joan of Arc are extinct and dramatically forgotten before the first part of *Henry VI.* ends, there is no want of warring elements to take their place. There must be as much fighting and dying in the second and third parts of this stage-chronicle as there is of eating and drinking in the "Pickwick Papers." The very figures of speech, the allusions from heraldry, the fierce words, the characteristic sanguinary colors, all are patently devised to eke out the idea of the old title of "the Contention" which was theirs. The Rampant Bear and the baiting curs, the hungry kite hovering over the chicken guarded by an equally avid eagle, the crocodile mournful to be cruel, the butcher red-handed over the calf, Cade's ostrich that eats iron, Margery Jourdain's fatal fiend, Beaufort's ominous keen red eyes of malice, Suffolk's "bloody pole" and Illyrian pirate, and the sea-captain's image of unnatural cannibal Sylla to whom he likens Suffolk: what an apparatus of deadly metaphor and murderous imagination it is!

But what of the one continuing and unresisting chief character, who stands like an uneasy umpire at an angry football match, and sees so many go down and has so many appeals made to his timorous authority, before his own fall closes the play; what of the nervous, disastrous king? Queen Margaret has much to say of his piety, his foolish pity too:

But all his mind is bent to holiness,  
To number Ave-Maries on his beads;  
His champions are—the prophets and  
apostles;

His weapons, holy saws of sacred writ.

The contrast with her own ardent uncompromising temper is always present in the minds of the authors, several and

collective, as one perceives at every stage-crisis. Indeed, she is almost the masculine to his feminine. But apart from this, one cannot help remarking it to be strange that the mysterious ailment, congenital in Henry VI.'s blood, is not turned to more dramatic account. We know how effective a supposed malady, some smouldering fatal ailment, can be made, for we have seen it in greater plays than these. But it was enough, it seems, for those writers who first took their cue from Holinshed, that Henry should be the pious, the hesitating and delicately minded prince, who, intended for a quietist by nature, was buffeted by circumstance and dragged over endless battle-fields at the will of his disastrous queen. Before she appears, in the first part, Henry is young without the spirit of youth; while in the second part he is seen at his weakest, governed by her will, if not without an inert wisdom of his own. His nervous inability as he moves among these decided fighting lords, or stands still while his queen moves, is made there only too intelligible. In the third part, he has become the fugitive king; and then the playgoers' sympathies fly after him, even as they did after Edward II., whose dramatic setting is so curiously like to his. But Henry VI. acquiesces in the fate administered by Heaven: Edward II. is only a ruined Sybarite. The pathos of Edward II.'s fall, as Marlowe designs it, is in his sense of what king's pleasures had been his, and are his no longer. He is sorry for himself, and he thinks of himself and not of his country:

O hadst thou ever been a king, thy heart  
Pierced deeply with a sense of my distress  
Could not but take compassion of my state.  
Stately and proud, in riches and in train  
Whilom I was, powerful, and full of pomp.

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PART II.—ACT III.: SCENE II.  
KING. "*Ungentle Queen, to call him gentle Suffolk.*"





Edward II. says, "Let me be king till night!" and Henry VI., "Let me, for this my lifetime, reign as king." The dramatic treatment is at points so similar in the two conclusions, however, that we must think the same hand drew them in their different predicament.

One cannot rehearse half the state-tableaux and battle-fields in the second and the third parts of *Henry VI.* In the second we see war drawing very close to the doors of the English people. The Duke of Gloster's house succeeds to the King's palace, and the Duchess outbraves the Queen, and sorcery is afoot; and St. Albans gives us a scene with a fillip for the miracle-mongers, which is rather like the work of Greene. We have a burlesque premonition of the great wars to follow in the drunkards' duel between Horner and Peter. There the action quickens, and the humiliation-scene of the Duchess leads on swiftly to the murder of the "good Duke Humphrey"—who was a popular favorite, though even the stage shows him a coward in his wife's hour of need. Then Marlowe speaks, and speaks at his rarest in the death-scene of the wicked Cardinal, where the second part has one of its great moments. Holinshed's "Capteine of Kent," Jack Cade, otherwise John Mend-All, brings another poor man's bone to the contention; and so ends Act IV. In Act V. we have England fairly sundered at last, York and Lancaster outfacing each other, and the piteous death of Clifford, and an unmistakable, repeated, desperate glimpse of that Richard Plantagenet who was to live and wax in strength thro' two plays more. His triumph was Henry's "day of doom,"—fit words to end a tragedy where doom impends like a dark cloud over all the royal ambitions and fatal family revenges and intrigues of its actors, shadowing an elemental creature like Richard of Gloster just as surely as a Clarence, or a little Prince Edward, or a King Edward V.

But we are forgetting Henry VI., that "ghoostlie" man, and his queen. Again it is Holinshed who gives us the colors of the play: tells of the gentleness and "overmuch mildness of the King," and then turns to contrast him with Margaret. For she, "contrariwise, is a ladie of great wit, and no lesse courage; desirous of honour, and furnished with the

gifts of reason, policie and wisdome. But yet," says the Chronicler, "sometime (according to her kind) when she had been fullie bent on a matter," she was "suddenlie like a weather-cocke,—mutable and turning." We hear too, from the same page, an ominous whisper of how when Prince Edward was born "his mother sustained not a little slander and obloquie of the common people."

This whisper is clearly hinted in certain scenes of the second part of the trilogy; and indeed the treatment on the stage of the French princess who became an English queen is not all strictly of a piece, just as the treatment of the French Maid who led her country against the English was not all strictly accorded. In both cases this discrepancy arose from the same thing, the multiple authorship of the triple drama. But in the third part the character of Margaret is rather more consistent; and there her zeal for her son redeems her rage, and her unworthy, unqueenly mockery of York (which quite explains his "She Wolf of France!") is saved by her heroic maternal emotion, her soul's divorce from Henry, and her undaunted front before the terrible Richard Plantagenet. She is introduced in her full symbolic colors at the end of the third part, after Henry—"base, fearful, and despairing Henry"—has virtually given away the birthright of his son and hers. And well her entrance accords with that opening, which unrolls itself with a kind of fierce gayety to a sound of drums and the breaking in of the York faction with white roses in their hats, followed by the Lancaster men, headed by the King, with red roses in theirs.

Here was the proverbial three-sons episode of folk-lore; and the youngest, Richard, is the hero, as in folk-tales usually happens—a darling scene for the general. Battle succeeds battle then, the roses are continually dipped in blood, and we have the "Whole Contention" reduced to the simplest terms, with history written at the sword's point, and the Houses of York and Lancaster visibly overtopping one another on the stage. We follow their armies to Sandal Castle and the Yorkshire fields of war; and there young Clarence tastes the revenge he had foreseen, slaying young Richard; and there



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PART II.—ACT IV.: SCENE VI.

JACK CADE. *He strikes his staff on London-stone.*

dies York, fulfilling the Queen's revenge,—

So York may overlook the town of York!

But his death only serves to quicken the Plantagenet tune of Mortimer's Cross; and "this brave town of York," Towton and Saxton continue the martial strain until it dies away in King Henry's meditation on the shepherd's life, whose days and years

Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.

The homely curds and the "cold thin drink" of the shepherd do not make the

least delightful or the least classical touches in this dire Yorkshire pastoral. No doubt Marlowe wrote it, and a greater than he rewrote it.

The next act paints King Henry in retreat very much as Marlowe painted Edward II. England is everything now, and France under new aspects and King Lewis and Lady Bona hardly justify themselves dramatically while we spoil for the final bloody triumph of the House of York. The total emergence of Richard of Gloster reminds us next that without him and his elemental energy, converting all the forces, cross-purposes, and con-

fusions of petty revenge into one crowning idea, the latter half of part three, poor as it often is, would be poor indeed.

If we try now to recall our impressions of the whole trilogy, we shall find that if one voice besides Shakespeare's is dominant, it is Marlowe's. There are lines, passages, effects, and phrases in all three parts, which he and only he could have written. It may be an echo of a stage Damascus in the siege of Orleans, or a lurking reminder of a Soldan or an Eastern prince in the mouth of a Dauphin, calling up without any specific rally of resemblances an illusion or a sentence, or some persistent, dimly reminiscent line, which must be his:—

O Mahomet! O Sleepy Mahomet!

But from Marlowe in his careless vein it is not easy to detach Greene and Peele. Younger than they, he was that late-comer who can give the wasted night its new lease of time, enlarge its fellowship, and turn an orgy into a feast. Greene had more lyric ease, more humor too; but in the theatre he was lazy. When he felt his blank verse growing monotonous, he simply relaxed its beat, or evaded its laws by slipping a line at random. And Peele again had no end of faculty, but as a dramatist he could never get outside his own door, as the saying used to be. Marlowe had an epic imagination, and with it he had fully twice the dramatic genius of the other two. He was built for heroic song, a blow ended each line, he wrought blank verse in bars of gold or iron; but weld them malleably as his great successor welded them, he could not; and he did not live to learn, as he must have done, that mastery.

Turn now, however, and summon up those who were lesser than he, and who undoubtedly helped to write these *Henry VI.* plays. Set Peele and Greene beside him. Which is responsible for the "statelike pyramids than Rhodope's," or the coffer of Darius? This is not the London gossip's voice, nor is it Shakespeare's.

Turn again to what you may call the "Old England" note, and the martial tune heard here, and heard still louder in *Henry V.* It was not Shakespeare who first set it going. Of what does it remind you? Of Greene's Friar Bacon, who will so strengthen England by his skill,—

That if ten Cæsars lived and reign'd in Rome

With all the legions Europe doth contain  
They should not touch a grass of English ground:

The work that Ninus rear'd at Babylon,  
The brazen walls fram'd by Semiramis,  
Carv'd out like to the portal of the sun,  
Shall not be such as rings the English strand

From Dover to the market-place of Rye.

Or of Peele's *Edward the First*:

Display thy cross, old Amies of the Vie's  
Dub on your drums, tanned with India's sun

My lusty western lads! Matrevers, thou  
Sound proudly here a perfect point of war  
In honour of thy sovereign's safe return  
Thus Longshanks bids his soldiers *Bien Venu*

[use drums, trumpets, and ensigns.

O God, my God! the brightness of my day. . . .

Or of Marlowe's *Edward the Second*:

But if proud Mortimer do wear this crown  
Heaven turn it to a blaze of quenchless fire!  
Or like the snaky wreath of Tisiphon,  
Engirt the temples of his hateful head;  
So shall not England's vine be perished,  
But Edward's name survive, though Edward dies.

The poetic life of any one of these passages is far greater than that of the average level of *Henry VI.* The individuality of their writers is distinct, their power unmistakable. And recognizing it, we easily understand how the scientific critic may be tempted to dissect the patchwork of the original plays, and assign a piece to this one, and a particular tag or thread or bit of color to another. But when all is marked off that can be distributed in this way, there remains in the continual texture a something of Marlowe and a something more of Shakespeare, that is not to be denied. A shred here, a sudden inflation of the lines there, though not remarkable otherwise for any extraordinary grace or force, make up with a hundred other minor details a total effect which is different to that made in any distinct play of Marlowe's, and certainly very different to anything by Greene and Peele. It is, however, like enough to the general Shakespearian effect to pass current in the popular acceptance, freely colored as it is by reflec-





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PART III.—ACT II.: SCENE V.

LANCASTRIAN SOLDIER. *"Who's this?—O God! it is my father's face,  
Whom in this conflict I un'wares have kill'd."*





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PART III.—ACT III.: SCENE III.

KING LEWIS. *"Now, Warwick, tell me, even upon thy conscience,  
Is Edward your true king?"*



tions from neighbors like *Henry V.* and *Richard III.*

And if we must attempt to recast the dramatic with the actual characters of history presented in the three parts, we shall find the portrait of Henry VI. not far out, save in the want of any direct indication of his fatefully recurring mental disorder; although he shows a decidedly idealized demeanor in the scene of his death. Margaret of Anjou is not punished for her French sympathies as we might, remembering the ghastly treatment of Joan of Arc in the first part, have supposed she would be. But the "good Duke Humphrey" is flattered out of all desert in the play: for if ever there was a designing foster-king to a troubled land, it was he. Upon the other Duke of Gloster, Richard Plantagenet, Richard III., there is no need to dwell further than to say that referred to his Marlowesque surroundings in the "Contention" he looms up more like a portrait by Marlowe than ever. His real enunciation of his future rôle at the murder of Henry is cast in a passage that has still one or two Marlowe-like iterations lingering in an unmistakably Shakespearian context. To compare this passage as it stands with its original version in the "Contention" is to see that Shakespeare's art, like that of other great artists, is to be seen almost as much by what he left out as by what he left in.

But no play, or series of plays, could give all that history must tell of that period. It was then that England exhibited at one juncture "the extraordinary spectacle of a country with two kings, both in prison." That was after Edgecote, in 1469. How fatal the period was we realize by the secret murders just as much as by the open battle-fields. Kings lived hard and recklessly on the whole, and died young. We have Edward IV., a man of "magnificent physique," as great a general in the field as his namesake the first Edward, dying at forty, with a ruined constitution. We have Edward V. reigning only a couple of months before he was murdered. But most telling of all, to declare the fatality of the time, are the words actually recorded as spoken by Clarence when he stabbed young Rutland, after the battle of Wakefield:

"By God's blode, thy father slew myne, and so will I do the!"

Although three plays went to this king's reign, it was necessary, if ever it was in the drama, for the dramatist to practise what Shakespeare calls elsewhere,—*jumping o'er times*. In the first part, the times are so jumped o'er that a whole generation of actual history is reduced to a sennight: in the second, ten years are disposed of dramatically in a fortnight; and in the third, twenty years, if we take Queen Margaret's final return to France as the historic end, pass in as many days. In all, Henry VI. reigned nearly forty years: and the stage in the three parts takes direct cognizance of only six weeks, although it continues the tale to his death.

Historically or dramatically, the second part is, although it lacks many of the picturesque elements of the first part, the most impressive of the three; and there we see Marlowe's hand most plainly. If the first part makes the effect of a play rough-written by Greene and Peele, and revised by Marlowe and Shakespeare, the second part is like one designed by Marlowe and corrected by Shakespeare; then cut down and altered in a hurry by some inferior hand—at the time perhaps when the plague was raging—for a provincial tour. The text thus maltreated was never fully restored. The third part again, if designed by Marlowe, was altered and in a few passages enriched by Shakespeare; and then perhaps cut down, and left in much the same state. All three parts were much pulled about, altered for the better, altered again for the worse, and finally left to the mercy of strange editors when they reached the printer's office.

But whatever may be concluded of the share of others in the three parts, there is every temptation to believe that Marlowe was one of the two artificers in chief. A question of how much was done by his fellow prodigals, Peele and Greene, leaves us in a position to hope he did not write the worst Joan of Arc passages, which indeed are not unlike Greene at his worst. But between Marlowe and Shakespeare certainly lies the credit of all that is large in style and mould in the three parts.

# The Career of the Middle-aged Child

BY MARIE MANNING

IN a household where dead languages took root and flourished pleasantly as family colloquialisms, what was to be expected but a startling precocity on the part of the children? To begin with, there had been nothing frivolous in the family history; the Rev. Stephen Maltby was comfortably past fifty, when he stumbled quite unexpectedly upon a new translation of Sophocles, by one J. H. Brown, who carried into the intellectual arena a considerable body-guard of alphabetical letters. What hint of chiffons, forsooth, could there have been in J. H. Brown and his Ph.D. and LL.D.?

It was without suspicion of lurking romance, therefore, that the Reverend Stephen put pen to paper to congratulate the worthy Brown upon his valuable contribution to the classics. The courtship that followed was of a pale scholastic character, and the subsequent wedding was without frippery or sugared bride-cake. They took a box of Greek books with them on their honeymoon, and when they did not read their favorite authors, the Reverend Stephen played dismally on his flute.

No one who really knew the Maltbys was surprised at the anxious responsibility of their parental attitude, some years later. In order that the æsthetic environment of Alope, their oldest daughter, might cost them later no vain regrets, they decorated the wall of her nursery with a reproduction of the Parthenon frieze. In lower altitude—or, to be explicit, within two feet of the nursery floor, that they might arrest her vagrant attention should she be tempted to hunt for pins or other titbits greatly esteemed by infants—hung Raphael's Madonna del Granduca, in company with Andrea del Sarto's Saint John and other works of a similarly elevating character.

It was a cruel surprise to Alope's parents that she did not respond to the unusual artistic advantages that sur-

rounded her. She never exhibited the slightest interest in the Parthenon frieze, and, beyond an as yet unclassified predilection for putting her finger in her mouth and drawing it across the frame of the Madonna or hammering the Saint John with her feeding-mug, the Maltbys' daughter showed a profound indifference to Florentine art. Neither parent despaired utterly, however, as they nightly posted the ledgers they so conscientiously kept of the intellectual progress of Alope and her sister Allegra—younger by a year.

It was almost mortifying for Mrs. Stephen Maltby to have to record in the infant day-ledger the following: "We noticed to-day with some perturbation that Alope displayed great interest—perhaps the keenest she has yet experienced—in a pair of pink boots sent by her grandmother. We fear that the indifference she has hitherto manifested toward the pictures on her nursery wall may be due to the fact that they are brown photographs. Mr. Maltby has at once written to Munich for reproductions of Raphael's Granduca and del Sarto's Saint John in color."

Despite the pictures in color which duly arrived, Alope continued to exhibit evidences of human weakness almost daily. She revelled in her hair-ribbons, ruffled pinafores, and a dress of flowered dimity. And though the grandmother was firmly but kindly discouraged from sending further pink boots, Alope in some covert manner found means to gratify her appetite for the vanities of the world. She had been a remarkably pretty baby, but as she grew into the second tooth stage, her infant countenance began to plagiarize her father's scholarly outline to an almost ludicrous extent; her forehead blossomed forth into two intellectual knobs that kept guard over a pair of blue eyes, already a trifle short-sighted. The nose lost its baby



Half-tone plate engraved by J. H. Grimley

THE INTELLECTUAL CONQUEST OF ALOPE MALTY

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curve and took unto itself a little bridge, not without intimations of latent character: And yet, in spite of these outward evidences of inward superiority, Alope continued a worldling,—she would stop in the middle of a Latin declension to straighten a hair-ribbon, and she had been known to pause in reciting Milton's sonnet on his blindness to get a better view of herself in the mirror.

There is no telling where these vain-glorious tendencies might have ended had not Alope been brought to a swift and painful realization of her shortcomings, as a beauty, by her younger sister Allegra. Allegra had been a crueler disappointment to her parents intellectually than Alope. She was a brown gipsy of a child who turned everything into a doll, and who—whisper the affliction of the Maltby family softly—still lisped baby-talk at the advanced age of six. "Allegra's methods of speech have improved," wrote Mrs. Stephen Maltby in her neat infant ledger, "but the consonant 's' she insists on pronouncing 'th'." It produces a distressing lisp which competent medical authority assures me she will outgrow in a year or two." The episode already referred to, that snatched little Alope from the quicksand of vanities into which she was slowly sinking, occurred in the nursery sitting-room, furnished forth, as of old, with the Parthenon frieze and lately enriched by a cast of the Winged Victory, and Richard Wagner in a tam-o'-shanter. On the day that Alope "found herself," intellectually speaking, she and her sister Allegra were in the sitting-room engaged in the several tasks of learning Latin verbs when their governess was in attendance, and making a dollie of Richard Wagner with a piece of Japanese embroidery tied over his head when she was not. Alope had climbed on a chair to arrange Richard's head drapery to her better liking, and as she stood on tiptoe she caught a glimpse of her face in the glass above the mantel-piece. For a moment she regarded it with keenest pleasure, then with a trace of uncertainty—and quite suddenly she stopped arranging Wagner's fascinator, and wheeling round to her sister, said, "Allegra, am I perfectly beautiful?"

Evidently Allegra required no second glance to come to a verdict. "No, oo's

awful homely, an' zat's w'y oo has wuffles on oo's apronths, 'cauth oo's ugly." At the same time Allegra held out her own pinafore, devoid of extraneous ornament, and slightly preened herself. There could be no doubt about Allegra's beauty; people stopped on the street to comment on it.

Alope snatched the Japanese embroidery from Richard Wagner's head and climbed down from the chair. "Then no one will love me if I am homely." And for the first time she looked at the Parthenon frieze; not that she was interested in it, but to avoid meeting the direct gaze of her sister.

"Yeth," announced the upright and impartial judge, "people will love oo, 'cauth oo's clever,—mamma thays tho."

"Then I really ought to learn my lessons." And Alope put aside the Japanese embroidery and took up the Latin grammar. This was the simple story of her adoption of the higher life; human motives were at the bottom of it—weakly human motives. The intellectual conquest of Alope Maltby was no triumph of pure reason, as her deluded parents in their foolish joy imagined.

Interest in hair-ribbons, flowered dimity, and ruffled pinafores became abeyant, while the young disciple accepted without a murmur the spectacles that the extra studies demanded as their due. At this juncture some one, presumably a lady parishioner with a sense of the facetious, began calling her the "middle-aged child,"—at first secretly in the bosom of her family, from which environ it presently began to percolate through the Reverend Stephen's parish. The designation was so happy that soon it began to stick to little Alope as relentlessly as her spectacles, and a middle-aged child she remained forever, even as a priest according to the order of Melchisedek.

Intellectually she waxed fat, skimming through her preparatory Latin with the force of a flyer, meeting Cæsar, his cohorts and phalanxes, in the open, conquering them and moving on to other triumphs. Polite learning, too, she coquetted with in her little moods, even going the length of running away from home to try her conversational powers on some French Canadians who were repairing a road about half a mile from the Reverend Stephen's country home.

She inquired of one of them, who had no difficulty whatever in grasping her meaning, if he had the hat of her grandmother, the apron of her sister, or the apple of her father-in-law. The workman seemed decidedly put out at having his honesty questioned, especially in regard to the disappearance of such a curious collection of objects, and the others were much amused that he should be cross-questioned about these things by a spectactled little girl. They laughed heartily and began to joke with him. The alleged absconder merely mumbled and went on digging, while Alope persisted in asking for articles as if she had but recently missed them.

"No, no," the foreman said in his Canadian French; "you are mistaken, Jacques is an honest man."

Alope, delighted that she had been understood, then explained that she had not really missed the hat of her grandmother, the apron of her sister, nor yet the apple of her father-in-law, but that she merely made these inquiries to see if her French was getting on. The workmen then gallantly agreed that they had the apocryphal belongings of the family, and in turn inquired if she had various imaginary articles belonging to them, and greatly heartened by the adventure, she left them with elaborate felicities from the grammar.

The entries in Mrs. Maltby's ledger became more and more encouraging: "Alope is fulfilling our most sanguine expectations. Her verses are remarkable for so young a child, though characterized by a distinct note of pessimism that we are at a loss to account for." This latter entry had been called forth by a sonnet of Alope's, beginning:

"O tell me not, lest hearing I despair,  
That all the joy that I shall ever know  
Is centred in this restless world below,  
Or that the weighty cross I daily bear,"  
etc., etc., etc.

After the sonnet and other verses of a similar character Alope's appetite began to fail. She took but a tepid interest in things intellectual and began to "run a temperature." The grandmother again interposed. They might object to her gift of pink boots as overstimulating to her granddaughter's sense of color, and to

this she would submit, but she stood firm on the point that the child was genuinely sick, and it was high time to call in the doctor. The doctor banished the classics, confiscated Alope's favorite sonnet-writing pencil, and insisted that the infant Minerva be sent to dancing-school immediately. Mrs. Stephen acquiesced; dancing undoubtedly combined many forms of admirable exercise, and there was always the precedent of the early Greeks. So to dancing-school went the middle-aged child, Mrs. Stephen also presenting an instructive toy in lieu of the lead-pencil, and at the same time counselling her first-born when she felt like writing poetry to dance about the nursery floor, "or to come and tell mother."

The children at dancing-school looked to Alope like beautiful dolls—not that she had had much experience with dolls in her brief and studious career. But never had she seen such fluffy, shimmery, pink-and-white little creatures as these. Perhaps the most beautiful of them all was Mabel Kelcey, who had curly gold hair, pink cheeks, and blue eyes,—Alope was almost going to say that opened and shut, when she remembered that Mabel was a real little girl like herself. When the dancing-teacher blew her silver whistle and told the boys to select partners, they all ran for Mabel, who would race across the room as if she was afraid of them, and then would allow herself to be caught by Archie Hastings, who Alope always hoped would ask her to dance with him.

The middle-aged child did not pretend to account for it, but there was something as attractive about this Archie Hastings as if he had been a new declension in a new language. He baffled one, he was so difficult of conquest, so seemingly aloof and inaccessible. She had been conscious of his compelling personality as far back as his curl-age, when he had to play with little girls or not play at all. For her part, Alope had always been delighted to play with him, though it must be confessed that Archie had proved singularly indifferent to her intellectual companionship.

Archie had been withheld from the companionship of other boys till he was ten, so that he might not risk losing what his mother termed "his angel ways." When his father had finally taken mat-



ters in hand and the quondam "angel" went to school instead of having lessons at home with his French governess, the years of exile from his species proved not without their effect on his career as a scholar and a gentleman. He had but a nodding acquaintance with arithmetic, he spelled English as if it were French, while Latin was a form of torture hitherto unknown. And he looked at those "advanced boys" who understood the mysteries of the gerund and the gerundive with the same consuming envy that they had formerly aroused in him as they trudged past to school in all the bravery of their manly attire, while he remained at home in velvet suit and ruffles, to say French poetry with *mam'selle*.

School he persisted in regarding as a species of daily party—a stupid party sometimes, if the truth must be told, but one that he must attend for some such weighty reason as, "nice people always went." Though his mother would have been the last to advance this theory, she had signified to his father in a series of tearful monologues that she washed her hands of further responsibility for her son's welfare, and that he might, or might not, turn out a criminal if he were sent to school. As Archie set forth after breakfast, not without a certain manly pride in his box-coat and pile of books, his mother would kiss him as frantically as if he had been embarking on a polar expedition. At school he was what teachers call "a little gentleman." He sat demurely at his desk with the ideal of the stupid party always in mind, never yawned nor fidgeted, and when it was time to go home he would gravely shake hands with his teacher and assure her that he had had a pleasant day.

Apparently Mabel Kelcey and the rest of the little girls objected no more to Archie's deficiencies in Latin in the present than they had cared about his long curls and lace ruffles in the past. When they were told to select partners at dancing-school, Archie was positively mortified by the number of feminine hands that sought his. There was no denying it—he might not know the first declension, he might be ignorant of the causes that led to the American Revolution, but Archie Hastings was always a squire of dames. It was impossible, un-

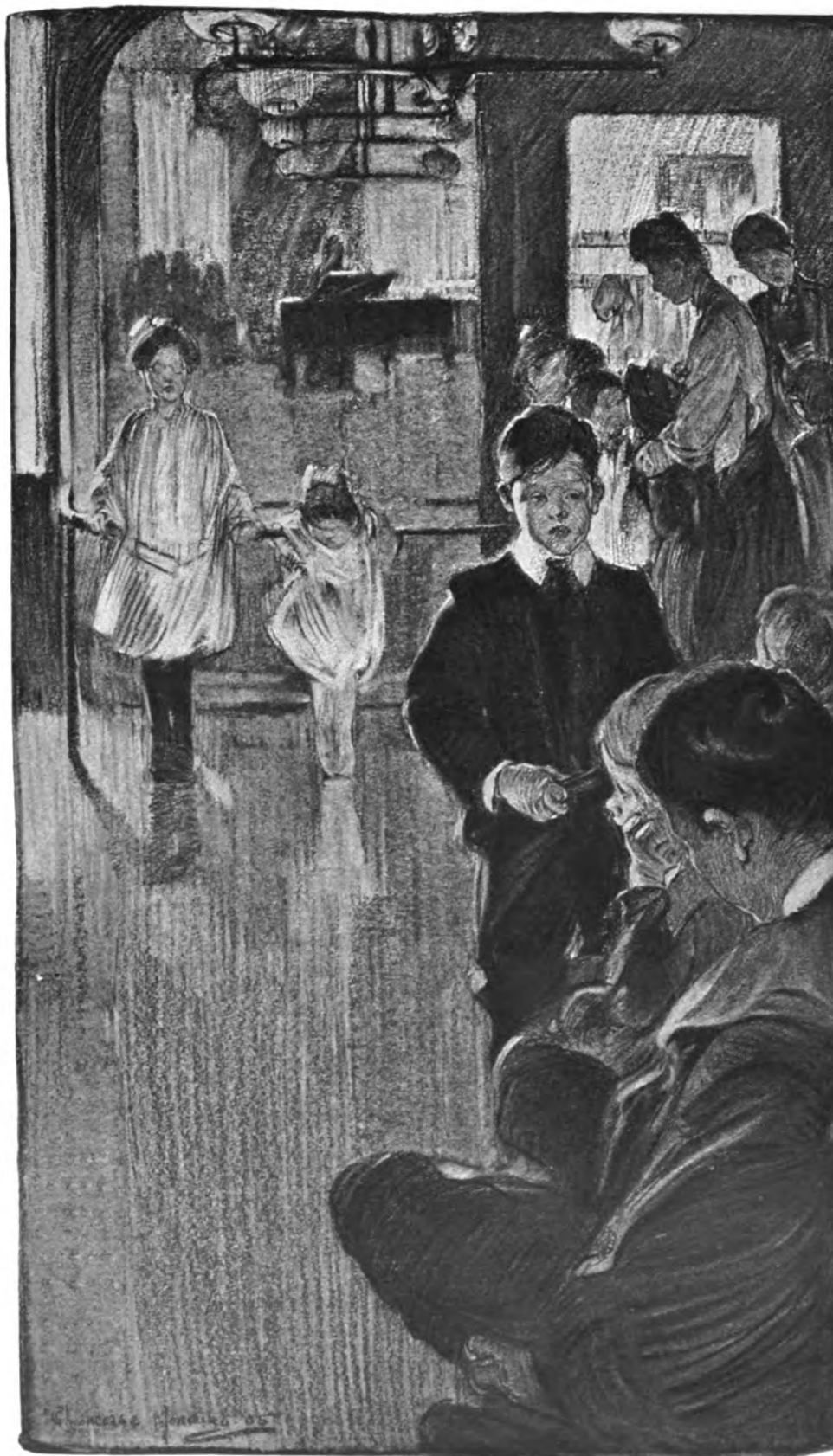
der the circumstances, that he should not acquire something of the air of a connoisseur in regard to these bewilderingly beautiful little creatures that danced with him so readily. Mabel was of course the favorite *par excellence*, but when she was not available there were others that did very well indeed. Not the intellectual Alope Maltby certainly—she looked so queer in her thick white dress with the row of big buttons down the back, and her flat-heeled shoes were intolerable. It was rumored about the dancing-school that her mother would not let her wear slippers for fear she would turn her ankle.

When Miss West, the dancing-school teacher, told the girls to select partners, Alope, at the first sound of the whistle, would settle her glasses on her nose, tug at her stockings, and make straight for Archie. Whether it was the flat-heeled shoes or the unconstrained effect of a skirt without ruffles, Archie never knew, but Alope always made remarkable records in these spirited dashes toward him, arriving at the scene of her hopes at least half a second before the befrilled and beribboned Christmas-tree fairies could accomplish half the distance. In consequence, Archie, to his extreme disgust, was invariably borne off by the intellectual Amazon in spectacles. Strange to say, she danced very well, flat heels and straight skirts notwithstanding, and Archie would undoubtedly have enjoyed dancing with a partner who had such a fine sense of rhythm had she only looked like the rest of them. She had dragged her languid cavalier through the intricacies of a schottische one Saturday afternoon and watched him depart to join a group of boys—"advanced" boys, who knew all about the gerund and the gerundive, and who were almost ready "to go into Cæsar." Archie doubted how he would be received by these intellectual aristocrats, and made his way toward them more or less tentatively.

"Do you know her?" inquired one of them, indicating Alope, now peering about the room through her spectacles.

"Why, yes, I know her," said Archie, thinking the subject of conversation hardly up to the mark of an advanced boy.

The young gentleman standing with



"DO YOU KNOW HER?" INQUIRED ONE OF THE BOYS

reluctant feet on the brink of Cæsar looked at the spectacled Minerva and sighed enviously.

"Say she's in Cicero"—he pronounced it with a *k*.

Archie was on the point of asking what "Kickero" was; to him it sounded pugilistic rather than intellectual. But he would have died rather than let an advanced boy know his ignorance.

"Ah, is she?" he tossed off, airily.

"Yes, she is, and Cicero is ten times worse than Cæsar."

"Children, attention!" called the teacher, and as she began to expound a new cotillon figure, the advanced boy drifted away, and Archie for the first time looked at the middle-aged child with a real interest. Cicero was ten times worse than Cæsar,—the boy who knew all about gerundives had admitted that; gerundives were miles ahead of *amo, amas, amat*,—what a wonderful little girl she must be! "Boys, take partners for the new figure," called out the teacher, and without a second thought Archie offered himself to the Minerva with the flat heels. Mabel was so amazed that she accepted two partners at once.

"Where's your fan?" demanded Archie. His mother had told him that it was the proper thing to fan his partner after dancing with her.

"I haven't one," Alope admitted, flatly.

"None of you ever have," Archie complained. "Mamma says to me when I get home, 'Did you fan your partner?' 'n' I say, 'No, 'cause she didn't have a fan,' 'n' mamma seems to think it's my fault."

Minerva not only displayed a lively interest in the frivolous subject of fans, but she forbore to mention their respective standings in the study of Latin;—though Archie waited for her to smite him from her altitude. It was so wholly extraordinary that she should refuse to take advantage of her intellectual eminence that he suddenly got a new impression of her. She always had been nice to him and never teased him, if she did wear flat-heeled shoes.

"You're in Cicero, aren't you?" her awe-struck cavalier inquired.

"Yes," she admitted, with something of the reluctance of a statesman surprised into talking politics with a lady.

"I'll tell you something, if you don't tell any one." He seemed almost humble as he stood toeing in on a line with the crack in the floor.

"I won't tell," and she settled her spectacles.

"I'm only in the first conjugation."

"I knew it already."

She knew it already, and yet she would take him for a partner! Really she was great. Why should he not tell her the worst; it would be a comfort to confide in some one. "Now," he began, "I'm afraid I can't even stay in the first conjugation."

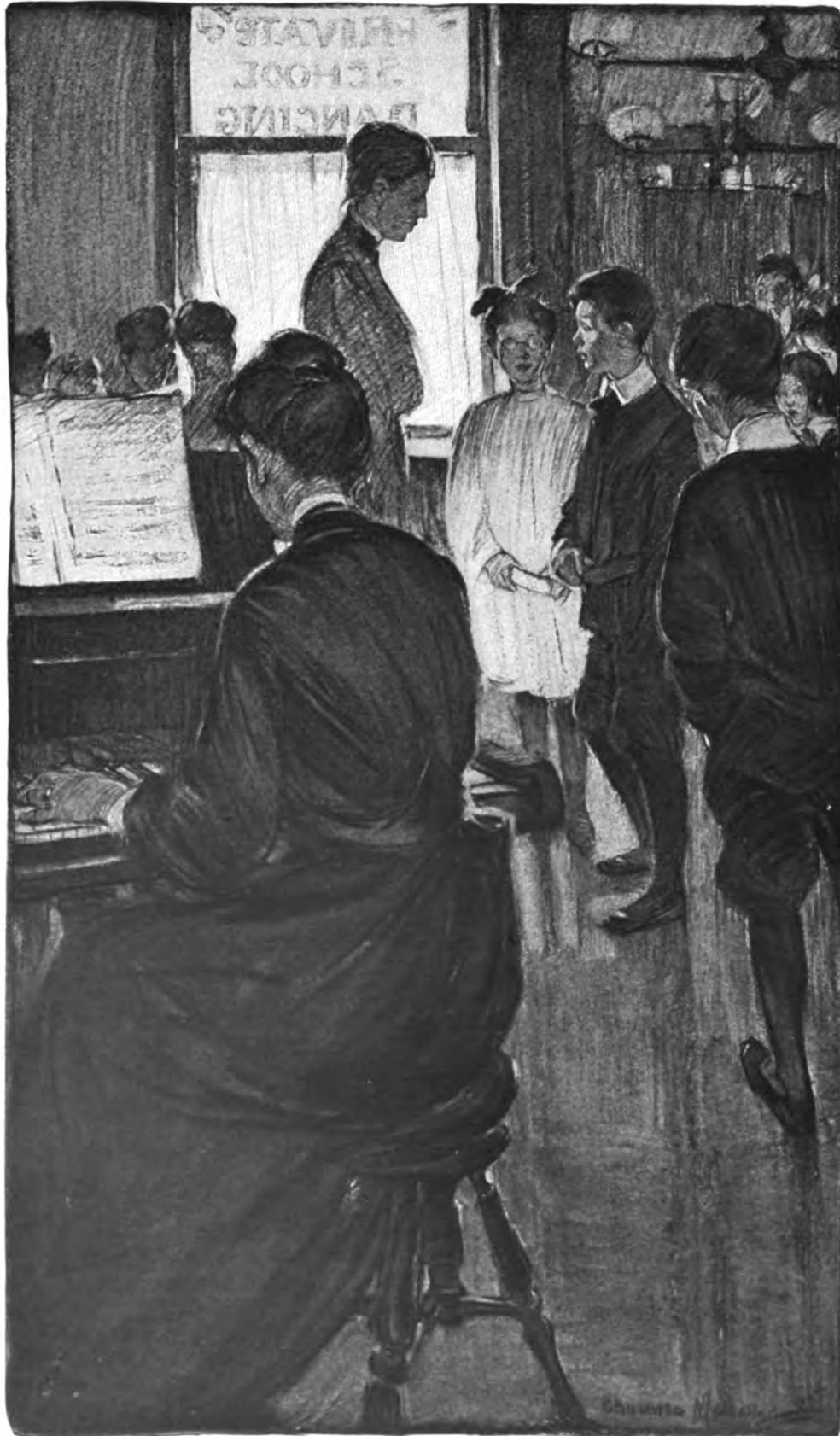
"If he took you out of the first conjugation, where'd he put you then?" Alope demanded, with the fierceness of a partisan.

"I dun'no'," said Archie, dismally. "Isn't there anything lower than the first conjugation?"

But again Alope refused to take advantage of her supreme eminence. "Let me help you with the first Latin," she said, as they fell in line for the march.

Mabel was sure it was a note. She had had notes herself, but never had a note seemed such an iniquitous thing as when she saw Alope Maltby hand one to Archie Hastings the next Saturday at dancing-school. She did it so horribly, too, Mabel thought. Archie had taken Alope for a partner, and when the dance was over she had handed it to him quite brazenly before every one. Archie had said, "Thank you," and crammed it into his pocket, blushing frantically. Miss West saw, too—who could help seeing when one gave a note in that silly way?—and dropped on the piano the armful of colored ribbons that she was about to distribute, then came quickly toward the compromised cavalier, who was still blushing as an aftermath. A listening stillness began to grow in the room; the fringe of fond mothers who came Saturday after Saturday to observe their darlings learn to dance became alert. Each lady glanced toward her neighbor to see if by any possible chance she should be the mother of either criminal. But a maid had performed the function of escort in the case of Alope, and Archie had come alone.

"Archie, you know I have strictly for-



"ALOPE, DIDN'T YOU GIVE ARCHIE A NOTE JUST NOW?"

bidden notes to be passed in this class. Give it to me immediately."

To Archie there was a distinction, from a criminal point of view, between notes and Latin exercises. They were both probably horribly wicked. The thing that was really puzzling him was—which one of the fair should he stand by, Miss West or Alope? His mother was always talking to him about chivalry and his duty to girls, and at the same time she preached the doctrine of obedience to elders—here was as pretty a divided duty as ever confronted a hero.

"Give me the note," repeated Miss West, with a bright spot on either cheek.

But Archie had decided Miss West was a grown-up and a teacher, therefore she was his natural enemy.

"I am very sorry," he said, throwing back his head, "but I haven't got a note."

Mabel shuddered. Never in the course of her blameless life had she heard any one tell such a whopping story. Some of the more sensitive of the little girls joined her; the "fellows" crowded round to see how he'd "get out of it." They, too, had seen the note.

"Alope, didn't you give Archie a note just now?"

Exact statement without circumlocution or irrelevant detail was the order of the day in the Rev. Stephen Maltby's household. So Alope answered, "No, Miss West," and then tugged at her stockings.

One of the mothers said that she could stand anything but untruthfulness in children.

"Alope, I am surprised at you," said Miss West. And Alope, with the large simplicity so often characteristic of the scholar, looked at the dancing-teacher through newly polished spectacles. She was not the least afraid of grown-ups. The "Rights of Children" had early been inculcated in her.

"Why should you be surprised at me, Miss West?" inquired the infant Portia,—"for not giving Archie a note? We had been dancing together. I could have told him anything I wanted to."

"What did you give him, then?" inquired Miss West, somewhat staggered by Portia's logic. But Alope had no intention of exposing the scholastic short-

comings of her hero before them all. With perfect composure she said,

"I'll tell you in private, Miss West."

Archie, delivered from the ban of silence by the really magnanimous conduct of Alope, smiled admiringly at her, and putting his hand in his pocket, drew out the incriminating document. In a boy's round, floundering handwriting, Miss West read such startling information as:

Via est longa;  
Luna est clara, etc.

There were corrections in a clerkly little hand, already beginning to show individual traits.

"It's my Latin," said Archie, with the proud humility of a gentleman bravely playing his last card. "Alope is kind enough to help me with it. You know she's in Cicero."

"What a little gentleman he is!" said somebody else's fond parent, who had a moment before thanked Heaven she was not responsible for him.

"Yes, isn't he?" said the second fond parent. "It was so sweet of him to shield the little girl till she spoke first."

Miss West smiled in rather an apologetic way, and, with a little flush of color, said, "Archie and Alope may lead the march; children, fall into line."

As Archie kept step with Minerva of the flat heels he held his head well out of his collar. Pretty girls were all well enough, but it was something to lead the closing march with a girl who was in Cicero.

"C'n I carry your slipper-bag home for you?" inquired the attentive cavalier, and then blushed furiously, remembering the intimate of Cicero was above the weakness of slippers.

"I don't have a slipper-bag," said Alope, regarding her square toes complacently, "but you can walk home with us if you like."

Mabel watched the quartet sally forth, Alope and Allegra, their nursery governess, and Archie conspicuously assisting Alope down-stairs.

"I should think he would be ashamed to have a girl help him with his lessons," the deposed queen of beauty remarked, with a sniff.





WALKING OVER THE ICE-LEDGE

# My Antarctic Explorations

BY DR. JEAN B. CHARCOT

Chief of the French South-Polar Expedition

## PART II

*Part I. of Dr. Charcot's account of his antarctic explorations, published in the September number, concluded with the establishment of winter quarters at Wandel Island, and a statement of the work during the winter.—EDITOR.*

ON the 24th of November, 1904, our little party of five left Wandel Island, where we had passed the antarctic winter on board *Le Français*, after having returned from our attempt to reach Graham Land (latitude  $67^{\circ}$ ). We took with us provisions for twenty days. Our first objective was Lund Island, which is situated the farthest south of the three large islands which border on the Lemaire Channel. At the island we were stopped by a stretch of ice too thin to bear the weight of our party and yet difficult to force a way through. Up to one o'clock in the morning we tried to force a passage, but only advanced 300 metres. We returned and pitched camp on an island near by. The next day we undertook the task again and made some headway—to the great consternation of the penguins, which looked on in wonder at these strange beings dragging behind them some unknown but monstrous machine. At six o'clock in the evening we set foot on this long-coveted island. The first stage in our journey was accomplished and our courage returned. The thick coverings of moss on the heights offered a pleasing view, and we had a fine out-of-door din-

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HAULING THE WHALE-BOAT OVER THE ICE

ner, while the columns of penguins, like an army, marched past in the direction of their rookery.

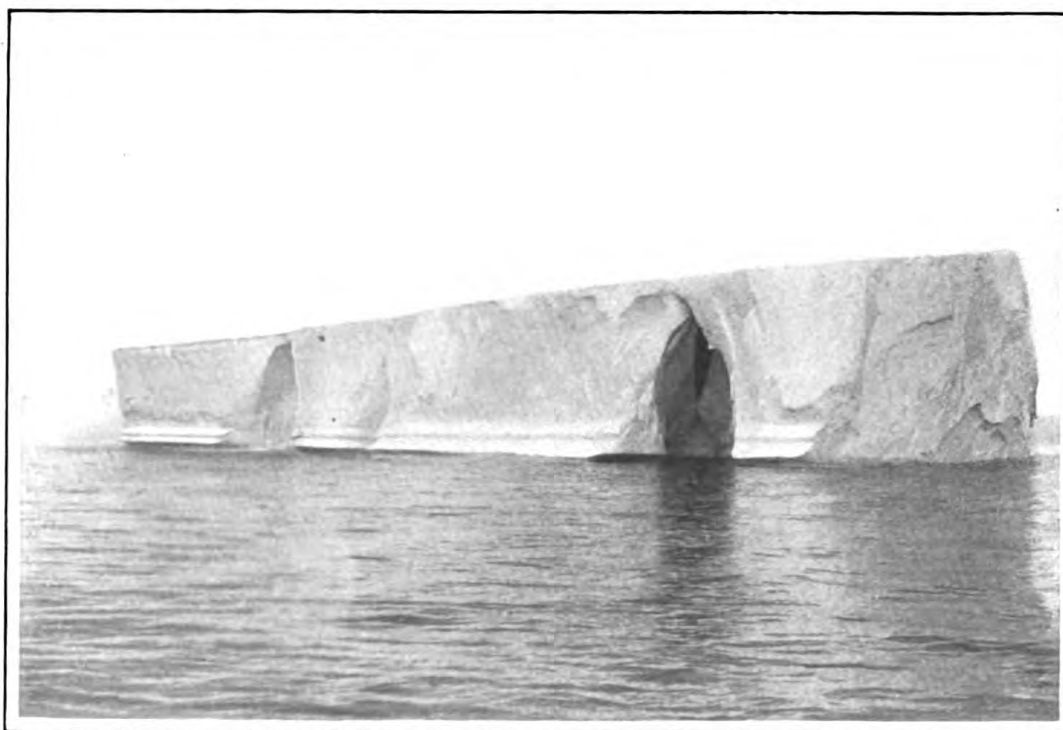
On Saturday, the 26th, after exploring the island, gathering some specimens of natural history and taking our bearings, we proceeded by a channel of open water farther south. We had still some difficulty with the ice in the passage, and that night we pitched camp on the southern point of Lund Island. Our new mode of life during this period required new rules. As soon as we arrived in camp our material was put ashore, the position of the tent was chosen, and the kitchen installed. The silk tent was held up by three pairs of skis driven into the snow and held together at the top by bamboo rods. The thick sleeping-sacks of reindeer-skin were stretched out crosswise. While some of us were busy with this work, others collected snow for cooking, opened the boxes of pressed food, prepared the "mess," while Charcot lighted the oil-lamp and fixed the fires. The kitchen utensils comprised a huge "marmite" surrounded by a circular basin and covered with a large receptacle, over all being a large aluminum cover to prevent the loss of heat. Each recep-

tacle was filled with snow. When this was melted we put a ration of butter, which it was sometimes necessary to cut with a hatchet, into the "marmite" with a bit of beef, some biscuit, salt, and compressed vegetables. All this, mixed with the soup-stock from the night before, which had been carefully preserved, without counting the reindeer hairs from the sleeping-sacks and the tobacco which fell in by accident—all this made a solid *pâté* which, served hot, was a feast for the most delicate stomach. A bit of cheese, half a stick of chocolate, a sea-biscuit, and a quart of coffee or tea completed the meal. Sometimes when we were in no particular hurry this was varied by a fillet of penguin cooked in butter on a little aluminum stove. This was a real feast. After the repast the whale-boat was lifted ashore, and every one slipped quickly into his sleeping-sack. These were the moments of relaxation, when, accompanying the inscription of the record of the day's journey, jokes and pleasantries went the rounds. Soon all heads disappeared inside the sacks, and all five of us enjoyed a well-earned sleep.

The next morning we left Lund Island. The sun was shining, and there was a

good surface, for the ice had frozen solid during the night. The whale-boat slipped easily over the hard snow, and much encouraged, we decided to cover a greater distance and to camp at Cape Tuxen, which arose toward the south. We left the extreme point of Lund and found ourselves on the open sea. Almost immediately the snow began to melt under the sun, and the whale-boat moved more slowly. We suffered with the heat. At noon we took a moment of repose, then started again *en route*. As we advanced, the condition of the ice became worse; channels across our route made us lose time in taking the heavy boat across. Our eyes began to smart in spite of our blue glasses. Our lips burned. Fortunately at five o'clock the sun went under a cloud. In addition a large clear space of open water gave us a moment of respite. We made a little progress with the oars, but this soon ended. The boat was again lifted up on the ice, and we dragged it forward again. The ice, half broken up, became more and more difficult to cross, and we sank into the ice-cold water up to our knees. A new channel which appeared did not offer us much assistance.

On every side the immense gray ice-field indicated the presence of water, through which we had to splash. In the distance islands appeared, but they seemed so very, very far away. Behind us the island of Lund looked so small and so far away that it was impossible to think of retracing our steps. To camp on the ice-field was likewise impossible—it would mean sleeping in the water. Forward! The island situated toward the open sea from Cape Tuxen seemed a little nearer and offered what seemed the best objective-point. The condition of the ice became steadily worse. Two or three trials were necessary to move the boat when it stopped. Hardly ten feet of progress were made at a time, when the sound of scraping would be heard, and the boat would sink into the soft ice, where it became fixed, while the ice-cold water poured into our boots. We fixed the mast and an oar across the boat, and this permitted us to hold it more easily on an even keel and to exert a more direct pull. This operation was not without danger. At times, also, wide channels barred our passage, when it was necessary to put the whale-boat into the water



GROTTO IN AN ICEBERG

and leap into it at the moment the ice cracked—an operation which we came to execute with a certain degree of finish. But on the other bank we were obliged to hoist the boat from the water, which was a rough and difficult task. At ten o'clock at night we were still dragging along slowly. It was cold. On all sides stretched out the wide plain—a spectacle of mortal sadness under the pale light of a nightless day—and the island was still in the far distance. Finally we saw the mirror of open water, which seemed to stretch to the island. Our courage returned. The boat was now afloat in its own element, and with a few strokes of the oars we reached the coast.

The next day we started again on our journey. Again long hours were spent in dragging the boat over the ice, which was almost like that of two days ago. We proceeded twelve hours at a stretch without stopping. At three o'clock in the morning we landed at Cape Tuxen, of which the grandiose architecture was a marvel to us and in some sense a comfort. After visiting the coast and ascending a chain of the cape 500 metres high, we left our

camp on Thursday, the 1st of December. Again we came upon a long ice-field, where in places the water was half-way to our hips. At three o'clock in the morning we saw a group of wild, picturesque mountains. High, rocky cliffs arose above the snow. The next day we climbed the highest summit of the islands, 200 metres in height. The weather was splendid and the panorama marvellous. We were well paid for our trouble, for here finally we found the solution of our great problem. Nowhere was there any strait. We were in the centre of an immense bay surrounded by high mountains and giant glaciers. On all sides the coast was bordered by a high wall of ice—an inhospitable land if there ever was one. Photographs, sketches, and bearings fixed every point of this corner of land which we called our own. And now that our object was accomplished and victory was ours, we looked over this vast stretch which we had just crossed, and which we had to traverse again on our return home.

That very night, at midnight, we started toward the north, and on the 4th of De-



THE SHIP "LE FRANCAIS" ANCHORED AT PORT PENGUIN



cember we arrived before the island of Lund. Never was work more difficult. More than once we had reason to believe that we would not come out alive. A cold wind was blowing from the south, and it was not until two o'clock in the morning that we were able to set foot on land. Two days later we were on board.

We refitted the rigging of the *Français* and made her ready to start, but the ice still held her. We set to work, and with ice-saws, picks, and levers we finally made a channel. Several charges of melinite finally broke up the ice, and on the 25th of December — Christmas day — the *Français* left the port in which she had passed the winter.

After a stop at Port Penguins, where we renewed the cairn of February, we ascended the Strait of Gerlache and the Schollaert Canal, of which we made a chart, and gained the open sea. We left the Cape to the south, and on the 7th of January we took bearings of one of the Biscoe Islands. On the 11th we were in sight of Alexander Land. Several attempts to reach it were futile.

So we started northeast to reconnoitre Graham Land. On the 14th a long mountainous coast appeared. The ice-pack, which was very thick, was forced during



HEATING THE SHIP'S CABIN IN MIDWINTER

the night, and on the morning of the 15th we were in a channel of open water along the land, seeking a point from which to debark. We were going at full speed, when a formidable report was heard. It appeared that we had struck



a rock hidden two metres under the surface. Not a breaker gave us warning, and the great icebergs all around this point indicated, on the contrary, a deep bottom. The boat shipped water on all sides. We found that there was no harbor on this coast, which proved a veritable wall of ice thirty metres high. We were obliged immediately to recross the pack to avoid being imprisoned. The men were put at the pumps. Fortunately, however, the coast had been charted.

Now it remained only to reach the north. Bad weather overtook us that very evening, but, thanks to Providence, its only effect was partly to conceal our water course. Nevertheless, this retreat was the most difficult period of the expedition, and it was only on the 29th of January that we finally reached Port Penguins. Officers and crew were worn out. Several days were still given to observations, to the collection of specimens, and to hill-climbing. Finally on the 11th of February we debarked in the Bay of Biscoe and took the route north by the Strait of Gerlache. We debarked again at Liège Island, then at Hoseason Island, and on the 15th we said our last good-by to the antarctic. On the evening of the 3d of March we again came into civilization in the little Argentine port, Puerto Madryn.

The expedition had now returned to inhabited lands. A wire from Port Madryn announced the news of our return, and it was an immense relief to know that our families had finally received assurance of our safety.

Buenos Ayres, some days later, arranged a reception for us which will always be one of the most pleasant recollections of the voyage. The Argentine people, by reason of their geographical situation at the gates of the antarctic, are in a position to be the true conquerors of these frozen lands which stretch up from the south toward Cape Horn. They have already accomplished much in two brilliant expeditions. The acquisition of our good ship *François* will again give them the opportunity to extend their plans and to undertake new expeditions.

Finally, on the 6th of June, we arrived at Toulon on the cruiser *Linois*, which was placed at our disposition by the

French government. Next day in Paris the Minister of Marine, Mr. Thomson, came in person to receive us at the station, together with representatives of the Institute, of the Geographical Society, and of the Museum. And some days later at London the Royal Geographical Society and the officers of the English antarctic expedition, the *Discovery*, received us in a most hospitable manner.

Some months of work will be necessary before all the observations we made can be collated and before all our collections can be classified and studied. I am therefore unable to give at the present time anything but a provisional enumeration of our principal results.

For our hydrographic work a regular triangle on a measured base was built around our winter quarters on Booth-Wandel Island with a radius of from two to five miles. Thus we were enabled to take bearings of different summits thirty or forty miles away, and to place these points in a sufficiently exact manner. A region from thirty to fifty miles around Wandel Island was thus observed.

The bearings of other portions of the coasts where observations were taken were determined by means of sea stations, with the assistance of certain astronomical observations. These were, toward the north, the exterior coast of Palmer Archipelago and the Schollaert Channel; toward the south, the Biscoe Islands and two parts still unknown of Graham Land, with an extent of about thirty miles each. It is interesting, apropos of these islands which justly bear his name, to mention that Biscoe charted only Pitt and Adelaide islands, being satisfied with the indication that between these two islands lay a strait and a chain of small islands covered with a cap of ice. The position of Pitt Island is given in three different ways in the English and German publications and on the maps of the Admiralty. These positions differ by one degree of latitude and longitude. Naturally we were unable to take observation of the complete contours of these islands, since the strait which separates them was completely obstructed by ice. But we were able to locate and chart the exterior coasts toward the sea, which is, of course, the most important point for navigation. We found, indeed,

that these coasts reach very near to Graham Land.

Our observations of the exterior of the contour of Palmer Archipelago complete the geography of this region when one combines with them, toward the north, centre, and the south, the map of the Strait of Gerlache made by the expedition of the *Belgica*. We were able to identify toward the north Hoseason Island and Cape Possession, determined by Foster and Kendall in 1829; toward the south, the Estuary of Bismarck, noted by Dallmann, and doubtless before him by J. Biscoe, who embarked there in 1832 in the bay which bears his name, probably on the very rocks where we built a hydrographic station.

The régime of the tides was studied by means of a registering maregraph, which was used during about six months. The tides are not high—about one and a half metres at a maximum,—but, contrary to the generally accepted opinion, they are very regular. The belief in their irregularity has been established by the fact that most of the tides are diurnal, while the seas in the vicinity of Cape Horn and of Géorgie du Sud have semi-diurnal tides. Treated by Professor Darwin's method of analysis, the observations of the first fifteen days enabled us with sufficient exactness to predict the tide of any day determined upon five months later. The data collected will, therefore, permit us to calculate by this method the principal components of the tides at the point where studies were made. Besides, we took some observations of tides at two other points on our expedition, Wiencke Island and the Bay of Flanders.

During our stay in winter quarters specimens of sea ice at different periods of its formation, with specimens of sea water, were collected and weighed. We had also in our possession a comparing-pendulum of M. Bouquet de la Grye's, by means of which seven series of measurements were made on Wandel Island. Similar measurements will be undertaken in Paris by using the same instruments under the same conditions. The comparison of the times of oscillation with all corrections made will give the value of the intensity of weight at Wandel when compared with the observations made at Paris.

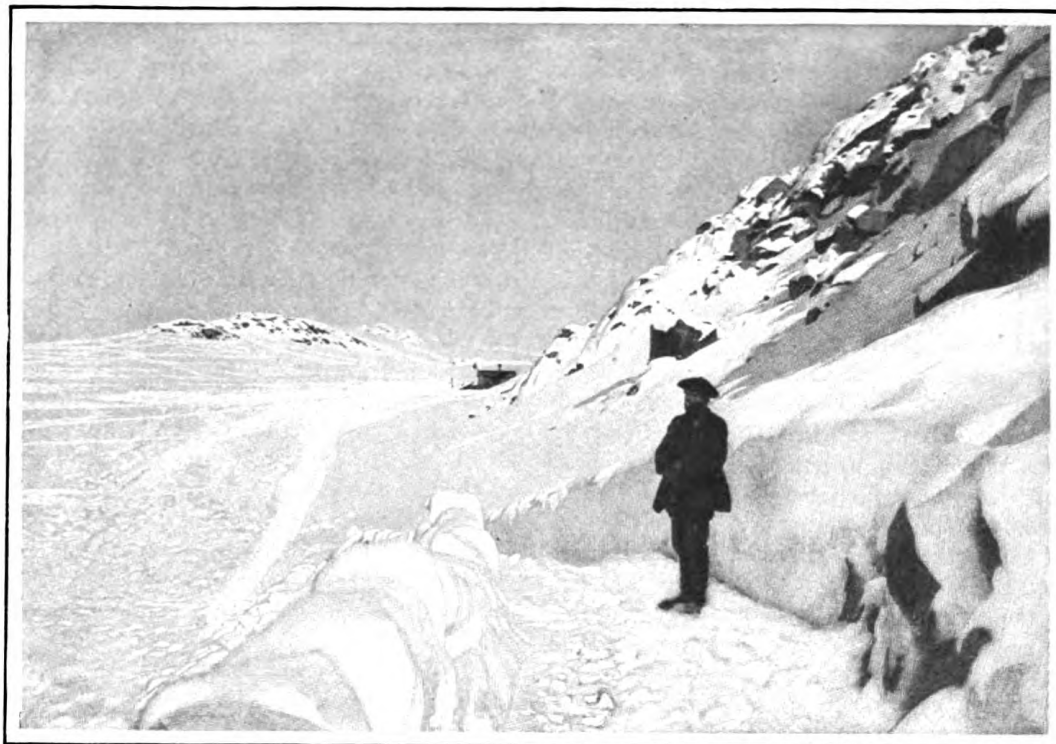
Our meteorologic studies were carried on with great care. The striking results are: low temperature during summer, great and rapid changes in the thermometer, frequency of the wind from the northeast and east-northeast with the thermometer high and the barometer low, fair weather with soft breezes from the south-southwest with the thermometer low and the barometer high (about 760 millimetres). Finally, during fair weather we noticed a very decided regularity in the daily variation of hygrometric conditions—a variation identical with that observed at Cape Horn. Polar auroras were very rare and of slight intensity.

Our studies of terrestrial magnetism will permit us to reduce, approximately, the isolated observations made heretofore in the antarctic.

The two most important results in our study of atmospheric electricity are: nearly seventy volts a metre for the difference of potential between two points of the atmosphere, and for very strong electric tensions during the greater part of the time when the wind blew from the northeast. The apparatus employed were those of Elster and Geitel, and our studies were similar to those of the Danish Mission at Cape Thorsen.

Deep-sea fishing with drags, with nets, trawls, and lines, furnished us with numerous specimens of the fauna and flora of the marine coast-line. These collections were completed by excursions along the coast. In addition, we made some observations of the cetaceans, of which we encountered a certain number of species. The seals, which are very abundant in this region and which are represented by four known species, gave us some interesting notes. A certain number of specimens were brought with us in the form of skins, skeletons, and heads. The birds of this region are represented in our collection by more than two hundred specimens, consisting of skins, young birds, embryos, eggs, etc. The fish, which we collected in large quantities at depths not exceeding sixty metres, represent fifteen species.

On the infrequent patches of ground which were not covered with ice during the summer we gathered mosses, lichens, and fresh-water algæ; and finally two



APPROACH TO THE WOODEN CABIN ON WANDEL ISLAND

species of *Phanerogamæ*—a “botanic find of the most interesting character,” according to the judgment of Professor Autran, of Buenos Ayres.

The geologic collection consists of several hundred specimens coming from the different points explored by our expedition, and especially from Wandel Island, of which we are enabled to give a detailed geological history. According to these collections, Wandel Island in particular appears to be composed of eruptive granitoid rocks in contact with strips of slaty substance which they have more or less metamorphosized.

On the subject of glaciology we took notes on the movements of the ice, particularly in the bays near our winter quarters, and of the formation of the sea ice in these bays. We also observed the movements, the dimensions, and the transformations of the icebergs. The icebergs were noted in tabular form, with the thickness, formation, and destruction of the ice-ledge. We also made studies of the constitution of the ice-caps on the smaller islands of the Archipelago situated

toward the west of Graham Land, with the general trend of these islands. Notes were also taken on the glaciers of the *Terre de Danco* and of *Palmer Archipelago*. In addition, we ascended a summit of Wandel Island and examined the island's mountainous crest.

In bacteriology our study included an analysis of the sea water, of the air, of the ice, and of the snow. Numerous cultures, in good condition even to-day, came from our analyses of sea water and of the intestinal fauna of seals, of birds (penguins, gulls, cormorants, petrels), and of fish. If one adds to this scientific material a collection of 3000 photographs, of which many are valuable documents; medical observations, among which was that of a severe case of myocarditis during our stay in winter quarters; and finally the discovery and study of the two ports, Wandel and Wieneke, both of them valuable places of refuge in an inhospitable land—one will have a general idea of the work of our expedition, and will be able to form a judgment of its scientific results.



# Young Bloods

BY LAURENCE HOUSMAN

THE edge of night was dark and damp;  
Before the break of day  
We three stole from the empty camp  
And followed to the fray.  
Michael rode the sorrel,  
And John was on the bay,  
And little loath to follow,  
I mounted on the gray.

Through the thick fern we stumbled on;  
Slow crept the morning light.  
"We shall be whipped for this!" said John,  
"Or each be made a Knight!"  
Michael rode the sorrel,  
And John was on the bay,  
And eager for the quarrel  
I pricked upon the gray.

Low in the whins a first bird sung;  
Their tops were fresh with green,  
When through the fog that round them hung  
The hidden foe was seen.  
Their steeds were all at tether;  
We laughed, shook rein and ran.  
The three of us together  
Made but a single man!

And one of us cried—Michael!  
And one of us—St. John!  
But I cried—St. Mary,  
So fair to look upon!  
Michael and John leaned out of Heaven,  
And Mary gave the day,  
When, all three lances even,  
We opened for the fray.

The mist was close to blind them;  
They were but mortal men,  
As we thundered hard behind them,  
And shouted fit for ten.  
And one of us cried—Michael!  
And one of us—St. John!  
But I cried—St. Mary,  
So fair to look upon!

Then saw I pacing at our side  
Three Strangers passing fair;  
And easy, easy, went the stride  
Of feet that moved on air.  
Bright Bodies, how their raiment shone!  
Their heads were lost in light.  
"We shall be whipped for this!" said John,  
"Or each be made a Knight!"

# The Conquest of Canaan

## A NOVEL

BY BOOTH TARKINGTON

### CHAPTER XVII

#### MR. SHEEHAN'S HINTS

"NEVER," said the *Tocsin* on the morrow, "has this community been stirred to deeper indignation than by the cold-blooded and unmitigated brutality of the deliberate murder committed almost under the very shadow of the Court-house cupola last night. The victim was not a man of good repute, it is true, but at the moment of his death he was in the act of performing a noble and generous action which showed that he might have become, if he lived, a good and law-fearing citizen. In brief, he went to forgive his enemy and was stretching forth the hand of fellowship when that enemy shot him down. Not half an hour before his death, Cory had repeated within the hearing of a dozen men what he had been saying all day, as many can testify: 'I want to find my old friend Fear and shake hands with him. I want to tell him that I forgive him and that I am ashamed of whatever has been my part in the trouble between us.' He went with that intention to his death. The wife of the murderer has confessed that this was the substance of what he said to her, and that she was convinced of his peaceful intentions. When they reached the room where her husband was waiting for her, Cory entered first. The woman claims now that as they neared the vicinity he hastened forward at a pace which she could not equal. Naturally, her testimony on all points favoring her husband is practically worthless. She followed and heard the murdered man speak, though what his words were she declares she does not know, and of course the murderer, after consultation with his lawyer, claims that their nature was threatening. Such a statement, in determining the

truth, is worse than valueless. It is known and readily proved that Fear repeatedly threatened the deceased's life yesterday, and there is no question in the mind of any man, woman, or child, who reads these words, of the cold-blooded nature of the crime. The slayer, who had formerly made a murderous attack upon his victim, lately quarrelled with him and uttered threats, as we have stated, upon his life. The dead man came to him with protestations of friendship and was struck down a corpse. It is understood that the defence will in desperation set up the theory of self-defence, based on an unsubstantiated claim that Cory entered the room with a drawn pistol. No pistol was found in the room. The weapon with which the deed was accomplished was found upon the person of the murderer when he was seized by the police, one chamber discharged. Another revolver was discovered upon the person of the woman, when she was arrested on the scene of the crime. This, upon being strictly interrogated, she said she had picked up from the floor in the confusion, thinking it was her husband's and hoping to conceal it. The chambers were full and undischarged, and we have heard it surmised that the defence means to claim that it was Cory's. Cory doubtless went on his errand of forgiveness unarmed, and beyond doubt the second weapon belonged to the woman herself, who has an unenviable record.

"The point of it all is plainly this: here is an unquestionable murder in the first degree, and the people of this city and county are outraged and incensed that such a crime should have been committed in their law-abiding and respectable community. With whom does the fault lie? On whose head is this murder? Not with the authorities, for they do not countenance crime. Has it come to the



pass that, counting on juggleries of the law, criminals believe that they may kill, maim, burn, and slay as they list without punishment? Is this to be another instance of the law's delays and immunity for a hideous crime, compassed by a cunning and cynical trickster of legal technicalities? The people of Canaan cry out for a speedy trial, speedy conviction, and speedy punishment of this cold-blooded and murderous monster. If he is not dealt with quickly according to his deserts, the climax is upon us and the limit of Canaan's patience has been reached.

"One last word, and we shall be glad to have its significance noted: J. Loudon, Esq., has been retained for the defence! The murderer, before being apprehended by the authorities, *went straight from the scene of his crime to place his retainer in his attorney's pocket!* How LONG IS THIS TO LAST?"

The *Tocsin* was quoted on street corners that morning, in shop and store and office, wherever people talked of the Cory murder; and that was everywhere, for the people of Canaan and of the country roundabout talked of nothing else. Women chattered of it in parlor and kitchen; men gathered in small groups on the street and shook their heads ominously over it; farmers, meeting on the road, halted their teams and loudly damned the little man in the Canaan jail; milkmen lingered on back porches over their cans to agree with cooks that it was an awful thing, and that if ever any man deserved hanging, that there Fear deserved it—his lawyer along with him! Topsy men hammered bars with fists and beer-glasses, inquiring if there was no rope to be had in the town; and Joe Loudon, returning to his office from the little restaurant where he sometimes ate his breakfast, heard hisses following him along Main Street. A clerk, a fat-shouldered, blue-aproned, pimple-cheeked youth, stood in the open doors of a grocery, and as he passed, stared him in the face and said "Yah!" with supreme disgust.

Joe stopped. "Why?" he asked, mildly.

The clerk put two fingers in his mouth and whistled shrilly in derision. "You'd ort to be run out o' town!" he exclaimed.

"I believe," said Joe, "that we have never met before."

"Go on, you shyster!"

Joe looked at him gravely. "My dear sir," he returned, "you speak to me with the familiarity of an old friend."

The clerk did not recover so far as to be capable of repartee until Joe had entered his own stairway. Then, with a bitter sneer, he seized a bad potato from an open barrel and threw it at the mongrel, who had paused to examine the landscape. The missile failed, and Respectability, after bestowing a slightly injured look upon the clerk, followed his master.

In the office the red-bearded man sat waiting. Not so red-bearded as of yore, however, was Mr. Sheehan, but grizzled and gray, and, this morning, gray of face, too, as he sat, perspiring and anxious, wiping a troubled brow with a black silk handkerchief.

"Here's the devil and all to pay at last, Joe," he said, uneasily, on the other's entrance. "This is the worst I ever knew; and I hate to say it, but I doubt yer pullin' it off."

"I've got to, Mike."

"I hope on my soul there's a chanst of it! I like the little man, Joe."

"So do I."

"I know ye do, my boy. But here's this *Tocsin* kickin' up the public sentiment; and if there ever was a fol-lerin' sheep on earth, it's that same public sentiment!"

"If it weren't for that"—Joe flung himself heavily in a chair—"there'd not be so much trouble. It's a clear-enough case."

"But don't ye see," interrupted Sheehan, "the *Tocsin's* tried it and convicted him aforehand? And that if things keep goin' the way they've started to-day, the gran' jury's bound to indict him, and the trial jury to convict him? They wouldn't dare not to! What's more, they'll want to! And they'll rush the trial, summer or no summer, and—"

"I know, I know."

"I'll tell ye one thing," said the other, wiping his forehead with the black handkerchief, "and that's this, my boy: last night's business has just about put the cap on the Beach fer me. I'm sick of it and I'm tired of it! I'm ready to quit, sir!"

Joe looked at him sharply. "Don't you think my old notion of what might be done could be made to pay?"

Sheehan laughed. "Whoo! You and yer hints, Joe! How long past have ye come around me with 'em! 'I b'lieve ye c'd make more money, Mike'—that's the way ye'd put it,—'if ye altered the Beach a bit. Make a little countryside restaurant of it,' ye'd say, 'and have good cookin', and keep the boys and girls from raisin' so much hell out there. Soon ye'd have other people comin' beside the regular crowd. Make a little garden on the shore, and let 'em eat at tables under trees an' grape-arbors—'"

"Well, why not?" asked Joe.

"Haven't I been tellin' ye I'm thinkin' of it? It's only yer way of hintin' that's funny to me,—yer way of sayin' I'd make more money, because ye're afraid of preachin' at any of us: partly because ye know the little good it 'd be, and partly because ye have humor. Well, I'm thinkin' ye'll git yer way. I'm willin' to go into the missionary business with ye!"

"Mike!" said Joe, angrily, but he grew very red and failed to meet the other's eye, "I'm not—"

"Yes, ye are!" cried Sheehan. "Yes, sir! It's a thing ye prob'ly haven't had the nerve to say to yerself since a boy, but that's yer notion inside: ye're little better than a missionary! It took me a long while to understand what was drivin' ye, but I do now. And ye've gone the right way about it, because we know ye'll stand fer us when we're in trouble and fight fer us till we git a square deal, as ye're goin' to fight fer Happy now."

Joe looked deeply troubled. "Never mind," he said, crossly and with visible embarrassment. "You think you couldn't make more at the Beach if you ran it on my plan?"

"I'm game to try," said Sheehan, slowly. "I'm too old to hold 'em down out there the way I yoosta could, and I'm sick of it—sick of it into the very bones of me!" He wiped his forehead. "Where's Claudine?"

"Held as a witness."

"I'm not sorry fer her!" said the red-bearded man, emphatically. "Women o' that kind are so light-headed it's a wonder they don't float. Think of her pickin' up Cory's gun from the floor and hidin'

it in her clothes! Took it fer granted it was Happy's, and thought she'd help him by hidin' it! There's a hard point fer ye, Joe: to prove the gun belonged to Cory. There's nobody about here could swear to it. I couldn't myself, though I forced him to stick it back in his pocket yesterday. He was a wanderer, too; and ye'll have to send a keen one to trace him, I'm thinkin', to find where he got it, so's ye can show it in court."

"I'm going myself. I've found out that he came here from Denver."

"And from where before that?"

"I don't know, but I'll keep on traveling till I get what I want."

"That's right, my boy," exclaimed the other, heartily. "It may be a long trip, but ye're all the little man has to depend on. Did ye notice the *Tocsin* didn't even give him the credit fer givin' himself up?"

"Yes," said Joe. "It's part of their game."

"Did it strike ye now," Mr. Sheehan asked, earnestly, leaning forward in his chair,—“did it strike ye that the *Tocsin* was aimin' more to do Happy harm because of you than himself?"

"Yes." Joe looked sadly out of the window. "I've thought that over, and it seemed possible that I might do Happy more good by giving his case to some other lawyer."

"No, sir!" exclaimed the proprietor of Beaver Beach, loudly. "They've begun their attack; they're bound to keep it up, and they'd manage to turn it to the discredit of both of ye. Besides, Happy wouldn't have no other lawyer; he'd rather he hung with you fightin' fer him than he cleared by anybody else. I b'lieve it,—on my soul I do! But look here," he went on, leaning still farther forward; "I want to know if it struck ye that this morning the *Tocsin* attacked ye in a way that was somehow vi'lenter than ever before?"

"Yes," replied Joe, "because it was aimed to strike where it would most count."

"It ain't only that," said the other, excitedly. "It ain't only that! I want ye to listen. Now see here: the *Tocsin* is Pike, and the town is Pike—I mean the town ye naturally belonged to. Ain't it?"

"In a way, I suppose—yes."

"In a way!" echoed the other, scornfully. "Ye know it is! Even as a boy Pike disliked ye and hated the kind of a boy ye was. Ye wasn't respectable and he was! Ye wasn't rich and he was! Ye had a grin on yer face when ye'd meet him on the street." The red-bearded man broke off at a gesture from Joe and exclaimed sharply: "Don't deny it! I know what ye was like! Ye wasn't impudent, but ye looked at him as if ye saw through him. Now listen and I'll lead ye somewhere! Ye run with ruffraff, niggers, and even"—Mr. Sheehan lifted a forefinger solemnly and shook it at his auditor—"and even with the Irish! Now I ask ye this: ye've had one part of Canaan with ye from the start, *my* part, that is; but the other's against ye; that part's *Pike*, and it's the rulin' part—"

"Yes, Mike," said Joe, wearily. "In the spirit of things. I know."

"No, sir," cried the other. "That's the trouble: ye don't know. There's more in Canaan than ye've understood. Listen to this: Why was the *Tocsin's* attack harder this morning than ever before? On yer soul didn't it sound so bitter that it sounded desprit? Now why? It looked to me as if it had started to ruin ye, this time fer good and all! Why? What have ye had to do with Martin Pike lately? Has the old wolf *got* to injure ye?" Mr. Sheehan's voice rose and his eyes gleamed under bushy brows, "Think," he finished. "What's happened lately to make him bite so hard?"

There were some faded roses on the desk, and as Joe's haggard eyes fell upon them the answer came. "What makes you think Judge Pike isn't trustworthy?" he had asked Ariel, and her reply had been: "Nothing very definite, unless it was his look when I told him that I meant to ask you to take charge of things for me."

He got slowly and amazedly to his feet. "You've got it!" he said.

"Ye see?" cried Mike Sheehan, slapping his thigh with a big hand. "On my soul I have the penetration! Ye don't need to tell me one thing except this: I told ye I'd lead ye somewhere; haven't I kept me word?"

"Yes," said Joe.

"But I have the penetration!" exclaimed Mr. Sheehan. "Should I miss

my guess if I said that ye think Pike may be scared ye'll stumble on his track in some queer performances? Should I miss it?"

"No," said Joe. "You wouldn't miss it."

"Just one thing more." The red-bearded man rose, mopping the inner band of his straw hat. "In the matter of yer runnin' fer Mayor, now—"

Joe, who had begun to pace up and down the room, made an impatient gesture. "Pshaw!" he interrupted; but his friend stopped him with a hand laid on his arm.

"Don't be treatin' it as clean out of all possibility, Joe Loudon. If ye do, it shows ye haven't sense to know that nobody can say what way the wind's blowin' week after next. All the boys want ye; Louie Farbach wants ye, and Louie has a big say. Who is it that doesn't want ye?"

"Canaan," said Joe.

"Hold up! It's Pike's Canaan ye mean. If ye git the nomination, ye'd be elected, wouldn't ye?"

"I couldn't be nominated."

"I ain't claimin' ye'd git Martin Pike's vote," returned Mr. Sheehan, sharply, "though I don't say it's impossible. Ye've got to beat him, that's all. Ye've got to do to him what he's done to *you*, and what he's tryin' to do now worse than ever before. Well—there may be ways to do it; and if he tempts me enough, I may fergit my troth and honor as a noble gentleman and help ye with a word ye'd never guess yerself."

"You've hinted at such mysteries before, Mike," Joe smiled. "I'd be glad to know what you mean, if there's anything in them."

"It may come to that," said the other, with some embarrassment. "It may come to that some day, if the old wolf presses me too hard in the matter o' tryin' to git the little man across the street hanged by the neck and yerself mobbed fer helpin' him! But to-day I'll say no more."

"Very well, Mike." Joe turned wearily to his desk. "I don't want you to break any promises."

Mr. Sheehan had gone to the door, but he paused on the threshold, and wiped his forehead again. "And I don't want to break any," he said, "but if ever the

time should come when I couldn't help it"—he lowered his voice to a hoarse but piercing whisper—"that will be the devourin' angel's day fer Martin Pike!"

## CHAPTER XVIII

### IN THE HEAT OF THE DAY

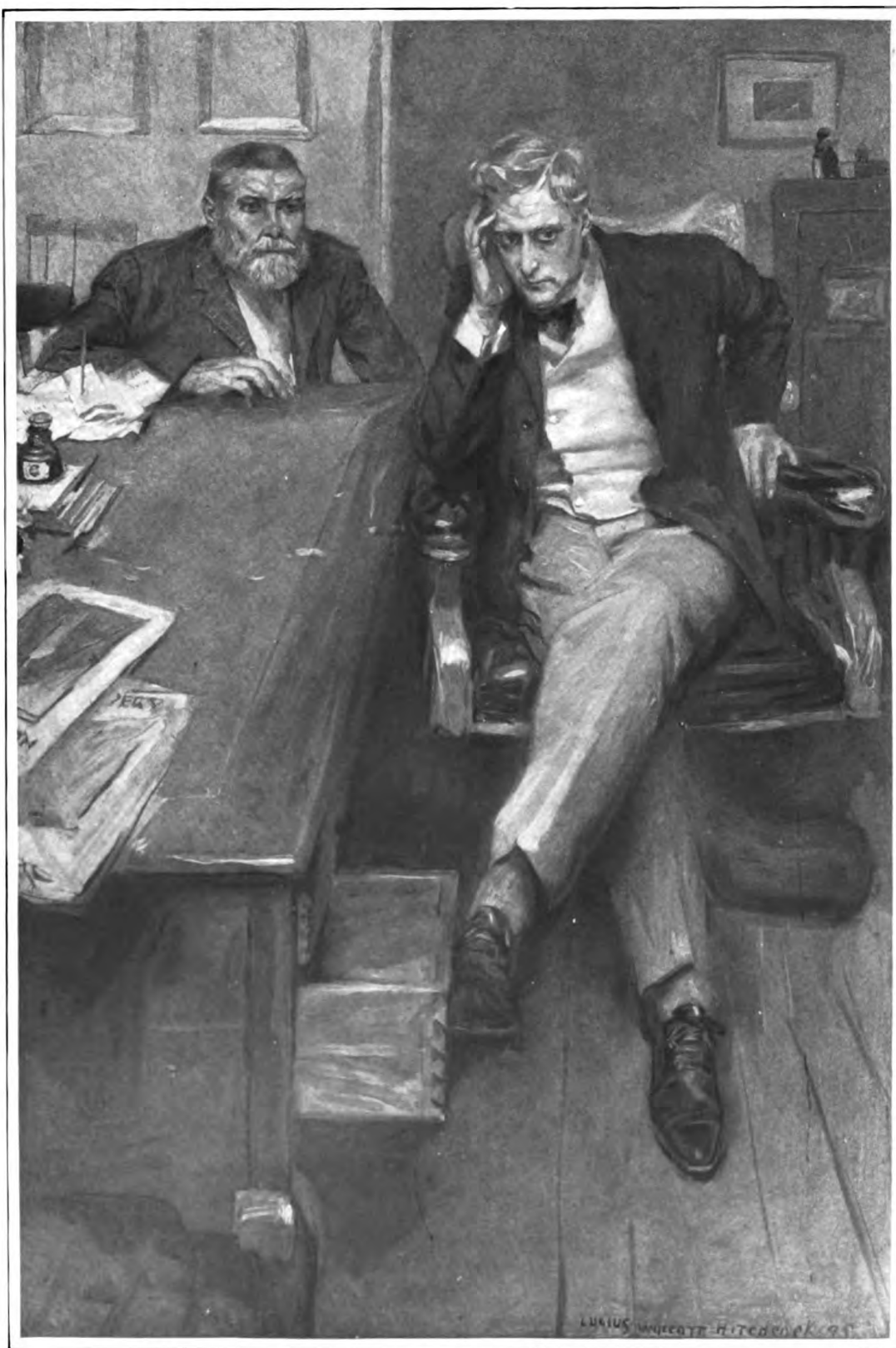
IT was a morning of the warmest week of mid-July, and Canaan lay inert and helpless beneath a broiling sun. The few people who moved about the streets went languidly, keeping close to the wall on the shady side; the women in thin white fabrics; the men, often coatless, carrying palm-leaf fans, and replacing collars with handkerchiefs. In the Court-house yard the maple leaves, gray with blown dust and grown to great breadth, drooped heavily, depressing the long, motionless branches with their weight, so low that the four or five shabby idlers, upon the benches beneath, now and then flicked them sleepily with whittled sprigs. The doors and windows of the stores stood open, displaying limp wares of trade, but few tokens of life; the clerks hanging over dim counters as far as possible from the glare in front, gossiping fragmentarily, usually about the Cory murder, and, anon, upon a subject suggested by the sight of an occasional pedestrian passing perspiring by with scrooged eyelids and purpling skin. From street and sidewalk, transparent hot waves swam up and danced themselves into nothing; while from the river bank, a half-mile away, came a sound hotter than even the locust's midsummer rasp: the drone of a planing-mill. A chance boy, lying prone in the grass of the Court-house yard, was annoyed by the relentless chant and lifted his head to mock it: "*Aw-er-aw-er-er! Shut up, can't you?*" The effort was exhausting: he relapsed and suffered with increasing malice but in silence.

Abruptly there was a violent outbreak on the National House corner, as when a quiet farmhouse is startled by some one's inadvertently bringing down all the tin from a shelf in the pantry. The loafers on the benches turned hopefully, saw what it was, then closed their eyes and slumped back into their former positions. The outbreak subsided as suddenly as it had arisen: Colonel Flitcroft

pulled Mr. Arp down into his chair again, and it was all over.

Greater heat than that of these blazing days could not have kept one of the sages from attending the conclave now. For the battle was on in Canaan: and here, upon the National House corner, under the shadow of the west wall, it waxed ever keener. Perhaps we may find full justification for calling what was happening a battle in so far as we restrict the figure to apply to this one spot; elsewhere, in the Canaan of the *Tocsin*, the conflict was too one-sided. The *Tocsin* had indeed tried the case of Happy Fear in advance, had convicted and condemned, and every day grew more bitter. Nor was the urgent vigor of its attack without effect. Sleepy as Main Street seemed in the heat, the town was incensed and roused to a tensivity of feeling it had not known since the civil war, when, on occasion, it had set out to hang half a dozen "Knights of the Golden Circle." Joe had been hissed on the street many times since the inimical clerk had whistled at him. Probably demonstrations of that sort would have continued had he remained in Canaan; but for almost a month he had been absent and his office closed, its threshold gray with dust. There were people who believed that he had run away again, this time never to return; among those who held to this opinion being Mrs. Loudon and her sister, Joe's stepaunt. Upon only one point was everybody agreed: that twelve men could not be found in the county who could be so far persuaded and befuddled by Loudon that they would dare to allow Happy Fear to escape. The women of Canaan, incensed by the terrible circumstance of the case, as the *Tocsin* colored it—a man shot down in the act of begging his enemy's forgiveness—clamored as loudly as the men: there was only the difference that the latter vociferated for the hanging of Happy; their good ladies used the word "punishment."

And yet, while the place rang with condemnation of the little man in the jail and his attorney, there were voices, here and there, uplifted on the other side. People existed, it astonishingly appeared, who *liked* Happy Fear. These were for the greater part obscure and



"WHAT HAVE YE HAD TO DO WITH MARTIN PIKE LATELY?"





even darkling in their lives, yet quite demonstrably human beings, able to smile, suffer, leap, run, and to entertain fancies; even to have, according to their degree, a certain rudimentary sense of right and wrong, in spite of which they strongly favored the prisoner's acquittal. Precisely on that account, it was argued, an acquittal would outrage Canaan and lay it open to untold danger: such people needed a lesson.

The *Tocsin* interviewed the town's great ones, printing their opinions of the heinousness of the crime and the character of the defendant's lawyer. . . . "The Hon. P. J. Parrott, who so ably represented this county in the Legislature some fourteen years ago, could scarcely restrain himself when approached by a reporter as to his sentiments anent the repulsive deed. 'I should like to know how long Canaan is going to put up with this sort of business,' were his words. 'I am a law-abiding citizen, and I have served to faithfully, and with my full endeavor and ability, enact the laws and statutes of my State, but there is a point in my patience, I would state, which lawbreakers and their lawyers may not safely pass. Of what use are our most solemn enactments, I may even ask of what use is the Legislature itself, chosen by the will of the people, if they are to ruthlessly be set aside by criminals and their shifty protectors? The blame should be put upon the lawyers who by tricks enable such rascals to escape the rigors of the carefully enacted laws, the fruits of the Solon's labor, more than upon the criminals themselves. In this case if there is any miscarriage of justice, I will say here and now that in my opinion the people of this county will be sorely tempted; and while I do not believe in lynch-law, yet if that should be the result it is my unalterable conviction that the vigilantes may well turn their attention to the lawyers—or lawyer—who bring about such miscarriage. I am sick of it.'"

The *Tocsin* did not print the interview it obtained from Louie Farbach—the same Louie Farbach who long ago had owned a beer-saloon with a little room behind the bar, where a shabby boy sometimes played dominoes and "seven-up" with loafers: not quite the same Louie Farbach, however, in outward circumstance:

for he was now the brewer of Farbach Beer and making Canaan famous. His rise had been Teutonic and sure; and he contributed one-twentieth of his income to the German Orphan Asylum and one-tenth to his party's campaign fund. The twentieth saved the orphans from the county, while the tithe gave the county to his party.

He occupied a kitchen chair, enjoying the society of some chickens in a wired enclosure behind the new Italian villa he had erected in that part of Canaan where he would be most uncomfortable, and he looked woodenly at the reporter when the latter put his question.

"Hef you any aguaintunce off Mitster Fear?" he inquired, in return, with no expression decipherable either upon his Gargantuan face or in his heavily enfolded eyes.

"No, sir," replied the reporter, grinning. "I never ran across him."

"Dot iss a goot t'ing fer you," said Mr. Farbach, stonily. "He iss not a man peobles bedder try to run across. It iss what Gory tried. Now Gory iss dead."

The reporter, slightly puzzled, lit a cigarette. "See here, Mr. Farbach," he urged, "I only want a word or two about this thing; and you might give me a brief expression concerning that man Louden besides: just a hint of what you think of his influence here, you know, and of the kind of sharp work he practises. Something like that."

"I sec," said the brewer, slowly. "Happy Fear I hef knowt for a goot many years. He iss a goot frient of mine."

"What?"

"Choe Louten iss a bedder one," continued Mr. Farbach, turning again to stare at his chickens. "Git owit."

"What?"

"Git owit," repeated the other, without passion, without anger, without any expression whatsoever. "Git owit."

The reporter's prejudice against the German nation dated from that moment.

There were others, here and there, who were less self-contained than the brewer. A farm-hand struck a fellow laborer in the harvest-field for speaking ill of Joe; and the unravelling of a strange street fight, one day, disclosed as its cause a like resentment, on the part of a blind

broom-maker, engendered by a like offence. The broom-maker's companion, reading the *Tocsin* as the two walked together, had begun the quarrel by remarking that Happy Fear ought to be hanged once for his own sake and twice more "to show up that shyster Louden." Warm words followed, leading to extremely material conflict, in which, in spite of his blindness, the broom-maker had so much the best of it that he was removed from the triumphant attitude he had assumed toward the person of his adversary, which was an admirable imitation of the dismounted St. George and the Dragon, and conveyed to the jail. Keenest investigation failed to reveal anything oblique in the man's record; to the astonishment of Canaan, there was nothing against him. He was blind and moderately poor; but a respectable, hard-working artisan, and a pride to the church in which he was what has been called an "active worker." It was discovered that his sensitiveness to his companion's attack on Joseph Louden arose from the fact that Joe had obtained the acquittal of an imbecile sister of the blind man, a two-thirds-witted woman who had been charged with bigamy.

The *Tocsin* made what it could of this, and so dexterously that the wrath of Canaan was one farther jot increased against the shyster. Ay, the town was hot, inside and out.

Let us consider the Forum. Was there ever before such a summer for the National House corner? How voices first thundered there, then cracked and piped, is not to be rendered in all the tales of the fathers. One who would make vivid the great doings must indeed "dip his brush in earthquake and eclipse"; even then he could but picture the credible, and must despair of this: the silence of Eskew Arp. Not that Eskew held his tongue, not that he was chary of speech,—no! *O tempora, O mores!* No! But that he refused the subject in hand, that he eschewed expression upon it and resolutely drove the argument in other directions, that he achieved such superbly un-Arplike inconsistency; and with such rich material for his sardonic humors, not at arm's length, not even so far as his finger-tips, but beneath his

very palms, he rejected it: this was the impossible fact.

Eskew—there is no option but to declare—was no longer Eskew. It is the truth; since the morning when Ariel Tabor came down from Joe's office, leaving her offering of white roses in that dingy, dusty, shady place, Eskew had not been himself. His comrades observed it somewhat in a physical difference, one of those alterations which may come upon men of his years suddenly, like a "sea change": his face was whiter, his walk slower, his voice filed thinner; he creaked louder when he rose or sat. Old always, from his boyhood, he had, in the turn of a hand, become aged. But such things come and such things go: after eighty there are ups and downs; people fading away one week, bloom out pleasantly the next, and resiliency is not at all a patent belonging to youth alone. The material change in Mr. Arp might have been thought little worth remarking. What caused Peter Bradbury, Squire Buckalew, and the Colonel to shake their heads secretly to one another and wonder if their good old friend's mind had not "begun to go" was something very different. To come straight down to it: he not only abstained from all argument upon the "Cory Murder" and the case of Happy Fear, refusing to discuss either in any terms or under any circumstances, but he also declined to speak of Ariel Tabor or of Joseph Louden; or of their affairs, singular or plural, masculine, feminine, or neuter, or in any declension. Not a word, committal or non-committal. None!

And his face, when he was silent, fell into sorrowful and troubled lines.

At first they merely marvelled. Then Squire Buckalew dared to tempt him. Eskew's faded eyes showed a blue gleam, but he withstood, speaking of Babylon to the disparagement of Chicago. They sought to lead him into what he evidently would not, employing many devices; but the old man was wily and often carried them far afield by secret ways of his own. This hot morning he had done that thing: they were close upon him, pressing him hard, when he roused that outburst which had stirred the idlers on the benches in the Courthouse yard. Squire Buckalew (sidelong

at the others but squarely at Eskew) had volunteered the information that Cory was a reformed priest. Stung by the mystery of Eskew's silence, the Squire's imagination had become magically gymnastic; and if anything under heaven could have lifted the veil, this was the thing. Mr. Arp's reply may be revered.

"I consider," he said, deliberately, "that James G. Blaine's furrin policy was childish, and, what's more, I never thought much of *him*!"

This outdefied Ajax, and every trace of the matter in hand went to the four winds. Eskew, like Rome, was saved by a cackle, in which he joined, and a few moments later, as the bench loafers saw, was pulled down into his seat by the Colonel.

The voices of the fathers fell to the pitch of ordinary discourse; the drowsy town was quiet again; the whine of the planing-mill boring its way through the sizzling air to every wakening ear. Far away, on a quiet street, it sounded faintly, like the hum of a bee across a creek, and was drowned in the noise of men at work on the old Tabor house. It seemed the only busy place in Canaan that day: the shade of the big beech-trees which surrounded it affording some shelter from the destroying sun to the dripping laborers who were sawing, hammering, painting, plumbing, papering, and ripping open old and new packing-boxes. There were many changes in the old house—pleasantly in keeping with its simple character: airy enlargements now almost completed so that some of the rooms were already finished, and stood, furnished and immaculate, ready for tenancy.

In that which had been Roger Tabor's studio sat Ariel, alone. She had caused some chests and cases, stored there, to be opened, and had taken out of them a few of Roger's canvases and set them along the wall. Tears filled her eyes as she looked at them, seeing the tragedy of labor the old man had expended upon them; but she felt the recompense: hard, tight, literal as they were, he had had his moment of joy in each of them before he saw them coldly and knew the truth. And he had been given his years of Paris at last: and had seen "how the other fellows did it."

A heavy foot strode through the hall, coming abruptly to a halt in the doorway, and turning, she discovered Martin Pike, his big Henry - the - Eighth face flushed more with anger than with the heat. His hat was upon his head and remained there, nor did he offer any token or word of greeting whatever, but demanded to know when the work upon the house had been begun.

"The second morning after my return," she answered.

"I want to know," he pursued, "why it was kept secret from me, and I want to know quick."

"Secret?" she echoed, with a wave of her hand to indicate the noise which the workmen were making.

"Upon whose authority was it begun?"

"Mine. Who else could give it?"

"Look here," he said, advancing toward her, "don't you try to fool me! You haven't done all this by yourself. Who hired these workmen?"

Remembering her first interview with him, she rose quickly before he could come near her. "Mr. Loudon made most of the arrangements for me," she replied, quietly, "before he went away. He will take charge of everything when he returns. You haven't forgotten that I told you I intended to place my affairs in his hands?"

He had started forward, but at this he stopped and stared at her inarticulately.

"You remember?" she said, her hands resting negligently upon the back of the chair. "Surely you remember?"

She was not in the least afraid of him, but coolly watchful of him. This had been her habit with him since her return. She had seen little of him, except at table, when he was usually grimly laconic, though now and then she would hear him joking heavily with Sam Warden in the yard, or, with evidently humorous intent, groaning at Mamie over Eugene's health; but it had not escaped Ariel that he was, on his part, watchful of herself, and upon his guard with a wariness in which she was sometimes surprised to believe that she saw an almost haggard apprehension.

He did not answer her question, and it seemed to her, as she continued steadily to meet his hot eyes, that he was trying to hold himself under some measure of control; and a vain effort it proved.

"You go back to my house!" he burst out, shouting hoarsely. "You get back there! You stay there!"

"No," she said, moving between him and the door. "Mamie and I are going for a drive."

"You go back to my house!" He followed her, waving an arm fiercely at her. "Don't you come around here trying to run over me! You talk about your 'affairs'! All you've got on earth is this two-for-a-nickel old shack over your head and a bushel-basket of distillery stock that you can sell by the pound for old paper!" He threw the words in her face, the bull-bass voice seamed and cracked with falsetto. "Old paper, old rags, old iron, bottles, old clothes! You talk about your affairs! Who are you? Rothschild? You haven't got any affairs!"

Not a look, not a word, not a motion of his escaped her in all the fury of sound and gesture in which he seemed fairly to envelop himself; least of all did that shaking of his—the quivering of jaw and temple, the tumultuous agitation of his hands—evade her watchfulness.

"When did you find this out?" she said, very quickly. "After you became administrator?"

He struck the back of the chair she had vacated a vicious blow with his open hand. "No, you spendthrift! All there was to your grandfather when you buried him was a basket full of distillery stock, I tell you! Old paper! Can't you hear me? Old paper, old rags—"

"You have sent me the same income," she lifted her voice to interrupt; "you have made the same quarterly payments since his death that you made before. If you knew, why did you do that?"

He had been shouting at her with the frantic and incredulous exasperation of an intolerant man utterly unused to opposition; his face empurpled, his forehead dripping, and his hands ruthlessly pounding the back of the chair; but this straight question stripped him suddenly of gesture and left him standing limp and still before her, pale splotches beginning to show on his hot cheeks.

"If you knew, why did you do it?" she repeated. "You wrote me that my income was from dividends, and I knew and thought nothing about it; but if the

stock which came to me was worthless, how could it pay dividends?"

"It did not," he answered, huskily. "That distillery stock, I tell you, isn't worth the matches to burn it."

"But there has been no difference in my income," she persisted, steadily. "Why? Can you explain that to me?"

"Yes, I can," he replied, and it seemed to her that he spoke with a pallid and bitter desperation, like a man driven to the wall. "I can if you think you want to know."

"I do."

"I sent it."

"Do you mean from your own—"

"I mean it was my own money."

She had not taken her eyes from his, which met hers straightly and angrily; and at this she leaned forward, gazing at him with profound scrutiny.

"Why did you send it?" she asked.

"Charity," he answered, after palpable hesitation.

Her eyes widened and she leaned back against the lintel of the door, staring at him incredulously. "Charity!" she echoed, in a whisper.

Perhaps he mistook her amazement at his performance for dismay caused by the sense of her own position, for, as she seemed to weaken before him, the strength of his own habit of dominance came back to him. "Charity, madam!" he broke out, shouting intolerably. "Charity, d'ye hear? I was a friend of the man that made the money you and your grandfather squandered; I was a friend of Jonas Tabor, I say! That's why I was willing to support you for a year and over, rather than let a niece of his suffer."

"Suffer'!" she cried. "'Support'! You sent me a hundred thousand francs!"

The white splotches which had mottled Martin Pike's face disappeared as if they had been suddenly splashed with hot red. "You go back to my house," he said. "What I sent you only shows the extent of my—"

"Effrontery!" The word rang through the whole house, so loudly and clearly did she strike it, rang in his ears till it stung like a castigation. It was ominous, portentous of justice and of disaster. There was more than doubt of him in it: there was conviction.



He fell back from this word; and when he again advanced, Ariel had left the house. She had turned the next corner before he came out of the gate; and as he passed his own home on his way down-town, he saw her white dress mingling with his daughter's near the horse-block beside the drive, where the two, with their arms about each other, stood waiting for Sam Warden and the open summer carriage.

Judge Pike walked on, the white splotches reappearing like a pale rash upon his face. A yellow butterfly zig-zagged before him, knee-high, across the sidewalk. He raised his foot and half kicked at it.

## CHAPTER XIX

ESKEW ARP

AS the Judge continued his walk down Main Street he wished profoundly that the butterfly (which exhibited no annoyance) had been of greater bulk and more approachable; and it was the evil fortune of Joe's mongrel to encounter him in the sinister humor of such a wish unfulfilled.

Respectability dwelt at Beaver Beach under the care of Mr. Sheehan until his master should return; and Sheehan was kind; but the small dog found the world lonely and time long without Joe. He had grown more and more restless, and at last, this hot morning, having managed to evade the eye of all concerned in his keeping, made off unobtrusively, partly by swimming, and reaching the road, cantered into town, his ears erect with anxiety. Bent upon reaching the familiar office, he passed the grocery from the doorway of which the pimply-cheeked clerk had thrown a bad potato at him a month before. The same clerk had just laid down the *Tocsin* as Respectability went by, and, inspired to great deeds in behalf of justice and his native city, he rushed to the door, lavishly seized, this time, a perfectly good potato, and hurled it with a result which ecstasized him, for it took the mongrel fairly aside the head, which it matched in size.

The luckless Respectability's purpose to reach Joe's stairway had been entirely definite, but upon this violence he

forgot it momentarily. It is not easy to keep things in mind when one is violently smitten on mouth, nose, cheek, eye and ear by a missile large enough to strike them all simultaneously. Yelping and half blinded, he deflected to cross Main Street. Judge Pike had elected to cross in the opposite direction, and the two met in the middle of the street.

The encounter was miraculously fitted to the Judge's need: here was no butterfly, but a solid body, light withal, a wet, muddy, and dusty yellow dog, eminently kickable. The man was heavily built about the legs, and the vigor of what he did may have been additionally inspired by his recognition of the mongrel as Joe Loudens's. The impact of his toe upon the little runner's side was momentous, and the latter rose into the air. The Judge hopped, as one hops who, unshod in the night, discovers an unexpected chair. Let us be reconciled to his pain and not reproach the gods with it,—for two of his unintending adversary's ribs were cracked.

The dog, thus again deflected, retraced his tracks, shrieking distractedly, and, by one of those ironical twists which Karma reserves for the tails of the fated, dived for blind safety into the store commanded by the ecstatic and inimical clerk. There were shouts; the sleepy Square beginning to wake up: the boy who had mocked the planing-mill got to his feet, calling upon his fellows; the bench loafers strolled to the street; the aged men stirred and rose from their chairs; faces appeared in the open windows of offices; sales ladies and gentlemen came to the doorways of the trading-places; so that when Respectability emerged from the grocery he had a notable audience for the scene he enacted with a brass dinner-bell tied to his tail.

Another potato, flung by the pimply, uproarious, prodigal clerk, added to the impetus of his flight. A shower of pebbles from the hands of exhilarated boys dented the soft asphalt about him; the hideous clamor of the pursuing bell increased as he turned the next corner, running distractedly. The dead town had come to life and its inhabitants gladly risked the dangerous heat in the interests of sport, whereby it was a merry

chase the little dog led around the block. For thus some destructive instinct drove him; he could not stop with the unappeasable Terror clanging at his heels and the increasing crowd yelling in pursuit; but he turned to the left at each corner, and thus came back to pass Joe's stairway again, unable to pause there or anywhere, unable to do anything except to continue his hapless flight, poor meteor.

Round the block he went once more, and still no chance at that empty stairway where, perhaps, he thought, there might be succor and safety. Blood was upon his side where Martin Pike's boot had crashed, foam and blood hung upon his jaws and lolling tongue. He ran desperately, keeping to the middle of the street, and, not howling, set himself despairingly to outstrip the Terror. The mob, disdaining the sun superbly, pursued as closely as it could, throwing bricks and rocks at him, striking at him with clubs and sticks. Happy Fear, playing "tic-tac-toe," right hand against left, in his cell, heard the uproar, made out something of what was happening, and, though unaware that it was a friend whose life was sought, discovered a similarity to his own case, and prayed to his dim gods that the quarry might get away.

"*Mad dog!*" they yelled. "*Mad dog!*" And there were some who cried, "*Joe Louden's dog!*" that being equally as exciting and explanatory.

Three times round, and still the little fugitive maintained a lead. A gray-helmeted policeman, a big fellow, had joined the pursuit. He had children at home who might be playing in the street, and the thought of what might happen to them if the mad dog should head that way resolved him to be cool and steady. He was falling behind, so he stopped on the corner, trusting that Respectability would come round again. He was right, and the flying brownish thing streaked along Main Street, passing the beloved stairway for the fourth time. The policeman lifted his revolver, fired twice, missed once, but caught him with the second shot in a forepaw, clipping off a fifth toe, one of the small claws that grow above the foot and are always in trouble. This did not stop him; but the

policeman, afraid to risk another shot because of the crowd, waited for him to come again; and many others, seeing the hopeless circuit the mongrel followed, did likewise, armed with bricks and clubs. Among them was the pimply clerk, who had been inspired to commandeer a pitchfork from a hardware-store.

When the fifth round came, Respectability's race was run. He turned into Main Street at a broken speed, limping, parched, voiceless, flecked with blood and foam, snapping feebly at the showering rocks, but still indomitably a little ahead of the hunt. There was no yelp left in him—he was too thoroughly winded for that,—but in his brilliant and despairing eyes shone the agony of a cry louder than the tongue of a dog could utter: "O Master! O all the god I know! Where are you in my mortal need!"

Now indeed he had a gauntlet to run; for the street was lined with those who awaited him, while the pursuit grew closer behind. A number of the hardiest stood squarely in his path, and he hesitated for a second, which gave the opportunity for a surer aim, and many missiles struck him. "Let him have it now, officer," said Eugene Bantry, standing with Judge Pike at the policeman's elbow. "There's your chance."

But before the revolver could be discharged, Respectability had begun to run again, hobbling on three legs and dodging feebly. A heavy stone struck him on the shoulder and he turned across the street, making for the National House corner, where the joyful clerk brandished his pitchfork. Going slowly, he almost touched the pimply one as he passed, and the clerk, already rehearsing in his mind the honors which should follow the brave stroke, raised the tines above the little dog's head for the *coup de grâce*. They did not descend, and the daring youth failed of fame as the laurel almost embraced his brows. A hickory walking-stick was thrust between his legs; and he, expecting to strike, received a blow upon the temple sufficient for his present undoing and bedazzlement. He went over backwards, and the pitchfork (not the thing to hold poised on high when one is knocked down) fell with the force he had intended for Respectability upon his own shin.

A train had pulled into the station, and a tired, travel-worn young man, descending from a sleeper, walked rapidly up the street to learn the occasion of what appeared to be a riot. When he was close enough to understand its nature, he dropped his bag and came on at top speed, shouting loudly to the battered mongrel, who tried with his remaining strength to leap toward him through a cordon of kicking legs, while Eugene Bantry again called to the policeman to fire.

"If he does, damn you, I'll kill him!" Joe saw the revolver raised; and then, Eugene being in his way, he ran full-tilt into his stepbrother with all his force, sending him to earth, and went on literally over him as he lay prone upon the asphalt, that being the shortest way to Respectability. The next instant the mongrel was in his master's arms and weakly licking his hands.

But it was Eskew Arp who had saved the little dog; for it was his stick which had tripped the clerk, and his hand which had struck him down. All his bodily strength had departed in that effort, but he staggered out into the street toward Joe.

"Joe Loudon!" called the veteran in a loud voice. "Joe Loudon!" and suddenly reeled. The Colonel and Squire Buckalew were making their way toward him, but Joe, holding the dog to his breast with one arm, threw the other about Eskew.

"It's a town—it's a town"—the old fellow flung himself free from the supporting arm—"it's a town you couldn't even trust a yellow dog to!"

He sank back upon Joe's shoulder, speechless. An open carriage had driven through the crowd, the colored driver urged by two ladies upon the back seat, and Martin Pike saw it stop by the group in the middle of the street where Joe stood, the wounded dog held to his breast by one arm, the old man, white and half fainting, supported by the other. Martin Pike saw this and more; he saw Ariel Tabor and his own daughter leaning from the carriage, the arms of both pityingly extended to Joe Loudon and his two burdens, while the stunned and silly crowd stood round them staring, clouds of dust settling down upon them through the hot air.

## CHAPTER XX

## THREE ARE ENLISTED

NOW in that blazing noon Canaan looked upon a strange sight: an open carriage whirling through Main Street behind two galloping bays; upon the back seat a ghostly white old man with closed eyes, supported by two pale ladies, his head upon the shoulder of the taller; while beside the driver, a young man whose coat and hands were bloody, worked over the hurts of an injured dog. Sam Warden's whip sang across the horses; lather gathered on their flanks, and Ariel's voice steadily urged on the pace: "Quicker, Sam, if you can." For there was little breath left in the body of Eskew Arp.

Mamie, almost as white as the old man, was silent; but she had not hesitated in her daring, now that she had been taught to dare; she had not come to be Ariel's friend and honest follower for nothing; and it was Mamie who had cried to Joe to lift Eskew into the carriage. "You must come too," she said. "We will need you." And so it came to pass that under the eyes of Canaan Joe Loudon rode in Judge Pike's carriage at the bidding of Judge Pike's daughter.

Toward Ariel's own house they sped with the stricken octogenarian, for he was "alone in the world," and she would not take him to the cottage where he had lived for many years by himself, a bleak little house, a derelict of the "early days" left stranded far down in the town between a woollen-mill and the water-works. The workmen were beginning their dinners under the big trees, but as Sam Warden drew in the lathered horses at the gate they set down their tin buckets hastily and ran to help Joe lift the old man out. Carefully they bore him into the house and laid him upon a bed in one of the finished rooms. He did not speak or move and the workmen uncovered their heads as they went out, but Joe knew that they were mistaken. "It's all right, Mr. Arp," he said, as Ariel knelt by the bed with water and restoratives. "It's all right. Don't you worry."

Then the veteran's lips twitched, and though his eyes remained closed, Joe saw



that Eskew understood, for he gasped feebly: "Pos-i-tive-ly—no—free—seats!"

To Mrs. Louden, sewing at an upstairs window, the sight of her stepson descending from Judge Pike's carriage was sufficiently startling, but when she saw Mamie Pike take Respectability from his master's arms and carry him tenderly indoors, while Joe and Ariel occupied themselves with Mr. Arp, the good lady sprang to her feet as if she had been stung, regardlessly sending her work-basket and its contents scattering over the floor, and ran down the stairs three steps at a time.

At the front door she met her husband, entering for his dinner, and she leaped at him. Had he seen? What was it? What had happened?

Mr. Louden rubbed his chin-beard, indulging himself in a pause which was like to prove fatal to his companion, finally vouchsafing the information that the doctor's buggy was just turning the corner; Eskew Arp had suffered a "stroke," it was said, and, in Louden's opinion, was a mighty sick man. His spouse replied in no uncertain terms that she had seen quite that much for herself, urging him to continue, which he did with a deliberation that caused her to recall their wedding-day with a gust of passionate self-reproach. Presently he managed to interrupt, reminding her that her dining-room windows commanded as comprehensive a view of the next house as did the front steps, and after a time her housewifely duty so far prevailed over her indignation at the man's unwholesome stolidity that she followed him down the hall to preside over the meal, not, however, to partake largely of it herself.

Mr. Louden had no information of Eugene's mishap, nor had Mrs. Louden any suspicion that all was not well with the young man, and, hearing him enter the front door, she called to him that his dinner was waiting. Eugene, however, made no reply and went up-stairs to his own apartment without coming into the dining-room.

A small crowd, neighboring children, servants, and negroes, had gathered about Ariel's gate, and Mrs. Louden watched the working-men disperse this assembly.

gather up their tools, and depart; then Mamie came out of the house, and, bowing sadly to three old men who were entering the gate as she left it, stepped into her carriage and drove away. The newcomers, Colonel Flitcroft, Squire Buckalew, and Peter Bradbury, glanced at the doctor's buggy, shook their heads at one another, and slowly went up to the porch, where Joe met them. Mrs. Louden uttered a sharp exclamation, for the Colonel shook hands with her stepson.

Perhaps Flitcroft himself was surprised; he had offered his hand almost unconsciously, and the greeting was embarrassed and perfunctory; but his two companions, each in turn, gravely followed his lead, and Joe's set face flushed a little. It was the first time in many years that men of their kind in Canaan had offered him this salutation.

"He wouldn't let me send for you," he told them. "He said he knew you'd be here soon without that." And he led the way to Eskew's bedside.

Joe and the doctor had undressed the old man and had put him into night-gear of Roger Tabor's, taken from an antique chest; it was soft and yellow and much more like color than the face above it, for the white hair on the pillow was not whiter than that. Yet there was a strange youthfulness in the eyes of Eskew; an eerie, inexplicable, luminous, *live* look; the thin cheeks seemed fuller than they had been for years; and though the heavier lines of age and sorrow could be seen, they appeared to have been half erased. He lay not in sunshine, but in clear light; the windows were open, the curtains restrained, for he had asked them not to darken the room.

The doctor was whispering in a doctor's way to Ariel at the end of the room opposite the bed, when the three old fellows came in. None of them spoke immediately, and though all three cleared their throats with what they meant for casual cheerfulness, to indicate that the situation was not at all extraordinary or depressing, it was to be seen that the Colonel's chin trembled under his mustache, and his comrades showed similar small and unwilling signs of emotion.

Eskew spoke first. "Well, boys?" he said, and smiled.

That seemed to make it more difficult

for the others; the three white heads bent silently over the fourth upon the pillow; and Ariel saw waveringly, for her eyes suddenly filled, that the Colonel laid his unsteady hand upon Eskew's, which was outside the coverlet.

"It's—it's not," said the old soldier, gently—"it's not on—on both sides, is it, Eskew?"

Mr. Arp moved his hand slightly in answer. "It ain't paralysis," he said. "They call it 'shock and exhaustion'; but it's more than that. It's just my time. I've heard the call. We've all been slidin' on thin ice this long time—and it's broke under me—"

"Eskew, Eskew!" remonstrated Peter Bradbury. "You'd oughtn't to talk that-a-way! You only kind of overdone a little—heat o' the day, too, and—"

"Peter," interrupted the sick man with feeble asperity, "did you ever manage to fool me in your life?"

"No, Eskew."

"Well, you're not doin' it now!"

Two tears suddenly loosed themselves from Squire Buckalew's eyelids, despite his hard endeavor to wink them away, and he turned from the bed too late to conceal what had happened. "There ain't any call to feel bad," said Eskew. "It might have happened any time—in the night, maybe—at my house—and all alone—but here's Airie Tabor brought me to her own home and takin' care of me. I couldn't ask any better way to go, could I?"

"I don't know what we'll do," stammered the Colonel, "if you—you talk about goin' away from us, Eskew. We—we couldn't get along—"

"Well, sir, I'm almost kind of glad to think," Mr. Arp murmured, between short struggles for breath, "that it 'll be—quieter—on the—National House corner!"

A moment later he called the doctor faintly and asked for a restorative. "There," he said, in a stronger voice and with a gleam of satisfaction in the vindication of his belief that he was dying. "I was almost gone then. I know!" He lay panting for a moment, then spoke the name Joe Loudon.

Joe came quickly to the bedside.

"I want you to shake hands with the Colonel and Peter and Buckalew."

"We did," answered the Colonel, infinitely surprised and troubled. "We shook hands outside before we came in."

"Do it again," said Eskew. "I want to see you."

And Joe, making shift to smile, was suddenly blinded, so that he could not see the wrinkled hands extended to him and was fain to grope for them.

"God knows why we didn't all take his hand long ago," said Eskew Arp. "I didn't because I was stubborn. I hated to admit that the argument was against me. I acknowledge it now before him and before you—and I want the word of it *carried!*"

"It's all right, Mr. Arp," began Joe, tremulously. "You mustn't—"

"Hark to me"—the old man's voice lifted higher: "if you'd ever whimpered, or give back-talk, or broke out the wrong way, it would of been different. But you never did. I've watched you and I know; and you've just gone your own way alone, with the town against you because you got a bad name as a boy, and once we'd given you that, everything you did or didn't do, we had to give you a blacker one. Now it's time some one stood *by* you! Airie Tabor 'll do that with all her soul and body. She told me once I thought a good deal of you. She knew! But I want these three old friends of mine to do it, too. I was boys with them and they'll do it, I think. They've even stood up fer you against me, sometimes, but mostly fer the sake of the argument, I reckon; but now they must do it when there's more to stand against than just my talk. They saw it all to-day—the meanest thing I ever knew! I could of stood it all except that!" Before they could prevent him he had struggled half upright in bed, lifting a clenched fist at the town beyond the windows. "But, by God! when they got so low down they tried to kill your dog—"

He fell back, choking, in Joe's arms, and the physician bent over him, but Eskew was not gone, and Ariel, upon the other side of the room, could hear him whispering again for the restorative. She brought it, and when he had taken it, went quickly out-of-doors to the side yard.

She sat upon a workman's bench under the big trees, hidden from the



street shrubbery, and breathing deeply of the shaded air, began to cry quietly. Through the windows came the quavering voice of the old man, lifted again, insistent, a little querulous, but determined. Responses sounded, intermittently, from the Colonel, from Peter, and from Buckalew, and now and then a sorrowful, yet almost humorous, protest from Joe; and so she made out that the veteran swore his three comrades to friendship with Joseph Loudon; to lend him their countenance in all matters, to stand by him in weal and woe, to speak only good of him and defend him in the town of Canaan. Thus did Eskew Arp on the verge of parting this life render justice.

The gate clicked, and Ariel saw Eugene approaching through the shrubbery. One of his hands was bandaged, a thin strip of court-plaster crossed his forehead from his left eyebrow to his hair, and his thin and agitated face showed several light scratches.

"I saw you come out," he said. "I've been waiting to speak to you."

"The doctor told us to let him have his way in whatever he might ask." Ariel wiped her eyes. "I'm afraid that means—"

"I didn't come to talk about Eskew Arp," interrupted Eugene. "I'm not laboring under any anxiety about him. You needn't be afraid; he's too sour to accept his *congé* so readily."

"Please lower your voice," she said, rising quickly and moving away from him toward the house; but, as he followed, insisting sharply that he must speak with her, she walked out of ear-shot of the windows, and stopping, turned toward him. "Very well," she said. "Is it a message from Mamie?"

At this he faltered and hung fire.

"Have you been to see her?" she continued. "I am anxious to know if her goodness and bravery caused her any—any discomfort at home."

"You may set your mind at rest about that," returned Eugene. "I was there when the Judge came home to dinner. I suppose you fear he may have been rough with her for taking my stepbrother into the carriage. He was not. On the contrary, he spoke very quietly to her,

and went on out toward the stables. But I haven't come to you to talk of Judge Pike, either!"

"No," said Ariel. "I don't care particularly to hear of him, but of Mamie."

"Nor of her, either!" he broke out. "I want to talk of you!"

There was no mistaking him; no possibility of misunderstanding the real passion that shook him, and her startled eyes betrayed her comprehension.

"Yes, I see you understand," he cried, bitterly. "That's because you've seen others the same way. God help me," he went on, striking his forehead with his open hand, "that young fool of a Bradbury told me you refused him only yesterday! He was proud of even rejection from you! And there's Norbert—and half a dozen others, perhaps, already, since you've been here." He flung out his arms in ludicrous, savage despair. "And here am I—"

"Ah yes," she cut him off, "it is of yourself that you want to speak, after all—not of me!"

"Look here," he vociferated; "are you going to marry that Joe Loudon? I want to know whether you are or not. He gave me this—and this to-day!" He touched his bandaged hand and plastered forehead. "He ran into me—over me—for nothing, when I was not on my guard; struck me down—stamped on me—"

She turned upon him, cheeks aflame, eyes sparkling and dry.

"Mr. Bantry," she cried, "he did a good thing! And now I want you to go home. I want you to go home and try if you can discover anything in yourself that is worthy of Mamie and of what she showed herself to be this morning! If you can, you will have found something that I could like!"

She went rapidly toward the house, and he was senseless enough to follow, babbling: "What do you think I'm made of? You trample on me—as he did! I can't bear everything; I tell you—"

But she lifted her hand with such imperious will that he stopped short. Then, through the window of the sick-room came clearly the querulous voice:

"I tell you it was; I heard him speak just now—out there in the yard, that no-account stepbrother of Joe's! What if

he is a hired hand on the *Tocsin*? He'd better give up his job and quit, than do what he's done to help make the town think hard of Joe. And what is he? Why, he's worse than Cory. When that Claudine Fear first came here, 'Gene Bantry was hangin' around her himself. Joe knew it and he'd never tell, but I will. I saw 'em buggy-ridin' out near Beaver Beach and she slapped his face fer him. It ought to be *told*!"

"I didn't know that Joe knew—that!" Eugene stammered huskily. "It was—it was—a long time ago;—"

"If you understood Joe," she said in a low voice, "you would know that before these men leave this house, he will have their promise never to tell."

His eyes fell miserably, then lifted again; but in her clear and unbearable gaze there shone such a flame of scorn as he could not endure to look upon. For the first time in his life he saw a true light upon himself, and though the vision was darkling, the revelation was complete.

"Heaven pity you!" she whispered.

Eugene found himself alone, and stumbled away, his glance not lifted. He passed his own home without looking up, and did not see his mother beckoning frantically from a window. She ran to the door and called him. He did not hear her, but went on toward the *Tocsin* office with his head still bent.

## CHAPTER XXI

### NORBERT WAITS FOR JOE

THERE was meat for gossip a plenty in Canaan that afternoon and evening: there were rumors that ran from kitchen to parlor, and rumors that ran from parlor to kitchen; speculations that detained housewives in talk across front gates; wonderings that held cooks in converse over shadeless back fences in spite of the heat; and canards that brought Main Street clerks running to the shop doors to stare up and down the sidewalks. Out of the confusion of report, the judicious were able by evenfall to extract a fair history of this day of revolution. There remained no doubt that Joe Loudon was in attendance at the death-bed of Eskew Arp, and somehow it

came to be known that Colonel Flitercroft, Squire Buckalew, and Peter Bradbury had shaken hands with Joe and declared themselves his friends. There were those (particularly among the relatives of the hoary trio) who expressed the opinion that the Colonel and his comrades were too old to be responsible and a commission ought to sit on them; nevertheless, some echoes of Eskew's last "argument" to the conclave had sounded in the town and were not wholly without effect.

Everywhere there was a nipping curiosity to learn how Judge Pike had "taken" the strange performance of his daughter, and the eager were much disappointed when it was truthfully reported that he had done and said very little. He had merely discharged both Sam Warden and Sam's wife from his service, the mild manner of the dismissal almost unnerving Mr. Warden, although he was fully prepared for bird-shot; and the couple had found immediate employment in the service of Ariel Tabor.

Those who humanly felt the Judge's behavior to be a trifle flat and unsensational were recompensed late in the afternoon when it became known that Eugene Bantry had resigned his position on the *Tocsin*. His reason for severing his connection was dumfounding; he had written a formal letter to the Judge and repeated the gist of it to his associates in the office and acquaintances upon the street. He declared that he no longer sympathized with the attitude of the *Tocsin* toward his stepbrother, and regretted that he had previously assisted in emphasizing the paper's hostility to Joe, particularly in the matter of the approaching murder trial. This being the case, he felt that his effectiveness in the service of the paper had ceased, and he must, in justice to the owner, resign.

"Well, I'm damned!" was the simple comment of the elder Loudon when his stepson sought him out at the factory and repeated this statement to him.

"So am I, I think," said Eugene, wally. "Good-by. I'm going now to see mother, but I'll be gone before you come home."

"Gone where?"

"Just away. I don't know where," Eugene answered from the door. "I couldn't live here any longer. I—"

"You've been drinking," said Mr. Louden, inspired. "You'd better not let Mamie Pike see you."

Eugene laughed desolately. "I don't mean to. I shall write to her. Good-by," he said, and was gone before Mr. Louden could restore enough order out of the chaos in his mind to stop him.

Thus Mrs. Louden's long wait at the window was tragically rewarded, and she became an unhappy actor in Canaan's drama of that day. Other ladies attended at other windows, or near their front doors, throughout the afternoon: the families of the three patriarchs awaiting their return, as the time drew on, with something akin to frenzy. Mrs. Fliteroft (a lady of temper), whose rheumatism confined her to a chair, had her grandson wheel her out upon the porch, and, as the dusk fell and she finally saw her husband coming at a laggard pace, leaning upon his cane, his chin sunk on his breast, she frankly told Norbert that although she had lived with that man more than fifty-seven years, she would never be able to understand him. She repeated this with genuine symptoms of hysteria when she discovered that the Colonel had not come straight from the Tabor house, but had stopped two hours at Peter Bradbury's to "talk it over."

One item of his recital, while sufficiently startling to his wife, had a remarkable effect upon his grandson. This was the information that Ariel Tabor's fortune no longer existed.

"What's that?" cried Norbert, starting to his feet. "What are you talking about?"

"It's true," said the Colonel, deliberately. "She told me so herself. Eskew had dropped off into a sort of doze—more like a stupor, perhaps,—and we all went into Roger's old studio, except Louden and the doctor, and while we were there, talkin', one of Pike's clerks came with a basket full of tin boxes and packages of papers and talked to Miss Tabor at the door and went away. Then old Peter blundered out and asked her point-blank what it was, and she said it was her estate, almost everything she had, except the house. Buckalew, tryin' to make a joke, said he'd be willin' to swap his house and lot for the basket, and she

laughed and told him she thought he'd be sorry; that all there was, to speak of, was a pile of distillery stock—"

"What?" repeated Norbert, incredulously.

"Yes. It was the truth," said the Colonel, solemnly. "I saw it myself: blocks and blocks of stock in that distillery trust that went up higher'n a kite last year. Roger had put all of Jonas's good money—"

"Not into that!" shouted Norbert, uncontrollably excited.

"Yes, he did. I tell you I saw it!"

"I tell you he didn't. He owned Granger Gas, worth more to-day than it ever was! Pike was Roger's attorney-in-fact and bought it for him before the old man died. The check went through my hands. You don't think I'd forget as big a check as that, do you, even if it was more than a year ago? Or how it was signed and who made out to? It was Martin Pike that got caught with distillery stock. He speculated once too often!"

"No, you're wrong," persisted the Colonel. "I tell you I saw it myself."

"Then you're blind," returned his grandson, disrespectfully; "you're blind or else—or else—" He paused, open-mouthed, a look of wonder struggling its way to expression upon him, gradually conquering every knobby outpost of his countenance. He struck his fat hands together. "Where's Joe Louden?" he asked, sharply. "I want to see him. Did you leave him at Miss Tabor's?"

"He's goin' to sit up with Eskew. What do you want of him?"

"I should say you better ask that!" Mrs. Fliteroft began, shrilly. "It's enough, I guess, for one of this family to go runnin' after him and shakin' hands with him and Heaven knows what not! Norbert Fliteroft!"

But Norbert jumped from the porch, ruthlessly crossed his grandmother's geranium-bed, and, making off at as sharp a pace as his architecture permitted, within ten minutes opened Ariel's gate.

Sam Warden came forward to meet him.

"Don't ring, please, suh," said Sam. "Dey sot me out heah to tell inquiren' frien's dat po' ole Mist' Arp mighty low."

"I want to see Mr. Louden," re-

turned Norbert. "I want to see him immediately."

"I don' reckon he kin come out yit," Sam said, in a low tone. "But I kin go in an' ast 'em."

He stepped softly within, leaving Norbert waiting, and went to the door of the sick-room. The door was open, the room brightly lighted, as Eskew had commanded when, a little earlier, he awoke.

Joe and Ariel were alone with him, leaning toward him with such white anxiety that the colored man needed no warning to make him remain silent in the hallway. The veteran was speaking and his voice was very weak, seeming to come from a great distance.

"It's mighty funny, but I feel like I used to when I was a little boy. I reckon I'm kind of scared—after all. Airie Tabor,—are you—here?"

"Yes, Mr. Arp."

"I thought—so—but I—I don't see very well—lately. I—wanted—to—know—to know—"

"Yes—to know?" She knelt close beside him.

"It's kind of—foolish," he whispered. "I just—wanted to know if you was still here. It—don't seem so lonesome now that I know."

She put her arm lightly about him and he smiled and was silent for a time. Then he struggled to rise upon his elbow, and they lifted him a little.

"It's hard to breathe," gasped the old man. "I'm pretty near—the big road. Joe Loudens—"

"Yes?"

"You'd have been—willing—willing to change places with me—just now—when Airie—"

Joe laid his hand on his, and Eskew smiled again. "I thought so! And, Joe—"

"Yes?"

"You always—always had the—the best of that joke between us. Do you—suppose they charge admission—up there?" His eyes were lifted. "Do you suppose you've got to—to show your good deeds to git in?" The answering whisper was almost as faint as the old man's.

"No," panted Eskew, "nobody knows. But I hope—I do hope—they'll have some free seats. It's a—mighty, poor show—we'll—all have—if they—don't!"

He sighed peacefully, his head grew heavier on Joe's arm; and the young man set his hand gently upon the unseeing eyes. Ariel did not rise from where she knelt, but looked up at him when, a little later, he lifted his hand.

"Yes," said Joe, "you can cry now."

## CHAPTER XXII

MR. SHEEHAN SPEAKS

JOE helped to carry what was mortal of Eskew from Ariel's house to its final abiding-place. With him, in that task, were Buckalew, Bradbury, the Colonel, and the grandsons of the two latter, and Mrs. Loudens drew in her skirts grimly as her stepson passed her in the mournful procession through the hall. Her eyes were red with weeping (not for Eskew), but not so red as those of Mamie Pike, who stood beside her.

On the way to the cemetery, Joe and Ariel were together in a carriage with Buckalew and the minister who had read the service, a dark, pleasant-eyed young man;—and the Squire, after being almost overcome during the ceremony, experienced a natural reaction, talking cheerfully throughout the long drive. He recounted many anecdotes of Eskew, chuckling over most of them, though filled with wonder by a coincidence which he and Flitcroft had discovered: the Colonel had recently been made the custodian of his old friend's will, and it had been opened the day before the funeral. Eskew had left everything he possessed—with the regret that it was so little—to Joe.

"But the queer thing about it," said the Squire, addressing himself to Ariel, "was the date of it, the seventeenth of June. The Colonel and I got to talkin' it over, out on his porch, last night, tryin' to rec'lect what was goin' on about then, and we figgered it out that it was the Monday after you come back, the very day he got so upset when he saw you goin' up to Loudens's law-office with your roses."

Joe looked quickly at Ariel. She did not meet his glance, but, turning instead to Ladew, the clergyman, began, with a barely perceptible blush, to talk of something he had said in a sermon two weeks ago. The two fell into a thoughtful and

amiable discussion, during which there stole into Joe's heart a strange and unreasonable pain. The young minister had lived in Canaan only a few months, and Joe had never seen him until that morning; but he liked the short, honest talk he had made; liked his cadenceless voice and keen, dark face; and, recalling what he had heard Martin Pike vociferating in his brougham one Sunday, perceived that Ladew was the fellow who had "got to go" because his sermons did not please the Judge. Yet Ariel remembered for more than a fortnight a passage from one of these sermons. And as Joe looked at the manly and intelligent face opposite him, it did not seem strange that she should.

He resolutely turned his eyes to the open window and saw that they had entered the cemetery, were near the green knoll where Eskew was to lie beside a brother who had died long ago. He let the minister help Ariel out, going quickly forward himself with Buckalew; and then—after the little while that the restoration of dust to dust mercifully needs—he returned to the carriage only to get his hat.

Ariel and Ladew and the Squire were already seated and waiting. "Aren't you going to ride home with us?" she asked, surprised.

"No," he explained, not looking at her. "I have to talk with Norbert Fliteroft. I'm going back with him. Good-by."

His excuse was the mere truth, his conversation with Norbert, in the carriage which they managed to secure to themselves, continuing earnestly until Joe spoke to the driver and alighted at a corner, near Mr. Farbach's Italian possessions. "Don't forget," he said, as he closed the carriage door, "I've got to have both ends of the string in my hands."

"Forget!" Norbert looked at the cupola of the Pike Mansion, rising above the maples down the street. "It isn't likely I'll forget!"

When Joe entered the "Louis Quinze room" which some decorator, drunk with power, had mingled into the brewer's villa, he found the owner and Mr. Sheehan, with five other men, engaged in a meritorious attempt to tone down the apartment with smoke. Two of

the five others were prosperous owners of saloons; two were known to the public (whose notion of what it meant when it used the term was something of the vaguest) as politicians; the fifth was Mr. Farbach's closest friend, one who (Joe had heard) was to be the next chairman of the city committee of the party. They were seated about a table, enveloped in blue clouds, and hushed to a grave and pertinent silence which clarified immediately the circumstance that whatever debate had preceded his arrival, it was now settled.

Their greeting of him, however, though exceedingly quiet, indicated a certain expectancy, as he accepted the chair which had been left for him at the head of the table. He looked thinner and paler than usual, which is saying a great deal; but presently, finding that the fateful hush which his entrance had broken was immediately resumed, a twinkle came into his eye, one of his eyebrows went up and a corner of his mouth went down.

"Well, gentlemen?" he said.

The smokers continued to smoke and to do nothing else; the exception being Mr. Sheehan, who, though he spoke not, exhibited tokens of agitation and excitement which he curbed with difficulty; shifting about in his chair, gnawing his cigar, crossing and uncrossing his knees, rubbing and slapping his hands together, clearing his throat with violence, his eyes fixed all the while, as were those of his companions, upon Mr. Farbach; so that Joe was given to perceive that it had been agreed that the brewer should be the spokesman. Mr. Farbach was deliberate, that was all, which added to the effect of what he finally did say.

"Choe," he remarked, placidly, "you are der next Mayor off Canaan."

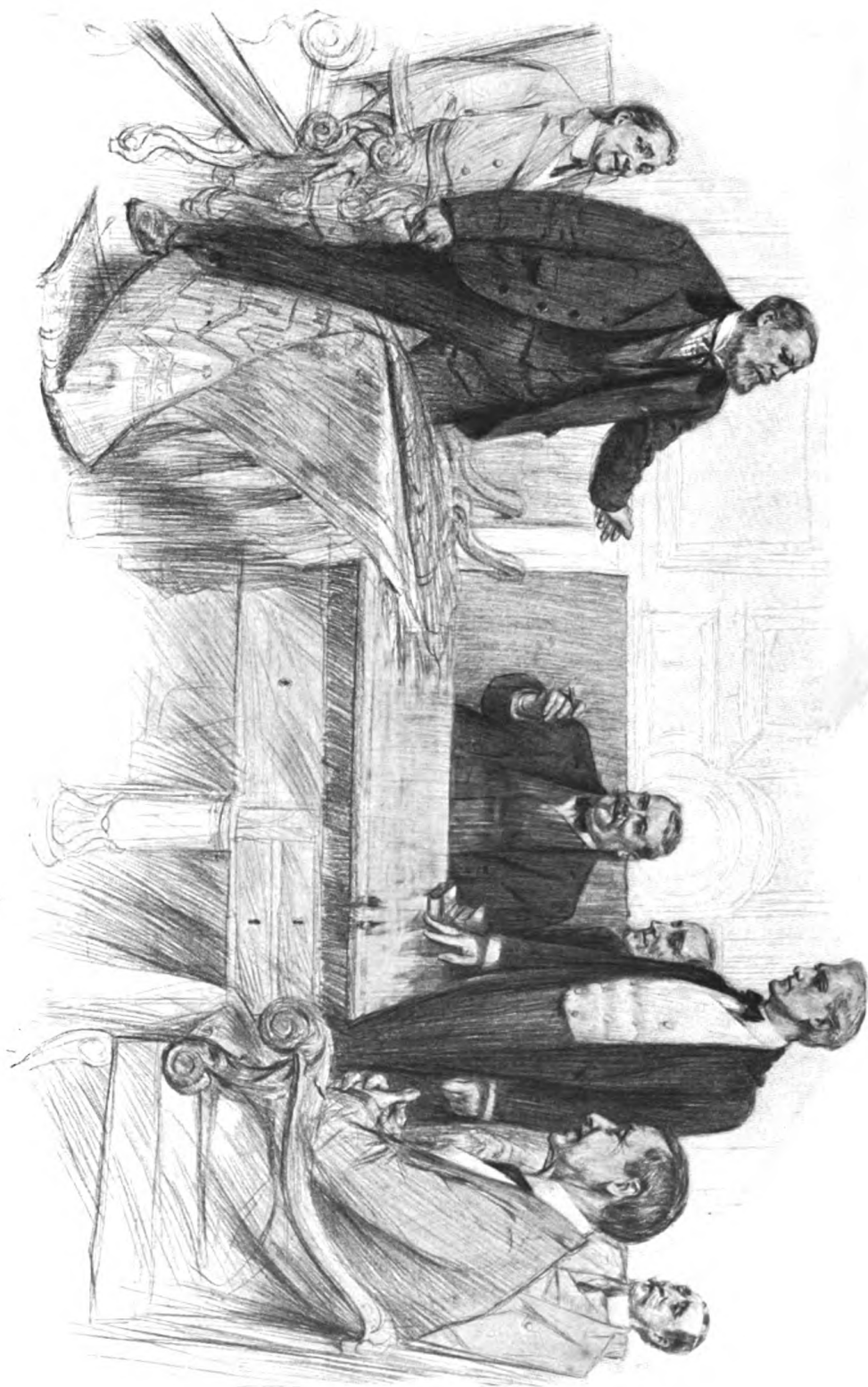
"Why do you say that?" asked the young man, sharply.

"Bickoss us here," he answered, interlocking the tips of his fingers over his waistcoat, that being as near folding his hands as lay within his power,—*"bickoss us here shall try to fix it so, und so hef ditedied."*

Joe took a deep breath. "Why do you want me?"

"Dot," replied the brewer, "iss something I shall tell you." He paused to contemplate his cigar. "We want you





"MARTIN PIKE OWNS BEAVER BEACH!" ROARED SHEEHAN

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth



bickoss you are der best man fer dot positision."

"Louie, you mustn't make a mistake at the beginning," Joe said, hurriedly. "I may not be the kind of man you're looking for. If I went in—" he hesitated, stammering. "It seems an ungrateful thing to say, but—but there wouldn't be any slackness—I couldn't be bound to anybody—"

"Holt up your hosses!" Mr. Farbach, once in his life, was so ready to reply that he was able to interrupt. "Who hef you heert speak off bounding? Hef I speakt off favors? Dit I say der should be slackness in der city gofer'ment? Litsen to me, Choe." He renewed his contemplation of his cigar, then proceeded: "I hef been t'inkin' it ofer, now a couple years. I hef mate up my mind. If some peobles are gombelt to keep der laws and oders are not, dot's a great atwantitch to der oders. Dot iss what iss ruining der gountry und der peobles iss commencement to take notice. Efer'veres in oder towns der iss housecleaning; dey are reforming und in-dieding, und pooty soon dot mofement comes here—shoo-er! If we intent to holt der pardy in power, we should be a leetle ahead off dot mofement, so, when it should be here, we hef a goot 'minadstration to fall beck on. Now, dere iss anoder brewery opened und trying to gombete mit me here in Canaan. If dot brewery owns der Mayor, all der tsaloons buying my bier must shut up at 'leven o'clock und Sundays, but der oders keep open. If I own der Mayor, I make der same against dot oder brewery. Now I am pooty sick off dot ways off bitsness und fighting all times. Also," Mr. Farbach added, with magnificent calmness, "my trade iss larchly owitside off Canaan, und it iss bedder dot here der laws should be enforced der same fer all. Litsen, Choe: all us here beliefs der same way. You are square. Der whole tsaloon element knows dot, und knows dot all vould be treated der same. Mit you it vould be fairness fer each one. Foolish peobles hef sait you are a law-tricker, but we know dot you hef only mate der laws brotect as well as bunish. Und at such times as dey het been broken, you hef made dem as mertsiful as you coult. You are no tricker. We are willing to

help you make it a glean town. Odervise der fightin' vould go on until der mofement strikes here und all der granks vake up und we git a fool reformer fer Mayor und der town goes to der dogs. If I try to put in a man dot I own, der oder brewery iss goin' to fight like hell, but if I work fer you it will not fight so hart."

"But the other people," Joe objected, "those outside of what is called the saloon element—do you understand how many of them will be against me?"

"It iss der tsaloon element," Mr. Farbach returned, peacefully, "dot does der fightin'."

"And you have considered my standing with that part of Canaan which considers itself the most respectable section?" He rose to his feet, standing straight and quiet, facing the table, upon which, it chanced, there lay a copy of the *Tocsin*.

"Und yet," observed Mr. Farbach, with mildness, "we got some pooty risbecdable men right here."

"Except me," broke in Mr. Sheehan, grimly, "you have."

"Have you thought of this?" Joe leaned forward and touched the paper upon the table.

"We hef," replied Mr. Farbach. "All of us. You shall beat it."

There was a strong chorus of confirmation from the others, and Joe's eyes flashed.

"Have you considered," he continued, rapidly, while a warm color began to conquer his pallor,—"have you considered the powerful influence which will be against me, and more against me now, I should tell you, than ever before? That influence, I mean, which is striving so hard to discredit me that lynch-law has been hinted for poor Fear if I should clear him! Have you thought of that? Have you thought—"

"Have we thought o' Martin Pike?" exclaimed Mr. Sheehan, springing to his feet, face aflame and beard bristling. "Ay, we've thought o' Martin Pike, and our thinkin' of him is where he begins to git what's comin' to him! What d'ye stand there pickin' straws fer? What's the matter with ye?" he demanded, angrily, his violence tenfold increased by the long repression he had put upon himself during the brewer's deliberate ut-

terances. "If Louie Farbach and his crowd says they're fer ye, I guess ye've got a chanst, haven't ye?"

"Wait," said Joe. "I think you underestimate Pike's influence—"

"Underestimate the devil!" shouted Mr. Sheehan, uncontrollably excited. "You talk about influence! He's been the worst influence this town's ever had—and his tracks covered up in the dark wherever he set his ugly foot down. These men know it, and you know some, but not the worst of it, because none of ye live as deep down in it as I do! Ye want to make a clean town of it, ye want to make a little heaven of the Beach—"

"And in the eyes of Judge Pike," Joe cut him off, "and of all who take their opinions from him, I *represent* Beaver Beach!"

Mike Sheehan gave a wild shout. "Whooroo! It's come! I knowed it would! The day I couldn't hold my

tongue, though I passed my word I would when the coward showed the deed he didn't dare to git recorded! Waugh!" He shouted again, with bitter laughter. "Ye do! In the eyes o' them as follow Martin Pike ye stand fer the Beach and all its wickedness, do ye? Whooroo! It's come! Ye're an offence in the eyes o' Martin Pike and all his kind because ye stand fer the Beach, are ye?"

"You know it!" Joe answered, sharply. "If they could wipe the Beach off the map and me with it—"

"Martin Pike would?" shouted Mr. Sheehan, while the others, open-mouthed, stared at him. "Martin Pike would?"

"I don't need to tell you that," said Joe.

Mr. Sheehan's big fist rose high over the table and descended crashing upon it. "It's a damn lie!" he roared. "Martin Pike owns Beaver Beach!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## From Romany to Rome

BY WALLACE IRWIN

UPON the road to Romany  
It's stay, friend, stay!  
There's lots o' love and lots o' time  
To linger on the way;  
Poppies for the twilight,  
Roses for the noon,  
It's happy goes as lucky goes  
To Romany in June.

But on the road to Rome—oh  
It's march, man, march!  
The dust is on the chariot wheels,  
The sere is on the larch;  
Helmets and javelins  
And bridles flecked with foam—  
The flowers are dead, the world's ahead  
Upon the road to Rome.

But on the road to Rome—ah,  
It's fight, man, fight!  
Footman and horseman  
Treading left and right,  
Camp-fires and watch-fires  
Ruddying the gloam—  
The fields are gray and worn away  
Along the road to Rome.

Upon the road to Romany  
It's sing, boys, sing!  
Though rag and pack be on our back  
We'll whistle at the King.  
Wine is in the sunshine,  
Madness in the moon,  
And de'il may care the road we fare  
To Romany in June.

Along the road to Rome, alas!  
The glorious dust is whirled,  
Strong hearts are fierce to see  
The City of the World;  
Yet footfall or bugle-call  
Or thunder as ye will,  
Upon the road to Romany  
The birds are calling still!

# Santa Fé Charley's Kindergarten

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER

WHEN Bill Hart, who was a good fellow and kept the principal store in Palomitas, got word his aunt in Vermont was coming out to pay him a visit—it being too late to stop her, and he knowing he'd have to worry the thing through somehow till he could start her back East again—he was the worst broke-up man you ever saw. He had a right to be. It was that year when the end of the track was stuck at Palomitas, and when it seemed as if about all that was toughest in the Territory was stuck there too. Just thinking how his aunt would feel, getting tangled up with a crowd like that, was enough to—and it did—give him the worst jolt he'd ever had.

"Great Scott! Sam," Hart said, when he was telling Cherry about it, "Palomitas ain't no sort of a town to bring aunts to; and it's about the last town I know of where Aunt Maria 'll fit in. She's the old-fashioned kind, right up to the limit, Aunt Maria is. Sewing societies and Sunday-schools are the hands she holds flushes in; and she has the preacher once a week to supper; and when it comes to kindergartens—Hart was so worked up he talked careless—she's simply h—ll! What's a woman like that going to do, I want to know, in a place like this—that's mainly made up of saloons and dance-halls and faro-banks, and most of the men usually drunk, and shooting scrapes going on all the time? It just makes me sick to think about it." And Hart groaned.

Cherry swore for a while, sort of friendly and sociable—he was a sympathetic man, Cherry was, and always did what he could to help—and as Hart was too far gone to swear for himself, in a way that amounted to anything, hearing what Cherry had to say seemed to do him good.

"I'd stop her, if there was any stop to her," he went on in a minute or two,

speaking hopeless and miserable; "but there ain't. She says she's starting the day after she writes—having a chance to come sudden with friends—and that means she's 'most here now. And there's no heading her off—because she says the friends she's hooked fast to may be coming to Pueblo and may be coming to Santa Fé. But it don't make any difference, she says, as she's told she can get down easy by the railroad from Pueblo, or she can slide across to Palomitas by a short and pleasant coach-ride—that's what she calls it—from Santa Fé.

"That's all she tells about her coming. The rest of what's in her letter is about how glad she'll be to see me, and about how glad she knows I'll be to see her—being lonely so far from my folks, and likely needing my clothes mended, and pleased to be eating some of her home-made pies. It's just like Aunt Maria to put in things like that. You see, she brought me up—and she's never got out of her head I'm more'n about nine years old. What I feel like doing is going out in the sage-brush and blowing the top of my fool head off, and letting the coyotes eat what's left of me and get me out of the way!"

Hart really did look as if he meant it, Cherry said afterward. He was the miserablest-looking man, he said, he'd ever seen alive.

Cherry said he begun to have a notion, though, while Hart was talking, how the thing might be worked so there wouldn't be no real trouble if it could be fixed so Hart's aunt wouldn't stay in Palomitas more'n about a day; and he come right on down to the Forest Queen to see if he could get the boys to help him put it through. He left Hart clearing out the room he kept flour and meal in—being the cleanest—trying to rig up for his aunt some sort of a bunking-place. He was going to give her his own cot and



mattress, he said; and he could fit her out with a looking-glass and a basin and pitcher all right because he kept them sort of things to sell; and he said he'd make the place extra tidy by putting a new horse-blanket on the floor. Seeing his way to getting a grip on that much of the contract, Cherry said, seemed to make him feel a little less bad.

Cherry waited till the deal was over, when he got to the Forest Queen; and then he asked Santa Fé Charley—Charley was the dealer at the Forest Queen—if he'd let him speak to the boys for a minute before the game went on. He was always polite and obliging, Santa Fé was, and he said of course he might; and he rapped on the table with his derringer for order, and said Mr. Cherry had the floor. Charley was old-fashioned in his ways of fighting. He always had a six-shooter in his belt, same as other folks; but he said he kept it mainly for show. Derringers, he said, was better and surer—because you could work 'em around in your pocket, while the other fellow was getting his gun out, and before he was ready for business you could shoot him right through your pants. Later on, it was that very way Santa Fé shot Hart. But he was always friendly with Hart, till he did shoot him; and it was more his backing than anything else—especially when it come to the kindergarten—that made Cherry's plan for helping Hart out go through.

When the game was stopped, and the boys was all listening, Cherry told about the hole Hart was in and allowed it was a deep one; and he said it was only fair—Hart having done good turns for most everybody, one time and another—his friends should be willing to take some trouble to get him out of it. Hart's aunt, he said, come from a quiet part of Vermont, and likely would be jolted bad when she struck Palomitas if things was going the ordinary way—she being elderly, and like enough a little set in her ways, and not used much to crazy drunks, and shooting matches, and such kinds of lively carryings-on. But she'd only stay one day, or at most a day and a half—Hart having agreed to take her right back East himself, if she couldn't be got rid of no other way—and that gave 'em a chance to fix things so her

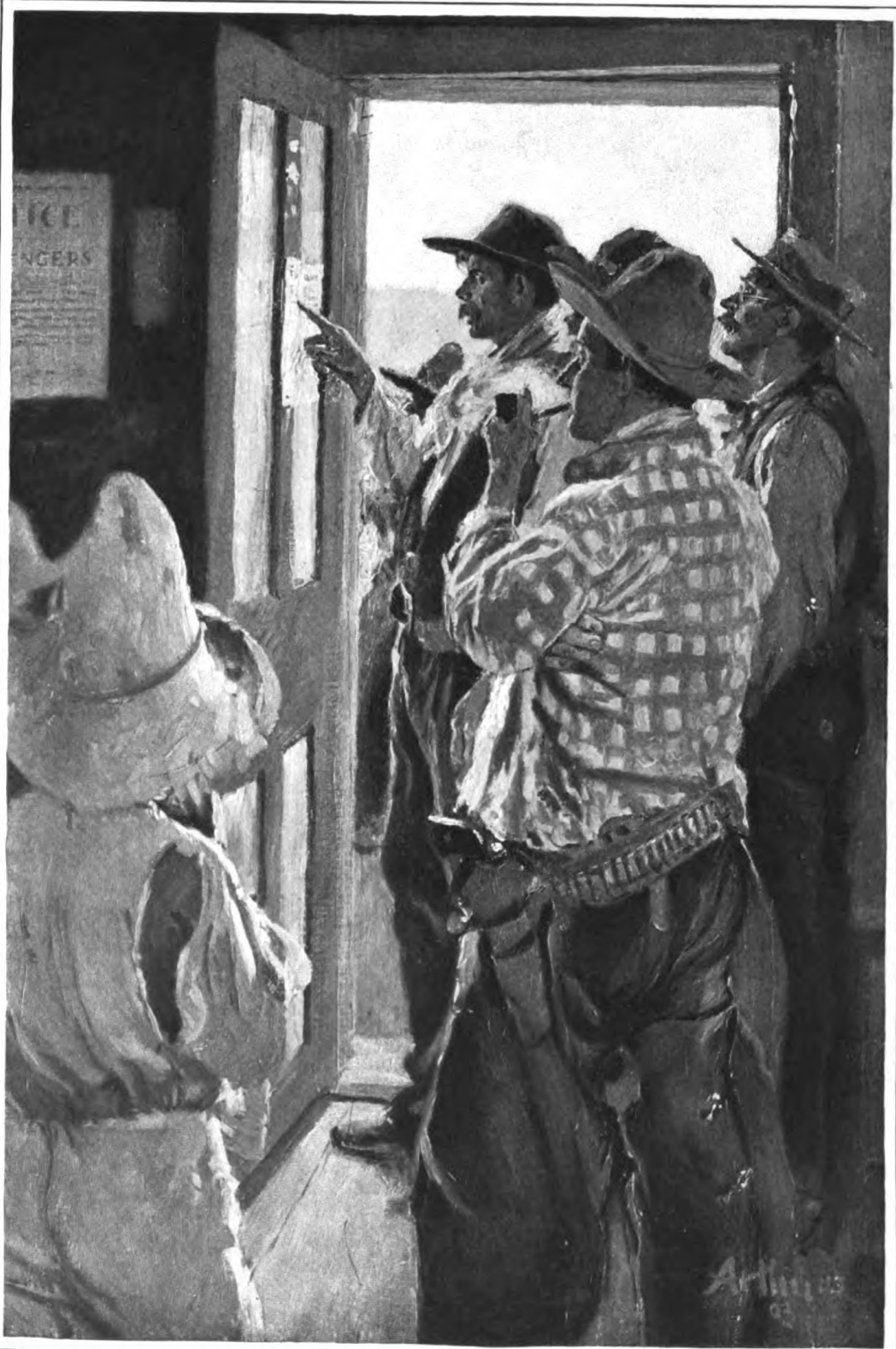
feelings wouldn't be hurt, though doing it was going to be hard on all hands. And then, having got the boys worked up wondering what he was driving at, Cherry went ahead and said he wanted 'em to agree—just for the little while Hart's aunt was going to stay there—to run Palomitas like it was a regular back East Sunday-school town. He knew he was asking a good deal, he said; but he did ask it—and he appealed to the better class of citizens assembled around that faro-table to do that much to get Bill Hart out of his hole. Then Cherry said he wasn't nobody's orator, but he guessed he'd made clear what he wanted to lay before the meeting; and he said he was much obliged, and had pleasure in setting up drinks for the crowd.

As was to be expected of 'em, all the boys—knowing Hart for a square-acting man, and liking him—tumbled right off to Cherry's plan. Santa Fé said—this was after they'd had their drinks—he s'posed he was chairman of the meeting, and he guessed he spoke the sense of the meeting when he allowed Mr. Cherry's scheme was about the only way out for their esteemed fellow citizen Mr. Hart, and it ought to go through. But as it was a matter that seriously affected the comfort and convenience of everybody in Palomitas, he said, it was only square to take a vote on it—and so he'd ask all in favor of Mr. Cherry's motion to say "Aye." And everybody in the room—except the few that was asleep, or too drunk to say anything—said "Aye" as loud as they knew how.

"Mr. Cherry's motion is carried, gentlemen," Santa Fé said; "and I will now appoint a committee to draft a notice to be posted at the deepo, and to call around at the other banks and saloons in the town and notify verbally our fellow citizens of the action we have taken."

The Sage-brush Hen, along with some of the other girls, had come in from the back room—where the dancing was—to find out what the circus was about; and when they caught on to what Palomitas was going to be like when Hart's aunt struck it they all just yelled.

"You've come out well as the Baptist minister, once, Charley," the Hen said, shaking all over; "and I reckon you can do it again—only it won't be so easy



Half-tone plate engraved by A. Hayman

THE NOTICE WAS TACKED UP ON THE DOOR



showing off the new church and the parsonage by daylight as it was in the dark."

Cherry was more pleased than a little the way things had gone—and he said so to the boys, and set up drinks all round again. Then he and Abe Simons—they was the committee to do it—wrote out a notice that was tacked up on the deepo door and read this way:

TO THE CITIZENS OF PALOMITAS

Mr. William J. Hart's aunt is coming to pay him a visit, and will strike this town either by the Denver train to-morrow morning or the Santa Fé coach to-morrow afternoon.

She is a perfect lady, and it is ordered that during her stay in Palomitas this town has got to behave itself so her feelings won't be hurt. She is to be took care of and given a pleasant impression. All fights and drunks must be put off till she's gone. Persons neglecting to do so will be taken out into the sage-brush by members of the committee, and are likely to get hurt.

Mr. Hart regrets this occurrence as much as anybody, and agrees his aunt's visit sha'n't last beyond one day if she comes down from Denver, or a day and a half if she comes in from Santa Fé.

(Signed) THE COMMITTEE.

When Cherry got a-hold of Hart and told him what the town had agreed to do for him he was that grateful—being all worked up, anyway—he pretty near cried.

As it turned out, Hart's aunt come in on Hill's coach from Santa Fé—her friends having gone down that way by the Atchison—and as Hill had been at the meeting at the Forest Queen he was able to give things a good start. Hill always was a friendly sort of a fellow, and—except he used terrible bad language, which he said come of his having to drive mules—he was a real first-class ladies' man.

Hill said he knew Hart's aunt the minute he set his eyes on her waiting for the coach at the Fonda, there not being likely to be more'n one in the Territory of that kind. She was a trig little old lady, dressed up in black clothes as neat as wax, he said, with a little black bonnet setting close to her head; and she wore gold specs and had a longish nose. But she'd a real friendly look about her, he said; and while she spoke a little precise

and particular she wasn't a bit stuck up, and seemed to be taking things about as they happened to come along. When he asked her if she wouldn't set up on the box with him, so she could see the country, she said that was just what would suit her; and up she come, he said, as spry as a queer little bird. Then he whipped up his mules—being careful not to use any language—and got the coach started; and begun right off to be agreeable by telling her he guessed he had the pleasure of knowing her nephew, and asking her if she wasn't the aunt of Mr. William J. Hart.

Well, of course that set things to going pleasant between 'em; and when she'd allowed she was Hart's aunt, and said she was glad to meet a friend of his, she started in asking all the questions about Bill and about Palomitas she knew how to ask.

Hill said he guessed that day they had to lay off the regular recording angel and put a hired first-class stenographer on his job—seeing how no plain angel, not writing shorthand, could 'a' kept up with all the lies he felt it his duty to tell if he was going to bring Bill through in good shape and keep up the reputation of the town. It wasn't square to charge them lies up to him, anyway, Hill said, seeing he only was playing Cherry's hand for him; and he said he hoped they was put in Cherry's bill. By the time he'd got through with his fairy-tales, he said, he'd given Hart such a character he didn't know him himself; and he'd touched up Palomitas till he'd got it so it might 'a' been a town just outside Boston—only he allowed they was sometimes troubled with hard cases passing through; and he told her of course she'd find things kind of half-baked and noisy out there on the frontier. And she must remember, he told her, that all the folks in the town was young—young men who'd brought their young wives with 'em, come to hustle in a new country—and she mustn't mind if things went livelier 'n the way she was used to back East.

Hill said she said she wasn't expecting to find things like they was at home, and she guessed she'd manage all right—seeing she always got on well with young people, and wasn't a bit set in her own ways. And she said she was as pleased as

she was surprised to find out the kind of a town Palomitas was—because her nephew William's letters had led her to think it had a good many bad characters in it; and he'd not mentioned any church but the Catholic one where the natives went; and as to the Bible Class and the Friendly Aid Society and the Sunshine Club he'd never said a word about 'em at all. She went on talking so cheerful and pleasant, Hill said, it give him creeps in his back; and he got so rattled the last half of the run—coming on from Pojuaque, where they'd had lunch at old man Bouquet's—he hardly knew what he'd told and what he hadn't, and whether he was standing on his head or his heels.

Being that way, he made the only break that gave trouble afterward. She asked him if there was a school in Palomitas; and he told her there wasn't, because all the folks in town was so young—except the natives, who hadn't no use for schools—they hadn't any children big enough to go to one. And then she said sudden, and as it seemed to him changing the subject: "Isn't there a kindergarten?" Hill said he'd never heard tell of such a concern; but he sized it up to be some sort of a fancy German garden—like the one Becker 'd fixed up for himself, over to Santa Cruz—and he said he allowed, from the way she asked about it, it was what Palomitas ought to have. So he told her there was, and it was the best one in the Territory—and let it go at that. He said she said she was glad to hear it, as she took a special interest in kindergartens, and she'd go and see it the first thing.

Hill said he knew he'd put his foot in it somehow; but as he didn't know how he'd put his foot in it, he just switched her off by telling her about the Dorcas Society. He had the cards for that, he said, because his mother 'd helped run a Dorcas Society back East and he knew what he was talking about. The Palomitas one met Thursdays, he told her, at the Forest Queen. That was the principal hotel, he told her, and was kept by Mrs. Major Rogers, who was an officer's widow, and had started the society to make clothes for some of the Mexican poor folks—and he said it was a first-rate charity and worked well. It tickled him so, he said, thinking of any such do-

ings at the Forest Queen—with Tenderfoot Sal, who kept it, bossing the job—he had to work off the laugh he had inside of him by taking to licking his mules.

But it went all right with the little old lady; and she was that interested he had to strain himself, he said, making up more stories about it—till by good luck she took to telling him about the Dorcas Society she belonged to herself, back home in Vermont; and was so full of it she kept things going easy for him till they'd crossed the bridge over the Rio Grande and was coming up the slope into the town at a walk.

Up at the top of the slope Santa Fé Charley was standing waiting for 'em—dressed in black, like he always was, with a long frock-coat and a white tie. As the coach come along he sung out, pleasant and friendly: "Good day, brother Hill. I missed you at the Bible Class last evening. No doubt you were detained unavoidably, and it's all right. But be sure to come Friday. We don't get along well without you, brother Hill." And Santa Fé took off his black felt hat and made the old lady the best sort of a bow.

Hill caught on quick and played right up to Santa Fé's lead. "That's our minister, Mr. Charles, ma'am. The one I've been telling you about," he said. "He's just friendly and sociable like that all the time. He looks after the folks in this town closer 'n any preacher I ever saw." A part of that, Hill said, was dead certain truth—seeing as Santa Fé had his eyes out straight along for everybody about the place who had a dollar in his pocket, and wasn't satisfied till he'd scooped in that dollar over his table at the Forest Queen.

"There's the new church we're building," Hill went on, as they got to the top of the slope and headed for the deepo. "It ain't much to look at yet, the spire not being put on; and even when it gets the spire on it won't show up well with churches East. But we're going to be satisfied with it—seeing it's the best we can do. You'll be interested to know, ma'am, your nephew give the land."

"William hasn't let on anything about it," Hart's aunt said, looking pleased all over. "But what in the world is a church doing with a railroad track running into it, Mr. Hill?"



Hill said he'd forgot about the track when he settled to use the new freight-house for church purposes; but he said he pulled himself together quick and told her the track was temp'r'y—put in so building material could unload right on the ground. And then he took to talking about how obliging the railroad folks had been helping 'em—and kept a-talking that way till he got the coach to the deepo, and didn't need to hustle making things up any more. He said he never was so thankful in his life as he was when his stunt was done. He was just tired out, he said, lying straight ahead all day over thirty miles of bad road and not being able once to speak natural to his mules.

Hart was waiting at the deepo, on the chance his aunt would come in on the coach; and when she saw him she give a little squeal, she was so pleased, and hopped down in no time off the box—she was as brisk as a bee in her doings—and took to hugging him and half-crying over him just like he was a little boy.

"Oh William," she said, "I am so happy getting to you! And I'm happier 'n I expected to be, finding out how quiet and respectable Palomitas is—not a bit what your letters made me think it was—and such real good people living in it, and everything but the queer country and the queer mud houses just like it is at home. Mr. Hill has been telling me all about it, coming over; and about this new church you're building that you gave the lot for. To think you've never told me! Oh William, I am so glad and so thankful that out here in this wild region you've kept serious-minded and are turning out such a good man!"

Hart looked so mixed up over the way his aunt was talking, and so sort of hopeless, that Hill cut in quick and give him a lift. "He's not much at blowing about himself, your nephew ain't, ma'am," Hill said. "Why, he not only give the land for the church over there"—and Hill pointed at the freight-house, so Hart could ketch on—"but it was him got the company to lay them temp'r'y tracks, so the building stuff could be took right in. He's going to give the organ, too."

"Dear William!" Hart's aunt said. "It rejoices my heart you're doing all

these good deeds—and all the others Mr. Hill's been telling me about. I must kiss you again."

"Oh, what I've done ain't nothing," Hart said, pulling himself together while she was kissing him. "Land's cheap, cheap as it can be, out here; and I give the company such a lot of freight they're more'n willing to oblige me; and as to the organ—"

Hart sort of gagged when he got to the organ, and Santa Fé Charley—who'd come up while they all was talking away together—reached across the table and played his hand. "As to the organ, Mr. Hart," Santa Fé put in, "you said that being in business you could get it at a discount off. But that does not appreciably lessen your generosity, Mr. Hart; and your aunt"—Santa Fé took off his hat and bowed handsome—"is justified in taking pride in your good deeds. I am glad to tell her that in her nephew our struggling church has its staunchest pillar and its strongest stay."

"Yes, that's the way it is about the organ, Aunt Maria," Hart said, kind of weak and mournful. "Being in business, I get organs at such a discount off that giving 'em away ain't nothing to me at all. And now I guess we'd better be getting along home. It's a mighty mean home to take you to, Aunt Maria; but there's one comfort—as you'll find out when I get the chance to talk to you—you won't have to stay in it long."

There was a lot of the boys standing round on the deepo platform watching the show, and they all took their hats off respectful—following the lead Santa Fé give 'em—as Hart started away up the track, to where his store was, with his Aunt Maria on his arm. The town looked like some place East keeping Sunday: the Committee having talked strong as to what they'd do if things wasn't quiet, and having rounded up—and corralled in a back room Denver Jones lent the use of—the few who'd got drunk as usual because they had to, and so had to be took care of that way. It was a June evening, and the sun about setting; and somehow it all was so sort of peaceful and uncommon—with everybody in sight sober, and no fighting anywhere, and that little old lady going along believing Palomitas was like that

always, instead of the hell on earth it was—some of us more'n half believed we'd gone to sleep and got stuck in a dream.

Things was made dreamier by the looks and doings of the Sage-brush Hen. As Hart and his aunt went off together along the track, she showed up coming down it; and she was dressed that pretty and quiet—in the plainest sort of a white frock, and wearing a white sunbonnet—and was looking so demure, like she could when she'd a mind to, nobody knew at first who it was.

"Being the minister's wife, I've been taking the liberty, Mr. Hart," she said, smiling pleasant, when the three of 'em come together on the track, "of looking around a little up at your place to see that everything has been fixed for your company the way it should be." (She hadn't been nowheres near Hart's place, it turned out—but gospel truth wasn't just what there was most of that day in Palomitas.) She went right on down the track without stopping; passing on Hart's side, and saying to him: "My husband expects you as usual at the Friendly Aid meeting to-morrow evening, Mr. Hart. We never seem half to get along, you know, when you're not there."

Hart's aunt give a little jump, and said: "Why, William, that must be Mrs. Charles, the minister's wife. What a pleasant-spoken lady she is. We met her husband just as we were driving into town."

Hart said he come pretty near saying back to her: "The h—ll you did!"—Hart talked that careless way, sometimes—but he said he pulled up before it was out; and all he did say was: "Oh."

"She must be at the head of the Dorcas Society and the Sunshine Club that Mr. Hill was telling me about," Hart's aunt went on; "and like enough she manages the kindergarten too. I suppose, William, it's not surprising you haven't said anything in your letters about the Dorcas Society—for all you were so liberal in helping it; but you might have mentioned that nice Sunshine Club, and I do think you ought to have told me about the kindergarten—knowing what a hobby of mine kindergartens are. I want to go and see it to-morrow morning, the first thing."

"It's—it's not in running order just now," Hart said. "Most of the children was took sick with the influenza last week, and there's whooping-cough and measles about, and so the school committee closed it down. And they had to stop, anyway, because they're going to put a new roof on. I guess it won't blow in again for about a month—or maybe more. In fact, I don't know—you see, it wasn't managed well, and got real down unpopular—if it 'll blow in again at all. I'm sorry you won't be able to get to it, Aunt Maria. Maybe it 'll be running if you happen to come out again next year."

"Why how queer that is, William!" Hart's aunt said. "Mr. Hill told me it was the best kindergarten in New Mexico. But of course you know. Anyhow, I can see the schoolroom and the school fixtures, and Mrs. Charles can tell me about it when I go to the Dorcas Society—and that 'll do 'most as well. Of course I must go to the Dorcas Society. Mrs. Charles will take me, I'm sure. It meets, Mr. Hill says, every Thursday afternoon."

"Did he say where it was meeting, now?" Hart asked. He was getting about desperate, he told Cherry afterward; and what he wanted most was a chance to mash Hill's fool head for putting him in such a lot of holes.

"Of course he did, William," said Hart's aunt; "and I'm surprised you have to ask—seeing what an interest you take in the society, and how you've helped it along. It was just lovely of you to give them all those goods out of your store to make up into clothes."

"That—that wasn't anything to do," Hart said. "What's in the store comes with a big discount—same as organs. Sometimes I feel as if I was saving money giving things away."

"You can talk about your generosity just as you please, William," she went on. "I think it's noble of you. And Mr. Hill said that Mrs. Major Rogers—who keeps the Forest Queen Hotel, he said, and lets the society have a room to meet in for nothing—said it was noble of you too. I want to get to know Mrs. Major Rogers right off. She must be a very fine woman. She's an officer's widow, Mr. Hill says; and a real lady, for all she makes

her living keeping a hotel out here on the frontier. If she's a bit like that sweet-looking Mrs. Charles I know we'll get along. I'm surprised, William, you've never told me what pleasant ladies live here. It must make all the difference in the world. Don't you think it would do for me not to be formal, but just to go to Mrs. Major Rogers's hotel to-morrow and call?"

"I guess—well, I guess you hadn't better go right off the first thing in the morning, Aunt Maria," Hill said. Thinking of his aunt going calling at the Forest Queen and running up against Tenderfoot Sal, he said, gave him the regular cold shakes. "And come to think of it," he said, "it's no use your going to-morrow at all. Mrs.—Mrs. Major Rogers, as I happen to know, went up to Denver yesterday; and she won't be back, she told me, before sometime on in the end of next week—likely as not, she said, she wouldn't come then."

By that time they'd got along to Hart's store, and Hart said: "Here's where I live, Aunt Maria. You see what sort of a place it is. But I've done my best to fix things for you as well as I know how. Come right along in—and when we've had supper we've got to have a talk."

Along about ten o'clock that night Hart come down to the Forest Queen pale and haggard, and he was that broke up he had to get three drinks in him before he could say a word. Everybody was so interested, wanting to hear what he had to tell 'em, he didn't need to ask to have the game stopped—it just stopped of its own accord.

When he'd had his third drink, and was beginning to feel better, he said he couldn't thank everybody enough for the way they'd behaved; and that his aunt had gone to bed tired out; and he'd been talking with her steady for two hours getting things settled; and she'd ended by agreeing she'd start back East with him the next night—he having made out he'd smash in his business if he waited a minute longer—and they were going by the Denver train. And he'd got her fixed, he said, so she'd keep quiet through the morning—as she was going right at mending all his clothes and darning his

stockings the first thing when she got up; and after that she was full of getting to work with canned peaches and making him a pie.

"But what's going to happen in the afternoon," he said, "the Lord only knows! That blasted fool of a Joe Hill"—Hart spoke just that bitter way about it—"hasn't had no more sense 'n to go and tell her this town's full of kindergartens; and she's so worked up there's no holding her, as kindergartens happens to be the fullest hand she holds. I've allowed we have one—things being as they was, I had to—but I've told her it's out of order, and the children laid up with whooping-cough, and the teacher sick abed, and the outfit damaged by a fire we had, and—and the Lord knows what lies I haven't told her about the d—n thing." (Hart was that nervous he couldn't help speaking that way.) "But all I've said hasn't made no difference. She's just dead set on getting to what's left of that kindergarten, and I can't budge her. See it she will, she says; and I guess the upshot of Hill's chuckle-headed talk 'll be to waste all the trouble we've took by landing us in the biggest give-away that ever was!" And Hart called for another drink, and had to set down to take it—looking pale.

All the boys felt terrible bad about the hole Hart was in; and they felt worse because most of 'em hadn't no notion what a kindergarten did—when it did anything—and that made 'em more ashamed Palomitas hadn't one to show. Only Becker—Becker 'd happened to come over from Santa Cruz that night—sized it up right; and Becker shook his head sort of dismal and said there wasn't no use even thinking about it—and that looked like a settler, because Becker seemed to know. Nobody didn't say anything, for a minute or two; and then Ike Williams spoke up—he was the boss carpenter on the freight-house job, Ike was—and said if what was wanted could be made out of boards, and made in a hurry, he'd lay off the freight-house gang the next morning and engage to have one ready by afternoon.

Santa Fé Charley 'd been setting still thinking, not saying a word. He let out a big cuss—and Charley wasn't given to cussing—when Ike made his offer;

and then he banged his hand down on the table so hard he set the chips to flying, and he said: "Mr. Hart, don't you worry—we're going to put this job through!"

Everybody jumped up at that—some of 'em scrambling for the dropped chips—asking Santa Fé what he meant to do. But Charley wouldn't answer 'em. "Just you trust to Ike and me, Bill," he said. "We'll fix your kindergarten all right—only you tell your aunt it ain't a good one, and go ahead telling her how most of it got burned in the fire. It's luck you let on to her there'd been a fire—that makes it as easy as rolling off a log. All you've got to do is to bring her down here at four o'clock to-morrow afternoon—you'd better till then keep her in the house, mending you up and making you all the pies she has a mind to—and when she gets here the kindergarten 'll be here too!"

"Bring her here—to the Forest Queen?" Hart said, speaking doubtful.

"Bring her here—right here to the Forest Queen," Santa Fé said back to him. "You know pretty well I do things when I say I'll do 'em—and this thing 'll be done! Come to think of it," he said, "maybe it 'll be better if I go to your place and fetch her along myself. It 'll help if I do a little talking to her on the way down. Yes, we'll fix it that way. You and she be ready at four o'clock, and I'll come for you. That 'll give her an hour here, and an hour to go home and eat her supper—and that 'll get us to train-time, and then the circus 'll close down. Now you go home and go to bed, Bill. You're all beat out. Just, you leave things to Ike and me and go right along home."

Charley wouldn't say another word—so Hart had one more drink, for luck, and then he went home. He looked real relieved.

When Santa Fé went to Hart's place, next afternoon, he had on his best black clothes, with a clean shirt and a fresh white tie; and he was that serious-looking you'd have sized him up for a sure-enough fire-escape anywhere on sight. Hart hadn't no trouble, it turned out, keeping his aunt to home—she'd been working double tides ever since she

got up, making him things to eat and fussing over his clothes. They was all ready when Santa Fé come along, and the three of 'em stepped off down the track together—Hart having his aunt on his arm, and Santa Fé walking on ahead over the ties. Most of the boys was standing about watching the procession; but the girls—the Hen, likely, having told 'em to—was keeping on keeping quiet, and got what they could of it peeping through the chinks in the windows and doors.

"Why, where *are* all the ladies, Mr. Charles?" Hart's aunt asked. "Except that sweet young wife of yours, it's just the mortal truth I haven't seen a single lady since I came into this town!"

"They usually keep indoors at this time of day, madam," Charley said. "They're attending to their domestic duties and—and most of them, about now, are wont to be enjoying the tenderest happiness of motherhood in nursing their little babes."

"It's very creditable they're such good housewives, I'm sure," said Hart's aunt; "only I do wish I could have met some of 'em and had a good dish of talk. But we'll be finding your wife at the kindergarten, I s'pose; and I'll have the pleasure of a talk with her. I've been looking forward all day to meeting her, Mr. Charles. She has one of the very sweetest faces I ever saw."

"I deeply regret to tell you, madam," said Santa Fé, "that my wife was called away suddenly last evening by a telegram. She had no choice in the matter. Her call was to minister to a sick relative in Denver, and of course she left immediately on the night train. Her disappointment at not meeting you was great. She had set her heart on showing you over our poor half-ruined kindergarten—the fire did fearful damage—but her duty was too manifest to be ignored, and she had to leave that pleasant task to me."

"Now that is just too bad!" said Hart's aunt. "At least, Mr. Charles, I don't mean that exactly. It's very kind of you to take her place, and I'm delighted to have you. But I did so like your wife's looks, and I've been hoping she and I really 'd have a chance to get to be friends."

That brought 'em to the Forest Queen.

and Charley was more'n glad he was let out from making more excuses why his wife had shook her kindergarten job so sudden. "Here we are," he said. "But I must warn you again, madam, that our little kindergarten is only the ghost of what it was before the fire. We are hoping to get a new outfit shortly. On the very morning of the disaster a subscription was started—your nephew, as always, leading in the good work—and that afternoon we telegraphed East our order for fresh supplies. By the time that the epidemic of whooping-cough has abated—I am glad to say that all the children are doing well—we trust that our flock of little ones again can troop gladly to receive the elementary instruction that they delight in, and that my wife delights to impart."

"Why," said Hart's aunt, "the kindergarten's in Mrs. Major Rogers's hotel—the Forest Queen!"

"After the fire, Mrs. Major Rogers most kindly gave us the free use of one of her largest rooms," Santa Fé said; "and we are installed here until our own building can be repaired. I have spared you the sight, madam, of that melancholy ruin. I confess that when I look at it the tears come into my eyes."

"I don't wonder, I'm sure," said Hart's aunt. "I think I'd cry over it myself. But what a real down good woman Mrs. Major Rogers must be! Mr. Hart told me she gives the Dorcas Society the use of a room too."

"She is a noble high-toned lady, madam," Santa Fé said. "Since her cruel bereavement she has devoted to good works all the time that she can spare from the arduous duties by which she wins her livelihood. Words fail me to say enough in her praise! Come right in, madam—but be prepared for a sad surprise!"

Hart said he didn't know how much surprised his aunt was—but he said when he got inside the Forest Queen, into the barroom where Charley's faro layout usually was, he was so surprised himself he felt as if he'd been kicked by a mule!

There was the little tables for drinks, right enough; and out of the way in a corner with a cloth over it, same as usual, was the wheel. (It was used so little, the wheel was—nobody but Mexicans,

now and then, caring for it—Santa Fé owned up afterward he'd forgot it clean!) That much of the place was just as it always was; and the big table, taking up half the room, looked so natural—with the chairs up to it, and layouts of chips at all the places—that Hart was beginning to think Santa Fé was setting up a rig on him: till he saw what a lot of queer things besides chips there was on the table—and knew they wasn't any game layout, and so sized 'em up to be what Charley 'd scrambled together when he set out to play his kindergarten hand. And when he noticed the bar was curtained off by sheets he said he stopped worrying—feeling dead certain Charley 'd dealt himself all the aces he needed to take him through.

"You don't need to be told, madam, being such an authority on kindergartens," Santa Fé said, "how inadequate is our little outfit for educational purposes. But you must remember that the fire destroyed almost everything, and that we have merely improvised what will serve our purposes until the new supply arrives. We succeeded in saving from the conflagration our large table, and our chairs, and most of the small tables—used by individual children having backward intellects and needing especial care. But nearly all of the other appliances of the school were lost to us, and damage was done to much of what we saved. Here, you see, is a little table with only three legs left, the fourth having been burned." And, sure enough, Hart said, Santa Fé turned up one of the little tables for drinks and one of its legs *was* burnt off! "All of our slates," he went ahead, "similarly were destroyed—and how much depends on slates in a kindergarten you know, madam, better than I do. Here is all that is left of one of them"—and he showed Hart's aunt a bit of burnt wood that looked like it had been part of a slate-frame afore it got afire.

"Dear me! Dear me!" said Hart's aunt. "It's just pitiful, Mr. Charles! I wonder how you can get along at all."

"It is not easy getting along, madam," Santa Fé said. "But we have managed to supply ourselves with a layout—I—that is—I mean we have provided ourselves with some of the simpler



articles of most importance; and with these, for the time being, we keep our little pupils' hands and minds not unprofitably employed. For instance, the ivory disks of various colors—which you see arranged upon the table as the pupils have left them—serve very successfully to elucidate the arithmetical processes of numeration, addition, and subtraction; and the more intelligent children are taught to observe that the disks of varying colors are varyingly numbered—white, 1; red, 5; and blue, 10—and so are encouraged to identify a concrete arbitrary figure with an abstract thought.”

“That’s something new in kindergartening, Mr. Charles,” said Hart’s aunt; “and it’s as good as it can be. I mean to put it right into use in our kindergarten at home. Do you get the disks at the places where they sell kindergarten supplies?”

“Really, madam, I cannot tell you,” Santa Fé said. “You see, we ordered what would be needed through an agent East, and these came along. I must warn you, however, that they are expensive.”

Hart said, remembering what them chips had cost him, one time and another, he allowed to himself Charley was right and they was about as expensive as they could be!

“Our other little appliances, madam,” Santa Fé went on, “are just our own makeshift imitations of what you are familiar with—building-blocks, and alphabet blocks, and dissected pictures, and that sort of thing. Our local carpenter made the blocks for us, and we put on the lettering ourselves—as, indeed, its poor quality shows. The dissected pictures I am rather proud of, because Mrs. Charles may be said to have invented them.” (It really was the Hen who’d made them, it turned out.) “The method is simple enough when you have thought of it, of course—and no doubt I value my wife’s work unduly because I take so much pride in all that she does. You see, she just pasted pictures from the illustrated papers on boards; and then Mr. Williams—our carpenter, you know—sawed the boards into little pieces. And there you are!”

“Now that was bright of her!” said Hart’s aunt. “If you don’t mind, I’ll

put one of the pictures together myself right now. I want to see how it looks, made that home-fashioned way.”

“I fear that our time is getting a little short, madam,” said Santa Fé in a hurry. “I’ve got my sermon to finish this afternoon, and I must be going in a few minutes now.” The fact of the matter was he had to call her off quick. It seems the Hen hadn’t had anything but sporting papers to work on—and while the bits looked all right jumbled up, being put together they wouldn’t have suited nohow at all.

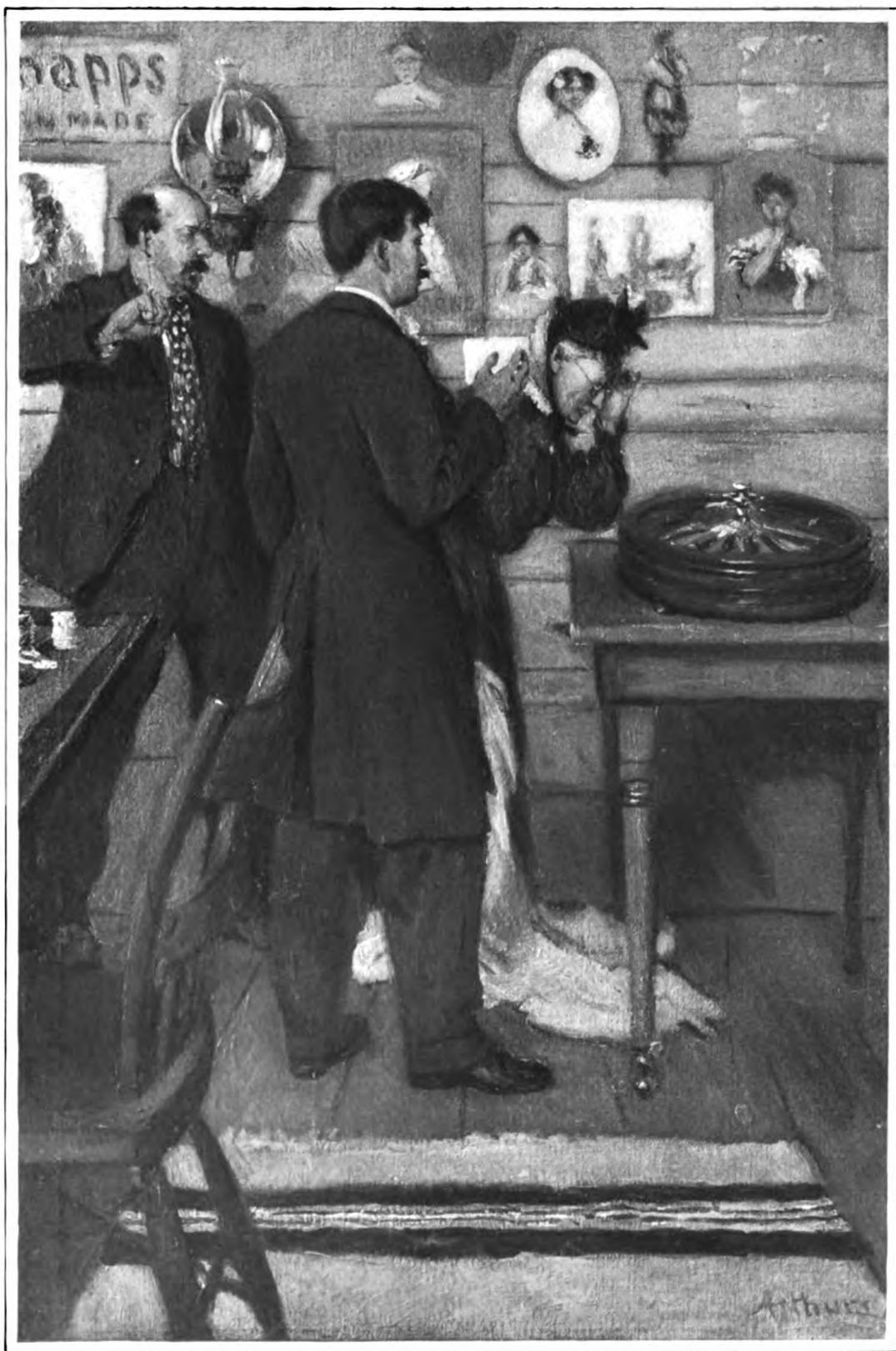
“Of course I mustn’t keep you,” said Hart’s aunt. “You’ve been more than kind, Mr. Charles, to give me so much of your valuable time as it is. I’m just like a child myself, wanting to play with dissected pictures that way! But I must say that her making them is a thing for your wife to be proud of—and I hope you’ll tell her so from me.”

“I guess we’d better be going now, Aunt Maria,” Hart said. “Mr. Charles has his sermon to write, you know; and I want you to have time to eat your supper comfortable, before we start down to the train.”

“I do suppose we must go,” said Hart’s aunt. “But I hate to, William, and that’s a fact! Just because it’s so makeshifty, this is the most interesting kindergarten I’ve ever been in. When I get home I shall really and truly enjoy telling the folks about it. And I know how pleased they’ll be, the same as I am, by finding what earnest-working men and women can do—out here in this rough country—with so little to go on but their wits and their own good hearts!”

And then she faced round sudden on Santa Fé and said: “I see you have your table covered with green, Mr. Charles. What’s that for? You have so many good notions about kindergartens that I’d like to know.”

“Well, you see, madam, that green cover is a—it’s a sort of—” Charley went slow for a minute; and then he picked himself up and went ahead easy: “That is an invention of my good wife’s too. Out here, where the sun’s so violent, she said we must have a green cover on the table or the glare would be ruining all our dear little innocent children’s eyes. And it has worked, madam, to a charm!



"ONE OF THE NEW GERMAN KINDERGARTEN APPLIANCES"



Some of the children who had bad eyes to start with actually have got well!"

"Well, I do declare!" said Hart's aunt. "That wife of yours thinks so sensible she just beats all!"

Sante Fé gave Hart a look, as much as to say he'd got to get his aunt away somehow—seeing she was liable to break out a'most anywhere, and he'd stood about all he could stand. Hart allowed what Charley wanted was reasonable, and he just grabbed her by the arm and began to lug her to the door. But she managed to give Santa Fé one more jolt, and a bad one, before she was gone.

"I haven't seen what this is," she said; and she broke off from Hart and went to where the wheel was standing covered up in the corner. "I s'pose I may look at it, Mr. Charles?" she said—and before either of 'em could get a-hold of her to stop her she had off the cloth. "For the land's sake!" she said. "Whatever part of a kindergarten have you got here?"

Hart said afterwards his heart went down into his boots, being sure they'd got to a give-away of the worst sort. Santa Fé said he felt that way for a minute himself; then he said he ciphered on it that Hart's aunt likely wouldn't know what she'd struck—and he braced up and went ahead on that chance.

"Ah," he said—speaking just as cool as if he was calling the deal right among friends at his own table—"that is one of the new German kindergarten appliances that even you, madam, may not have seen. We received it as a present from a rich German merchant in Pueblo who was grieved by our pitiable plight, and wanted to do what he could to help us after the fire."

"But what in the name of common sense," said Hart's aunt, "do you do with it—with all those numbers around in circles on black and red streaks, and that little ball?"

Charley had himself in good shape by that time, and he put down his words as sure as if they was aces—with more, if needed, up his sleeve. "It is used by our most advanced class in arithmetic, madam," he said. "The mechanism, you will observe, is arranged to revolve"—he set it a-going—"in such a way that the small sphere also is put in motion. And as the motion ceases"—it was slowing

down to a stop—"the sphere comes to rest on one of the numbers painted legibly on either a black or a red ground. The children, seated around the table, are provided with the numerating disks to which I have already called your attention; and—with a varying rapidity, regulated by their individual intelligence—they severally, as promptly as possible, arrange their disks in piles corresponding with the number indicated by the purely fortuitous resting-place of the sphere. The purpose of this ingenious contrivance, as I scarcely need to point out to you, is to combine the amusement of a species of game with the mental stimulus that the rapid computation of figures imparts. I may add that we arouse a desirable spirit of emulation among our little ones by providing that the child who first correctly arranges his disks to represent the indicated figure is given—until the game is concluded—the disks of the children whose calculation has been slow, or at fault."

"Well, of all things in the world, Mr. Charles," said Hart's aunt, "to think of my finding such a good thing as this, out here in New Mexico—when I've time and again been over the best kindergarten-supply places in Boston, and have been reading all I could lay my hands on about kindergartens for twenty years!"

"Oh, we do try not to be too primitive out here, madam," said Santa Fé—taking a long breath over having got through all right; "and I am even vain enough to think that perhaps we manage to keep pretty well up with the times. But I must say that it is a pleasant surprise to me to find that I have been able to give more than one point to a lady like you, who knows every card—I should say, to whom kindergarten processes are so exceptionally well known."

"And now I must really beg your permission to leave you, that I may return to my sermon. I give much time to my sermons; and I am cheered by the conviction—you must not think me boastful—that it is time well employed. When I look around me and perceive the lawless, and even outrageous, conditions which obtain in so many other towns in the Territory, and contrast them with the orderly rectitude of Palomitas, I rejoice that my humble toil in the vineyard

has brought so rich a reward. I deeply regret, madam, that your present stay with us must be so short; and with an equal earnestness I hope that it may be my privilege soon again to welcome you to our happy little town."

Hart's aunt—she was just pleased all over—was beginning to make a speech back to him; but Santa Fé looked so wore out Hart didn't give her the chance to go on. He just grabbed her, and got her away in a hurry—and Charley went to fussing with the cover of the wheel, putting it on again, so she wasn't able to shake hands with him for good-by. When she'd fairly lit out, and he was quit of her, Charley felt that weak, he said, he sung out for Mike—Mike was the barkeep at the Forest Queen—to come and get the sheets down quick from in front of the bar and give him his own bottle of Bourbon and a tumbler. And he said he'd never took so many drinks, one right on top of another, since he was born!

There was more'n the usual crowd down at the deepo that night when the Denver

train pulled out—with Hart's aunt in the Pullman, and Hart standing on the Pullman platform telling the boys up to the last minute how much he was obliged.

Things went that same Sunday-school way right on to the end of the game: and Hart said his aunt told him—as they was coming along down to the deepo—she never would 'a' believed there could be such a town as Palomitas was, out in that wild frontier country, if she hadn't seen it with her own eyes. As to the ladies of the town, he said she told him they certainly was the most domestic she'd ever known!

Hart was so grateful—and he had a right to be—he left a hundred dollars with Tenderfoot Sal and told her to blow off the town for him by running a free bar that night at the Forest Queen. She did it, right enough—and it turned out to be about the hottest night Palomitas ever had. All hands allowed, afterward, that even if there hadn't been no free bar things likely would 'a' been about the same—seeing the town felt the need of getting back to being natural, and was all strung up and had to work itself off.

## To-morrow

BY EVELYN PHINNEY

I HAVE 'prentice been to Pain;  
(Heigh-ho, tears and sorrow!)  
But I'll be mine own again  
To-morrow, oh, to-morrow!

But I'll be again mine own:  
(Heigh-ho, joy and laughter!)  
Pipe me till the sun goes down—  
Let what will come after!





ANTS COLLECTING HONEYDEW FROM AN APHID HERD

## Insect Herds and Herders

BY HENRY C. McCOOK, D.D., Sc.D., LL.D.

ONE who becomes intimate with social insects is prone to note resemblances in habit between them and men. These are often fanciful; but again are so apt that the most prudent observer must admit them. Such is the habit of many species of ants to utilize the vital products of other insects for food. So, from the earliest times, men have nurtured themselves from milk-giving herds and honey-making bees.

This community in habit goes to the length among ants of having domesticated flocks of food-yielding dependents, which they tend with the fidelity of an Oriental shepherd or of an Occidental cowboy. Yet further, and more remarkable, they have acquired the ability to breed and rear from the egg these animal auxiliaries (*aphides*), who have been popularly and not inaptly called "ant-cows."

It seems an amazing instinct that sends slave-making ants upon predatory raids to recruit the domestic laborers of their commonwealth by mature and larval captives of other species of their own family.

But even more surprising is the instinct which leads ants to appropriate to their own uses insects of another order and of wholly different habit, and to create for them a natural and wholesome environment. Yet this is what the naturalist finds.

An ants'-nest is somewhat like certain French villages that serve as social centres and domiciles for the inhabitants, from which every morning they radiate to the surrounding fields, wherein they earn their livelihood, and to which they return at evening. The formicary is the emmet home. The foraging-ground lies outside. Hence ants become great wanderers, and may be seen, often as solitaries, moving about in circuitous and greatly involved paths. In the course of these wanderings they will be seen climbing trees, shrubs, and bushes. Here is one mounting, let us say, the stem of a rose-bush.

"Alas!" exclaims some rose-culturing reader, "do I not know that act too well? Have I not often seen those mischievous



A WORKER ANT DRAWING A RATION OF HONEYDEW FROM A REPLETE

mites thronging and preying upon my favorite plants?"

Thronging, yes; preying upon, no! Look more closely! Your rose-bushes are infested by certain small insects known to entomologists as Aphides, but to you by the homelier name of "plant-lice." They, not the roses nor the bushes, are the objects of the ants' attention. They are the so-called "ant-cows," and if you like you may see the milking!

As one case will give a fair measure of the whole range of habit, I ask readers to follow me in a special study made of this mode of feeding among the mound-making ants of the Alleghanies (*Formica exsectoides* Forel), whose vast communities, centred within their large conical mounds, have been heretofore referred to.\*

We take our stand before this large mound, which is astir with thousands of insects hurrying to and fro in the various industries of the commune. Issuing from and crowding into the gates or circular openings that skirt the base are two columns of workers. Their fellows hover around the doors, bent upon their several duties. But these columns keep up a steady march and countermarch

\* See *Harper's Magazine* for March, 1904, on "Insect Commonwealths."

without visible diminution of numbers, and without cessation day or night. One column stretches off to the southwest, and disappears at intervals under flat stones. It reappears, crosses the tops of similar stones, intersects the lines of workers busy about the surrounding hills, and penetrating the jungle of grass beyond, is finally distributed among a number of young trees not far distant. The other column leads off in a straight line to the southeast for a distance of eight rods to a large oak-tree which stands by a stone wall that parts the wood tract containing the "ant city" from a field. Leaving the well-marked road at the foot of the oak, the column stretches along the trunk and is distributed among the branches.

A portion leads off upon one of the lower limbs, which overhangs the stone fence. Stand atop of the wall and look carefully among the twigs and branchlets. You have the key to the movements of the promenaders upon the avenue beneath.

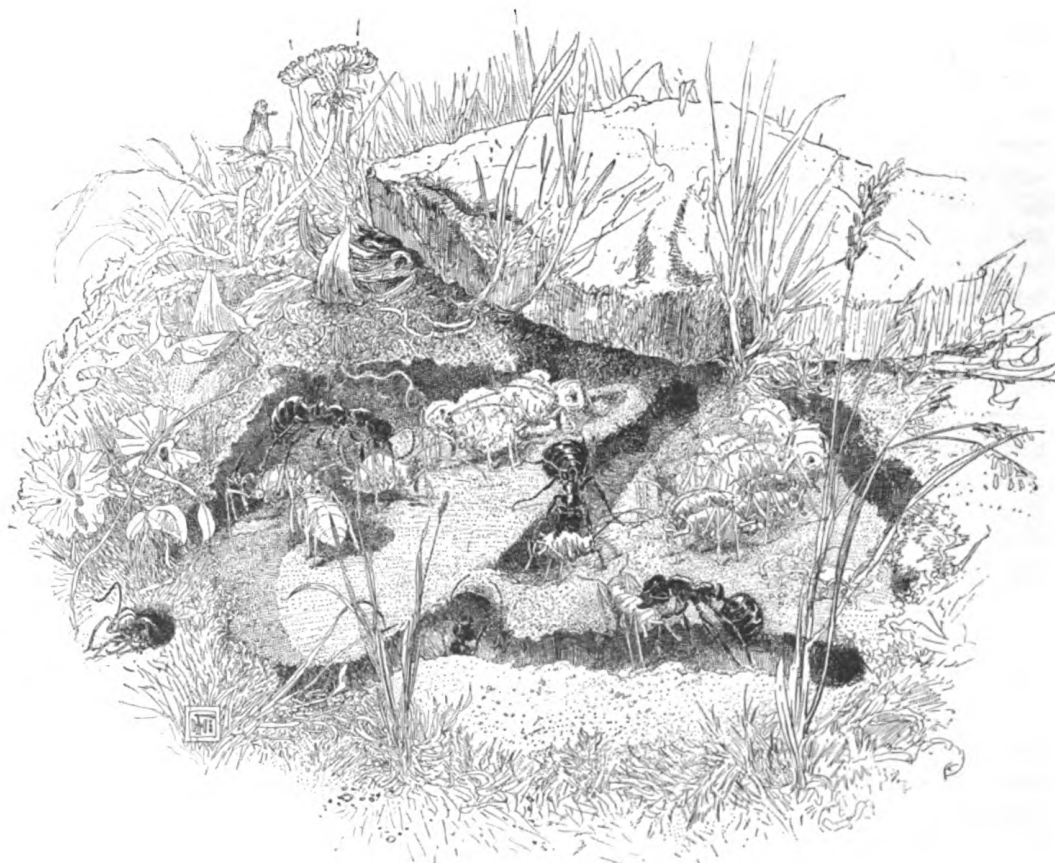
At various points vast numbers of aphids are clustered. They clasp the branches with their feet. Their abdomens are slightly elevated, their heads are depressed, and their beaks, which are a sort of suction-pump, pierce the tender

bark, and tap the sweet sap coursing within. This is the natural food of aphids, and appears to undergo some change in transit through them that adds to its toothsome-ness. But what has this to do with our ants? Wait. Note this worker. It approaches an aphid and fixes its attention upon the apex of the raised abdomen. Do you the same, and you shall see a minute drop of transparent liquid exuding. You have barely noticed it ere it has disappeared within the ant's gullet! After a few moments' waiting, again a droplet forms, which is also quickly lapped by the attendant ant.

A longer interval must elapse ere another globule shall form, and you will grow impatient. The ant will hasten matters for you. See! She is gently stroking with her antennæ the back of the aphid. Now on one side, now on the other, the delicate organs are gently drawn again and again. What does this

mean? Why does your cat purr and curl contentedly in your lap when you stroke her fur? Why does your dog bend his head and stand still with such a seeming of muscular relaxation and physical content when you stroke his head? Or, to get nearer home, why does the male of the human species (and some of the females as well) yield his head with such unutterable satisfaction to the deft manipulation of a loved hand, with or without the comb? For the same reason the ant strokes the aphidian back, which is covered with papillæ or minute hairs. She has learned from her own experience "how good it feels," and is promoting the aphidian complacency by an approved method.

And now another droplet of the sweet liquid is forming, yielded by the aphid to the deft diplomacy of the emmet. That liquid is the entomologist's "honeydew," and you have seen an ant milking



ANTS'-NEST UNDERNEATH A FLAT STONE

A herd of aphids brought up for an airing, or perhaps for "milking"

her cows! All over the tree like scenes are occurring between hosts of foraging ants and aphids.

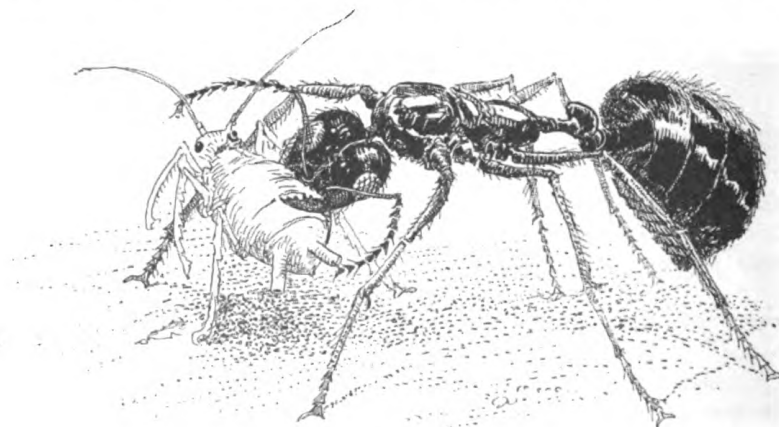
The ant laps honeydew from the aphid; the aphid pumps sap from the tree; the tree draws moisture from earth and sky, and earth and sky receive rain from the sea. Thus the circle of life runs, and ants, like other tenants of the earth, derive their nurture from Father Neptune.

Our aphid shifts her position, and passes along the branch toward the trunk. Its first attendant had left, seemingly from mere fastidiousness, and afterward several ants had enjoyed the sweet refection. As the aphid moves away, it receives antennal salutes from sundry ants, as though challenging its disposition or resources, and is allowed to pass on. Its abdomen is now flattened, but the bodies of many of its followers are rounded out from fulness, and, one would think, must feel uncomfortable. The ants, however, are fast relieving them, and their own abdomens are undergoing a noticeable change. They swell and elongate until the folded membranous bands which unite the several segments thereof are pushed out into straight, white, transparent ribbons by the distension of the crops into which the honeydew first goes. At length the abdomens are so full that they become semitranslucent, and the burdened honeygatherers turn toward home.

These "repletes," as they have been called, compose the descending column upon the tree trunk, and their swollen abdomens with their whitish bands show

in sharp contrast with the small, roundish, black abdomens of the ascending ants. At the foot of the tree a most interesting scene awaits the observer, to which the writer was thus led: Among the workers thronging the avenues radiating from the hills to various trees the number of home-bound repletes was seen to be out of all proportion to those descending the trees from the feeding-grounds. Moreover, many workers were returning home without swollen abdomens. If they had not been foraging, what then? Or had they simply been more abstemious than their fellows? Led by these reflections to follow the repletes down the tree-paths with greater care, some of them were seen to disappear at the roots. This led to a discovery which the reader is now prepared to share.

Let us clear away these dead leaves as noiselessly as may be. Turn back gently the sod at the angle of this bulging root. You have exposed a cavity whose occupants, after their first flutter of surprise, will return to the business at which they were disturbed. In fact, they were drawing rations, like civil pensioners in war-time. And "pensioners" they have been called. Note the scene before you. The floor of the cavity is pierced by openings into galleries that evidently communicate with the central nest. Around these openings are huddled numbers of ants. Some try to escape down the galleries, and some are opposing or hindering them. Others are engaged in drawing or bestowing the honeydew ration. The process is a curious one. The replete is reared upon her hind legs,



AN EMMET SHEPHERDESS CARRYING ONE OF HER APHID FLOCK





PORTION OF AN ANTS'-NEST  
A broken section of earth, showing Aphids domesticated upon roots of plaits

her fore legs outstretched and her head elevated. A pensioner in like attitude faces her, with jaws lifted up against her jaws. Presently a droplet of honey-dew appears upon the replete's mouth, hanging to the maxillæ beneath. It has been forced out of the full crop by muscular contraction upon its enfolding sac, and is immediately lapped by the expectant pensioner. You may see two or even three ants thus feeding at once from the same replete. This is substantially the process by which the larvæ and antlings, the wingless queens, and the winged females and males are fed.

The repletes, as a rule, made no objection to this process; but at times one would show anxiety to break away without parting with her treasure. The pensioners would occasionally solicit a ration with their antennæ; and once a replete was seized rather violently as though to coerce a gift. After the feeding the

repletes dashed into the galleries and disappeared through the mass of legs, heads, and black abdomens of workers, all apparently engaged as above.

A chief significance of the behavior here described is the view which it gives of the public economy of an ant republic. It seems to show a general movement which has much the appearance of a division of labor. Those members of the community engaged in building and in the internal economy of the formicary appear to leave the collecting of food to others of their fellows, not only for the dependents of the nest, but for themselves. Content with satisfying the simple wants of nature, they leave their work and visit the vicinage of the feeding-grounds to get food from the superabundance of those who have the duty of foragers. The points of contact are well chosen for this purpose, forming as they do a series of stations between the foraging-field and



the nest. As many of the repletes are plainly overloaded, no loss is wrought to the commune by relieving them.

Besides, it seems probable that the instinct which urges repletes to gather store for the larvæ, nymphs, and other dependents, might prevent them from yielding a part of their store to their fellow workers after the nest had once been reached. It may be supposed that the surplus honeydew would be kept for individual delectation, and thus the builders and sentinels be compelled to leave their work and forage for themselves. Therefore the general movement to arrest the repletes at the stations near the foraging-grounds is clearly for the public good.

The habit as here described prepares us to see how important to ants might be the domestication of aphid herds. That this is accomplished any one may readily satisfy himself by turning up flat stones in a field or woodside on a spring day. He will see groups of ants clustered upon the under part of the stone or in the excavated rooms and galleries in the matrix or pit beneath. Along with them he will see bunches of aphides. Great excitement will at once ensue, and the agitated emmets, each seizing an aphid in her jaws, will plunge with it into the underground galleries. Soon both ants and aphids will have disappeared.

These aphid herds, as seen in early spring, are plump, and show signs of having weathered the winter in robust health. Evidently they had been well cared for by their emmet mistresses, whom they had doubtless repaid by draughts of honeydew.

Multitudes of aphids subsist upon roots of plants. Indeed, it is here that they are most destructive to the horticulturist. It thus appears how much easier it would be for ants, who are also subterranean in habit, to acquire the instinct of domesticating them for the sake of their sweet and nourishing excretion, and bearing them from point to point, as they do their own younglings, and giving them generally the same care.

But the herding instinct has gone yet farther than transferring the aphids from their native quarters to those of the ants. It has gone farther even than taking the

eggs of aphids raised upon roots within the formicary limits and rearing from them milching chattels. Lord Avebury has shown that ants have taken aphids' eggs from the leaf-stalks of plants outside their nest where they had been laid in the autumn; have transported them to the interior of the formicary, where they were protected from the severity of the weather and other dangers; have tended them through the winter months, and then brought out the young, and replaced them upon the food-plant natural to them! This certainly comes near that human ability to rear and keep herds which our race has held in such honor that it has called its kings "shepherds of the people," its religious teachers "pastors," and even the Supreme Deity "The Shepherd."

Another feature of this herding habit deserves notice. At times one may observe that the aphids clustered around the axils of leaves or twigs on some plant have been enclosed within or surrounded by a light mud wall. This is the work of attendant ants who have brought up pellets of soil from the ground, and thus, as one may say, have enfolded their flock. It is certainly interesting to note in ants this behavior, which suggests the presence of a sense of communal propriety in food-yielding aphids; and—what seems to be a natural sequence therefrom—an impulse to protect their interests from intruders by a process which, to say the least, reminds one of our own way of secluding domestic herds within folds, stock-yards, and corrals.

Aphids are not the only insects thus utilized. Afield, the larvæ of certain butterflies that yield an agreeable secretion are attended and solicited in the same manner as aphids. Cocco and beetles are preserved within the nest, and if not reared are at least domesticated and adopted for the sake of certain animal products that they yield, and which serve as food. Both these insects, like the aphids, may be seen in the early spring flocked together in a warm corner of an ants'-nest beneath a stone. On being disturbed, the ants seize them and run into hiding precisely as they do with aphids. But the story of these other "ant-cows" must for the present remain untold.

# Rosy Balm

BY ALICE BROWN

MISS ARLETTA was seeing the minister out through the kitchen, because he had tied his horse at the barn, and it was easier to go that way. He was a tall, stooping man with thin gray hair and a long, benevolent face. Miss Arletta, behind him, looked very small; yet she was a woman of good height, though of exceptional thinness. Her little face showed all its bones pathetically, and a perpetual smile dwelt upon it and behind the glitter of her gold-bowed spectacles. People said she wore off her flesh by being spry.

Midway in the large kitchen, comfortably lighted by pale winter sunlight, the minister paused. He sniffed a little, and his mild face took on a look of pleasure.

"Why, Miss Arletta," said he, "I smell flowers."

Miss Arletta laughed.

"No," she said, "it's rose-water. I've be'n fixin' it up with glycerine an' some other trade I know, to put on my hands. They git terrible chapped, this winter weather."

"Yes," the minister agreed, "so my wife says."

"Why, look here!" called Miss Arletta, her hand upon the door. "You wait a minute, an' I'll fill a vial for her; I got some right here."

"Well," said the minister, hesitatingly; but he threw back his coat again, and loosed his comforter, while Arletta ran to the cellarway for her bottle, and, after much rinsing and peering through it at the sun, proceeded to fill it from her larger store.

"You tell Mis' Hardy to put it on nights, an' after she's washed her hands," she counselled. "Tell her I'll drop in an' see how't works. Tell her I've enjoyed your call; but she mustn't leave off comin' now it's cold."

"She would have come," the minister explained again, "I have no doubt; but

this question of the missionary fund keeps her much occupied."

"Poor little creatur's!" said Miss Arletta. Her mind had flown to the heathen on foreign shores. "Don't seem 's if there could be anybody these times without gospel privileges. Makes me terrible ashamed to think I ain't got more'n that poor miserable dollar to give."

"The widow's mite," said the minister, kindly. Miss Arletta was wrapping the bottle in a piece of newspaper. "It is not the size of the offering that renders it blessed, Miss Arletta. Remember the parable."

"There!" said she. "Don't ye tip it over in your pocket. That cork ain't none too good. You tell Mis' Hardy, if she likes it there'll be more where that come from."

The minister spoke his gentle thanks, and now Miss Arletta opened the door. The December wind blew up an outer fringe of her thin hair, and the minister also bent his head to its inclemency.

"I am obliged, Miss Arletta," he called back. "You ought not to be so generous with your recipe. You might sell it."

Arletta, nodding and smiling, watched him out of the yard, and then shut the door and turned back to the warmth of her still house. She liked people. Visitors were like the wind itself: they brought vigor and tidings. But she was always glad when the wind was over and the visitors had gone. After she had tucked a stick of wood into the kitchen stove, and warmed her hands there, she went into the sitting-room and took her low rocker by the window. She was turning sheets that day. They were scarcely worn at all; but it was pretty work, and she did it more times a year than she would have liked to tell. Presently she dropped her sewing in her lap and began musing over unhappy India as the minister had described it. Miss Ar-

letta would not have been altogether willing to tell the minister how hard it was to keep from dwelling, in keen delight, on his picture of foreign lands, nor how easy to forget the pity of it that suffering should invade that paradise of warmth and bloom. She remembered the heathen's godless state, and said, "Poor creatur's!" But even at the utterance, she knew this was the guilty protest of a mind secretly in love with heathendom itself. She prized her gospel privileges, but she liked also to be warm, and her irrepressible fancy cast up before her the picture of wintry Sundays in church when hot soapstones cooled with the feet that sought them, and heaven itself was nothing but a sizzling coral strand. Yet that way stretched a dangerous latitude. She caught herself back to the old dutiful regret that she could give so little, and took up her sewing. But suddenly she dropped the work again into her lap, and spoke aloud:

"My land! mebbe that's the way."

Immediately she saw herself making a lotion for the hands and selling it broadcast. Arletta's mind always moved by leaps, straight for the brightest goal. In that moment of conception, she saw her scheme full grown. She was making the lotion by quarts, by gallons, in vats and reservoirs. Her house, her clothes, were redolent of rose-water and sweet essences. Bottles with printed labels were on druggists' shelves all over the country, and ladies with chapped hands were crowding counters in throngs, all asking, "Have you got Rosy Balm?" That was to be its name. And all the profits that came flowing in would be put scrupulously into the bank, and, at the end of every month, sent off to India for the breaking of error's chain.

That night Miss Arletta slept intermittently; but she dreamed of rose-gardens and dusky maidens on sea-beaches where the pebbles were pink beads, and she awoke to action. When her breakfast dishes were done, she ran across the field and asked Tommy Beale to harness up and take her to town; and there she drew five dollars out of the savings-bank, and at the wondering druggist's stocked up with glycerine and rose-water and the rest.

For two days Miss Arletta's kitchen

smelled divinely to her, as she mixed and measured. She seemed to be living in an enchanted spot, and doing something that was going to turn out very precious and wonderful. She had always made her lotion with a zealous care, but now she wrought with a nicety proportionate to the greatness of her task. She began to think of precious ointment, and got out the big picture Bible to read the story, as if her own little every-day Testament were not enough. And one morning, when the sun fell on the winter crust and turned it into a dazzle, she started forth, carrying a bag filled with small bottles, all alike and neatly labelled in her fine old-fashioned hand. Arletta took the Lower Road because the houses there were nearer together, and she was impatient to begin to sell. She could not remember having felt so happy for years, nor so full of youth. She was on a track, she felt, that might lead anywhere.

The first place on the Lower Road was Lawrence Gilson's, a little one-story house, unpainted, but in summer a picture of beauty in the midst of vines and tangles. Now it was a part of the cold rigor of the time, and when Mrs. Gilson came to the door, Miss Arletta was ready to say, with a shiver,

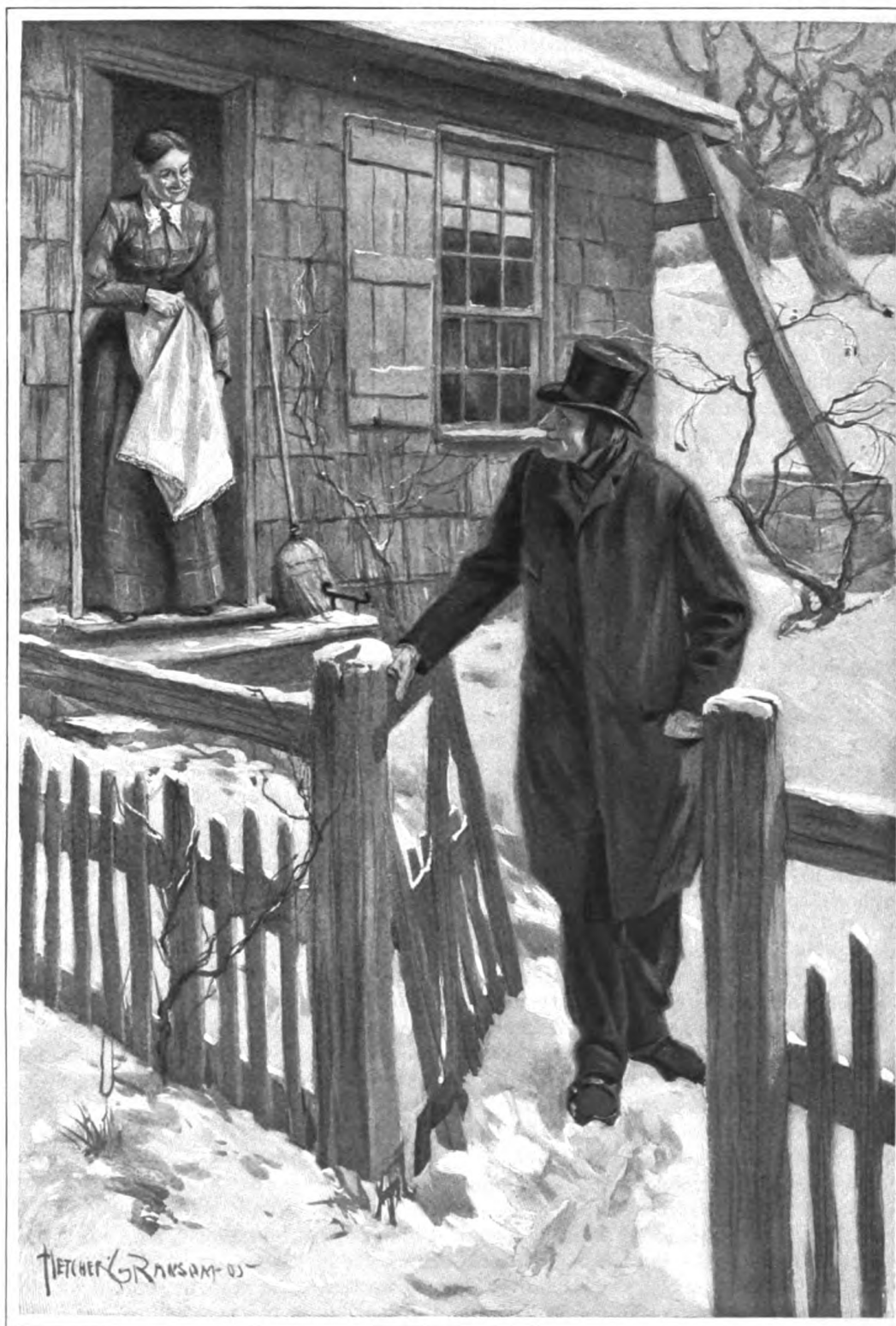
"My! ain't this winter weather?"

"I guess 'tis," said Mrs. Gilson, "an' we've all been down sick with colds. Come right in. I'm terrible glad to see ye."

There was no one in the kitchen but little Anna May, and she sat in a high chair at the table, packing six raisins into a small round box and then taking them out and packing them over again. There was a clove apple before her, and an Infant Samuel in plaster.

"I let her have them out o' the best room," Mrs. Gilson explained, as Miss Arletta paused to admire these trophies. "She's jest gettin' over her cold, an' much as she can do to find anything to take up her mind." She was tucking a stick of wood into the stove, and now she turned to Miss Arletta with a newly welcoming smile. "Take your things right off," she bade her. "Now, don't you say you ain't come to pass the day."

"I'll unpin my shawl," said Arletta. "No, I can't stop more'n a minute. I was only goin' by, an' I thought I'd drop in. She's be'n real sick, ain't she?"



Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

"I AM OBLIGED, MISS ARLETTA," HE CALLED

They exchanged a sympathetic glance over Anna May. She was a pathetic little picture, with her wan face, her flaxen pigtailed, and her painstaking intentness over the raisins. Mrs. Gilson nodded.

"Her cough's be'n the worst of any of us," she said, proudly. "'Most tore her to pieces. I thought one time 'twas whoopin'-cough, but the doctor says it's spasmodic."

They talked on for a time, while the wood blazed and the stove reddened, and finally Miss Arletta pinned her shawl and rose to go. Then she opened her bag. Anna May was looking at her for the first time. Her blue eyes glistened with something like expectation. In spite of herself, Miss Arletta spoke and said the word she had not premeditated.

"What you s'pose I got in this bag?" she asked, softly. Her own eyes gleamed as brightly as the child's.

Anna May shook her head.

"Well," said Miss Arletta, "I got a little bottle o' suthin' I fixed up to rub on folk's hands. I'm goin' to give it to you. Mebbe you'll let mother have a mite 'fore she goes to bed, an' when you git out slidin', it 'll be nice for you, too. It smells real good." She set the bottle on the table beside the Infant Samuel, and hurried out.

"Now, ain't you kind!" Mrs. Gilson was calling after her, down the path; but Miss Arletta only waved her mittened hand and hurried on. She was muttering to herself:

"If I ain't a fool! Poor little creatur', though! Well, it's only one bottle anyways. I've got plenty left." She put up her head again and quickened her steps.

Old Rhody came next. She lived alone in another little house, one that was adorned neither by summer nor winter. There was no answer to Miss Arletta's knock, and she went in. Old Rhody sat by the fire, gaunt and gray.

She began at once, in her high voice full of wailing circumflexes:

"I says to myself, there won't be a soul come into the house this day. I dun'no' what possessed you to start out this weather, but now you're here, Arletta Black, you jest set down there in that chair an' tell me what's goin' on in the world. I dun'no' no more'n if this was the tomb an' I was walled up in it."

Miss Arletta threw off her shawl at once and put down her bag.

"You pretty lame, Rhody?" she inquired warmly.

"Pretty lame? I guess I be. I'm so lame I can't git from kitchen to pantry without hollerin' right out, as if somebody's jabbin' a knife into me. Took me two hours by the clock this mornin' to git my work done up, an' you can guess how much I have, livin' alone so."

Miss Arletta was beaming through her glasses.

"Ain't there suthin' I can do, now I'm here?" she inquired. "Stir up some biscuits or a batch o' pies?"

"No! no! makes me nervous as a witch to have anybody messin' round amongst my things. No, you se' down an' tell me what's goin' on in the world. I might as well be dead, for all I hear."

Miss Arletta began with the upper end of the town, and took the houses in turn. She told about Jabez Lane's steer, and Mary Dwight's new melodeon. She had plenty of news, for her own house was a centre of social intercourse. Rhody listened greedily. No one came to see her, as she said, and she was too poor to take the county paper. At the end of an hour Miss Arletta rose and threw on her shawl.

"Mebbe I'll be in again next week," she said. "You heard from Lucy lately?"

"She writes pretty reg'lar," said Rhody, gloomily. "But I dun'no' when 't 'll stop. She's nothin' but a niece by marriage, an' you can't expect folks to act as if they were your own. Last Christmas she sent me a half a dozen handkerchers, as nice as ever you see, with a letter worked in the corner. I don't look for nothin' this year. Don't expect nothin', I say, an' ye won't be disappointed."

Miss Arletta opened her bag with a snap. Her mouth curled scornfully, but that was for her own infirmity of purpose.

"Tain't quite Christmas," she said, rapidly, as if she were ashamed, "but mebbe I shouldn't git round jest then. So I brought you this little vial, Rhody. Mebbe 't 'll keep your hands kinder nice an' smooth, doin' your housework an' all."

Rhody took the neat bottle and looked at it with a softened gaze.

"Well, if that ain't complete!" she said. "You're real good, Arletta. What made you think on't?"



Miss Arletta was getting out of the door as fast as possible.

"I'll be over next week," she called. "I'll bring my knittin' an' we'll have a dish o' discourse."

This section of the Lower Road was familiarly known as Lonesome Hill, because each of the four houses had but one inmate. The next was Uncle Blake's, and there Miss Arletta was sure of a response. Uncle Blake came at once to the door, and she hesitated, seeing his white shirt-front and scrupulous silk stock.

"You got company?" she asked.

Uncle Blake laughed, a little dry note. He was a tall old man with a noble profile.

"No, no," he answered; "walk right in. You see I was dressed up, didn't ye? Well, so I be. Se' down, an' I'll tell ye what put it into my head."

She took the Boston rocker by the hearth, and Uncle Blake sank into his own armchair. The room was beautiful in its cleanliness and order.

"Ye see," he continued, "passon asked me to come over to dinner to-day; but that wa'n't why I dressed up. I done it the minute I got my chores done up. I kinder wanted to. Arletta Black,"—he rose, and looked down upon her in a proud dignity,— "Arletta Black, I'm eighty-five year old to-day."

Miss Arletta also rose. She put out her hand, and he shook it solemnly. Then, having pledged the day, they sat gravely down again.

"Eighty-five!" repeated the old man. His face took on the musing look, reflected from his meditations of the hour before. "I've seen a good deal, Arletta."

"I guess you have." Miss Arletta's eyes were wet. She thought of the dead days she had loved, and knew that he also had been a neighborly witness of them. "Well, I hope you'll have a good spell yet."

"I dun'no' why I shouldn't," said the old man. "I'm as lively as a cricket. I fried me some cakes this mornin', for my breakfast, an' I eat 'em, too. Mebbe I shall see a good many more winters. Mebbe I sha'n't. I'm livin' on borrowed time. But I'm thankful for't, Arletta. I'm thankful."

"You remember grandsir, don't you?" asked Miss Arletta. "He was older 'n

you be, by a good ten year, as I remember him. He'd kep' everything but his hearin'."

Uncle Blake's face creased into a reminiscent smile.

"'Twas he that used to set up 'most all night to see what time I went home from Adelaide True's," he rejoined. "I used to do 'most every which way to outwit him. Well, he needn't ha' troubled himself. I never got her."

"She married Elder Hale, didn't she?" asked Miss Arletta, swaying back and forth, in a pleasant muse of recollection. "'Twas her grandson that preached down to Sudleigh, t'other Sunday."

"Yes," agreed the old man,— "yes. There ain't nobody to carry on my name. But I'll carry it myself," he added, presently, looking up with his warm smile. "I ain't hurt it much yet, an' I don't believe I shall now. It 'll last as long as my headstone does, an' mebbe somebody 'll be glad to hear it in the next world."

They went hand in hand over the backward track of the town life. Miss Arletta had heard so many stories of the olden time that it seemed to her as if she were of an equal age with him, and that they were walking along a pleasant road among shadowy scenes, unchanging now forever, and so incapable of hurting them any more. For they could reject the ill of those ultimate times and revive only the good. The clock struck, and Miss Arletta rose.

"If you're goin' to passon's," she said, "you'll have to be gittin' along. So must I, too. See here, Uncle Blake, I dun'no's you care anything about birthday presents. I never had but one in my life. That's when I was seventeen, an' I set the world by it. Here, you take this. It's a kind of a lotion for your hands. I gi'n Mis' Hardy some jest like it, t'other day. You tell her you've got some, too."

"Well," said Uncle Blake, "I never!" He stood there in the middle of the room, the bottle in his hand. Miss Arletta, who had meant only to be kind, was amazed at finding that she had been something more to a degree she could not understand. "I don't know," continued Uncle Blake, slowly, "as I've had such a present sence I was twenty-one. I had one then. Adelaide True was out by the wall that

day, when I went by, an' she reached over an' gi'n me a Provence rose. This—I believe to my soul, Arletta, you've put rose into this, too."

The tears were in Arletta's eyes.

"It's Rosy Balm," she said, with a brisk cheerfulness. "That's what I call it—Rosy Balm. You use it, Uncle Blake. Good-by. Le's shake hands once more, for sake of old times. Good-by."

Hurrying along the road, with her head down, she took up a corner of her shawl and wiped her eyes.

"Law!" she said, smiling and crying at once. "I should think I wa'n't more 'n two year old.—Why, Jane Dunham, that you?"

Jane lived in the next house, but she was speeding along in her best bonnet and shawl, a small neat woman with a round face and young, pathetic eyes. Jane caught Arletta's hand, as it lay under her shawl, and held it. She was all sensibility, and quick tears came into her eyes. Why she did not know, nor did Arletta: but every one was used to Jane Dunham's kindly tears.

"You comin' to pass the day, 'Letta?" she asked. "I was goin' on down to the Corners to git me some samples, but I'd ruther by half turn back home an' set with you."

"No, no, I'm full o' business. I've talked away most o' the mornin' a'ready. Look-a-here, Jane. I got suthin' here in my bag." She made her way out into the snow by the side of the road, and set her bag on a stump, to open it. Jane was instantly by her side, her bright eyes questioning.

"Rosy Balm!" she read, taking the bottle and holding it at a comfortable distance. "Land sakes, 'Letta! what's that?"

Arletta's eyes were shining. Now at last she seemed to have entered on the fruitage of her plan.

"It's some trade I mixed up for chapped hands," she explained. "It's got glycerine in it an' rose-water—"

"Tain't that old receipt Aunt Silvy used to be so private about!"

"Yes, 'tis. I found it in her desk, arter she died. Didn't I ever tell you that? Well, I found it, an' I used it, an' mine's just as good as her'n."

They looked at each other in a knowing

triumph. They had both had long experience of Aunt Silvy. It had not seemed that the cleverest could outwit her, even after death.

"You remember how we used to go there to tea?" asked Jane. "Little mites we were, an' scared eenamost to death, she was so toppin' with us. There was one arternoon we made poppy dolls an' tea sets in the garden an' she ketched us—"

"An' said them were the very poppies she was savin' for seed!"

Their faces creased into a wrinkled mirth. They were two staid elderly women standing by a snow-bank, with the mind's eye fixed upon a sunny past.

"You remember the time when she told you to git me a cooky out o' the parlor cluset—"

"An' I went in an' sliced us both off a junk o' fruit-cake an' hid it under my tyer! I guess I do."

"If ever there was two tykes, 'Letta," said Jane, with relish, "'twas you an' me. To think you've got that receipt, too, arter all these years."

Arletta spoke immediately, and it seemed to her that her voice came forth without her will:

"You take it, Jane. You take this vial. 'Twill kinder bring back old times, an' it'll keep your hands good, too." She shut her bag, and strode out in the road again.

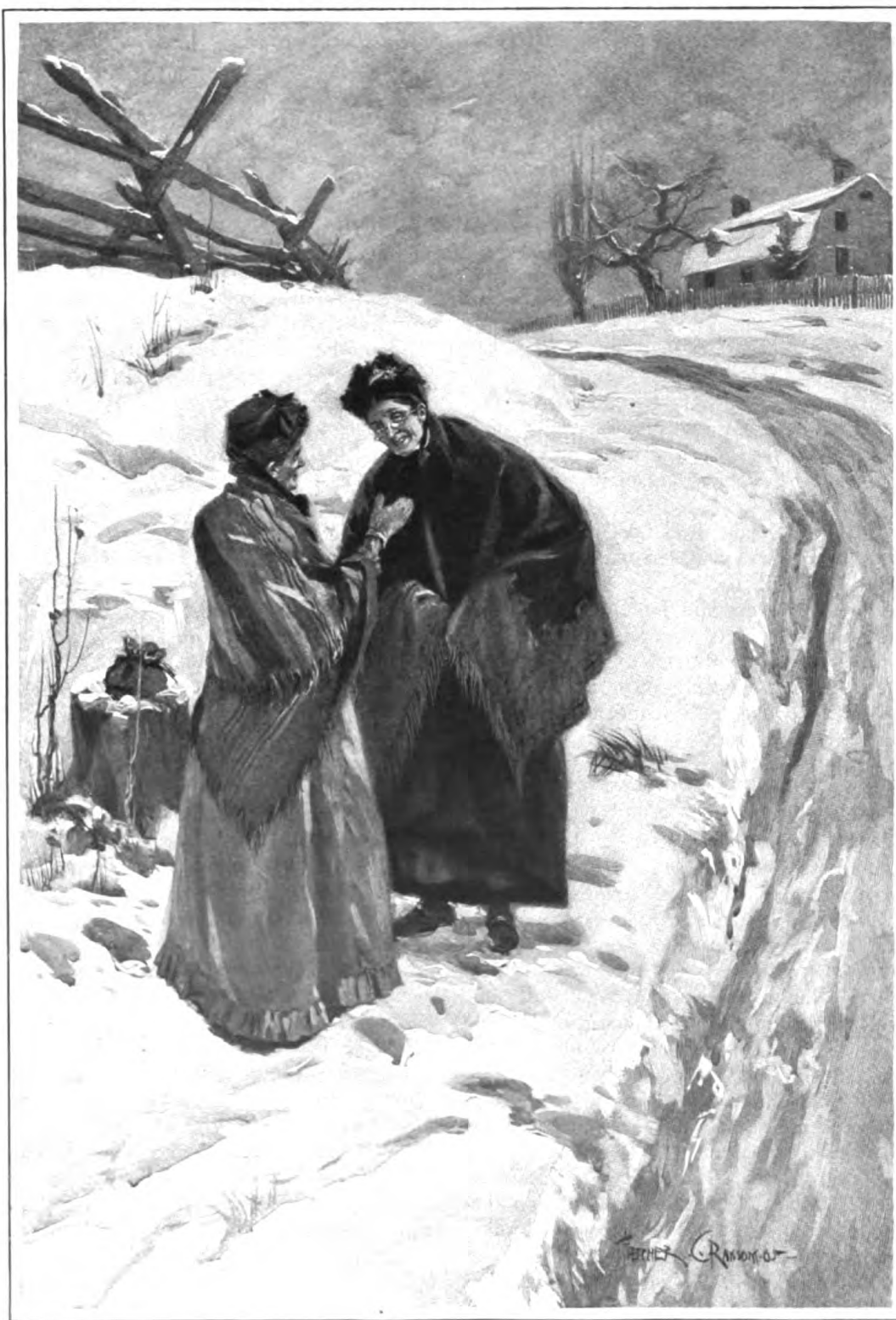
Jane followed. Her eyes were wet with tears.

"You didn't come 'way up here to give this to me, 'Letta?" she asked, meltingly.

"You keep it," Arletta counselled, moving on her way. "It's got a real good smell. I guess 'twill bring back some o' them old times."

"Come down next week," Jane was calling, and Arletta nodded and waved her hand.

At this point Arletta omitted to scorn herself. She tried to act as if she had meant to do nothing in the world but come out and give away bottles that were made to sell. Arrived at the Veaseys' house, she passed it with a fleeting glance. They were old-maid sisters who would skin a flint or split a shilling. Then there was Miss Susannah Means, who lived alone with her brother and did good works. She was sitting by the window, a faded little woman with an eager glance,



Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

THEIR FACES CREASED INTO A WRINKLED MIRTH

and all one sandy color from hair to skin. Arletta opened the side door and walked in upon her, and Susannah glanced up warmly without moving otherwise.

"Set right down," she said, in her high treble. "Lay off your things. I ain't got a minute to give, or I'd take 'em for ye."

"For the land sake, Susannah," said Arletta, advancing upon her, "what you doin'?"

Scraps of coarse lace lay in Susannah's lap, with knots of bright-red worsted.

"I'm runnin' up some candy-bags for the tree," she explained, stabbing her needle in and out. "Do lay off your things. I'm worried to death, too. They say there's two families—they miserable Hendersons landed at the poor-farm this week, an' six child'en between 'em, an' if they go to the tree like's not there won't be a present for 'em, less'n we can scrape up suthin'."

Miss Arletta's mittened hand was at her bag. Her eyes gleamed defiantly behind their glasses.

"Law, Susannah, don't you be concerned," she said. "Here's suthin'. You look-a-here." One after another she took out six bottles, and pushing back the worsted on the table, ranged them there in a soldierly row. Susannah looked up over her glasses, and then took one of them in her hand.

"Rosy Balm," she read. "What kind o' trade is that, Arletta?"

"It's a nice scented wash to put on your hands," returned Arletta, proudly. "You can tie some slips o' paper on 'em an' mark 'em for them poor little creatur's that ain't got nothin' else. Mebbe they'd like a jumpin'-jack or a doll; but ye have to give what ye can, an' I made this, an' I can't make nothin' else. Good day, Susannah."

But Susannah was sitting in a pleasant dream, holding the bottle in her hand and saying to herself:

"Rosy Balm! Forever! Rosy Balm!"

Arletta saw that there were visions before her of little paupers in winter quarters, soothing rough hands and smelling at the bottles. She had done well. Yet again she tried not to jeer at herself, though her bag was very light. Arletta stopped at the fence on the way out, and rested the bag there while she sought within it.

"One bottle!" she ejaculated. "Well, if I'd ha' known—" but if she had known, would it have been different? Her mouth widened in a whimsical smile, and again she spoke: "I might as well give this away, quick's ever I can, so's not to break my record. No, I won't, either. I'll be whipped if I will. I'll sell it, or I'll die for't."

"Ride?" called Cap'n Tom.

He pulled up at the gate, in his shabby old wagon and waited for her. The cap'n was a thin man with a lean face, a satirical mouth, and about his eyes certain lines that nobody liked. Yet they liked the cap'n. He had a great fund of dry humor; but he was a stingy man. He owned it frankly.

"I set the world by money," he often said. "I like to see it roll up same's a boy loves to roll a snowball. 'Tain't much importance, snow nor money neither, but it's terrible excitin' to see 'em grow." His title came from that, and clung to him. He was a captain of swift enterprise.

"I'm goin' along home," said Arletta, pausing with her foot on the step.

"So'm I. Git in. How are ye, 'Letta?" he asked, when they were jogging along.

"I dun'no'," returned Arletta, recklessly. "I'm pretty well in health, but I've got reason to think my mind's affected. I guess I'm a born fool."

The cap'n flicked his horse and chuckled.

"Common complaint," said he.

"Cap'n," began Arletta, out of the fullness of experience, "I'm goin' to tell you suthin', an' if you ever pass it on to anybody else, I'll set your barn afire. My brother Tom used to say you was the closest-mouthed feller in the county."

"I guess that's right," said the cap'n, with pride. "Close-fisted an' close-mouthed. That's right."

Then Miss Arletta began and told him the story of her day. He did not speak, and she turned and looked at him. The cap'n was shaking silently.

"I s'pose you think it's funny," said Arletta, smiling herself unwillingly. "Well, mebbe 'tis; but if you was the one to do it, you'd laugh out o' t'other side o' your mouth."

"Took 'em out to sell, did ye?" asked the cap'n.

"Yes, I took 'em out to sell."

"An' gi'n 'em all away?"

"All but one bottle. You needn't ask for't, cap'n. I wouldn't give it away for love nor money."

The cap'n was silent for a moment. Then he said,

"You take the reins, Arletta." He unbuttoned his coat, thrust a hand deep into his pocket, and brought out a roll of bills. "Arletta," said the cap'n, slowly, "last week I sold a yoke of oxen. To-day I driv' over to git my pay. You pass me out that trade."

He took the reins, and Arletta sought within her bag and gave him her last vial. The cap'n took it gravely, held it far off and read the title, "Rosy Balm." Then he put it in his pocket, pulled a bank-note from his roll, and passed it to her. After that he tucked the money into his pocket and buttoned it up again. "I dun'no', Arletta," said he, "as I ever give any money to foreign missions; but if you want to turn that in, you can. I dun'no's ever I heerd anything that pleased me more'n your goin' out ped-

dlin'. I'm a close man, but it's wuth that amount o' money to me."

Arletta sat looking at the bill, in bright amaze.

"My land, cap'n," she said, at length. "You know what you've gi'n me? It's a five-dollar bill."

Instinctively he turned to look at it, and Arletta laid her hand upon the reins.

"Here," she called, in high excitement; "you lemme git right out an' go in an' hand it over to passon." She was out over the wheel before the horse had stopped. There she faced the cap'n, flushed and smiling. "I dun'no's I could ha' trusted ye through that strip o' woods, cap'n," she called. "You might ha' repented an' ketched it away from me. Much obleeged to ye. Good-by."

She sped up the path to the minister's door, and the cap'n drove on chuckling. He was the poorer by five dollars, and there was a small sore spot in his heart. But he reflected on the story, and laughed again.

"Rosy Balm!" he wheezed, and pondered. "Rosy Balm!"

## The Dead Love

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL.

THE sun upon the evening way,  
It burned a dismal red,  
As on the road where shadows lay,  
A ghostly woman sped.  
"It wounded me by night and day  
Ere it would die," she said.

Within her arms a dead Love lay,  
Close nestled as in sleep;  
She held it in a mother-way,  
Yet silence could not keep—  
"It wounded me," she oft would say,  
"Ere death its soul could reap."

Yea, on her breast so smooth and white,  
Like red wine on the snow,  
The wound had gaped upon the night;  
She had not seemed to know,  
But when the morning came with light  
She looked, and it was so.

Far, far upon the shadow-road,  
'Mid shapes all thin and stark,  
The wound upon her breast it glowed  
Like to a dying spark  
That fades upon its last abode,  
And melts into the dark.



## Editor's Easy Chair.

**A**LL forms of literature probably hold a great deal more meaning than people commonly get out of them; but prose may be likened to a cup which one can easily see to the bottom of, though it is often deeper and fuller than it looks; while verse is the fount through which thought and feeling continually bubble from the heart of things. The sources that underlie all life may be finding vent in a rhyme where the poet imagined he was breathing some little, superficial vein of his own; but in the reader he may unawares have reached the wells of inmost passion, and given them release. The reader may himself live with a certain verse, and be aware of it now and then merely as a teasing iterance that

From some odd corner of the mind  
Beats time to nothing in the brain.

But suddenly some experience, or perhaps the exfoliation of the outer self through the falling away of the withered years, shall open him to its vital and cosmical significance. He shall know then that it is not an idle whisper of song, but a message to his soul from the senate where the immortals gather in secular counsel, and muse the wisdom of all the centuries since humanity came to its earliest consciousness. The bearer of the message may not have known it in the translation which it wears to the receiver; each must read it in his own tongue, and read meaning into it; perhaps it always takes two to make a poet, and singer and listener are the twin spheres that form one star.

A valued correspondent of ours, one of those whose letters are oftener than we should like to own fraught with the suggestion of our most fortunate inspirations, believes himself to have been recently the confidant of the inner sense of certain lines in a familiar poem of Longfellow's. Its refrain had, from the first reading, chanted in the outer chamber of his ear, but suddenly, the other day, it sang to his soul with a newly realized purport in the words,

A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.

The words are, as the poet promptly declares, the burden of a Lapland song, which "is haunting his memory still," which "murmurs and whispers still," which "is singing and saying still," which "is mournful," and "sweet," and "fitful," and "fatal," and "strange," and "beautiful." Yet he seems not to have known, as our friend now thinks he himself knows, that they express a difference, unrecognized hitherto, between youth and age, and rightfully attribute to the young a steadfastness and persistence in objects and ideals formerly supposed the distinguishing qualities of the old. In other words, they have precipitated into his consciousness a truth unwittingly held in solution by both the poets in their verse. Or, if it was conveyed to him by their sensible connivance he is the first who has been made its repository. Or, if he cannot claim an exclusive property in the revelation, it is now his, in his turn, by that sad right of seniority whose advantages are not ours till there are few or none left to contest them with us. One has not been promoted to them because of any merit or achievement; one has simply lived into them; and how much of one has died in the process of survival! The lines speak to our friend's age a language which his youth could not have understood, and it is because he is no longer young that he perceives how long the thoughts of youth were, and how brief the thoughts of age.

He had always fancied that his later years should be a time of repose in the faiths, loves, and joys through which he realized himself. But nothing apparently was farther from the fact. Such length of thoughts as he had, such abiding pleasures, such persistent hopes, were from his youth; and the later sort were as the leaves of the tree to the tree itself. He put them forth at the beginning of an epoch, a season, and they dropped from him at the close. In as great bitterness as is consonant with his temperament he has asked us why youth should ever have been deemed fickle and age constant, when so precisely the contrary is true. Youth, he owns, is indeed full

of vain endeavors and of enterprises that come to nothing, but it is far more fixed than age in its aspirations. His aspirations change now with such rapidity that they seem different not only from year to year, but from month to month, from day to day. He has not merely discarded his old ideals, he loathes them. He used to like going out to dinner, above all things; and he was fond of lunches, even of afternoon teas; but in a day, in an hour, such delights became wearinesses and vexations of spirit. Formerly he enjoyed travel with all its necessary concomitants. It amused him to check his baggage and depart from stations, to arrive at hotels and settle himself in new rooms; the very domiciliation in sleeping-cars, or the domestication in diners, had a charm which was apparently perennial; a trip in a river boat was rapture; an ocean voyage was ecstasy. The succession of strange faces, new minds, was an unfailing interest, and there was no occurrence, in or out of the ordinary, which did not give him release from self and form a true recreation. The theatre does not amuse him now, though the time has been, and lately, for the curtain, when it rose on a play, new or old, to lift his spirit with it, and to hold him entranced till its fall. As for the circus, he once rejoiced in all its feats; performing elephants could not bore him, nor acts of horsemanship stale its infinite variety. But the time has come abruptly when the smell of the sawdust, or the odor of the trodden weed, mixed with the aroma of ice-cold lemonade, is a stench in his nostrils.

These changes of ideal have occurred, not through the failure of any powers that he can note in himself, but as part of the great change from youth to age, which he thinks is far greater morally than physically. He is still fairly strong; he has not lost his appetite or the teeth to gratify it; he can walk his miles, always rather two than ten, and rest refreshed from them; except that he does not like to kill things, he could trudge the whole day through fields and woods with his gun on his shoulder; though he does not golf, and cannot know whether or no it would bore him, he likes to wield the axe and the scythe in the groves and meadows of his summer place. When he

stretches himself on the breast of the mother alike of flesh and grass, it is with a delicious sense of her restorative powers, and no fear of rheumatism. If he rests a little longer than he once used, he is much more rested when he rises from his repose.

His body rejoices still in its experiences, but not his soul: it is not interested; it does not care to have known its experiences, or wish to repeat them. For this reason he thinks that it is his spirit which is superannuated, while its "muddy vesture of decay" is in very tolerable repair. His natural man is still comparatively young, and lives on in the long, long thoughts of youth; but his supernatural man has aged, with certain moral effects which alarm his doubts of the pleasures he once predicated of eternity. "If it is going to be like *this* with me!" he says to himself, and shrinks from supplying the responsive clause of his conditional.

But mainly his mind turns upon itself in contemplation of its earthly metamorphoses, in which it hardly knows itself for the mind of the same man. Its apprehensions are for the time when having exhausted all the differences it shall care for none; but meanwhile it is interested in noting the absurdity of that conventional view of age as the period of fixed ideals. It may be the period of fixed habits, of those helpless iterances which imply no intentions or purposes; but it is not the period in which the mind continues in this or that desire, and strives for its fulfilment. The same poet who sang at second hand those words of the Lapland song,

The thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.

erred, to our friend's sense, in singing of

The young heart hot and restless,  
And the old subdued and slow.

He believes the reverse would rightly characterize the heart of youth and the heart of age. Age is not slow in its mental motions; it is hurried and anxious, with that awful mystical apprehension of the swift-coming moment when time shall be no more, and nothing but eternity shall be left. It is not subdued; its heart is hot with rebellion against

the inevitable. But for youth there is no inevitable; there is no conclusion, no catastrophe, which it may not hope to escape; and so it is patient of chances, it is glad of them. Its heart is not restless, it is quite at peace in the bosom which is secure of all the time there is.

Our friend believes that a variety of popular superstitions will fall at the recognition of the truth in this matter, and none more finally than that which attributes to the junior partner the unhappiness of those marriages in which youth and crabbed age try to live together. In such hazardous unions the junior partner is, for some unexplained reason, of the sex which has the repute of a generic fickleness, as well as the supposed volatility of its fewer years. Probably repute wrongs it as much in one respect as in the other, but our friend contends only for greater justice to it in the last. In the light that he has come into, he holds that where such unions are unhappy, though they may have been formed with a fair appearance of affection, it is the senior partner who is to blame, if blame may ever be attached to involuntary change. It is the senior partner who has wearied first of the companionship, and wished for release with the impatience natural to age. This is intolerant of the annoyances which seem inherent in every union of the kind, and impatient of those differences of temperament which tell far more than any disparities of age, and which exist even where there are no such disparities. The intolerance, the impatience, is not more characteristic of the husband where he is the elder than of the wife in the much fewer instances of her seniority. In the unions where two old people join their faltering destinies, the risks of unhappiness are, logically, doubled; and our friend holds it a grotesque folly to expect anything else of marriages in which two lovers, disappointed of each other in their youth, attempt to repair the loss in their age. Where any such survive into later life, with the passion of earlier life still rife in their hearts, he argues that they had much better remain as they are, for in such a belated union as they aspire to the chances are overwhelmingly against them.

Very probably, like other discoverers, he is too much impressed with the value of his divination. It is something that at any rate can appeal for recognition only to the aged or the aging. With these we could imagine it bringing a certain consolation, a relief from vain regret, an acquittal from self-accusation. If one has suddenly changed for no apparent reason, one must be glad to find a reason in the constitution of things, and to attribute one's fickleness to one's time of life. Youth's errors have possibly been too much condoned upon grounds where age could more justly base its defence. It may be more reckless than age, but it is not nearly so rash. It keeps thinking its long, long thoughts, and questioning the conclusions to which age eagerly hobbles, or hurls itself from its crutches. Youth is deliberate, for it has plenty of time, while, as our friend notes, age has little but eternity before it. Not youth, but age, leaps from life's trolley while it is still in motion, or, after mismeasuring the time and space, limps impatiently before it, and is rolled under its fender. You may see physical proof of this difference, our friend insists, in the behavior of two people, one young and one old, at any street-crossing; and why should so many old ladies fall on the stairs, but that they are apt to precipitate themselves wildly from landings where young girls linger to dream yet one dream more before they glide slowly down to greet the young men who would willingly wait years for them?

The distrust of eternity at which our friend hints is perhaps the painfulest of his newly discovered differences between youth and age. Resting so serenely as it does in practically unlimited time, with ideals and desires which scarcely vary from year to year, youth has no fears of infinity. It is not afraid but it shall have abundant occupation in the æons before it, or that its emotions or volitions shall first be exhausted. Its blithe notion of immortality is that it is immortal youth. It has no conception of age, and could not imagine an eternity of accomplished facts. It is perhaps for this reason that doubt of immortality never really comes to youth. One of the few things which our friend still believes is that every sceptic who deals honestly

with his own history must be aware of an hour, almost a moment, of waning youth, when the vague potentiality of disbelief became a living doubt, thenceforward to abide with him till death resolve it. Endless not-being is unthinkable before that time, as after it endless being is unthinkable. Yet this unthinkable endless being is all that is left to age, and it is in the notion of it alone that age can get back to the long, long thoughts in which is surcease from unrest. Our old friend may accuse us of proposing the most impossible of paradoxes, when we invite him to take refuge from his whirling ideals not in an unavailing endeavor to renew the conditions of youth in time but in the operant forecast of youth in eternity. We think that the error of his impatience, his despair with the state he has come to here, is largely if not wholly through his failure to realize that he is not going to wake up old in some other being, but young, and that the capacity of long, long thoughts will be renewed in him with the renewal of his life. The restlessness of age, its fickleness, its volatility, is the expression of immense fatigue. It tosses from side to side, and tries for this and that like a sick man from sheer weakness; or rather, if the reader prefers another image, it is like some hapless wild thing caught by rising floods on a height of land which they must soon submerge, and running incessantly hither and thither, as the water more narrowly hems it in.

Undoubtedly the mutability of age in its ideals has been increased of late by the restriction of human hope to the years which remain, few and brief to the longest earthly life, by the sciences which provisionally darken counsel. When these shall have penetrated to a point where they can discern the light, they will "pour the day" on the dim orbs of age, and illumine the future with new hope. Then doubting age can enter into the rest now forbidden it, and take its repose between illimitable horizons in the long, long thoughts of eternal youth. We speak here in behalf of the

sceptic, the agnostic, few. For the many who have not lost their hope because they have never lost their faith, doubtless all the trouble of change which disquiets our friend will seem something temperamental merely, and not something essential, or inseparable from human nature. Their thoughts have remained long, their ideals steadfast, because they have not lost the most precious jewel of their youth: the star of trust and hope which

Flames in the forehead of the morning sky.

These are the most enviable of their kind, and there are signs that their turn may be coming once more in the primacy to which their numbers have always entitled them. Only the other day we were reading a paper by a man of that science which deals with life on strictly physical lines, and drawing from it an immense consolation because it reaffirmed that the soul has not only its old excuse for being in the unthinkability of an automatic universe and the necessity of an intentional first cause, but with Evolution, in the regard of some scientists, tottering on its throne, and Natural Selection entering the twilight into which the elder pagan deities have vanished, is newly warranted in claiming existence as that indestructible life-property, or organizing power which characterizes kind through kind from everlasting to everlasting. In this consolation we seemed well on our way back to the encounter of a human spirit such as used to be rapt to heaven or cast into hell for very disproportionate merits or demerits; but we were supported for the meeting by the probability that in the fortunate event the spirit would be found issuing from all the clouds of superstition, and when it was reconstituted in the universal belief, that the time, with eternity in its train, would have returned for fitly hailing it in the apostrophe of the Addisonian Cato:

But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth.  
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,  
The wreck of matter and the crush of  
worlds.

## Editor's Study.

To the "Editor's Study":

I have been much interested in the articles which have appeared as to the reasoning powers of animals; also the one in the June "Study." I would like to know why conclusions have been drawn by John Burroughs and others who disbelieve in their ability to reason from only wild animals.

The study of human beings in a wild or barbarous state might lead to the same conclusions in regard to man. There have been authentic cases of wild men having been found in the woods. They invariably fled from their pursuers, gave utterance to only a "gibberish," and were much less attractive as to cleanliness and appearance than wild animals.

On the other hand, a dog who is the constant companion of his owner develops almost incredible intelligence.

In so far as animals are the companions of their owners, their education is carried on imperceptibly or intentionally, and their various powers developed; also in so far as one human being is the companion of a higher educated one of his kind he becomes more developed as to his powers. Left wild in the woods from birth, the human being does not develop into a desirable companion.

H. J. R.

THE really novel point made by our correspondent is that concerning the deterioration of any member of the human species when, utterly detached from his kind, he confronts Nature under conditions common to wild animals. Much depends upon the circumstances determining his return to the wild. His isolation may be voluntary or enforced; it may be for a short or a long period, from infancy or after a considerable human experience. It is assumed to be absolute, unrelieved by such human companionship as Robinson Crusoe had with his man Friday. The exemplary instance, for the purposes of this argument, would be that of an individual who has during a few years gained some foothold in human experience—speech, thought, and habit—and is then suddenly, through some singular calamity, denied all human contacts, even such as one might have if taken captive by savages. The loss of something acquired is then more clearly open to observation.

In such a situation, supposed to occur in an advanced stage of civilization, while itself for the individual exile an abrupt termination of civilization, save as there is subjectively some continuation thereof in the unfortunate victim's habit and reminiscence, the phenomena of a transformation which very soon becomes dehumanization are of the deepest psychological interest.

It is a singular situation. The comparative solitude of a child in the most secluded retreat, remote from neighbors, situated, perhaps, on a mountain, where the height itself accentuates the isolation, furnishes no parallel to it, though any one who has in childhood experienced such a dislocation from the ordinary human world must vividly recall his sensations of something wild and unutterably alien in every unfamiliar aspect of Nature—that is, in all phenomena not periodically recurrent, as are the movements of the heavenly bodies and the changes of the seasons. For a child, thus haunted and bewildered, there is at least the relief of parental or guardially assistance and sympathy. This one link with humanity—even if there is no brotherly or sisterly companionship, nor any older guide and comrade to help dispel the strangeness of Nature through initiation into some of her secret mysteries—is an adequate alleviation, standing, indeed, at this early period of life for a whole human world.

Simply the solicitude of a single human soul standing between the child and entire dependence upon Nature may preclude utter helplessness. Consider what equipment of accumulated experience is necessary to the provision of the simplest breakfast satisfactory to the average civilized man. No wealth, intelligence, or physical prowess can procure it for an individual cut off from his kind. No other animal thus circumstanced could be so helpless. He has left his human cycle of development, with all its motives and ever-fresh beginnings from new stimuli, and is not in accord with the strange harmony of the purely natural cycle into which he has suddenly been



thrown. There is no forward path for him, in any human sense, and his degeneration is as swift as it is inevitable, being in a line of no resistance, since there is no motive for struggle or reaction.

It is a case of psychic alienation, resulting in that loss of distinctively human thought which is indicated by loss of speech. Let any one who has not either the mood or the habit of the hermit pass a single day and night in such an *impasse* of the wilderness that he seems wholly lost, and even in that brief period he will have a bitter-enough taste of the bewildering alienation we have been contemplating to comprehend its character and its inevitably swift procession.

The individual man has no psychic development which may be called human independently of his kind. Apart from human society, he can have no real moral character, no motive for intellectual exercise or æsthetic expression. Left to himself, after whatever gain of experience, his human consciousness does not simply become a ruin, it is obliterated, and the rapidity of its extinction is in the ratio of its complexity.

The helplessness of the individual man, as we know him, especially manifest in infancy, has been an essential factor in his psychic advance—the measure, indeed, of his achievement and mastery. Hence it is that society means so much more to man than to any other animal.

The consideration advanced by our correspondent means, therefore, the disclosure, from a new point of view, of man's singular distinction.

Generally it is true of all animals except man that their scope of achievement is definitely indicated in their physical structure. while, on the other hand, in the physical structure of a man no intimation is given of any of those possibilities the realization of which is the triumph of human culture and civilization. The exceptions to this generalization occur chiefly in the insect world. Dr. Henry C. McCook has made these the theme of a series of most interesting illustrated papers, like that on insect herds and herders in this number of the Magazine. The domestic and industrial economies of the ants, as portrayed by this contributor in various articles, seem

almost human. The question is raised in our minds if man may not, in the beginnings of his social career, have been prompted by the same sort of instinct as the ant and the bee and the beaver, though, unlike these animals, he finally came into a sad and glorious experience, based upon fallibility, but crowned with matchless accomplishment.

We cannot positively assert that the civilization of the ants—an almost comical mimicry of our own so far as domestic and industrial economies are concerned, for we must leave out of consideration the works of the creative human imagination and our achievements in science—has not been progressive, since there is a kind of instinctive progression. Perhaps these insects were not in the very beginning herders, disciplined warriors, or slaveholders, but became such at distinctly marked epochs. Certainly their versatile attainments in social economy help us to a modest regard of our own progress in this field, and to a greater appreciation of our real distinction in imaginative speculation and employ.

We are not even permitted to plume ourselves upon our humanitarianism since the remarkable disclosures made by Prince Kropotkin of the mutual helpfulness among animals of lower species.

In no animal save man is there any sign of a religious consciousness. It is only a human imagination that once brought all the creatures of the earth within the scope of that old catholic cult of Pan, of whose following, indeed, the non-human were the conspicuous and picturesque feature. The conception came very close to the truth, as suggesting the elements of a universal natural religion. But in man religion has always been a partial and broken thing, while in the lower animals, as in every living thing in nature and in every physical movement, it is integral and therefore unconscious. Wordsworth, speaking of days

Linked each to each by natural piety,

gives a suggestion of the unbroken continuity and integrity of a religion rooted in nature, where there are no leaps, but every operation goes on within the harmonious circle of its bond—the obligation essential to the harmony. As from

man's helplessness and fallibility rises the high arch of his experience, so it may be that, from the very discontinuity implied in his discourse of reason, from the complex brokenness of all the currents of his peculiar destiny—every cleavage a flash of illumination—may come the final restoration of a better integrity, every prismatic illusion blending into the pure white light of eternal truth.

Any conception of other-world conditions for the animal kingdom must in the nature of the case be wholly our own in its behalf. In ancient religions such a conception had no pertinence; the earth and underearth were the only conceivable human dwelling-place here and hereafter. It was only Christian faith that opened heaven to all believers. In so far as we follow a theological determination of that faith, this question of animal immortality is somewhat perplexing, save as we participate in St. Paul's hope for the ultimate restoration of all things. If there is to be an eternal separation between the good and the bad of the human race, it would doubtless be an added punishment to the latter that their faithful dogs may not bear them company, and in this life it might be a further incentive to goodness.

To some it might seem undesirable that into another and better world we should be followed by the pestiferous insects and venomous reptiles which infest our present dwelling-place, and that, having let the ape and tiger in our own natures die, we should in the happy hereafter be still beset by the ape and tiger, objectively surviving that dispossession. But is it not to the average intelligence quite as perplexing that all these and many other physical ills afflict our present existence? Is there any thoughtful mind which, considering that the Creator is to be known only through what He has created, has not been baffled by this mystery? In some such minds the dilemma has been suggested that either the Creator is not omnipotent or that He is not wholly benevolent. To us comes rather the suggestion that we conceive of divine attributes from our limited knowledge, having no sufficient basis for our predications. Our view of the macrocosm as shown in the starry universe begets a sense at once of calm and of majestic

harmony. It is the microcosm—the things about us, as closely seen as it is in our power to see, and regarded solely in relation to ourselves and the things within us, always, too, exclusively from an ethical view—that presents a divine confusion, into which no harmony can be introduced so long as we consider Good, Evil, and Justice relatively and within the circle of purely mental and ethical judgment. Life in the absolute and essential sense—that is, apart from the relations incident to man as a rationally conscious and therefore fallible being—is as unmoral as the physical universe. The essential truth of life is seen only in the vital view—that which Nature presents in all her variety of industrious ant and idle butterfly, of dove and serpent, of the beautiful and the ugly, of tuneful melody and discordant snarl. Perhaps the note of reconciliation of these opposites—as of those which the human imagination has created—is mystically suggested in Amélie Rives's story of "The Flittermouse."

That dualism which the human imagination has always built up on what seems the radical opposition of good and evil, and so built up as to include within its vast cycle of action and reaction the strangely mingled elements in the natural world as well as in the human soul, is present with us from the beginning of this story, which, but for the insistence of the narrative form, might be called a Hallowe'en Masque. The mare who bore Mahomet to the skies and, on her return, coquetted with the Djinn, is linked with Lucifer (Light-bearer), who in his fall became the leader of all evil hosts. Flittermouse—the maid who any morn might be surprised in a prayer for Satan—chants, as if from the storm-centre of the mighty conflict, the strains of a reconciling harmony. All else in the story—dialogue and drama—tends to show that the divine temptation in all evil is to incite reaction, which, in a purely natural view, is redemption.

It is not to be supposed that the author of this unique imaginative work consciously followed the lines we have traced to give the reader some intimation of its hidden framework. Nor does the charm of the author's embodied intuition rest upon any possible rational explanation.

# EDITOR'S DRAWER

## Seeds of Discord

BY GEORGE T. WESTON

"I WILL," said John, in his rich, manly bass voice,—“I will now proceed to plant the garden.”

“How nice of you!” said Mrs. John. “You’ll show the neighbors a thing or two, even if they did start on their gardens two weeks ahead of you, won’t you, John?”

“Yes,” said John, in a quite-so voice. “Now, first of all, I shall put in the tomatoes, the cucumbers, and the corn.”

“Um!” she murmured, simulating ecstasy to please him.

“Then,” said John the agriculturalist, disregarding an interruption so feminine, —“then I shall plant the asparagus, the radishes, the lettuce, and the eggplants.” And he looked at her expectantly.

“Fine!” she obediently exclaimed. “I love eggplants!”

“Yes?” said John, and he arose with a look as though (if modesty did not forbid it) he could name a devoted husband who would do anything to please his little wife. “Where’s the spade?” he briskly cried. “Come now! We must have a spade!”

She tripped down into the cellar and brought up the spade, while John seated himself on the back piazza and puffed his pipe as he buried himself in agricultural thought.

“Ah!” said he, arousing himself and critically observing the spade. “And now the rake!” he briskly added.

And down-stairs she ran for the rake, while John again concentrated his powerful intellect on the work that lay before him.

“Here’s the rake, John!” she proudly announced, and neatly

placed it by the side of the spade. John laboriously turned around.

“You’ve forgotten the hoe!” he complained, quite bitterly.

So down she went for the hoe, and soon the duet of garden tools became a trio.

“Anything else, John?” she asked.

“Where are the seeds?” despaired John. “I don’t see any seeds! Surely you don’t expect me to plant a garden without seeds, do you, Janey?” he chided her.

And dutifully—ever so dutifully—she ran indoors for the seeds, and came back with them in less than no time, her little cheeks all rosy at the prospect of this magnificent garden that was about to spring up all around the house as if by magic (John had been boasting about this garden all winter long), and her little brow slightly clouded because she couldn’t come out into the garden and help her John, owing to the fact that she was obliged to stay inside and “make a cake.”



“YOU’VE FORGOTTEN THE HOE”

Behold John now walking up the garden path, clothed in importance and dignity, and adorned with his spade, his rake, his hoe, and his seeds. And behold him a few minutes later, casting supercilious glances at his neighbors' gardens and starting to dig. Like a vigorous Fury, John started to dig, driving his spade deep down into the earth, flinging up the dirt, turning it over, banging it with the spade, driving his spade into the earth again, and repeating the whole process like an inexorable piece of mechanism. Like Vulcan forging thunderbolts did John apply himself to digging that garden. Like Moses smiting a multitude of rocks.

And behold Stebbins, John's right-hand neighbor, now pleasantly walking down his garden path, followed by Rover, his faithful dog. "Ha! ha!" laughed Stebbins; "working, eh?" He rested his arms on the fence and smiled a sunny smile at John. "I like to see you work," he chuckled, idiotically; "it'll do you good!" He lit a cigar (with vulgar display and ostentation), and settled himself comfortably to criticise this thing and see it all the way through, while Rover settled himself at his master's feet, and (after generously displaying a few odd fathoms of tongue) good-naturedly regarded John through the fence.

And John rounded out his asparagus-

bed and planted it, and raked it, and smoothed it, utterly disregarding the frequent advice of the irrepressible Stebbins. Likewise John planted his eggplant-bed, his radish-bed, and his cucumber-bed. Then he began to dig again.

"That's the way to do it!" cried Stebbins; "that's the way!"

With a growing vehemence John proceeded to dig his garden, flinging the dirt around with desperate little flirts of the spade, swatting the solid pieces of loam (while Stebbins cheered right manfully), scowling at the pebbles, hissing at the stones, and looking horrible things at the boulders.

And finally behold Mumford, John's left-hand neighbor, opening his back door and smilingly contemplating John at work. "Isn't he the hard worker!" cried Mumford, with pretended awe and admiration. And Mumford sauntered up his garden path, leisurely leaned his arms on the fence, and chuckled idiotically. And Mumford's fox-terrier came in from a jaunt and seated himself at Mumford's feet and stuck out his tongue and looked at John with gracious interest.

"You see, I'm working hard!" said Stebbins to Mumford, winking as he spoke with pleasurable anticipation.

"Yes," said Mumford, speaking admiringly; "if I could only work as hard as you I'd soon be rich!"

"You're not angry, are you?" cried Stebbins to Mumford.

"No," said Mumford, "I'm not exactly angry, but my back aches, and I have blisters on my hands."

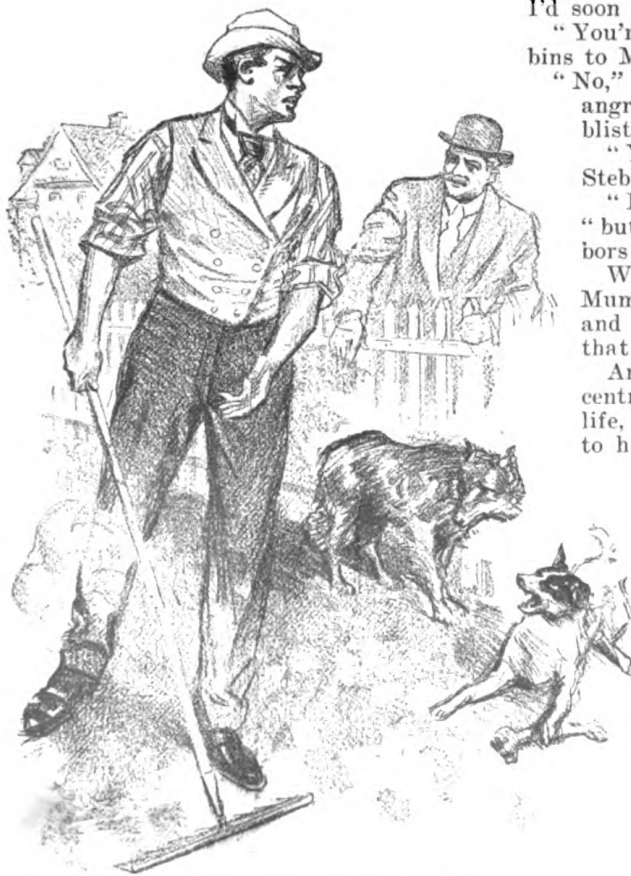
"You shouldn't work so hard!" said Stebbins.

"I know it," mourned Mumford, "but I just want to show the neighbors on each side of me a thing or two."

Whereupon Messrs. Stebbins and Mumford laughed in asinine chorus, and looked as though they counted not that day lost.

And there they were: John in the centre of the stage working for dear life, copiously perspiring, but swearing to himself that he would die before he would look up or give his two tormentors the least satisfaction; Stebbins and Mumford sprawling on their respective fences, smoking their cigars and guffawing profusely at their own sprightly wit; and the two dogs looking through the fences, smiling beneficently, their tongues lolling out to incredible lengths, looking as large as life and twice as natural.

As John worked on, Mumford's dog gradually became uneasy, and at last, unable to restrain himself any longer, he hopped through the fence and cautiously ap-



THE BONE OF CONTENTION



proached the delving John. Thereupon Rover, a bitter rival of Mumford's terrier, also bestirred himself, and jumped lightly through the fence.

"What's the matter with the dogs?" asked Stebbins.

"They've been burying their bones where I am digging," replied Mumford, still humorously pretending that he was John.

"Well," said Stebbins, with indignation, "let them have their bones! You wouldn't keep a poor dog away from his bones, would you?—a poor, dumb, faithful friend?"

And if ever a man looked wicked—real wicked, mind you, and with a diabolical cast of countenance—it was our John, who had laughed and joked so mercilessly at Stebbins and Mumford when those two merry gentlemen had planted their own gardens; our John, who had bragged to all listeners that he would give Stebbins and Mumford two weeks head-start on their gardens and beat them out at the finish; our John, with his hands puffed all out of shape with blisters and his backbone feeling as though it had been tied into an amazing number of sailors' double knots.

And then it was that John turned up a bone with his spade, and then it was that the rival dogs pounced upon it simultaneously. And a haughty canine challenge and an acceptance of the same suddenly sounded over that pretty pastoral scene, and, disdaining other idle preliminaries, Rover and Tige settled down to their daily battle—on the asparagus-bed, as it happened.

Through the mist and cloud of warfare could be seen momentary flashes of a titanic combat, with John dancing around in agitated circles and trying to discourage the fighters with his rake—a dizzying mirage of whirling dogs, highly and loftily tumbling, marching and countermarching at frightful speed, apoplectic in their cries, frantic, contortional, and full of life and vigor.

Generals Stebbins and Mumford cheered on their forces to glorious victory, and John, the great pacificator, vainly tried to part the belligerents.

"Go it, Tige!" cried Mumford. "Good old dog! Good old fellow!"

"Seize him!" howled Stebbins; "seize him, Rover!"

Poor John intervened with the rake again. Rover received the brunt of it.

"You let that dog alone!" cried Stebbins. "You touch that dog again and there'll be trouble!"



"It's CHEAPER TO BUY VEGETABLES!"

John eagerly advanced to touch the dog again, his very soul loudly shrieking out for trouble, but this time Tige caught it.

"Here!" howled Mumford, "what do you mean by hitting that dog? He's not hurting you!"

"Not hurting me?" cried the frantic John, speaking at last. "Not hurting me? Look at that garden, will you? Just look at it!" And as John's eye scanned that scene of devastation, "Call 'em off!" he shouted. "Call 'em off!"

And after the dogs had been called off and had trotted back to their masters with joy and satisfaction, and after John had sulkily acknowledged that if there was a joke that same joke was on him, and after he had surveyed the scene of ruin, he thoughtfully retired into the privacy of his own domicile.

"Wasn't that awful!" exclaimed Mrs. John. "Poor John! The garden is all spoiled!"

"I'm glad of it!" declared John, straightening his back and thinking of the future weedings and hoeings and waterings that the defunct garden would have required if it had lived. "It's cheaper to buy vegetables, anyhow!"

"There'll be no living on the same street with the Stebbinses and the Mumfords when their gardens begin to grow," sighed Mrs. John after a pause.

"Don't worry! They're going to have their hands full!" said John.

"Why, John?" she eagerly asked, "why?"

"I'm going in for chickens!" cried John, "that's why!" And after a gloatful silence, "Which scratch the most—hens or roosters?" he suddenly asked.

"Roosters," said Mrs. John.

"Jane!" said John, banging his fist on the table, "if it wasn't for the looks of things I'd get all roosters!"





### Cross-examination

THE CHILD. "*Gran'ma, did you ever have any little children?*"

### Coquette

COQUETTE they call you,—they who tried

For months in vain to win you,—  
Lovers who lost, and so decide

The heart that beats within you  
Is false and fickle. Let them go!

Small comfort comes of scandal;  
And disappointment, as you know,  
Makes every man a vandal.

Because you gave them of your smiles  
Impartially, they reason,  
You set a snare of subtle wiles  
And tricked them, which was treason:  
Each thought himself the mortgagee  
Of all your love,—as though it  
Were compromising just to be  
Fond of a man and show it.

Because to each you always seemed—  
And were—a comrade truly,—  
Forthwith the happy fellow dreamed  
That he possessed you duly.  
Such is the arrogance of man:  
He loves a girl and—better—  
Concludes there's nothing simpler than  
To tell her so and get her!

Coquette! Ah, sweet, that word unkind  
Implies that you can parry  
Successfully until you find  
The man you mean to marry.  
Flirt if you like, with whom you may,  
You never shall discover  
My jealousy until you say  
You take me for your lover!

FELIX CARMEN.

### The Nearest Human

A GROUP of tired women were listening to a free concert in one of the department stores, where the virtues of a certain piano-player are usually demonstrated. On this particular occasion, however, a long-haired young man had usurped the place usually occupied by the mechanical device. Extreme physical weariness may blunt the sense of humor, or perhaps women are really deficient in that sense—at any rate, none of the little audience appeared to be amused by the tableau of the soulful young man playing away industriously with a huge sign hanging over his head:

"Nearest Human of any Piano-player."

### No Sacrifice too Great

IT is said that when General Sherman was in command of the army in Tennessee, in the early part of the war, he was much annoyed by people who inundated him with complaints of the petty thefts of the soldiers under his command.

One day when the general was particularly busy with a special-service detail at headquarters a Union woman, whose husband was in the Confederate army, came in with a querulous complaint that some soldier had stolen her chickens. He eyed her in silence for a moment, and then said in his sternest tones:

"Madam, the integrity of the Constitution and the unity of the republic must be maintained if—if—it takes every chicken in Tennessee."



### A Trained Canine

"Now, Beppo," said his master, "to the ladies kindly bow."

And Beppo opened wide his mouth, and sharply barked, "Bow-wow!"



MISS PORKER. "How lucky you are, my deer, to be able to grow your own hatpins."

## A Patch

(The Luther-Burbankian Version of Swinburne's "A Match")

BY WILBUR D. NESBIT

THE pink is what the rose is,  
The lily like the phlox;  
I make them grow together,  
In bright or cloudy weather,  
In fields or flowerful closes,  
In pot or window-box—  
The pink is what the rose is,  
The lily like the phlox.

The pear and the tomato,  
The pickle and the plum,  
Now fraternize as brothers,  
And I have planned some others—  
I've grown a sweet potato  
That gives us chewing-gum,  
Paired with the pear-tomato,  
The pickle and the plum.

With sugar-cane and quinces  
And watermelon-vine  
I'll grow you cans of jelly;  
Or strands of vermicelli—  
Such the bohemian minces  
And calls both fair and fine—  
With sugar-cane and quinces  
And watermelon-vine.

The pumpkin and the apple,  
The apricot and peach,  
Blend in a hybrid, handy  
To boil to luscious candy,  
Or can be turned to scrapple,  
Commingled each with each—  
The pumpkin and the apple,  
The apricot and peach.

If burdock leaves were lettuce?  
If onion tops were rye?  
But why be speculating?  
Speak up, and don't stand waiting.  
Such problems do not fret us—  
You need not idly sigh:  
"If burdock leaves were lettuce,  
And onion tops were rye!"

The pink is what the rose is,  
The lily like the phlox—  
I join the pear and pansy,  
To please my idle fancy;  
They call such work osmosis,  
But theories it mocks—  
The pink is what the rose is,  
The lily like the phlox.



### The Luxurious Pig

**JOSH SIMPKINS** was a farmer and  
The kindest among men,  
He housed his pig in luxury—  
It had a fountain pen.

### A Timely Suggestion

**MARJORIE'S** evening prayer was long. She had bespoken blessings for each member of the household, had named her aunts, uncles, and cousins, and was beginning on the neighbors. Jack, eager for the bedtime story, listened impatiently. "Oh, rats!" he interposed, under his breath. His sister heard. After an instant's pause, she went on, sweetly, "And the little mice too!"

### Answers to Correspondents

(From the *Blooming Jay Magazine*)

**D. ARNE.**—For mending the air which was rent with shouts on your husband's return, use either a sailor's yarn or the thread of a discourse, according to the size of the rent.

**T. T. O.**—We cannot give directions for knitting brows. As this is an up-to-date paper, we supply nothing not in style, and knitted brows are not worn by up-to-date, power-through-repose people.

**Victim.**—We know of nothing that will mend jokes cracked in an after-dinner

speech. Usually they are so old as to be beyond repair.

**Dolly.**—We referred your question to the head of the Motherhood Department, who said that a monkey-wrench would be the most suitable Christmas gift for your pet ape.

**Raindon.**—We are sorry on our own account as well as yours that we know of no place where they recover borrowed umbrellas.

**T. Rimmer.**—Ruffled feelings are still quite generally worn. They are always crosswise, but may be made straight by smoothing.

**Beauty.**—Your question regarding the complexion has been referred to the department "Cheek-to-Cheek Talks," and is answered in this number.

**H. Ayer.**—Dead men's shoes are considered the most desirable foot-wear for prospective heirs.

**S. U. Torr.**—No matter how many former lovers of a bride may be at a wedding, it is bad form for any one but her father to give her away.

**Amateur Actress.**—For the scene where you are eating fruit when the fire breaks out you should

wear burnt orange with watered ribbons and garden hose. An alarm-clock should be among the stage furnishings.

### A Calamity within his Ken

**A DEMURE** little teacher had told with such enthusiasm the fine old tale of "The Black Douglass" that the whole class was stirred. Even big Frank, who is usually slow to respond to a stimulus, looked so ready that he was called to the front to reproduce the story in his own words. When it came to the thrilling part, "Where watchmen were posted on the walls lest the enemy steal up *unawares*," the boy, in a large, shocked, explanatory voice, said, "Watchmen were posted on the wall lest the enemy steal their underwear."

### A Real Invalid

**DURING** the Spanish war a certain amateur nurse found ample scope for her enthusiasm and abilities, but her zeal was slightly abated after one morning visit to her ward, when a suffering hero was discovered lying with the coverlet pulled over his head, and a placard pinned to the outside which read:

"Too sick to be nussed to-day."

## An Unsentimental Husband

HAD you accused Mr. Rufus Matlock of sentimentality he would have flouted the suggestion mercilessly. Proudly he pointed to the fact that Louisa Matlock and himself bore reputation as the best-behaved engaged couple that Rookwood, Iowa, had ever known. "Only three times during our courtship—and it was not a short one—did we—did we kiss each other. I insisted on a trade discount with my engagement ring. Sentimental? Bah!"

A sentimental man would have conducted himself differently, you may be sure, when Louisa Matlock announced, the day after their thirtieth wedding anniversary, that a school friend of hers in Rookwood, Iowa, was ill and had craved a visit.

"I will be gone only a month, Rufus."

"All right, my dear." Not a word of regret; not a syllable of sorrow. This, too, in deliberate defiance of the fact that the occasion would mark their first separation in over fifteen years. "All right, my dear," and nothing beyond. Naturally, he secured her ticket and a Pullman, accompanied her depotwards, and stood on the station platform long after the train that bore her away had vanished in the many-tracked distance.

A sentimental man would have locked himself up in his home and refused himself nourishment and comfort. Mr. Matlock did neither. He pursued his customary round of duties at the office every day. Every evening he sat at his dinner-table and gazed grimly at the vacant place opposite. It was set, of course, with its customary quota of forks, knives, and spoons. He had ordered it. No weakness that: convention. A sentimental man would have covered her place with roses. There were only half a dozen of them—a paltry half-dozen.

Meal-time over, he ascended to the library. What did he do? Cover her photograph with kisses? Implant one's lips on a bit of board?—sheer folly. In the most matter-of-fact way imaginable he took her picture from its place on the library table and stared at it mutely.

And how he indulged himself! During the three weeks of his wife's absence there were two evenings that did not find him in the library reading half the night through.

And there were three entire evenings during which he looked at her photograph not more than five times. Think of it—five times!

At the end of three weeks he received a letter. Mrs. Matlock's friend in Rookwood was much worse. Her stay must perforce be extended—possibly another three weeks. A fortnight certainly. This unsentimental husband evinced no sign of emotion whatsoever. To the contrary, he discovered forthwith that he needed a vacation worse than his factory needed him. Did he choose Florida or southern California? Not he. Without a moment's hesitation he purchased a ticket for the prosaic, sceneryless factory town of Rookwood, Iowa. Had he been a sentimental husband he would certainly have forewarned his wife against his arrival. Rufus Matlock sent her not even a telegram. He packed his grip and sent out for a cab.

The rattle of a horse's hoofs sounded on the street outside. He prepared to descend. He stopped on the threshold of the library doorway as he heard the sound of voices in the lower hall. A moment later he pushed his grip under the sofa and threw his overcoat over the back of a chair.

And then—

Enter Louisa Matlock. "Hello, Rufus. I couldn't—I couldn't bear it any longer. So I came home."

"Just in time, Louisa. I was about to depart on a little jaunt of my own. Only for a few days," he apologized.

That night Mrs. Matlock found her photograph on the library table precisely as she had left it. Surprised? Could the wife of an unsentimental husband expect differently? The next day, in his coat pocket, she found an unused ticket to Rookwood, Iowa. Surprised? Hardly. She had been looking for it ever since her return home.

S. T. STERN.



*"You have to watch that naughty boy,  
He has the greatest habit*



*Of castin' shadders on th' wall,  
Then runnin' like a-rabbit."*





### A Hard Fall

MR. JAR. "Oh dear! What's the matter with Mr. Bottle?"

MR. SHAVING-BRUSH. "Why, he was sitting on the steps and he fell asleep so hard that he broke."

### A Boston Engagement Calendar

LET'S see. Oh dear! The Mothers' Club  
(I lead the meeting, that's the rub)  
On Monday.

The Social Settlement Debate:  
"Resolved, we need a new birth-rate."  
On Tuesday.

The Sewing Circle meets with me  
For music (really for the tea!)  
On Wednesday.

As Regent of Moll Pitcher Court  
I've got to read my first report  
On Thursday.

Heigho! The Fair for Crippled Cats  
Will take all day (I sell trimmed hats)  
On Friday.

The Khayyam Conference expects  
My paper on "Omar's Defects"  
On Saturday.

Then, the last straw, my Bible class  
Sings at the hospital, alas!  
On Sunday.

Oh, what the bliss of Heaven must be!  
No partings there, so equally  
No meetings!  
S. F. BATCHELDER.

### A Terrible Possibility

LITTLE Lucy came home from school crying piteously. It was some time before the family could learn the cause of her trouble, but finally the sobbing grew less violent, and she wailed out:

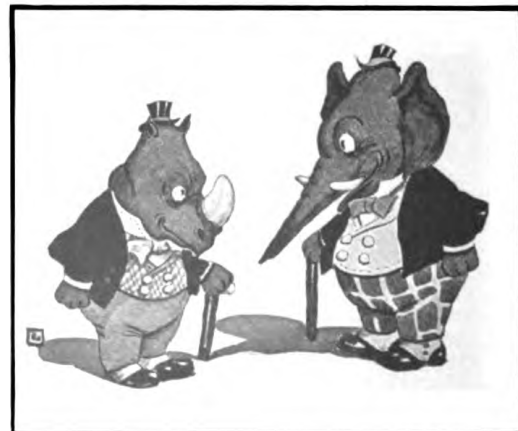
"Teacher says—if I don't get my spelling lesson—she's going to make an example of me, and—she puts examples on the blackboard, and—if she puts me there, I'm—afraid the scholars will rub me ou—t!" E. C. D.

### Needed no Thermometer

A PROMINENT Eastern physician has a story of the tribulations of a friend in securing a competent nurse for his infant daughter. One day it seemed to the members of the family that the child was ailing, and the consensus of opinion was that the trouble resulted from the method employed in bathing the youngster.

"We're afraid," said the mother to the nurse, "that the water is not the proper temperature. We shall get you a thermometer, so that you may tell when the bath is too hot or too cold."

"Oh, as to that, mum," promptly replied the nurse, "I don't think it's needed. I can tell easy enough: if the little one gets blue, the water's too cold; if she gets red, the water's too hot."



ELLY. "Isn't your nose a bit retroussé?"  
RHINO. "Oh, I don't know! Isn't yours a vermiform appendix?"









